

THE
LUCKY BAG
U.S.N.A. 98



Jan 5, 1948

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PRESS OF
FRANKLIN PRINTING COMPANY
516-518 MINOR STREET
PHILADELPHIA

THE LUCKY BAG

OF THE

United States Naval Academy

VOLUME V
CLASS OF 1898

Published Annually by the First Class

... EDITORS ...

G. T. PETTENGILL

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HENRY WILLIAMS

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Annapolis, Maryland, May, 1898

Spec. Coll.

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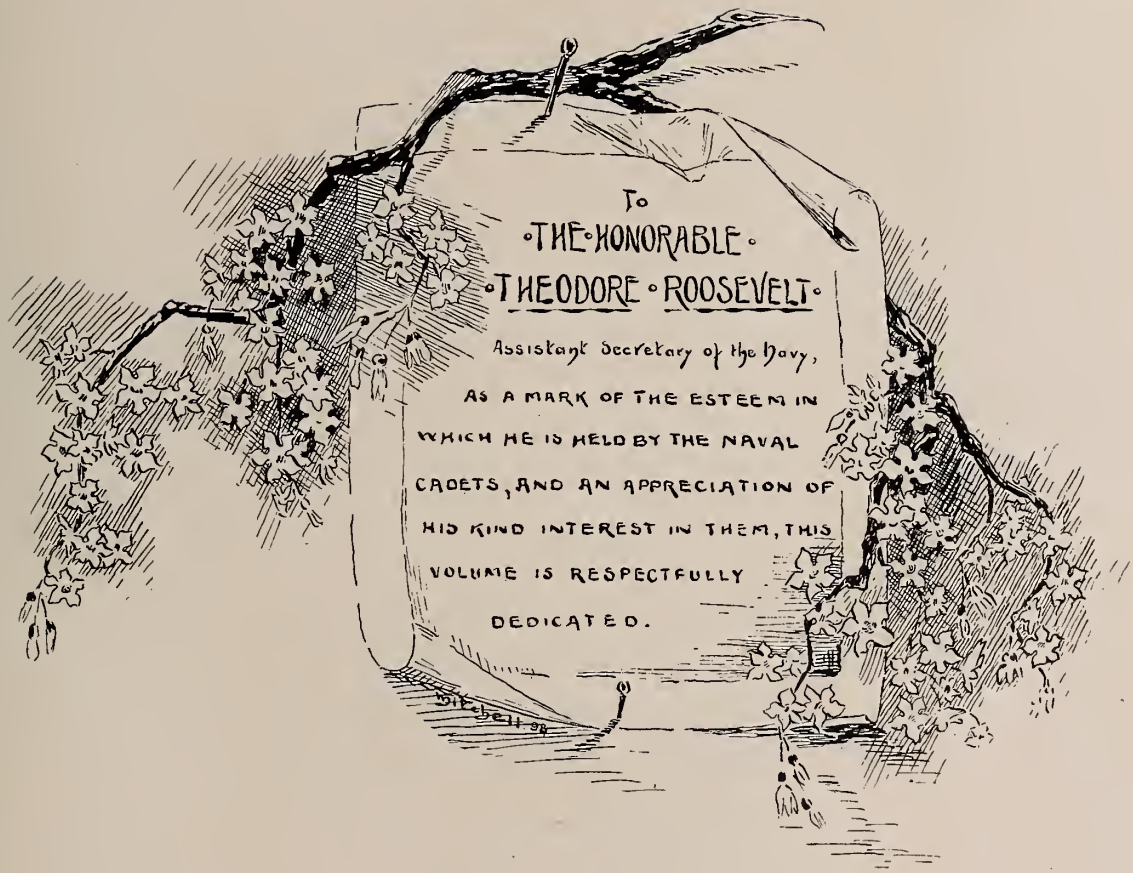
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*With great regard,
Theodore Roosevelt*





Preface.

IN the days of ancient Italy, at the feast of the Saturnalia, it was the custom for the children to whip and chide the senators and masters in the streets; that privilege is assumed by us now, and if any one has been whipped too hard, or does not receive his share in the spirit of fun, let him wait till the feast is over to vent his discontent. The feast will be over in June.

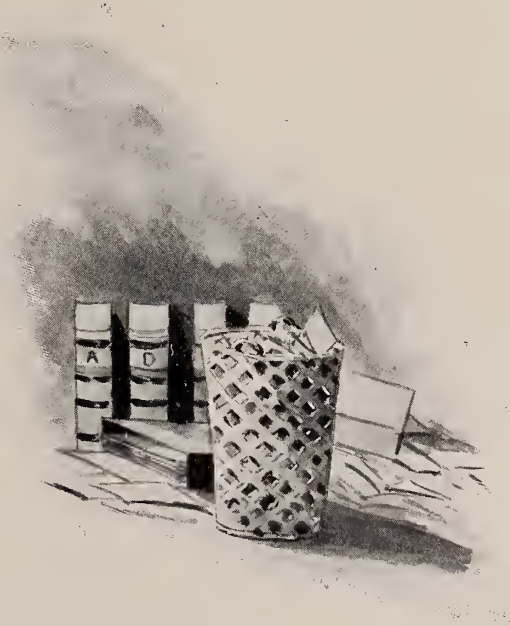
THE LUCKY BAG is so named from the fact that it is a rule, aboard ship, for the Master-at-Arms to collect all loose scraps of clothing and lost articles about the decks, and put them in a bag, which is called "The Lucky Bag." At the end of each month these are served out to the owners. We are now distributing the scraps that have collected in the last year.

This book is compiled annually by the First Class, on account of a fallacious tradition at this institution that the First Class-man has less work to do than the member of any other class. When one considers the conditions under which the time devoted to this publication is found, it makes him wonder that the book ever reached print. A special dispensation—an innovation in the rules of the Naval Academy—has been made for the Editors of THE LUCKY BAG: they have been permitted to sit up from ten till eleven o'clock, twice a week, to accomplish their task.

Before throwing all the blame on our own shoulders, the Editors wish to express gratitude to those who have aided them in their work; to those fair ones whose deft fingers and apt wits have added to our pages; to those members of this little class who have so willingly permitted the incoherencies of their wandering minds to be used, and to all those who have lived in such scenes as to be worthy of report.

The one great drawback to the work has been that, about the time we have settled down in our chair, stopped the leak in the gas, said "good-night" to the Officer-in-Charge, found a place for all our feet on the one small table, and somebody has really got his brain trolleyed on the track of an idea, the fond gyrene breaks madly in at the door, and whispers in corrugated tones, "Time's Up!" But such as we have managed to jot down in those short hours, we now present to you; this is not intended for an apology.

THE EDITORS.



The United States Naval Academy,

Annapolis, Maryland,

Founded 1845.

JAMES K. POLK,
President of the United States.

GEORGE BANCROFT,
Secretary of the Navy.

Academy Colors :

OLD GOLD AND BLUE.

Academy Yell :

RAH! RAH! RAH!

HI! HO! HAH!

U. S. N. A.

BOOM! SIS! BAH!

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KIMBERLY,

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COURTNEY.

Fourth Division

SPARROW,

SHAPLEY,

HUNT,

MAJOR.



THE CLASS OF '98.

Class of '98.

President, FRANCK TAYLOR EVANS.

Secretary, WILBUR GERHEART BRIGGS.

Class Colors:

CRIMSON AND BLACK.

Class Yell:

HULLA KANOO KANACK KANACK!

RACKETY YACK-Y-YACK-Y-YACK!

NAVY! NAVY! NINETY-EIGHT!

'RAH!

Abele, Clarence Arthur, "Smuggy." Line, Buzzard, 759 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass.

"Oh, keep me innocent; make others great."—ANONYMOUS.

Entomologist; Balloonist; Green-goods Man.

Applewhite, Scott Carter, "Appy,"

Brownstown, Ind.

"Take him for all and all, he is a man."—SHAKESPEARE.

Resigned February, 1897.

Arnold, William Wood,

Montclair, N. J.

*"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death."*—MRS. HEMANS.

Captain Class Foot-ball Team (3); Navy Cutter Crew (3); Gymnasium Team (4, 3); resigned June, 1896; died at Montclair, New Jersey, December 29th, 1897.

Babcock, John Franklin, "Jack." Line, C. C. P. O., No Home.
"Child, put away your horn."—SNOWDEN.

June Ball Committee (2); Fencing Team (1); Hop Committee (1).

Ball, William Gustin, Chillicothe, Ohio.
"I am not in the roll of common men."—SHAKESPEARE.

Resigned February, 1895.

Bissell, Henry Harrison, "Harry," Brooklyn, N. Y.
*"How pleased is every paltry elf
To prate about that thing—himself!"*—CHURCHILL.

Resigned February, 1895; entered Class of '99; resigned June, 1897.

Bonnaffon, Sylvester, III, 3439 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
*"Unmoved though willings sneer and rivals rail,
Stidious to please, yet not ashamed to fail."*—BEN JONSON.

Boone, Charles, "Daniel." Line, 2 Striper, 406 W. Third St., Dayton, Ohio.
*"This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when Jove doth please."*—SHAKESPEARE.

Minstrels (3); Buzzard (2); Manager Base-ball Team (1); Destroyer of Domestic Felicity.

Briggs, Wilbur Gerheart, "Pompey." Line, 2 Striper, Tarrytown, N. Y.
"Your own true love, Wilbur."—IBID.

Class Secretary (3, 2, 1); Navy Cutter Crew (3); Hustler Foot-ball Team, (3, 2); Class Foot-ball Team (3);
Champion Class Foot-ball Team (2).

Briggs, Zeno Everett, "Pryche" or "Buggs." Line, Buzzard, West Point, Neb.
"Company, villainous company, hath ruined me."—SHAKESPEARE.

Brockway, Benjamin Little, "Brock," Livingston, Ala.
"There's mischief in this man."—SHAKESPEARE.

Resigned February, 1897; entered U. S. Revenue Marine Service.

Brown, George, Jr., "Big G.," Indianapolis, Ind.
"My mind to me an empire is."—SOUTHWELL.

Class Foot-ball Team (4); resigned October, 1895; Assistant Paymaster U. S. Navy.

Brown, Josephus Jarvis, Jr., "Jo Jo," Troy, Ill.

"Your face is as a book where men may read strange matters."—SHAKESPEARE.

Resigned January, 1897.

Brown, Morris Hamilton, "Sailor Brown," "White Man," "Brownie,"
Line, Buzzard, 1112 Market Street, East Logansport, Ind.

*"He learned the arts of riding, fencing, gunnery,
And how to scale a fortress or a nunnery."*—BYRON.

Chief of Staff, Governor of Indiana (2); Fencing Team (2); Substitute Class Foot-ball Team (4).

Bynum, Dixon Hinds, "Dick," Indianapolis, Ind.

"I was born to other things."—TENNYSON.

Resigned October 30th, 1894.

Caffery, John Murphy, "Senator," Franklin, La.

*"Describe him who can—
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in a man."*—GOLDSMITH.

In love with Emma (3); resigned February, 1896; entered 1900.

Constien, Edward Theodore, "Ikey," Ashland, Pa.

"I know a trick worth two of that."—SHAKESPEARE.

Engineer; Always on the make; Captain Base-ball Team (1).

Cotten, Lyman Atkinson, "Lyman." Line, 3 Striper, Falkland, N. C.

*"Be silent always when you doubt your sense,
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence."*—POPE.

Choir (4, 3, 2); Choir-master (1); Buzzard (2); Minstrel (3); June Ball Committee (2); Hop Committee (1).

Cronan, William Pigott, "Doc." Line, 3 Striper, New Haven, Conn.

*"But still his tongue ran on, the less
Of weight it bore, with greater ease;
And with its everlasting clack
Set all men's ears upon the rack."*—BUTLER.

Bunt Reefer; Yard-arm Furler; Crazy; Extra Setting Up and Fencing (3, 2); In everybody's mess; Nobody's watch; Coxswain Navy Crew (4); Buzzard (2); June Ball Committee (2); LUCKY BAG Editor (1).

Dinger, Henry Charles, "Dingus," Eau Claire, Wis.

*"Blessings on him who invented sleep,
The mantle that covers all human thought."*—CERVANTES.

Greaser; Champion Class Foot-ball Team (2); Navy Foot-ball Team (1); Arch Spooner.

Durham, Raymond Ewing, "Bull," St. Paul, Minn.

*"He that would not when he might,
He shall not when he wolde."*—THOMAS PERCY.

Resigned February, 1895.

Eisbein, Arthur, "Swipesy," Buffalo, N. Y.

"And so I took all I wanted."—KIPLING.

Resigned January 5th, 1895.

Elson, Herman Jacob, "Jake." Three Striper, Meridian, Miss.

"And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche."—CHAUCER.

Engineer; Chairman Class Crest Committee (4); LUCKY BAG (2, 1); Class Ring Committee (2); Buzzard (2); Business Editor LUCKY BAG (1).

England, William Herbert, "Brit.," Lonoke, Ark.

"England, with all thy faults I love thee still."—WILLIAM COWPER.

Resigned February, 1896.

Evans, Franck Taylor, "Baldy," "Q. T.," "Kid," "S. N." Line, 1 Striper, Fortress Monroe, Va.

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief."—CLARENDON.
"I am a man more sinned against than sinning."—EVANS.

Class President (4, 3, 2, 1); Buzzard (2); Chairman Class Ring Committee (2); Chairman June Ball Committee (2); Manager Champion Class Foot-ball Team (2); Statistician LUCKY BAG (1); Never sat; Prize damn fool (4, 3, 2, 1); Executive Officer of "Robert Centre"; Hop Committee (1).

Falk, Julius P., "Julius," New York City.

"Sufferance is a badge of all our tribe."—SHAKESPEARE.

Resigned October, 1894.

Faller, Guy William, "Kid" or "Guy," Baraboo, Wis.

*"Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at naught,
Made wit, with musing weak, heartsick with thought."*—SHAKESPEARE.

Engineer.

Farrin, Thomas Benjamin, Jr., "Tim," Cairo, Ill.

"'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild."—WILLIAM COLLINS.

Resigned September, 1896.

- Field, Francis Louie, 704 2d Street, Evansville, Ind.
"A gentle boy with soft and silken locks."
 Resigned January 30th, 1895; entered U. S. Revenue Marine Service.
- Fox, Lynn Herbert, "Della," Stoughton, Wis.
"Really, if a man won't let us know he's alive, he's dead, or should be so."
 Resigned February, 1895.
- Gilmer, James Blair, "Jasby," Palaska City, Va.
*"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more:
 Men were deceivers ever."—THOMAS PERCY.*
 On sick-leave to Class of '99, December, 1897.
- Gleason, Henry Miller, "Hank," Alma, Kan.
"Where none admire."—LORD LYTTLETON.
 Resigned March, 1895; entered Class of '99.
- Graham, John Sisson, "Johnny," "Piute," Durango, Col.
"Lo, the poor Indian!"—POPE.
 Engineer; Class Foot-ball Team (4, 3); Champion Class Foot-ball Team (2); Hustler Foot-ball Team (4, 3, 2); Navy Foot-ball Team (1); Crew (2); Captain Navy Crew (1).
- Halligan, John, Jr., "John." Line, 4 Striper, Boston, Mass.
"Could I love less, I should be happier."—BAILEY.
 Navy Foot-ball Team (4, 3, 2, 1); Captain Foot-ball Team (1); Class Crest Committee (4); Captain Class Base-ball Team (4); Navy Crew (3); Class Foot-ball Team (4, 3, 2); Buzzard (2).
- Hand, James Alexander, Jr., "Alkali Ike." Line, Buzzard, Parker, S. Dak.
*"Cares not a pin
 What they said or may say."—POPE.*
 Choir (4, 3, 2, 1).
- Hanrahan, David Carlisle, "Dave," "Irish," "Mike," Appleton, Wis.
"He was always quick to lose his temper, and made a personal matter of each lost cause."—KIPLING.
 Class Foot-ball Team (4, 3, 2); Hustlers (2); Stroke Second Crew (3); Fencing Team (1).
- Hord, Oliver Saunders, "Reddy," Maysville, Ky.
*"There's not a string attuned to mirth
 But has its chord in melancholy."—HOOD.*
 Resigned June, 1896.

- Hunter, Charles Milton, "Charlie," Wapakoneta, Ohio.
*"He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
 And whistled as he went, for want of thought."*—DRYDEN.
 Banjo Club (3); Minstrels (3); resigned June, 1896.
- Huntington, Arthur Franklin, "Dick," 92 Green Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
*"Though lost to sight, to memory dear
 Thou ever wilt remain."*—LINLEY.
 Captain of the Night Study Party, and President of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Night Owls; resigned February, 1897.
- Jeffries, James Gordon, "Jimmy," Helena, Ark.
"There is even a happiness that makes the heart afraid."—HOOD.
 Resigned February, 1895.
- Johnson, Thomas Lee, "Reddy," "Tommy," "Sunshine." Line, Buzzard, { Leavenworth,
 Kan.
"The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy."—POPE.
 Class Foot-ball Team (4, 3).
- Kress, James Chatham, "Jimmy," Lock Haven, Pa.
"Time elaborately thrown away."—YOUNG.
 Resigned February, 1897; entered 1900.
- Lehfeldt, Henry August, "Gutz" and "Skinny," Milwaukee, Wis.
"Whence and where art thou, execrable shape?"—MILTON.
 Class Foot-ball Team (4, 3); Navy Foot-ball Team (3); resigned June, 1896.
- Leutze, Trevor William, Washington, D. C.
" 'Tis neither here nor there."—SHAKESPEARE.
 Resigned September, 1895.
- Love, James Monroe, Jr., "Jimmy," Fairfax Court House, Va.
*"Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
 In him alone 'twas natural to please."*—DRYDEN.
 Hop Committee (3); Track Team (4, 3); resigned February 15th, 1897; Married March 17th, 1898.
- McCarty, Sterling Hicks, "Mac," Cape Girardeau, Mo.
"Hence, bashful cunning, and prompt me plain and holy innocence."—SHAKESPEARE.
 Resigned February, 1895; entered Class of '99.

McIntyre, Edward William, "Eddy." Line, 1 Striper, Riverside, Cal.

*"It would talk—
Lord, how it talked!"*—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Insane.

Macy, Ulysses Samuel, "Uncle Sam." Line, Buzzard, Laclede, Mo.

*"His nature is too noble for the world;
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's power to thunder. His heart's his mouth:
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent."*—SHAKESPEARE.

Class Foot-ball Team (4, 3, 2); Hustler Foot-ball Team (2); Medal for Putting the Shot (2); Naval Academy Foot-ball Team (1); Manager of Field, Track, and Gymnasium Athletics (1).

Madison, Zachariah Harvey, Jr., "Zeke" or "Zach," Quincy, Ill.

*"A merrier man,
Within the limits of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal,"*—SHAKESPEARE.

"There's a gude time coming,"—SCOTT.

President of the Hydrant Club; sick-leave, December, 1896.

Mannix, Daniel Pratt, "Pedro" or "Demon," 1306 O St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

*"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee know all words are faint."*—MOORE.

Class Foot-ball Team (2); Track Team (4, 3); Navy Cutter Crew (3); Gymnasium Team (4, 3, 2); resigned February, 1897; entered 1900.

Marble, Ralph Norris, Jr., "Mibs." Line, Buzzard, 1012 E. First St., Duluth, Minn.

"One of the few immortal names that were not born to die."—HALLECK.

Hustler Foot-ball Team (2); Class Champion Foot-ball Team (2); Naval Academy Foot-ball Team (1).

Mitchell, Alexander Neely, "Sandy," New Philadelphia, Ohio.

*"He knew whatever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own."*—BUTLER.

Engineer; Choir (1); Art Editor LUCKY BAG (1).

Moore, William Augustus, "Mule," Lancaster, S. C.

"His double chin, his portly sides."—TENNYSON.

Resigned February, 1895.

Morris, Bennie, Martinsville, Va.

"None but himself can be his parallel."—THEOBALD.

Resigned February, 1895.

Nelson, Charles Preston, "Juggy." Line, 2 Striper, 44 State Circle, Annapolis, Md.

*"Let the world slide, let the world go,
A fig for care and a fig for woe."*—HEYWOOD.

Won medal for swimming (4, 3); Second Class Buzzard; Hop Committee (3); Navy Cutter Crew (3); Naval Academy Foot-ball Team (1); Commanding Officer of "Robert Centre."

Peterson, Roscoe Lloyd, "Pete," Coldwater, Mich.

"Conspicuous by his absence."—RUSSELL.

Hustler Foot-ball Team (4, 3); Class Foot-ball Team (4, 3); Navy Cutter Crew (3); resigned September, 1896; entered U. S. Revenue Marine Service.

Pettengill, George Tilford, "Petooch" or "Pet." Line, Buzzard, { 545 Franklin St.,
Boise, Idaho.

"He has good abilities, a genial temper, and no vices."—ANONYMOUS.

Class Historian (3); LUCKY BAG (4, 3, 2, 1); Class Ring Committee; Naval Academy Base-ball Team (4); Hustler Foot-ball Team (2); June Ball Committee; Hop Committee (1); Editor-in-Chief LUCKY BAG (1).

Pinney, Frank Lucius, "Luscious." Line, 2 Striper, South Manchester, Conn.

"The man who blushes is not quite a brute."—YOUNG.

Second Class Buzzard; Navy Crew (3); Class Ring Committee; Hop Committee (2); June Ball Committee; Manager of Naval Academy Foot-ball Team (1); Associate Editor LUCKY BAG (1).

Purse, Henry Ashby, Savannah, Ga.

*"To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die."*—CAMPBELL.

Died at Naval Academy, April 9th, 1896.

Reifsnider, John, "Johnny," Tiffin, Ohio.

*"Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun,
Who relished a joke, and rejoiced in a pun."*—GOLDSMITH.

Resigned February, 1895.

Roper, Walter Gordon, "Billy" or "Granger." Line, Buzzard, La Grange, Ga.

*"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."*—SHAKESPEARE.

Hop Committee (3); Naval Academy Base-ball Team (4).

Rutledge, Carl Clyde, "Rut," Kenton, Ohio.

*"Devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure."*—MILTON.

Resigned November, 1895.

Sayles, William Randall, Jr., "Jimmy," Providence, R. I.

"He's tough, ma'am—tough is J. B.; tough and devilish sly."—DICKENS.

Resigned February, 1895; entered Class of '99.

Schofield, John Anderson, "Major," Hannibal, Mo.

*"His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face."*—BUTLER.

"I was young—and now I am old."

Engineer; Hustler Foot-ball Team (4); Class Foot-ball Team (4, 3, 2).

Shane, Louis, Omaha, Neb.

Engineer.

Shay, Louis Berry, "Lou," Rockport, N. Y.

*"Sense shines with a double lustre when it is set in humility. An able and yet humble man is a jewel
worth a kingdom."*—PENN.

Resigned December, 1894.

Sheffield, Fletcher Lamar, "Mate," Cedar Springs, Ga.

*"Happy the man, of mortals happiest he,
Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himself content."*—GRANVILLE.

Engineer; by sick-leave from '97; heirloom; oldest inhabitant.

Shockley, Augustus Wroten, "Maje," Leavenworth, Kan.

*"Of all the fools that pride can boast,
A coxcomb claims distinction most."*—POPE.

Resigned June, 1895.

Small, Jesse McLean, "Sammy," Owensboro, Ky.

"I should think your tongue had broken its chain."—LONGFELLOW.

Resigned February, 1895.

Smith, George Leonard, "Chippy." Line, 3 Striper, Exeter, N. H.

*"As wit's a feather, and a chief, a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."*—POPE.

Hustler Foot-ball Team (3); Navy Foot-ball Team (2, 1); Class Foot-ball Team (3, 2); Class Ring Committee; Second Class Buzzard; June Ball Committee; Manager Navy Crew (1).

Stogsdill, James Ellery, Indiana.

"Returns, indignant, to the slighted plow."—COWPER.

Resigned February, 1895.

Sweet, George Cook, "Cook." Line, 1 Striper, Waterloo, N. Y.

*"He owned a voice as soothing as the wash of the sea,
And stores of experiences as vast as the sea itself."*—KIPLING.

Hustler Foot-ball (2); Class Foot-ball (2); June Ball Committee.

Tardy, Walter Benjamin, "Trilby" or "Bill." Line, 3 Striper, Longview, Tex.
"Every man takes the limit of his own field of vision for the limits of the world."—SCHOPENHAUER.

Hustler Foot-ball Team (3); Captain Hustlers (2); Captain Class Foot-ball Team (2); Second Class Buzzard;
Navy Foot-ball Team (2, 1).

Tarrant, William Theodore, "Bill." Line, Buzzard, Brenham, Tex.
*"A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving, or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast."*—BYRON.

Hop Committee (2); Class Foot-ball Team (2); June Ball Committee; Hustlers (1).

Taylor, Hugh Kirkpatrick, "Buck," Wilmington, Ohio.
"The clock upbraids me with the waste of time."—SHAKESPEARE.

Resigned June, 1896.

Thorpe, George Cyrus, "Cy," Minneapolis, Minn.
"Once a priest, always a priest; once a Mason, always a Mason; once a journalist, always and forever a journalist."—KIPLING.

Resigned November 9th, 1896.

Tottenham, John William, Bellville, Tex.
"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."—OLD SAW.

Resigned February 26th, 1895.

Turner, Laurin Hamilton, "Jim," Chicago, Ill.
*"He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse."*—BUTLER.

Resigned February, 1895.

Watts, William Carleton, "Willie" or "Mooch." Line, Buzzard, Philadelphia, Pa.
"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."—EMERSON.

Second Class Buzzard; Fell overboard youngster cruise; Chairman Hop Committee (1); Captain Fencing Team (1).

Webber, Charles H., "Charley," Ionia, Mich.
"Map me no maps, sir: my head is a map, a map of the whole world."—FIELDING.

Wells, William Benefiel, "Willie," "Annapolis Bill," Newton, Ia.
*"Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still."*—CHURCHILL.

Engineer; Class Foot-ball Team (4, 3, 2); one of the three heavenly twins.

Wilcox, Luther Thomas, "Tommy,"

Peoria, Ill.

*"I everywhere am thinking
Of thy blue eyes' sweet smile."*—HEINE.

LUCKY BAG Committee (4); resigned February, 1895.

Williams, Henry, "Hank." Line, 2 Striper, 1726 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.

*"But a snark, on which we might lovingly gaze,
We have never beheld till now."*—LEWIS CARROLL.

Class Historian (4); Second Class Buzzard; June Ball Committee; Associate Editor LUCKY BAG, '98.

Williams, Yancey Sullivan, "Yancey." Line, Buzzard,

Monetta, S. C.

"Laugh and grow fat."—JOHNSON.

Class Base-ball Team (3); Captain Class Base-ball Team (2).

Woods, Edward, "Billy." Line, 3 Striper,

Nantucket, Mass.

"He was a man of an unbounded stomach."—SHAKESPEARE.

LUCKY BAG Committee (2); Class Ring Committee (2); Class Foot-ball Team (4, 3, 2); Chairman June Ball Committee (2).

Wright, Henry Tutwiler, "Judy." One Striper,

Greensborough, Ala.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright."—PSALMS.

Engineer; LUCKY BAG Committee (4, 3); Second Class Buzzard; President Y. M. C. A. (1).



The History of the Class of '98.



THERE are a great many things that I might write about in this class history, but we will draw a few curtains over some of the less important scenes. It is, I suppose, unnecessary to tell you that the prime object of a cadet's life is to enjoy himself, see the world, and read poetry. These aims are thoughtfully provided for by the curriculum and the regulations, by the situation of the school in this busy metropolis, by the three months a year spent at sea in a wooden ship, by the high Naval Academy fence, the conduct report, and the unlimited time he has for thinking about the good things of life.

The cadet has a little dabbling of studies to dally with occasionally, but we all know that too much pleasure ruins the nervous system. You must remember that cadets come to Annapolis mere infants, and too much innocent amusement cannot be given them; they are permitted to go out and look at beautiful Annapolis once a month, if they are good—to ride out to the parks on the street-car, or go to the operas. (Cadets are not allowed to engage season boxes at the opera.)

Four years ago—twelve months to the year being allowed, according to the calculations of the Bellman—the class of Ninety-Eight came under the protecting wing of the Navy. How well I remember the wet, dreary day that we passed our last exam., and came into the gates for the last time; what lucky dogs we thought ourselves, but how soon that illusion was dispelled!

Plebedom, with all its pleasures, came upon us in the most fetching way. We soon learned many things about modern warfare, such as making beds, splicing rope, and wearing rain clothes. It was then that we made the acquaintance, in a roundabout way, of Savvy and Dutchy. I say “in a roundabout way”; but at that time an acquaintance sprang up that has largely influenced the subsequent existence of every cadet in the class. Little did we think how often, afterward, we should be reminded of that acquaintance; but we know better now; we have lived some years since then; a few gray hairs are added to the Major's head and to McIntyre's eyebrow.

As plebes, we were shy; we didn't go to the theatres much, nor dress in the height of fashion; we didn't even go to the hops, which, of course, are among the minor social

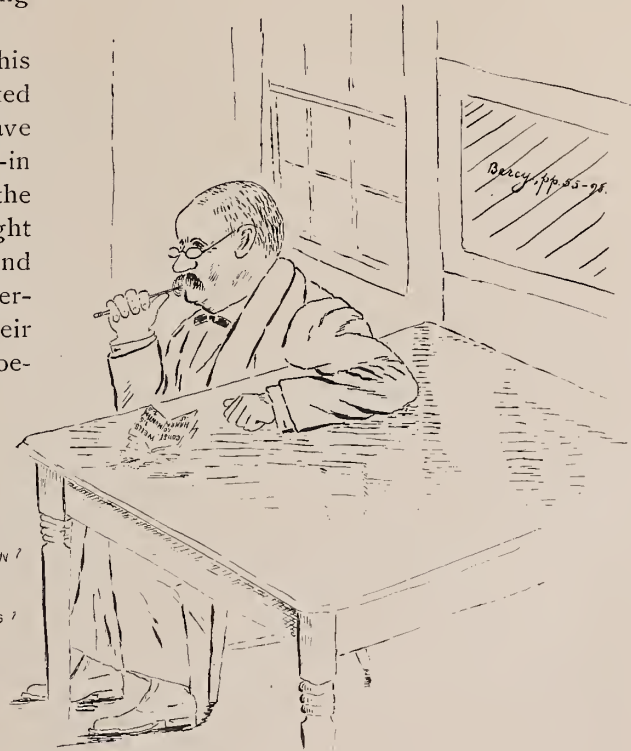
functions that a cadet has thrust upon him. This evident unconcern created much comment at the time, but the reason for our actions is known to the youngsters of that day. It was but the work of something like eight months to slip through that blithesome sport and blossom forth as youngsters ourselves.

As the cadet made a plebe, so inversely he made a youngster, for a good plebe is a bad youngster the world over, and a bad youngster is the most cloying of all evils. This year was spent in the usual wicked and thoughtless way that cadets succeed in acting; the discipline began its gain rapidly on us, so that a man who had, during plebe year smoked and Frenched and made merry with wine and spirits, now considered himself positively devilish if he whistled during study hours.

But some of the worst, whom this sort of discipline made even more wicked than before, presumed so far as to have milk punch at midnight on the Cadet-in-Charge's table. It was then that the Ancient and Honorable Order of Night Owls was formed, and many a time and oft they pried the staples on the refrigerator door, in the basement, with their drawing instruments, till such sport became too "easy," and the Night Owls cast curious eyes around to find out what else to do. Perhaps it would be only just to say, at this point, that the Officer-in-Charge also cast a few curious eyes, and, in some instances, made such good casts that the Night Owls nearly came to an untimely end. We will leave them here, however, and continue with the procession.

During this year the Night Study Party was invented, and the idea was so attractive that it became an institution that will never go out of the minds of some of our luckier members. This Party is for the purpose of literary advancement, in order that cadets will not feel backward about speaking of popular books, such as *Gulliver's Travels* and *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, when they go out in society.

If the kind reader will permit me I will here digress a little, to say that society is one of the most trying evils of our life here; cadets will spoon, and go calling, and all



such nonsense. But this evil is almost remedied now by having drills at every recreation hour, and prohibiting cadets going anywhere in the yard where a lady might go.

Among the principal features of youngster year the Drawing Department has a big lead. It grieves me to confess it, but we didn't cut any very large morsels of ice in that department. With tears I remember our introduction into it. Colvo had looked us all over, shown us how to let our desks slide down, explained in detail how every instrument should be used, warned us against the thoughtless practice of leaving our compasses out in the snow, and had concluded in the most touching tones with the words "If handled with care they will last a lifetime." At that moment Cy Thorpe dropped his desk with a bang, and let his drawing-box go helter-skelter down two flights of stairs. But let us draw a few curtains over this scene.

Youngsterdom finally came to an end, as all youngsterdoms usually do, in the Ann., though some of ours ended at the Semi-Ann. But this is no time for tears. We then began our long-expected Second-Class summer. I cannot describe the bliss of living at Old Quarters during the summer, with little work to do; no studies, spooning and golf at the farm, picnics, boating, sailing, skyrockets and firecrackers, beer and watermelons. No, I can't describe it—for the principal reason that we were not there. We were safely ensconced aboard the good ship "Monongahela," far from the madding crowd—three months of heaven (?).

Guileless reader, did you ever take an altitude? Did you ever get up from your impromptu breakfast of salt horse and sea-water cocoa, and take an altitude? If you have never done this, have never picked the mean right ascension of the moon out of the apparent sun column for the next week, if you have never waited for the navigator to announce his noon position, so that you may cook up your sight to fit the case, truly, shepherd, thou art eternally damned. But all this came to an end finally, and we had one short month in which to live. We lived fast lives during that month, to catch up with the time lost in the two years past; but, at last, we came back and buckled on our Oehm's blouses again.

If you have never come back from real life, on the last train, reported to the Officer in Charge, Commandant, and the Assistant Master-at-Arms, and wandered into your new room, piled up with beds, wardrobes, blankets, trunks, mattresses, boxes, books, washstands, clothing, lamp-shades, chairs, overcoats, valises, and your unhappy roommate; have never sat down in your cit's clothes and sworn gently in silent despair, and hopelessly endeavored to calm down the aspect of affairs, to buy your books and other unecessaries, to stow your clothes, to find your uniforms, and study the lessons for the next day, you have missed one of the most touching phases of existence.

"Skip all that," you may say, and I agree with you. We were steered up against Second Class year in the most unkind and heartless manner. First, there was Steam and Leo; then Skinny and Tau; and finally, Math and Jack, besides other ladies. But we lived in Old Quarters in those days, and nobody worried our supreme pleasure. Evening smokers and general gayeties were in order, and fortune smiled upon us for a long time.

One of the hardest blows that has ever fallen upon us was the Second Class Semi-Ann., which carried off some prizes for whom we still mourn. The steam exam. was, in the vulgar, a cooler; but the way we waded into it was a caution; consequently, they thought we had swiped the exam.

The days passed by as in a sweet dream, and, at last, June week came. I might enlarge upon the improper and highly disgraceful conduct that characterized that week. But you might not believe me, innocent reader, if I told you how wicked we became in those last few days. But we went to the June ball, and to the ship next day, in the most charming manner.

I hope you have never had the experience of turning in at four in the morning, after a June ball and general festivities afterward, and risen at six, to spend all day in packing your clothes aboard the ship, stowing your hammock, finding out your station, standing a watch, and becoming accustomed to the inevitable reality that you are there.

First Class year finally came, and with it stripes, buzzards, and insurance policies. We soon began to feel as if we were really going to graduate. This feeling was somewhat weakened, however, when we commenced to toy with ordnance, electricity, and

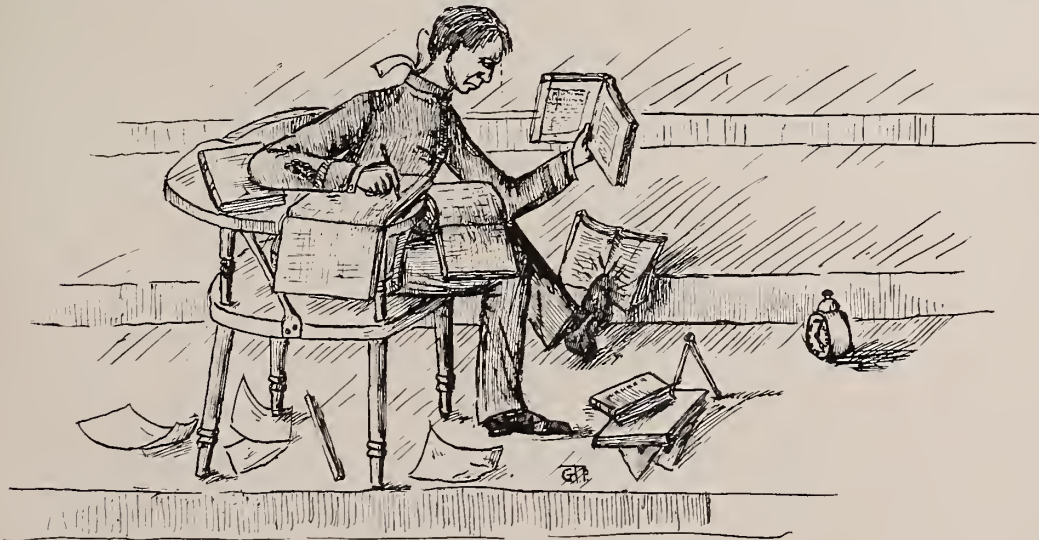
Office of Commandant of Cadets.

U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md.

H. J. M. 1897

The Cadets of the Second class (1898)
 who desire to get their effects on
 Board Ship this afternoon may
 do so - Study hours will
 no longer be observed
 by that class -

Edwin White
 Commandant of Cadets -



practical work in navigation.

They quailed the hearts of some of us, and quailed the marks at the same time, so that three of our noble number were unsat. at the Semi-Ann. Of course, they will be safe in the end, but we feel so sorry for the poor creature that lost his mind when he heard of his fate.

Since becoming First Class men, we have learned many things, among others, table manners. We feel so indebted to the kind officer in charge who wastes so much of his valuable time giving us lectures on how to appear *au fait* at the table. You must know that this branch of our training has been sadly neglected till now, but we think that by the time we graduate we won't drink out of our soup plates; and, even now, there is none of us that ever eats *paté* with a spoon.

It has been a custom, heretofore, at the Academy to have a public burial of the lifeless bodies of Math. and Skinny after the Semi-Ann., for, at that time, these ungainly creatures, who have followed us through three and one-half years with faithfulness untiring, are supposed to be dead. They may have died this year as they are said to have died before, but they were immediately reincarnated in full force in the Departments of Ordnance, Navigation, and Steam, so that, out of respect for these departments, we omitted that joyous event.

After the Semi-Ann., we ran into the English Department again—our high speed, non-return, great unwashed English department—the benefits of which we felt before we left high school. We are now learning how to make our letters and say our A, B, C's.

But the department in which we have shone this year is that of seamanship. This department has already blossomed forth in seventeen pamphlets, numerous drawings, blue prints, plates, and smoking privileges, beside some verbose extemporaneous works, so extemporaneous in some places that it would make Billy Fay run his hands through his hair and cuss. If you have never experienced the feeling of reading page after page of matter without having any idea conveyed to your brain, read *Naval Construction Notes* by the Seamanship Department.

But let us talk of something cheerful. There are not many days more; as the days grow longer, the time grows shorter—a seeming paradox. We are now waiting with anxious hearts for the day when we go to dress parade for the last time, when we march up to the band stand, seize our diplomas in both hands and yell; when we can stroll outside the gate, light a cigar, and throw the match back inside.



History of the Engineer Corps.



ON the morning of June 4th, amid a crowd of cheering spectators, and before an assemblage of august personages, there came into existence the Engineer Corps of the Class of '98, and those who constituted it were indeed proud, and cheered time and again.

The following day we embarked on the U. S. S. "Standish" for the summer's cruise. Knowing her to be but a tug, we expected little in the way of comfortable quarters, and upon finding her fitted up inside like a yacht, were doubly surprised and eager to embark.

The last tragic sight that blessed our vision before casting loose from the dock to hide ourselves behind the dingy "Monongahela" was a lovely maiden on the dock, Zeke on one side and Brownie on the other, each dewberrying on the other. Later, we started down the bay, the "Monongahela" in tow.

The watches were long and lonely, five hours from breakfast till dinner, five hours from dinner till supper, and an age from supper till breakfast. But each spent the time as best suited him; Jake immediately proceeded to take a time sight with a Crosby indicator; Ikey cried, "Hullup, fellows, lemme oil the stern gland;" and the Piute complacently slept. We towed till the night of June 9th, when we left the "Monongahela" about fifty miles at sea, and made the best of our way back to Newport News.

It was then that the work began; ashore each morning to take notes, and on board each afternoon to write them up. We visited the ship-yard, and paid a visit to the "New York" and one to the "Texas." We had occasional glimpses of their engines and made minute examinations of their steerages. Here we received our first written orders, just before going on liberty one Saturday afternoon. They were to the effect that when on shore we should not drink water, milk, or lemonade. Henry interpreted them to mean that we should drink orange cider, called for in a very loud, high-pitched voice, and so brought disgrace on the rest of us, who were trying to pose as tough old salts.

From Newport News we went to Chester. Having liberty, we took precautions against further disgrace by speaking French exclusively, very much to the surprise of the natives, and often ourselves as well, especially on such occasions as when the Major should ask, "Qu'est-ce-que vous avez à bouvoir?" Nevertheless the manager of the "Tuxedo Athletic Club" was kind enough to invite us to an exhibition on the quiet, in which boxing was to be an especial feature. An invitation of a different kind, but one more appreciated by us, was one from the Alpha Boat Club, extending to us the privileges of the club. From Chester we went on up to the League Island Navy Yard, and thence to Philadelphia.

While at League Island Jake became very much interested in the wigwag signal code; he boned it assiduously, and used to spend hours in the very hottest part of the day, sending messages to the "Richmond." We learned later, when we went on board the "Richmond" to a candy party that some one on her, too, was just learning the signal code.

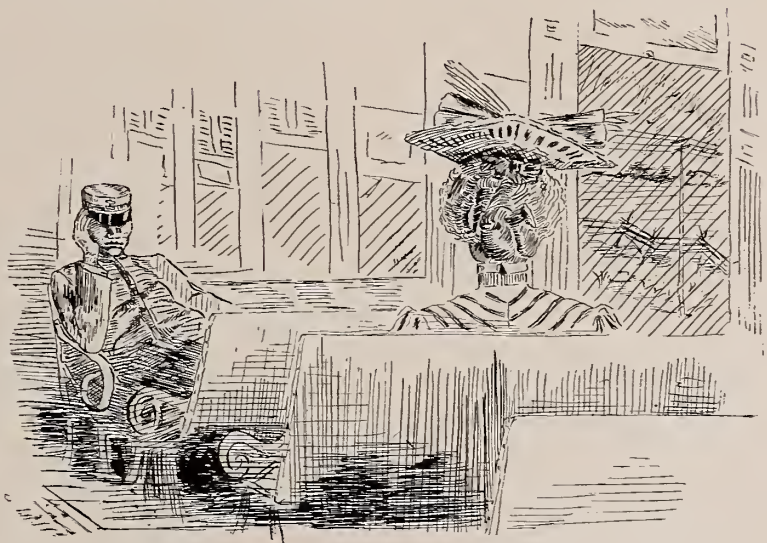
At Philadelphia we worked hard, and were rewarded by having much liberty. The first Sunday spent here Sandy and Jake went to church, and they have never ceased talking of it, declaring that they witnessed the process of excommunication. A visit to the "Richmond" followed, and the party returning about supper-time made a grand charge on our larder. Johnnie was asleep at the time, or no doubt he would have repulsed the charge. He has never recovered from the remorse which followed. Our excursion to the Bethlehem Iron Works was one long to be remembered, especially the dinner and other refreshments, and more especially the other refreshments. Having liberty on July 3d, 4th, and 5th, we almost ran wild during that time. Guy and Ikey went on three days' leave. Mate became enamored with a certain stage fairy, and spent most of his time and money on boxes, etc. The rest of us scattered about, some going to Narberth, some to Frankford, but always assembling at a certain inn of German repute, where some spent all their time. From Philadelphia we went to New Castle, where we were threatened with a new



captain; nervous prostration followed, and we were obliged to remain there some days in consequence. The absolute quiet of the place no doubt restored us.

During the run to New York all of us except Sandy had our first taste of seasickness. (It was Sandy's third taste.) It was very bitter, even Helen, the dog, was sick. It was only when we were safely tied up in New York at the Navy Yard that we felt fully at ease once more. But the ease lasted only a short while, for we found more work than we knew what to do with. Johnnie often missed his afternoon nap, and lost his appetite in consequence, and Ikey went into training. Every day it did not rain we had liberty, but most of the days we had liberty it rained. It rained so much that, our tug not being seaworthy, we were finally obliged to leave New York. So, very early one cloudy morning August "Galled all hanz," and that night we found ourselves anchored at Bristol.

From Bristol we went to Providence, thence to Newport, where we spent Sunday, and were given a dinner by our friend, Jimmy B., and from there we started for Boston. There we found the paymaster waiting for us, and, having had liberty, we left Boston a few days later very much enriched by our visit. It was about this time that



Judy's concoctions began to be in demand, every one praising their excellent qualities, except the Major, who "did not care much for vanilla."

At Bath, where we went from Boston, our stay was short and sweet, but more especially short. We were afraid to stay long, because of certain peculiar laws of the State, which conflicted with our orders and endangered our health. From Bath we went to Portland, to remain over Sunday. When we reached Portland we found an excursion to the White Mountains arranged for that day. So bright and early Sunday morning all hands and the captain abandoned ship and started for the White Mountains. The trip consumed the entire day and was delightful, to say the least. The Piute, who was ever an admirer of beauty, and so, of course, accompanied the expedition, would fain have basked in the smiles of a certain fair tourist; but she, having an eye for the beautiful, too, remained gazing out of the car window during most of the trip.

The following day we left Portland, and set our course toward home. And a week later, having made short stays at Portsmouth and New York, we came once more in

sight of Capes Charles and Henry, and shortly afterward came up with the "Monongahela," which was anchored just inside. Of course we were all very much touched at seeing our classmates once more, especially as regarded our cigarettes, there being a famine of these things on board their ship. The following week we spent in doing tug duty between the "Monongahela" and Annapolis. And then having towed the "Monongahela" into port, we tied up to the "Santee" dock for the last time.

Then orders came for us to move on board the "Santee," and thus the cruise of the "Standish" was brought to an unexpected end. We were all very much grieved, and vexed as well, and indulged in certain harsh words; all except Henri, who would have, but refrained. The week spent on the "Santee" was by no means an unpleasant one; nothing to do but seek amusement, which we usually found. And when at last that long-wished-for day arrived, the day we packed our trunks and went on leave, it was not without some feelings of sadness that we realized that the summer's cruise was over.



The Cruise of the "Robert Centre."



THE first glimmering of this cruise came to us at the end of youngster year, when we hoped for six weeks' leave, and we decided to give up two weeks of our time to the pleasurable, free and easy navigation of our trim cutter. This first glimmering of the cruise, together with the six weeks' leave, came to nought.

So much for antecedents. Toward the end of Second Class year, Juggy got the gang together and then obtained the Superintendent's permission to make a cruise in the flash packet during the first part of September. During the "Monongahela" cruise, whether in Funchal or in the middle of the heaving Atlantic, the thoughts of the gang turned instinctively to the happier times to come.

Arrived in the Chesapeake, Juggy and Kid got the plans up and submitted them to the Superintendent. This august personage showed his benevolence by giving us five whole round simoleons to blow in, together with a bountiful supply of canned soup and so forth.

Our other supplies, some of which came from Madeira, need not be mentioned. On Sunday, August 29th, we mustered aft: Nelson, commanding; Evans, executive officer; Smith, navigator; Watts, loafer; Sweet and Tardy, seamen.

We fanned out to Annapolis Roads and waited for a breeze, which came. That night was thick and murky, and we were all seasick, even unto Bill, "the tank cleaner." The passage down was uneventful, and although "my son Philip tried for three weeks and never got below the Patuxent," we dropped our mud-hook under the lee of the Chamberlain Hotel at nine o'clock on Tuesday morning.

What we did at Old Point was a plenty. Two dinners aboard, swimming by Juggy, boat drill by Watts, and other things *ad infinitum*.

We wish to thank the officers of Fort Monroe for the many courtesies they extended to us, and hope some day to pay them back in their own coin.

After spending a week at Old Point we hauled up our mud-hook, and with a fair ebb tide stood out.

Three days later, at two o'clock in the morning, we picked up our moorings off the Naval Academy, and sent Joe ashore to beg us a loaf, for we were out of money and out of grub. Later in the day we turned the yacht over to the Superintendent and went home.

Thus ended what was unquestionably the best all-round time that ever happened to any lot of young fellows.

While on this subject we wish to offer to the donor of the "Robert Centre" our heartfelt thanks for the trim little craft which will, we trust, grace the waters of the Severn with its most welcome presence for many years to come.

In Memoriam.

William Wood Arnold,

Class of '98, U. S. N. A.

Born October 13th, 1876,

AT PETERSVILLE, FREDERICK CO., MARYLAND.

Died December 29th, 1897,

AT MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY.

In Memoriam.

Henry Ashby Purse,

Class of '98, U. S. N. A.

Born April 7th, 1878,

AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

Died April 9th, 1896,

**AT UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY,
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.**

Class of '99.

President, H. E. LACKEY.

Secretary and Treasurer, E. B. FENNER.

Class Colors :

PURPLE AND WHITE.

Bailey, John Eliot,	Kimberly, Victor Ashfield,
Beckner, John Taliaferro,	Lackey, Henry Ellis,
Bisset, Guy Aloysius,	Larimer, Edgar Brown,
Bloch, Claude Charles,	Lewis, John Earl,
Bowers, John Treadwell,	Madison, Zachariah Harvey,
Branch, Frank Oak,	Major, Samuel Ira Monger,
Brinser, Harry Lerch,	Mathews, James Edward,
Buchanan, Allen,	Miller, William Siebel,
Clement, James Wilkinson Legare, Jr.,	Morgan, Charles Elmer,
Cole, Cyrus Willard,	Morrison, Farmer,
Combs, James Rockwell,	Pope, Ralph Elton,
Courtney, Charles Edward,	Royall, Hilary Herbert,
Dungan, Paul Baxter,	Sadler, Everit Jay,
Evans, Herbert Heard,	Sayles, William Randall,
Fenner, Edward Blaine,	Shackford, Chauncey,
Fischer, Charles Hermann,	Shapley, Lloyd Stowell,
Forman, Charles William,	Sparrow, Herbert George,
Gilmer, James Blair,	Taussig, Joseph Knefler,
Gleason, Henry Miller,	Thomas, Samuel Brown,
Greenslade, John Wills,	Tomb, James Harvey,
Hatch, Charles Byron, Jr.,	Vincent, Roe Willis,
Helm, Frank Pinckney, Jr.,	Watson, Adolphus Eugene,
Horne, Frederick Joseph,	Weichert, Ernest Augustus,
Hunt, Walter Merrill,	West, Arthur Stuart,
Jeffers, William Nicholson,	White, Richard Drace,
Johnson, Alfred Wilkinson,	Wood, Welborn Cicero,
Kalbfus, Edward Clifford,	Woodward, Clark Howell,

Yates, Alexander Fred Hammond.

Class of 1900.

President, W. G. MITCHELL.

Secretary and Treasurer, W. B. FERGUSON, JR.

Class Colors :

CRIMSON AND GOLD.

Abernathy, Robert Andrew,	Kear, Carleton Romig,
Arnold, Clarence Lamont,	Keating, Arthur Barnes,
Barthalow, Benjamin Grady,	Kress, James Chatham,
Berrien, Frank Dunn,	Landenberger, George Bertram,
Berry, Robert Lawrence,	Landram, Clarence Elmer,
Boardman, William Henry,	McEntee, William,
Bricker, William Franklin,	Mann, John Ferris,
Bryant, Samuel Wood,	Mannix, Daniel Pratt,
Bulmer, Bayard Taylor,	Menner, Robert Tryon,
Caffery, John Murphy,	Mitchell, Willis Gemmill,
Cage, Harry Kimball,	Morris, Robert,
Case, William Stanhope,	Naile, Frederick Raymonde,
Church, John Gaylord,	Noa, Loveman,
Cocke, Herbert Claiborne,	Osterhaus, Hugo Wilson,
Comfort, James Hall,	Riddle, William King,
Cresap, Edward Otho,	Roosevelt, Henry Latrobe,
Crittenden, Kirby Barnes,	Schoenfeld, John William,
Defrees, Joseph Rollie,	Scranton, Edison Ernest,
Dodd, Edwin Horace,	Shea, William Henry,
Doyle, Stafford Henry Rahall,	Smith, Wilbert,
Ellis, Hayne,	Snyder, Charles Philip,
Enbody, Josiah Waterhouse,	Spilman, John Armistead,
Ferguson, William Burden, Jr.,	Steele, George Washington, Jr.,
Foley, Paul,	Svarz, Emil Pravoslav,
Freeman, Charles Seymour,	Tamura, Hiroaki,
Gannon, Sinclair,	Timmons, John Wesley,
Gardiner, Carlos Alfonso,	Tomb, William Victor,
Hellweg, Julius Frederick,	Train, Charles Russell,
Howard, Abram Claude,	Wade, Charles Tobias,
Huff, Charles Peabody,	Wainwright, John Drayton,
Hulick, Clive Kelsey,	Winston, Hollis Taylor,
Hyland, John Joseph,	Wood, Robert Thompson,
Jackson, Edward Sharpless, Jr.,	Woods, Stanley,
James, John Frederick,	Wortman, Ward Kenneth,
Johnston, Huntington,	Wright, Luke Edward, Jr.,
	Wyman, Henry Lake.



THE CLASS OF 1901.

Class of 1901.

Ackerson, James Lee,
Allen, Burrell Clinton,
Allen, William Henry,
Alsop, Kelley Doyle,
Andrews, Adolphus,
Babcock, John Vincent,
Bass, Ivan Ernest,
Bertholf, Wallace,
Blair, George Fred,
Bowne, William Rainear,
Brooks, Ernest Acton,
Brooks, Leroy, Jr.,
Brown, George Patton,
Browne, Claude,
Bruff, Charles Lawrence,
Burwell, John Townsend,
Castle, Guy Wilkinson Stuart,
Cleveland, Thomas Jefferson,
Colvocoresses, Harold,
Conway, Clarence Arthur,
Cook, Harold Earle,
Cook, Merlyn Grail,
Cooper, Oscar Fleet,
Cox, Lewis Smith, Jr.,
Downes, John, Jr.,
Enochs, John Matt,
Fairfield, Arthur Philip,
Fisher, Charles Willis, Jr.,
Fitzpatrick, John James,
Fogarty, William Bailey,
Foote, Percy Wright,

Fowler, Orie Walter,
Fremont, John Charles, Jr.,
Furer, Julius Augustus,
Furse, John Houseal,
Galbraith, William Winton,
Gay, Jesse Bishop,
Gillmore, John David,
Goodrich, Caspar,
Green, John Franklin,
Green, Marshall Brooke,
Hamner, Edward Chambers, Jr.,
Hannigan, John Joseph,
Hastings, Russell,
Henry, Sidney Morgan,
Hileman, Joseph Leonard,
Howe, Alfred Graham,
Hutchins, Charles Thomas, Jr.,
Jackson, John Parker,
Kerrick, Charles Sylvanus,
Keyes, Raymond Stedman,
King, Ernest Joseph,
Kittinger, Theodore Albert,
Kurtz, Thomas Richardson,
Lawrason, George Carson,
Lindsay, Joseph Sanders,
Lloyd, Howard Merriam,
Long, Byron Andrew,
McBride, Lewis Bowen,
McCommon, Frank,
McCrary, Frank Robert,
Manley, Rufus Sumner,

Miles, Harold Bancroft,
Moore, Langdon,
Nauman, Arthur Leroy,
Neal, George Franklin,
Nightingale, Garrard Post,
Norris, William,
Oakley, Owen Horace,
Oliver, Frederick Lansing,
Perry, Newman Kershaw, Jr.,
Price, Samuel Robert,
Pye, William Satterlee,
Rhea, Robert Yancey,
Rich, Albert Thurston,
Richardson, Holden Chester,
Robertson, William Malcolm,
Rodgers, John,

Simons, Manley Hale,
Spafford, Edward Elwell,
Steinhagen, William Henry,
Tone, Bernard Leslie,
Vernou, Walter Newhall,
Walsh, John Henry,
Weaver, David Allen,
Westervelt, George Conrad,
Wheeler, Thomas Harrison,
Whitlock, Guy,
Whitney, Edward Livingston,
Williams, Roger,
Woodson, Pickens Evans,
Wygant, Benyaurd Bourne,
Yates, Isaac Irving,
Zogbaum, Rufus Fairchild, Jr.



The History of the Class of 1901.



IN the spring of 1897 a small band gathered at the ancient capital of Maryland, where many similar bands had gathered in former years. Its members hailed from all parts of the country; from the city, the village, or the farm, but all were united in the determination to "biff" the entrance examinations for the U. S. Naval Academy—for, in fact, they were candidates.

How far they succeeded, or how far they failed in their object, does not concern this story, but let it suffice that in the latter part of May "the fittest" entered upon their respective naval careers aboard the U. S. P. S. "Santee."

Many were the dreams that were shattered and many the fond hopes and expectations that were dashed to the ground. The aspirant to naval honors who had fondly pictured himself arrayed in a natty blue uniform with shining brass buttons, the greater number of which he had, no doubt, already promised to the girls he left behind him, gloomily surveyed himself in his ill-smelling "working clothes" of duck, the very name of which produces a disagreeable sensation, and thought of the happy days that were passed, where peaceful slumbers were not rudely disturbed at some unearthly hour in the morning by the discordant notes of a bugle, and the burden of military discipline was unknown.

But this is the experience that has come to many of our predecessors, and will come to many of those who follow in our footsteps, so let us not kick against the Fates. We are here to stay for some time at least, unless we are bilged on the Ann.

The summer months passed quietly, with the monotony varied at times by such little pleasures as Fourth of July celebrations, which did not always turn out very satisfactorily to the participants; still, it shows that we are a patriotic class, who think the nation's birth should be celebrated with a little more noise than is permitted by the powers that be.

The month of September soon arrived, and with it the Sep. plebe, the humble object of the May plebe's rate and wrath. For three long weeks the May plebe was monarch of all he surveyed, and took particular pains to impress that fact upon his September classmate, until, with the moving into quarters and the return of the upper classmen on the first of October, he fell suddenly and forever from his high estate.

The months that followed were surely of the kind that try men's souls, or rather plebe's souls. The mighty and unapproachable youngsters impressed our entire lack of rate upon us with painful frequency; Math., English, and French were hurled at us unceasingly, and monthly examinations got in their awful work. One poor plebe, sadly contemplating his 1.5 final in Math., was heard to exclaim: "This reminds me of the years I spent at school; it's so different." But, nevertheless, we are a savvy class, for when we had emerged from the semi-annual examinations and had caught our respective breaths, we looked around and saw that only fifteen had succumbed to the weeding-out process.

The second term brought some relief to those who had been toiling in the mazes of Math. by the suppression of Saturday morning recitations in that branch. Friday night societies, for the advancement of literary tastes—of the Black Cat variety—were formed, and we began to feel more at home in our surroundings. It is needless to speak of all the charming damsels we didn't spoon with, and all the lovely times we didn't have at the hops, for it is understood that the plebe's social light burns dimly.

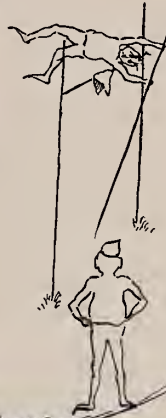
"But there'll come a time some day," as the oracle says, when things will be changed; when the down-trodden and guileless plebe will develop into the lordly youngster, will saunter unconcernedly through Love Lane, and grace the hops and other social functions with his presence. These, then, are our fond hopes; and the flight of time goes on; so that, ere long, they will be hopes no more, but stern realities.





ATHLETICS

MITCHELL



Athletics at the Naval Academy.



FROM time immemorial it has been the acknowledged duty of young men to endeavor to promote the athletic development of country and *Alma Mater*. At the present time the "meets" of our different colleges resemble, to a great degree, the Olympic, Pythian, Isthmean, and Nemean games of the Greeks; and to a less degree the gladiatorial exhibitions of the Romans. We resemble the Greeks in our sprints, long runs, and relay races, and also in the field sports of shot and hammer. Our resemblance to the Romans may be seen in the foot-ball and other games which are, to some extent, demonstrative of the wish of one set of people to show their muscular superiority over the people of another set.

Athletic development in America was retarded in the early days because the young men were forced to direct their endeavors to felling trees, plowing fields, and shooting game. Soon, however, our colleges began to have their sports and games, first alone and then with each other. This gradually spread until it was a well recognized fact that American colleges had athletics.

After the country was well organized it was decided, in 1845, to begin a Naval Academy. The Naval Academy was founded without act of Congress or any other official proceeding; like Topsy, it just grew. From time to time the Academy was enlarged, until the midshipmen found themselves comfortably settled in habitable houses. This being the case, they instinctively looked for amusement, and, like true North Americans, turned to athletics.

At first the Naval Academy athletics were rather puny, but with time they assumed quite large proportions. The midshipmen instinctively turned to the water, and it was upon the water that the Naval Academy won its first recognition. The Naval Academy crew, soon after "the late unpleasantness," began to take part in the different meets or regattas in this country, and it was found that the midshipmen were no slouchy oarsmen. In 1867 the Academy won its greatest laurels, when it came off champion of the regatta of the Schuylkill Navy. This indeed gave a great impetus to athletics here, and especially to rowing. All this time the midshipmen had been giving their attention to the other current sports as well, so that the Naval Academy was, so to speak, strictly in it.

After 1867, even though the midshipmen felt elated, the athletic stocks at Annapolis went down, and the market seemed to be entirely in the hands of the bears, the bulls being unable to do anything toward making a stand. Things went on in this state for several years, the cadets, as they now came to be called, not mixing much with other colleges in their athletics.

About twelve or fourteen years ago athletics took a new start, and the cadets began to play base-ball and foot-ball with outside teams, but all without training or trainers. The crew was now a thing of the past, and a Naval Academy crew did not exist.

For several years athletics were on the mend, and things began to look more hopeful. Then it was decided to have a bona fide foot-ball team. Consequently men went out and pretended to practice signals, and even to have outside games with respectable colleges. This unruly and undisciplined foot-ball team for several years represented the Naval Academy, and, it must be added, got several good thrashings from the visiting teams.

At last, one day, a handsome, broad-shouldered, lithe young man came to the Naval Academy and took up his duties as assistant instructor in the Department of Physics. This young man, though young in years, was learned in athletics, and he is now known as the father of foot-ball at the Naval Academy. This is Paul J. Dashiell, Ph. D. Doctor Dashiell, with the vim of the enthusiastic athlete, jumped into the middle of our games and, taking out all the rotten parts, left the firm base on which we have built up our athletics. Thus foot-ball began; and it is evident to the most casual observer that we are among the first-class teams of the country.

The crew received its new impetus five years ago and has kept up until the present time. Not only kept up, but advanced, until last year we put ourselves in the front rank in rowing by the defeat of the Pennsylvania 'Varsity Eight. Our equipment for rowing has increased from a corner in a lumber shed to two large boat-houses; from no boat at all to one of the finest in the country; from an old rattle-trap four to six beautiful eights. We are now in a position to meet all comers, and, with Dick Armstrong to coach us, it will be strange indeed if we do not make a good showing this season. We must not forget, while on the subject of rowing, to remember that to Captain Cooper is due the credit of having reincarnated the spirit of rowing here.

Strange to say, our base-ball team has never amounted to much, and, indeed, last year it almost came to an untimely end. This year we hoped for much, but as we have not a man who can throw the ball across the street, we again have to let America's game pass unchallenged.

With foot-ball, rowing, and base-ball, our field and track athletics have come on apace. We hold several records and hope to hold more; but who can tell what the future has in store for us. By doing good, honest, hard work, we will never go backward. Therefore, let us keep up our nerve and go at it, gaining the topmost rung in the ladder of athletic fame, and, like General Grant, "Fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."



U. S. N. A. Foot-ball Team, 1897.

JOHN HALLIGAN, JR., '98, *Captain.*

FRANK L. PINNEY, '98, *Manager.*

SHEA, 1900,	<i>Right End.</i>
MACY, '98,	<i>Right Tackle.</i>
FISCHER, '99,	<i>Right Guard.</i>
TARDY, '98,	<i>Centre.</i>
HALLIGAN, '98,	<i>Left Guard.</i>
BISSET, '99,	<i>Left Tackle.</i>
SMITH, G. L., '98,	<i>Left End.</i>
TAUSSIG, '99,	<i>Quarter-back.</i>
FOWLER, 1901,	<i>Left Half-back.</i>
POWELL, '97,	<i>Right Half-back.</i>
WADE, 1900,	<i>Full Back.</i>

Substitutes :

GRAHAM, '98; NELSON, '98; BERRIEN, 1900; JACKSON, 1901.

Games Played.

	N. A.	OPPONENTS.
October 9th.—Princeton University,	0	28
“ 16th.—Pennsylvania Reserves,	20	0
“ 23d.—Princeton Reserves,	6	0
“ 30th.—Pennsylvania State College,	4	0
November 6th.—Rutgers (forfeited),	—	—
“ 13th.—University of Virginia,	4	0
“ 17th.—Maryland Agricultural College,	38	0
“ 20th.—Lehigh University,	28	6
“ 25th.—White Squadron,	8	0

Divisional Games.

	N. A.	OPPONENTS.
December 4th.—2d Division vs. 4th Division,	10	0
“ 4th.—1st Division vs. 3d Division,	0	6
“ 11th.—2d Division vs. 3d Division,	6	6

Foot-ball Teams.

1st Division.

HANRAHAN, '98, *L. E.*
 VERNOU, 1901, *L. T.*
 TIMMONS, 1900, *L. G.*
 KEYES, 1901, *C.*
 FISCHER, C. H., '99, *R. G.*
 MATHEWS, '99, *R. T.*
 SHEA, 1900, *R. E.*
 SPILMAN, 1900, *Q. B.*
 MARBLE, '98, *L. H.*
 GANNON, 1900, *R. H.*
 DODD, 1900, *F. B.*

Subs., { GLEASON, '99,
 TOMB, J. H., '99.

2d Division.

JACKSON, J. P., 1901, *L. E.*
 TARRANT, '98, *L. T.*
 STEINHAGEN, 1901, *L. G.*
 TARDY, '98, *C.*
 FREMONT, 1901, *R. G.*
 MACY, '98, *R. T.*
 KALBFUS, '99, *R. E.*
 BRIGGS, W. G., '98, *Q. B.*
 TAUSSIG, '99, *L. H.*
 BERRIEN, 1900, *R. H.*
 GRAHAM, '98, *F. B.*

Subs., { SHACKFORD, '99,
 SAYLES, '99,
 MANLEY, 1901,
 OSTERHAUS, 1900.

3d Division.

WHITNEY, 1901, *R. E.*
 DINGER, '98, *R. T.*
 FREMONT, 1901, *R. G.*
 HELM, '99, *C.*
 NELSON, '98, *L. G.*
 BISSET, '99, *L. T.*
 BRINSER, '99, *L. E.*
 SMITH, W., 1900, *R. H.*
 HUFF, 1900, *L. H.*
 COURTNEY, '99, *F. B.*
 VINCENT, '99, *Q. B.*

Subs., { RICHARDSON, 1901,
 HAMNER, 1901.

4th Division.

JEFFERS, '99, *L. E.*
 WORTMAN, 1900, *L. T.*
 OLIVER, 1901, *L. G.*
 WELLS, '98, *C.*
 ARNOLD, 1900, *R. G.*
 MAJOR, '99, *R. T.*
 ROYALL, '99, *R. E.*
 FAIRFIELD, 1901, *Q. B.*
 SMITH, G. L., '98, *L. H.*
 HUNT, '99, *R. H.*
 BABCOCK, '98, *F. B.*

Subs., { NEAL, 1901,
 WILLIAMS, R., 1901.



THE U. S. N. A. HUSTLER FOOT-BALL TEAM.

WELLS, '98	TARDY, '98	OLIVER, 1901	HUNT, '99	DR. DASHIELL
HUFF, 1900	DINGER, '98	GANNON, 1900	FAIRFIELD, 1901	MARBLE, '98
KEYES, 1901	RICHARDSON, '1901	GRAHAM, '98	MANLEY, 1901	STEINHAGEN, 1901
TIMMONS, 1900			MATHEWS, '99	BERRIEN, 1900

The Hustlers, 1897.

DINGER, '98,	GANNON, 1900,
MARBLE, '98,	TIMMONS, 1900,
WELLS, '98,	SPILMAN, 1900.
TARRANT, '98,	FAIRFIELD, 1901,
MATHEWS, '99,	OLIVER, 1901,
HUNT, '99,	KEYES, 1901,
COURTNEY, '99,	WHITNEY, 1901,
HELM, '99,	CASTLE, 1901,
BECKNER, '99,	STEINHAGEN, 1901,
BUCHANAN, '99,	FREMONT, 1901,
ROYALL, '99,	GILLMORE, 1901,
TOMB, J. H., '99,	RICHARDSON, 1901,
HUFF, 1900,	MANLEY, 1901.

Game, November 27th, 1897.

Hustlers, 24; Cornell Scrub, 8.

The Foot-ball Team.



OUR season was a success. We won seven games in eight played. The ball was carried across our goal line by but one team—Princeton. We are champions of the South.

Our training began with the outdoor drills in March, from which time a squad of backs practiced kicking and handling the ball after drill each afternoon until June.

On the cruise blackboard talks, held on the half-deck on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, with calisthenics on deck after a light supper each evening, followed by a salt-water douche (earned by a quarter-hour's work at the bilge pumps), kept us in trim.

On September 27th twenty of the squad presented themselves for the first day's practice of the season, thus sacrificing the sweetest portion of their leave, and manifesting a spirit of self-denial and devotion to the sport that has characterized their work during the entire season, and to which, more than anything else, whatever success we may have achieved is due.

Our first game was with Princeton, and, though beaten, we had the satisfaction of making the Tiger work as he did in very few of his other games of the season. The succeeding games—with the Pennsylvania and Princeton Reserves and Pennsylvania State College—were intended to develop the team for the game with Virginia, she having defeated us in 1893. Consequently in these games we were content to win, and sought to develop the team consistently rather than to pile up big scores. Rutgers forfeited her game. The game with the University of Virginia, upon the result of which depended the championship of the South, was won rather more easily than was expected. Our annual game with Lehigh was an easy victory, although we played with five substitutes, three of whom were backs. The game with the North Atlantic Squadron, on Thanksgiving morning, was, perhaps, the most interesting of the season. Although during the first half our line was torn as it had been by no other team, we scored twice and shut them out.

The season's work was marked by an almost impenetrable defense, developed by the superiority of our "Hustler" backs. Too much cannot be said of the work of our

noble army of "Hustlers." They showed a grit and determination and excellence of play that would reflect credit on any 'varsity team of this land. Their game with the Cornell scrubs was a magnificent victory, and furnished one of the most gratifying features of the season. No college in this country has a second eleven that can compare in spirit with our "Hustlers," and as long as they retain their present standard of excellence we need never fear for the success of the Academy eleven.

The team owes much to its right half-back, whose work as player and as adviser was invaluable. As to our coach, "Dick Armstrong," it would be useless to try to tell properly of our estimation of him in this short article. His methods are so consistent, so effective, and his hold on us so strong, that our only regret is that we are not assured of his assistance during all the seasons to come.

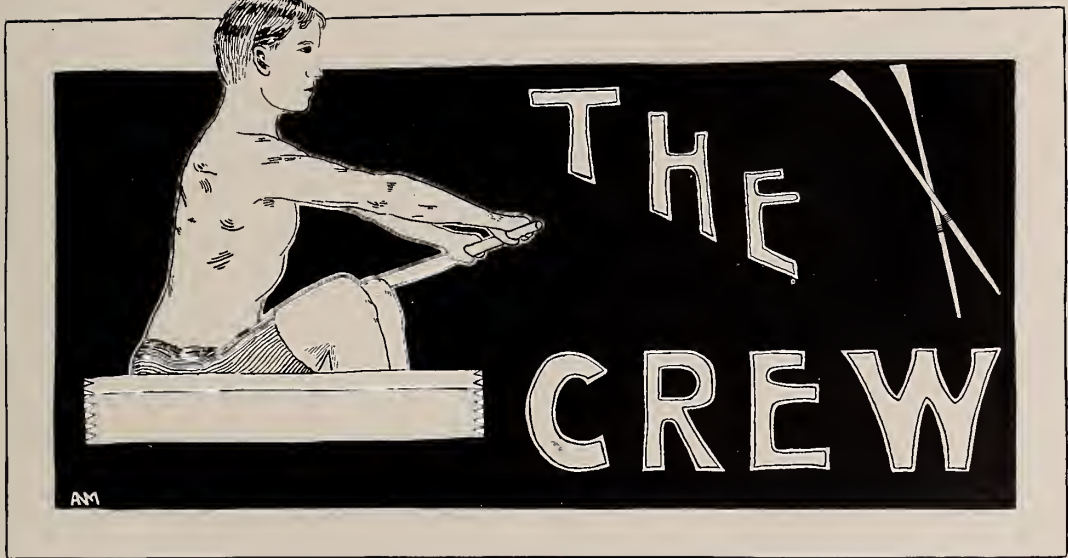
The management for the season was of the best, and to our manager we owe our thanks for his unceasing, efficient, and energetic work, which secured for us a most successful financial season.

On Wednesday, December 22d, 1897, at the annual meeting of the N. A. A. A., a punch bowl, tray, and ladle were presented to Dr. Paul J. Dashiell by the corps of cadets as a token of their respect, gratitude, and esteem, and in recognition of his services to athletics at this Academy. This was but a poor tribute to the work of Dr. Dashiell in our athletics, of which he is the backbone.

We make our bow to the team of '98. May its season be most successful, and, in consequence of its work, may the standard of foot-ball at the U. S. N. A. be raised to even a higher level.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE FOOT-BALL TEAM.







THE U. S. N. A. CREW, 1897.

GRAHAM, '98	FISCHER, '99	MCCARTHY, '97 (Capt.)	POWELL, '97
BUCHANAN, '99	GREENSLADE, '99 (Cox.)	WEICHERT, '99	COLLINS, '97

TIMMONS, 1900

U. S. Naval Academy Crew.

A. W. McCARTHY, '97, *Captain*.
CYRUS R. MILLER, '97, *Manager*.

MAY 15th, 1897—Race with Cornell Second Crew. Won by Cornell Crew by two boat lengths.

Cadet Crew :

<i>Stroke</i> —McCARTHY, '97,	4—WEICHERT, '99,
7—COLLINS, '97,	3—BUCHANAN, '99,
6—TIMMONS, 1900,	2—POWELL, '97,
5—FISCHER, '99,	1—GRAHAM, '98.

Coxswain—GREENSLADE, '99.

MAY 29th, 1897—Race with University of Pennsylvania 'Varsity Eight. Won by the Naval Cadets by 27 seconds, seven boat lengths.

Cadet Crew :

<i>Stroke</i> —McCARTHY, '97,	4—COLLINS, '97,
7—GANNON, 1900,	3—BUCHANAN, '99,
6—TIMMONS, 1900,	2—POWELL, '97,
5—FISCHER, '99,	1—GRAHAM, '98.

Coxswain—GREENSLADE, '99.

'98 Crew :

JOHN S. GRAHAM, '98, *Captain*.
GEORGE LEONARD SMITH, '98, *Manager*.

The Naval Academy Crew.



ANY one wishing to become familiar with aquatic sports at the Naval Academy can find a short history of rowing in the '97 edition of the LUCKY BAG. Doubtless the reader will be surprised to learn that during the season of '96 the cadets in training for the crew enjoyed the advantages of a coach for the first time. Up to that time the captain had coached from his position in the boat, with a limited amount of success, and it is due to such hard work on the part of Churchill, Kimball, and Palmer that the crew of to-day is so well settled. Mr. Kinney, of Yale, struggled manfully through the season of '96, doing excellent work with the green material and drilling into them the rudiments of rowing. He was followed by Mr. Armstrong, an excellent oarsman and captain of the Yale '94 crew, who brought the crew to a much higher state of efficiency. The result of his work is seen in last year's record, when the cadets followed Cornell across the line at a much shorter interval than any other crew, and defeated Pennsylvania by a splendid lead of seven boat lengths—nearly twenty-seven seconds. This unexpected showing aroused great interest among the cadets, and exploded the belief that a light crew cannot compete successfully with a heavier one.

When the call for candidates for this year was issued, nearly twenty-five per cent. of the battalion responded, but owing to many limitations this number was cut down almost one-half. Work with the new men commenced on December 16th, and throughout the winter they were given pair-oar work indoors, varied occasionally with an eight when the weather permitted.

On the first of March Mr. Armstrong again took charge of the coaching.

During the year just passed another boat-house was built and given to the cadets, so that now, with four shells and a barge, we are fairly well equipped for good work. It is pleasant to know that rowing has found many friends at the Academy and has won the favor of those in authority to such an extent as to gain many privileges.

There are, however, serious drawbacks, some of which, it seems, might be abrogated, so that more time could be given to preparatory work. One should remember that the season here is very short, ending when other institutions are just opening their

contests. In order to get a crew into shape it is necessary to begin early, and since the time allowed averages less than an hour a day, the beginning must be still earlier. In fact it is so early that the foot-ball season and crew season overlap one another, and since many men go through both seasons, they have scarcely a day's recreation throughout the year. While this state of affairs keeps them in good condition, it is too great a strain, and great care must be exercised in keeping up the life and dash necessary for victory.

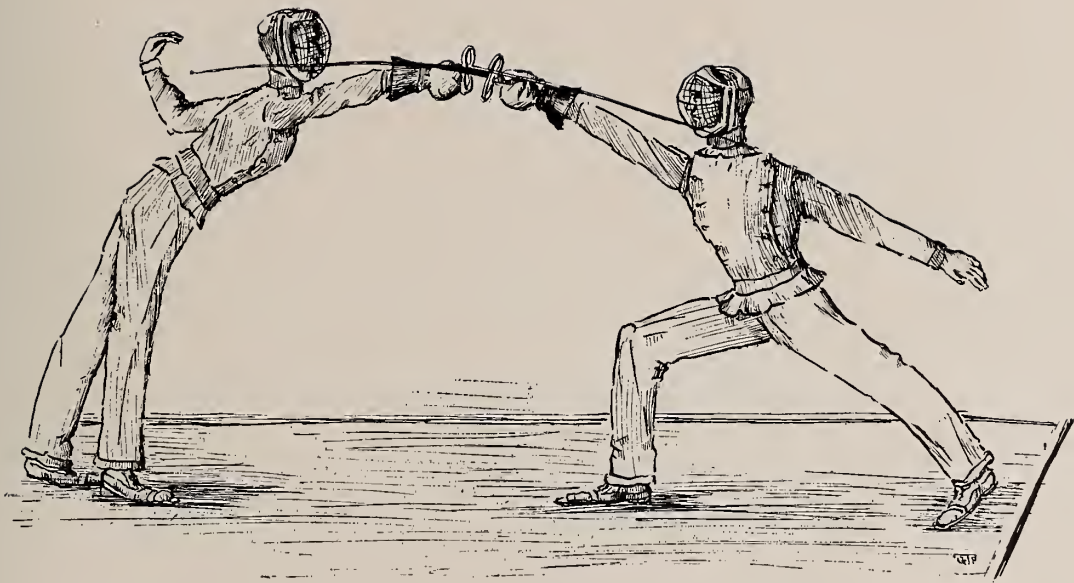
Efforts are being made to arrange races with the first crews of the country, and every one looks forward to the coming contests.

One dares not predict, but let each strive on with the hope of success, and time will tell the story.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE CREW.









THE FENCING TEAM.

BAILEY, '99

HORNE, '99

TRAIN, 1900

PETTENGILL, '98

BARCOCK, '98

WOODS, '98

SWORDMASTER

SWEET, '98

BRYANT, 1900

TAMURA, 1900

HANRAHAN, '98

CORBESIER

WATTS, '98

The U. S. N. A. Fencing Team.

WILLIAM C. WATTS, '98, *Captain*,
JOHN F. BABCOCK, '98,
DAVID C. HANRAHAN, '98,
EDWARD WOODS, '98,
GEORGE C. SWEET, '98,
GEORGE T. PETTENGILL, '98,
FREDERICK J. HORNE, '99,
JOHN E. BAILEY, '99,
SAMUEL B. THOMAS, '99,
CHARLES R. TRAIN, 1900,
HIROAKI TAMURA, 1900,
SAMUEL W. BRYANT, 1900.

PROFESSOR A. J. CORBESIER, *Swordmaster*, U. S. N. A.

Assistant Instructors :

J. B. RETZ,
G. HEINTZ.

On March 26th, 1898, The Naval Academy Fencing Team defeated the Cornell Fencing Team in a nine-bout contest in the Gymnasium, Annapolis, by a score of 7 to 2.

Fencing.

THE art—or science, should it be called—of fencing has developed a great deal of interest at the Academy during the last several years. The cadets have, in this branch, as in so many others of athletics, suffered the disadvantage of marked lack of time for practice, this being obvious when we consider that they have but one hour's fencing a day. However, wonderful improvement is made individually during the year, and so interested are those in practice for the team that they are willing to begin work well before Thanksgiving time, and often keep it up until well after Easter—a remarkably long spell of practice, when one considers the amount of time devoted to foot-ball and crew practice.

The great incentive that each one holds up before him is the chance of going to New York with the team to compete in the Inter-collegiate Fencing Tournament, held under the auspices of the Racquet and Tennis Club of that city. It is now an Academy custom to send each spring a team of three men to New York, and the pleasure of the trip, to say nothing of the relaxation of discipline for a few days, seems well worth working for. Last year the flame of Academy enthusiasm in fencing was set burning more brightly by the fact that a cadet won the individual first prize in this meet, although the Navy team did not come out in first place.

Too many thanks and too much appreciation can never be rendered Mr. Robert M. Thompson, of New York City, who, a graduate himself of this institution in the Class of '68, always lends a helping hand to aid the promulgation of fencing and sword-play of all description at the Academy. The very warmest hospitality and highest courtesies are extended by him to the Navy team every year, and it is he who offers the individual medal for fencing in the Inter-collegiate Tournament.

In addition to this, exhibitions of fencing with foil and sabre, and of exercise with bayonet and cane, are given in the gymnasium at the annual indoor tournament. Thanks to the officers of the Navy Auxiliary Athletic Association, medals are awarded to the winners of the competitions in small sword, sabre, and cane, and thus lively encounters usually result. Then, in the last week of the academic year—that long-looked-forward-to June week—a final competition is held to decide to whom then

belongs the right of carrying off the handsome medals offered by Mr. Thompson for the best work with both foil and sabre.

Strenuous efforts are being made to arrange for an annual meet with Cornell, with the possibility of including other colleges, to be held at the Academy, and prospects are bright for the realization of this wish, which would so benefit fencing at the Academy.

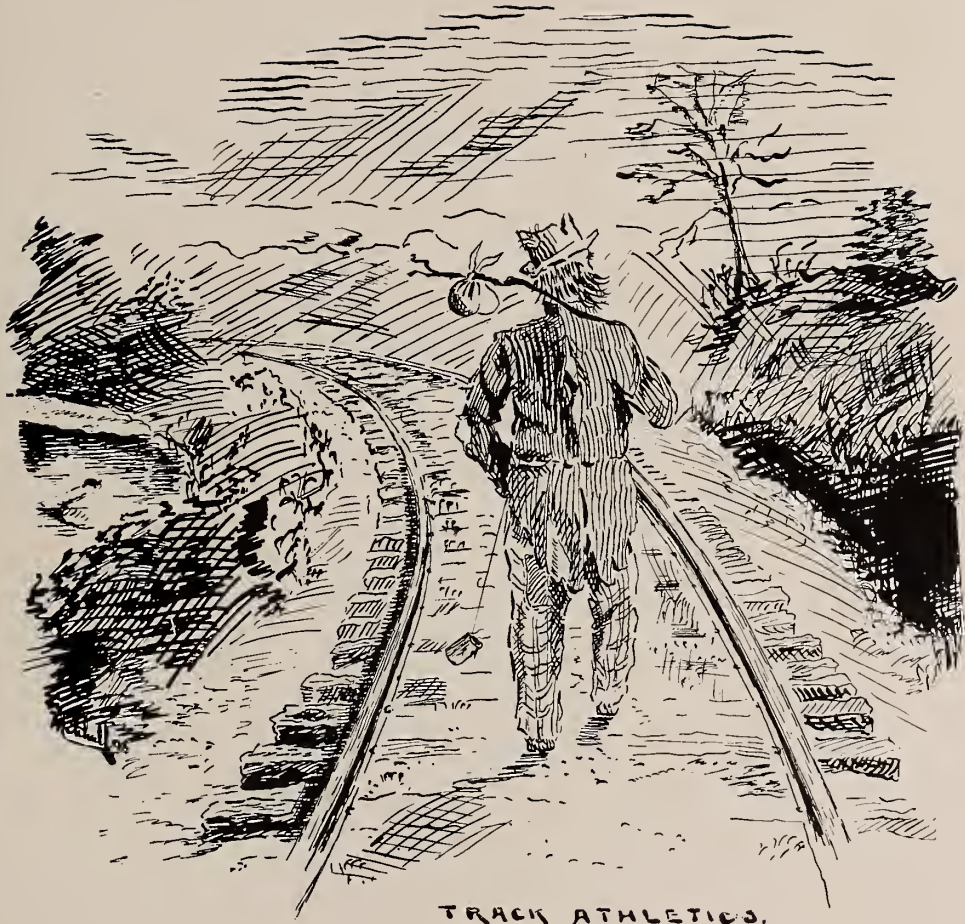
Any description of fencing at the Academy would seem inadequate without rendering thanks to Professor Corbesier, the swordmaster attached to the institution, for his practical, conscientious, and interested instruction. His devotion to his profession inspires in him an enthusiasm which he succeeds most admirably in causing others to share with him, and, in sharing it, to become so interested as to appreciate best his honest, steady, well-meant and well-executed work.

The enthusiasm in fencing has shown itself to be growing more pronounced, both by the larger number of its devotees and by the general interest of the corps of cadets; so let us hope that this spirit will continue to increase from year to year, and that the U. S. N. A. will keep up in this branch of athletics to the admirable standard set in others.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE FENCING TEAM.







TRACK ATHLETICS.



U. S. N. A. TRACK TEAM, 1897.

- | | | | | | |
|---------------|------------------|--------------------|--------------|--------------|----------------|
| HALLIGAN, '98 | TRAIN, 1900 | WADE, 1900 | HUNT, '99 | TAUSSIC, '99 | SHACKFORD, '99 |
| | GLEASON, '99 | MACY, '98 | VINCENT, '99 | | |
| | WAINWRIGHT, 1900 | LANDENBERGER, 1900 | | | |

Sixth Annual Track Athletic Meeting.

Held under the auspices of the Navy Auxiliary Athletic Association,
Saturday, May 8th, 1897.

EVENT.	WINNER.	PERFORMANCE.
100 yards dash,	HENDERSON, '97, 10 1-5 sec.
220 yards dash,	HENDERSON, '97, 22 4-5 sec.
440 yards run,	SHACKFORD, '99, 60 2-5 sec.
880 yards run,	VINCENT, '99, 2 min. 12 sec.
One-mile run,	VINCENT, '99, 5 min. 18 2-5 sec.
220 yards hurdle,	TAUSSIG, '99, 29 1-5 sec.
Running broad jump,	HENDERSON, '97, 20 ft. 2 in.
Running high jump,	HENDERSON, '97, 5 ft. 5 in.
Pole vault,	ASSERSON, '97, 9 ft. 9 in.
Throwing 16-lb. hammer,	HALLIGAN, '98, 91 ft. 9½ in.
Putting 16-lb. shot,	MACY, '98, 32 ft. ½ in.

Miscellaneous.

EVENT.	WINNER.	PERFORMANCE.
Throwing base-ball,	HENDERSON, '97, 319 ft. 2 in.
Wrestling,	A. T. GRAHAM, '97,	—
Boxing,	A. H. MCCARTHY, '97,	—

Best Naval Academy Records.

EVENT.	NAME.	RECORD.
100 yards dash,	R. W. HENDERSON, '97,	10 sec.
220 yards dash,	R. W. HENDERSON, '97,	22 1-5 sec.
440 yards dash,	R. W. HENDERSON, '97,	53 sec.
880 yards run,	A. MACARTHUR, JR., '96,	2 min. 10 2-5 sec.
One-mile run,	R. W. VINCENT, '99,	5 min. 18 2-5 sec.
120 yards hurdles,	P. E. TAUSSIG, '96,	19 sec.
220 yards hurdles,	J. K. TAUSSIG, '99,	29 1-5 sec.
Running high jump,	R. W. HENDERSON, '97,	5 ft. 5 in.
Running broad jump,	D. H. CAMDEN, '91,	21 ft. 4 in.
Pole vault,	H. C. MUSTIN, '96,	10 ft. $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
Throwing 16-lb. hammer,	F. D. KARNS, '95,	92 ft. 7 in.
Putting 16-lb. shot,	F. D. KARNS, '95,	35 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Throwing base-ball,	W. B. IZARD, '95,	347 ft. 10 in.
Running bases,	H. C. MUSTIN, '96,	14 sec.
50 yards swimming,	W. B. IZARD, '95,	31 4-5 sec.
Kicking foot-ball,	R. W. HENDERSON, '97,	152 ft. 8 in.
Standing broad jump,	J. K. ROBINSON, '91,	10 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Inter-Collegiate Records.

EVENT.	NAME.	RECORD.
100 yards dash,	B. F. WEFERS, Georgetown,	9 4-5 sec.
220 yards dash,	B. F. WEFERS, Georgetown,	21 1-5 sec.
440 yards dash,	G. B. SHATTUCK, Amherst,	49 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
880 yards run,	E. HOLLISTER, Harvard,	1 min. 56 4-5 sec.
One-mile run,	G. W. ORTON, Pennsylvania,	4 min. 23 2-5 sec.
120 yards hurdles,	{ H. L. WILLIAMS, Yale, STEPHEN CHASE, Dartmouth, }	15 4-5 sec.
220 yards hurdles,	J. L. BREMER, Harvard,	24 3-5 sec.
Running high jump,	J. S. WINSOR, Pennsylvania,	6 ft. 1 in.
Running broad jump,	VICTOR MAPLES, Columbia,	22 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Pole vault,	B. JOHNSON, Yale,	11 ft. 3 $\frac{5}{8}$ in.
Throwing 16-lb. hammer,	W. G. WOODRUFF, Pennsylvania,	136 ft. 3 in.
Putting 16-lb. shot,	W. O. HICKOK, Yale,	44 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Miscellaneous Amateur Records.

EVENT.	NAME.	RECORD.
Throwing base-ball,	R. C. CAMPBELL,	381 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Batting base-ball,	C. R. PARTRIDGE,	354 ft. 10 in.
50 yards swimming,	W. B. IZARD, U. S. N. A.,	31 4-5 sec.
Kicking foot-ball,	W. P. CHADWICK,	200 ft. 8 in.
Running bases,	H. C. MUSTIN, U. S. N. A.,	14 sec.

Field, Track, and Gymnasium Athletics.



RACK and gymnasium athletics, though holding an important place among the various pastimes of the naval cadet, have not heretofore received the attention and time that have been devoted to some other sports.

Foot-ball and "crew" have been advanced to a fair degree of success; but both of these, besides requiring the participants to be skillful, strong, and full of grit, generally require a good deal of weight. For all those not naturally adapted to such athletics, the gymnasium affords a ready means for competition and development; and in the spring the track athletics afford a field for skill and training that is large enough for all. A realization of this fact has begun to show itself in a more marked interest in general athletics.

The gymnasium tournament held last year was a decided success, and prospects point to an equally successful one this year.

Exceedingly good contests in boxing and wrestling between representative members of the several divisions insured the continuation of these contests; and tennis is becoming a recognized factor in the athletic sports.

The "track team" needs a stimulus that cannot be obtained at the Naval Academy—that is, competition with other teams. All training is now purely individual; and all competition is between members of the same institution. For these reasons a great amount of interest cannot be aroused, nor the maximum results be obtained. However, the records here are very good; and, as they are being improved upon every year, we look for the time in the near future when steady and harder training will give us a good set of records and our athletes will be numbered with the best.

THE MANAGER OF FIELD, TRACK, AND GYMNASIUM ATHLETICS.

The Navy Auxiliary Athletic Association.

President :

Commander EDWIN WHITE.

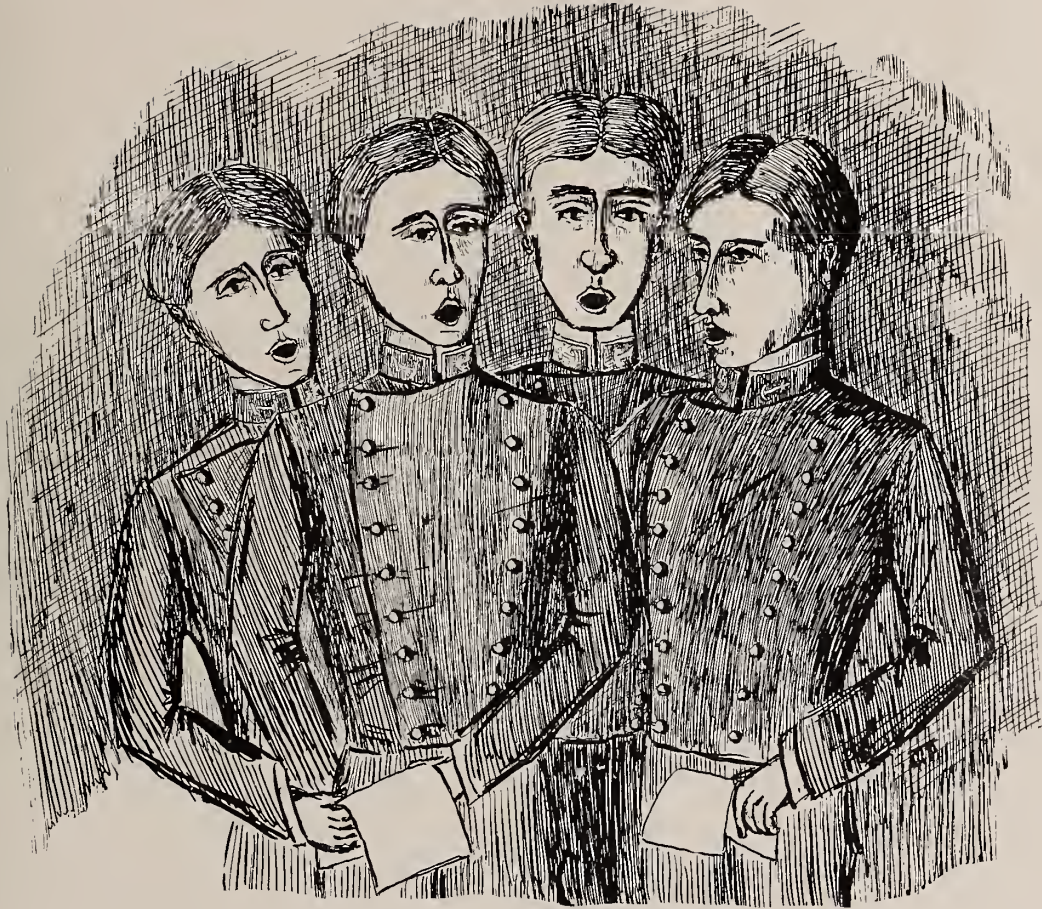
Executive Committee :

Lieutenant-Commander R. T. JASPER.
Lieutenant G. A. MERRIAM, *Secretary*.
Lieutenant HUGO OSTERHOUS, *Treasurer*.
Lieutenant E. F. LEIPER.
Chaplain H. H. CLARK.
Surgeon, A. M. D. McCORMICK.
Professor PAUL J. DASHIELL, Ph. D.

U. S. N. A. Athletic Association.

Executive Committee :

President, J. K. TAUSSIG, '99.
Secretary, F. D. BERRIEN, 1900.
Captain Foot-ball Team, J. HALLIGAN, '98.
Captain Boat Crew, J. S. GRAHAM, '98.
Captain Fencing Team, W. C. WATTS, '98.
Captain Base-ball Team, E. T. CONSTIEN, '98.
Manager Foot-ball Team, F. L. PINNEY, '98.
Manager Boat Crew, G. L. SMITH, '98.
Manager Base-ball Team, CHAS. BOONE, '98.
Manager Field, Track, and Gymnasium Athletics, U. S. MACY, '98.





THE U. S. N. A. CHAPEL CHOIR.

BULMER, 1900 STEINHAGEN, 1901 WEICHERT, '99 WOODWARD, '99 FREMONT, 1901 LARIMER, '99 SNYDER, 1900 MANLEY, 1901 KALBFUS, '99
WADE, '1000 KEATING, 1900 COTTEN, '98 (Leader) NELSON, '98 MITCHELL, '98 HAND, '98

U. S. N. A. Choir.

Choir Master :
COTTEN, '98.

First Tenors :

MITCHELL, '98,
WADE, 1900,
MANLEY, 1901.

Second Tenors :

COTTEN, '98,
HAND, '98,
NELSON, '98,
WOODWARD, '99,
SNYDER, 1900.

First Bassos :

WEICHERT, '99,
BULMER, 1900,
KEATING, 1900.

Second Bassos :

KALBFUS, '99,
LARIMER, '99,
FREMONT, 1901,
STEINHAGEN, 1901.

Organist :

Professor ZIMMERMAN.

Sub-Organist :

KEATING, 1900.

The Y. M. C. A.



THE Young Men's Christian Association of the United States Naval Academy was founded by a small band of cadets in 1879, and has since grown into a body whose influence is felt throughout the entire institution.

The purpose of the Association, as stated in the preamble to the constitution, is: "To cultivate Christian fellowship, to mutually aid and encourage each other in the conscientious discharge of daily duties, and to strengthen and establish Christian character." The constitution provides for seven officers, but this elaborate schedule having been found unsuited to the most successful working of the Association, has since been abandoned for a simpler one, the officers being three in number, viz.: a President selected from the First Class; a Vice-President, chosen from the Second Class, and a Secretary and Treasurer, from the Third Class. These officers are elected by ballot at the close of each academic year. The officers for the academic year ending June 3d, 1898, are as follows:

President—HENRY T. WRIGHT, '98, Alabama.

Vice-President—RICHARD D. WHITE, '99, Missouri.

Secretary and Treasurer—EDWARD S. JACKSON, JR., 1900, Pennsylvania.

In former years the Association received the support and assistance of many of the officers stationed at the Academy as instructors, but of late the membership has been confined exclusively to cadets. It is probable that the constraint engendered by the presence of officers did not conduce to the edification of the new members. During the early life of the Association the division into active and associate members, on the basis of church membership, was very clearly defined, but the distinction exists to a much less degree at present, since nearly all members take an active part in the work, thereby benefiting themselves and others much more than could be expected under the former dispensation.

The Young Men's Christian Association of the Naval Academy has a peculiar advantage over Associations at other institutions, on account of the close contact of the cadets, brought about by community of interests, by smaller numbers, and by living arrangements. For these reasons influence is much stronger and more widespread than is possible where greater diversity of interests exists, and where, on account of the

large number of students, it is difficult to become personally acquainted with classmates, much more with those of other classes. Moreover, on account of this more intimate contact, the cadets are enabled to give temporal assistance to their fellow-students by aiding them in the difficult work of the curriculum, and experience has shown this to be the most effective kind of personal work that can be done among the cadets.

Meetings are held on Sunday afternoons, in the Academy chapel, and a Bible lesson, previously selected and promulgated, is discussed, one of the members being appointed by the President to act as leader. In the work of Bible study the Association is ably directed by the Chaplain of the Academy, who by his thorough knowledge, wide experience, and cheerful aid, gives new life to Bible study, and so shapes the course that the greatest benefit can be derived from it.

In addition to the Sunday afternoon meetings, the Chaplain has organized a Bible Class, which meets every Saturday evening to discuss some topic selected by him and adapted to the needs of the students.

The membership of the Association for the present year is fifty-six, and the attendance at the Sunday meetings varies from twelve to twenty-five, the average attendance throughout the year being from eighteen to twenty.

THE PRESIDENT.



The Lucky Bag.

Founded 1894.

Published Annually by the First Class.

Editors, 1894.

S. P. FULLINWIDER, *Editor-in-Chief.*

E. L. BENNETT, *Business Manager,*
W. P. SCOTT,

RIDLEY McLEAN,
A. W. HINDS.

Editors, 1895.

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NEWTON MANSFIELD.

Editors, 1896.

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Editors, 1897.

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D. S. MAHONY.

Editors, 1898.

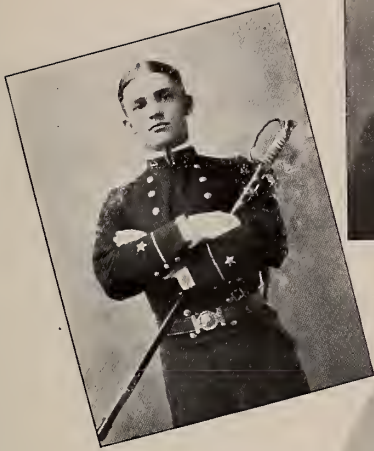
G. T. PETTENGILL, *Editor-in-Chief.*

H. J. ELSON, *Business Manager,*
HENRY WILLIAMS,
F. L. PINNEY,

F. T. EVANS,
A. N. MITCHELL,
W. P. CRONAN.



THE BOARD DELIBERATES.



THE EDITORS.

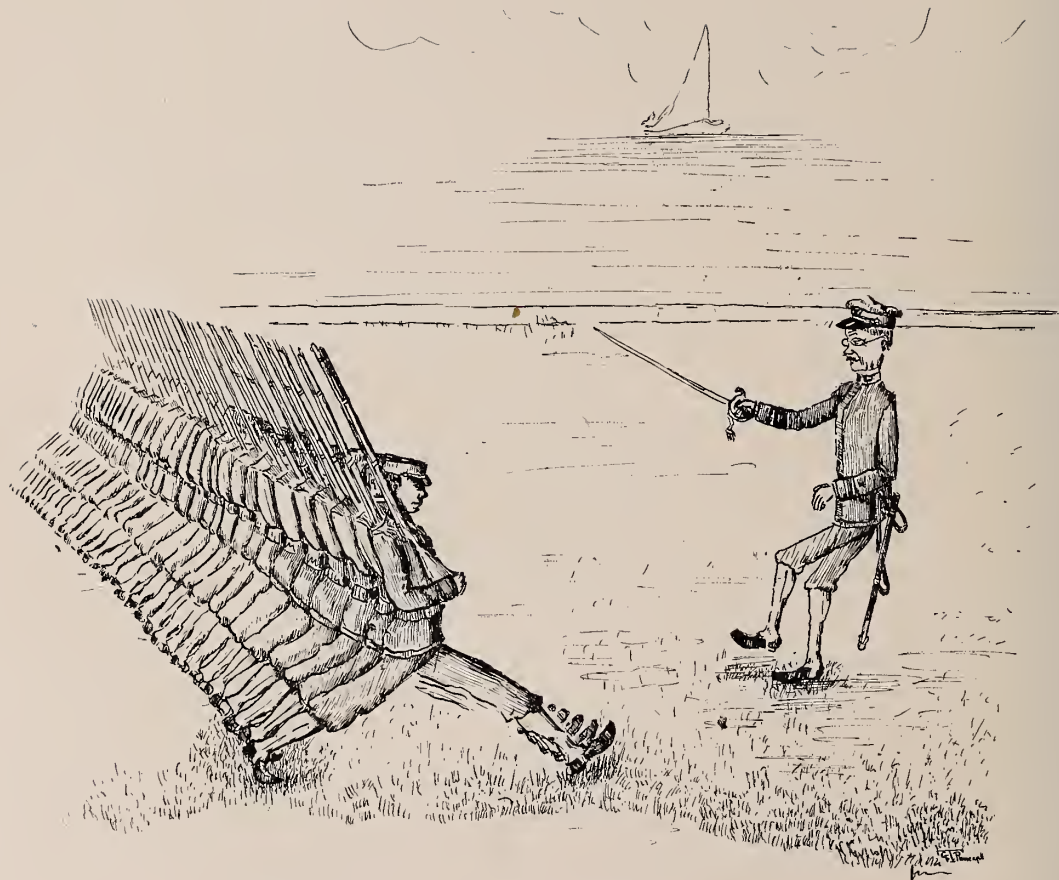
EVANS

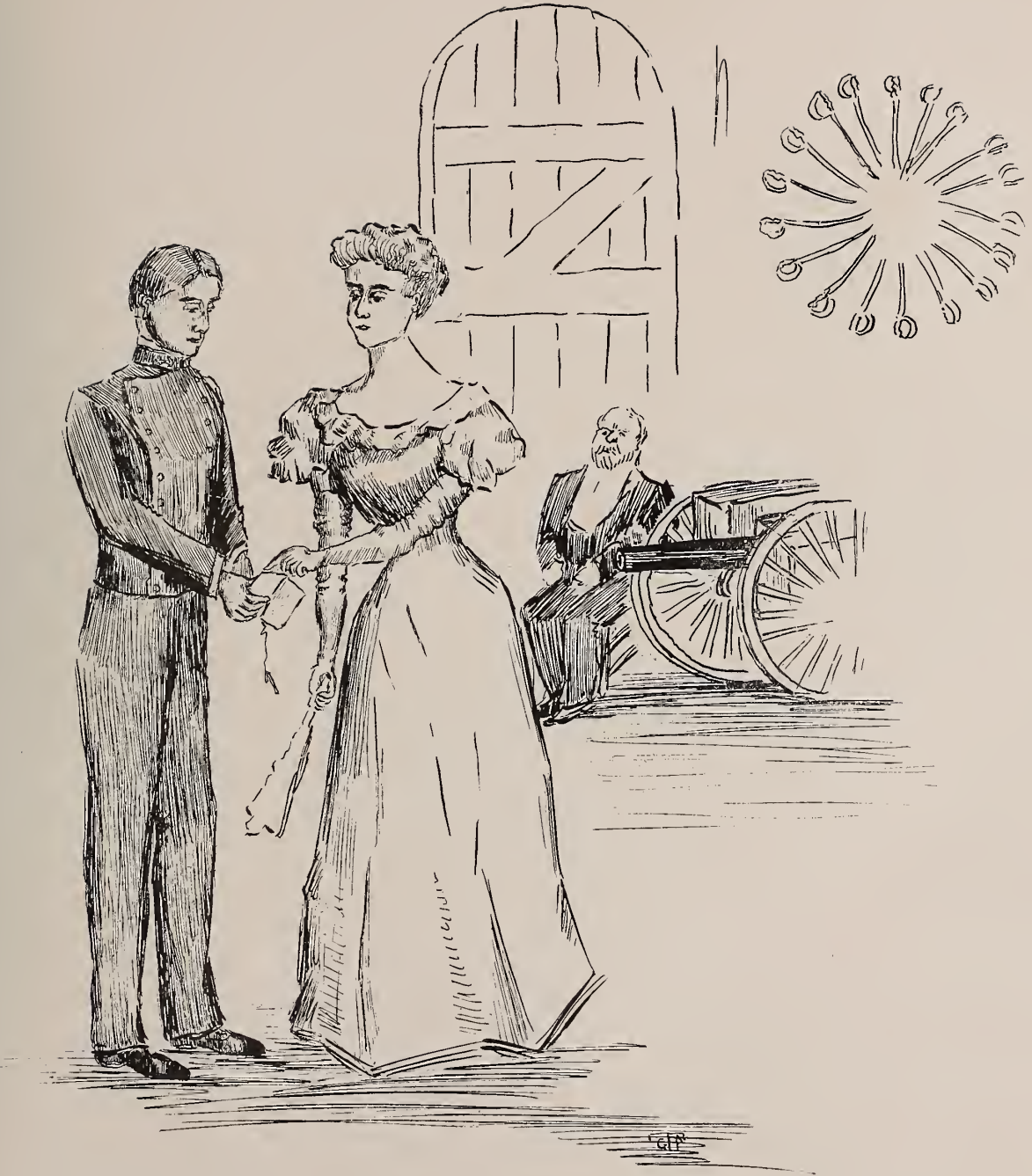
MITCHELL
PETTENGILL
PINNEY

ELSON

WILLIAMS

CRONAN





The Hop Committee, 1897-98.

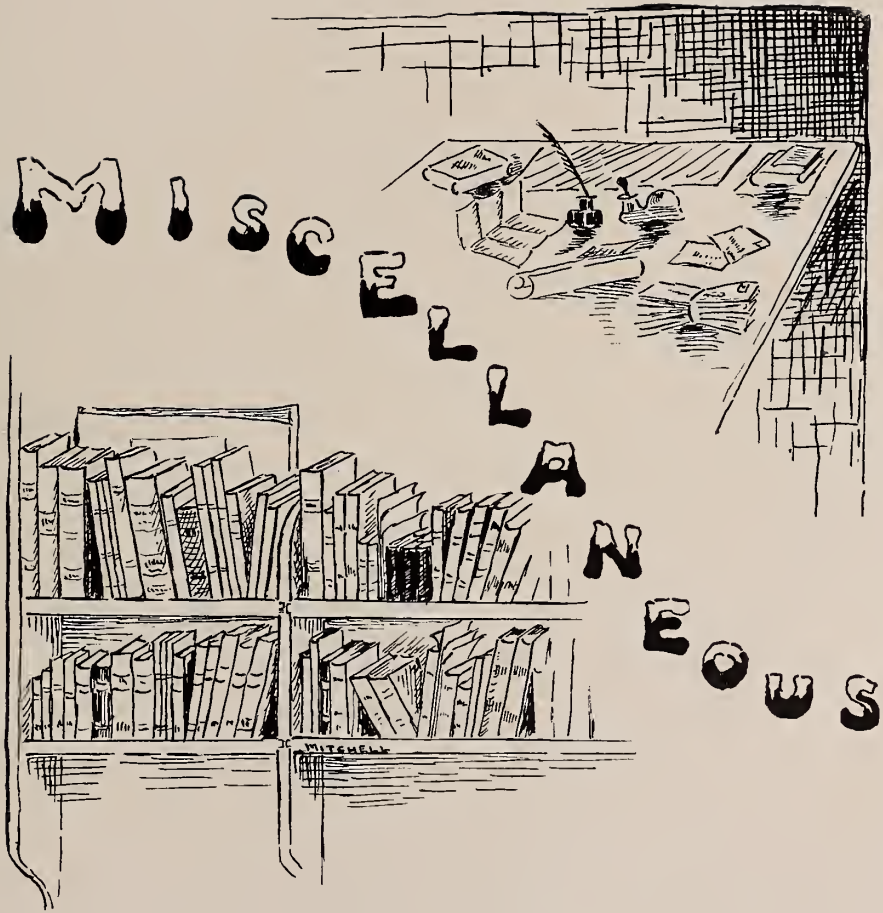
WILLIAM CARLETON WATTS, *Chairman*, Pennsylvania.
JOHN FRANKLIN BABCOCK, '98, New York.
FRANCK TAYLOR EVANS, '98, Virginia.
LYMAN ATKINSON COTTEN, '98, North Carolina.
GEORGE TILFORD PETTENGILL, '98, Idaho.
CYRUS WILLARD COLE, '99, Ohio.
ALFRED WILKINSON JOHNSON, '99, District of Columbia.
EDGAR BROWN LARIMER, '99, Kansas.
JOHN ARMISTEAD SPILMAN, 1900, Virginia.
HAYNE ELLIS, 1900, Georgia.

Hops Given

OCTOBER 30TH,
NOVEMBER 13TH,
NOVEMBER 24TH,

DECEMBER 11TH,
DECEMBER 31ST,
JANUARY 15TH,

JANUARY 29TH,
FEBRUARY 19TH,
APRIL 16TH.



MISCELLANEOUS



The Ancient & Honorable Order of Night Owls.

Past Most Potent Owl,
DICK HUNTINGTON.

Talons and Beak of the Feathered Nest,
CY. THORPE.

First Screech, MORRIS BROWN.

Second Screech, WILLIE WATTS.

Most High Bat, KID EVANS.

Bull Bat, JUGGY NELSON.

Ordinary Short-Wing Bats :

PETTENGILL,
WILLIAMS, H.,

SWEET,
BABCOCK,

KRESS,
HANRAHAN.

Lightning Bug, ELSON.



PROHIBITION CLIQUE

Motto—"Just as long as the beer goes round."

President, M. H. BROWN.

Gouty Member, J. A. SCHOFIELD.

Light-Draught Abstainers :

MCINTYRE,
ROPER,

PINNEY,
WATTS,

WRIGHT, H. T.,
CRONAN.

Total Abstainers :

PETTENGILL,
BRIGGS,
WILLIAMS, Y. S.,

MADISON,
KRESS,
LOVE.

Last Convert, EVANS.



POKER CLUB.

Keeper of the Beans, Z. H. MADISON.

Owner of the Pasteboards, WARDROOM MESS.

Raiser of Points, W. G. ROPER.

Chronic Passer, E. W. MCINTYRE.

Opener of Jack Pots, M. H. BROWN.

Custodian of the Kitty, G. T. PETTENGILL.

Shark { EVANS
 { MADISON } (to be played off).

*Club Room—Port Wings of "Monongahela's" Main Hold—furniture
borrowed from the Captain.*



AMALGAMATED ORDER OF KAIG PROCURERS.

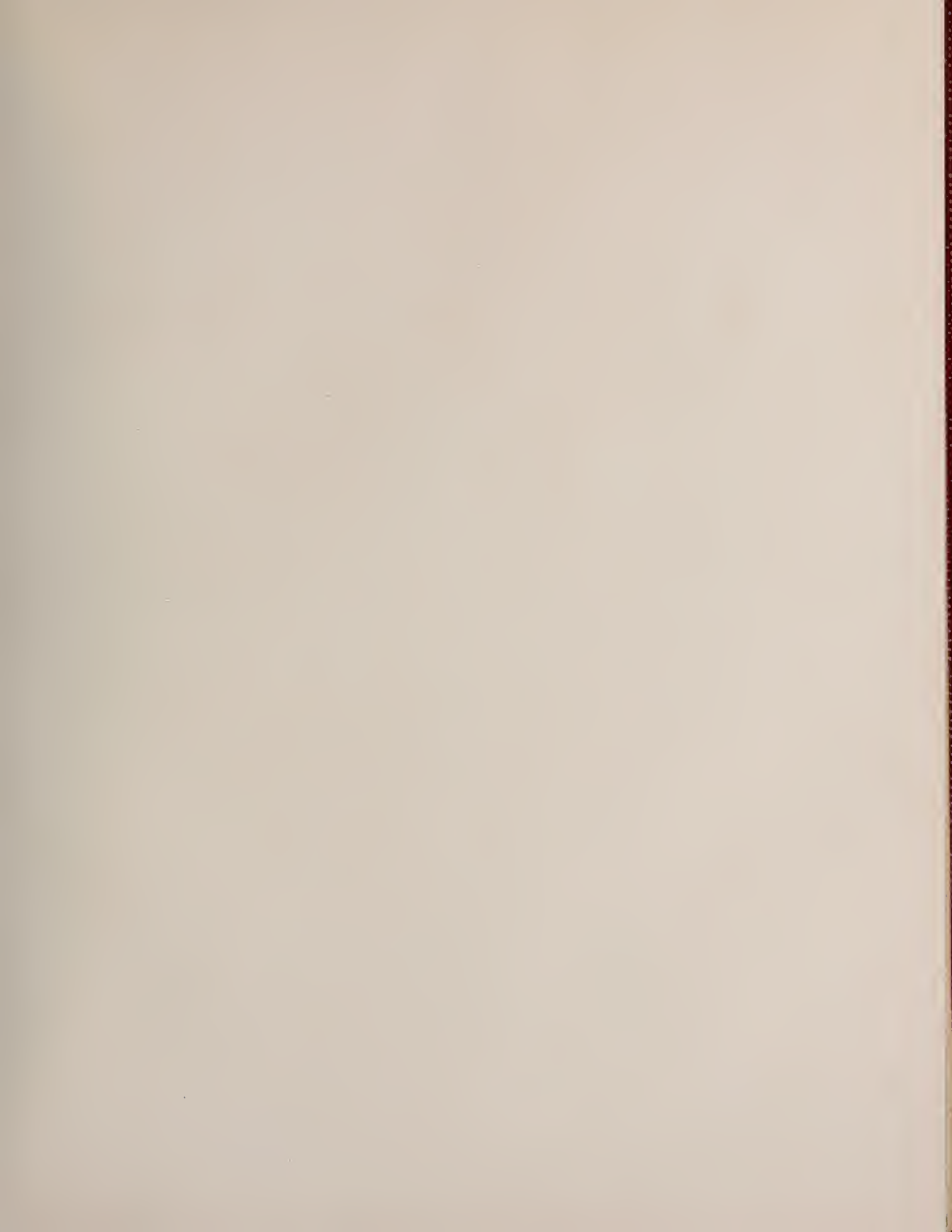
"Check not the amber in its course."

A precious load,
A smooth shell road,
 'Tis dark and all is well—oh ;
A keg of beer,
A watchman queer,
 A halt and none will tell—oh.

'Tis gone—the beer,
A middy's tear
 Flows softly down his face—oh ;
In ninety-eight
They can't locate,
 So waits the fearful case—oh.

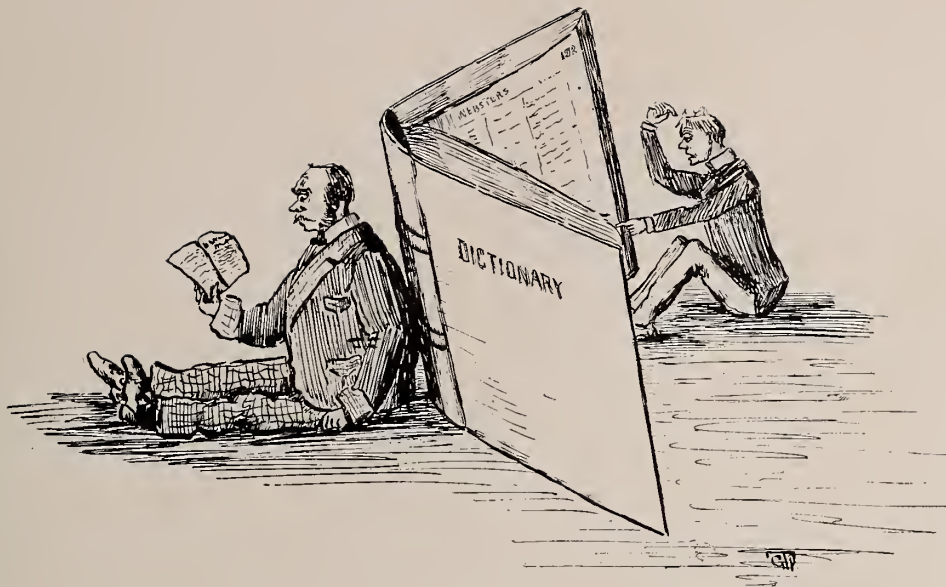
In quarters shut
They feel so cut
 That they be asked at all—oh ;
In dreams they see
The old "Santee,"
 No two-steps at the ball—oh.

But clouds disperse,
And nothing worse
 Than quarters is their doom—oh ;
And at the ball,
This class of all,
 Feels like a smile in bloom—oh.





FLEET DRILL.

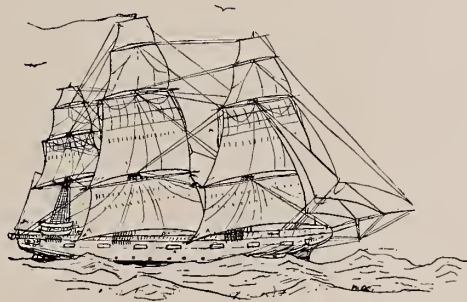


Vocabulary of Terms Used at the Naval Academy, for the Benefit of
Struggling Relatives, and Others, who Read Our Letters.

- AFFILIATE—Mild form of spooning.
 ANN—Annual examination.
 BEAR A HAND—To hurry up.
 BELAY—To cease anything; to fasten.
 BIFF—To do a thing well.
 BILGE—To be dismissed or dropped.
 BILGER—A cadet dropped from the rolls, especially one who returns in a lower class.
 BLUE JACKET—An enlisted man.
 BONE—To study.
 BONES—Physiology and Hygiene.
 BOOTLICK (n)—A sycophant.
 BOOTLICK (v)—To toady.
 BOYS—Servants (never applied to a cadet).
 BRACE (n)—To *brace up* is to stand erect. *To take a—* To endeavor to study.
 BRACE (v)—To scrape acquaintance with or to ask an unseemly question of.
 BUST (n)—A failure.
 BUST (v)—To make a failure.
 BUZZARD—The insignia of rank of a cadet petty officer—an eagle perched on an anchor.
 CHIPPY CREW—The second racing boat's crew.
 CHRISTMAS TREE—A list posted in December containing the names of cadets that are in danger of being dropped in various studies.
 CIT—A civilian.
 CITS—Civilian's clothes.
 CLEAN SLEEVE—First class man, line division, without rank.
 COLD—Hopeless; an extreme state of anything; as to bust cold.

- COOK—To force an answer to a prob. Also to excel some one else.
- DESCRIP—Descriptive Geometry.
- DEWBERRY—Same as gooseberry.
- DRAG (n)—Influence.
- DRAG (v)—To escort.
- DROP—To take a—. To stand lower than before.
- ELEC—Electricity.
- EXAM—Examination.
- FEMME—A young lady.
- FIEND—One who “biffs” anything exceedingly well.
- FIENDISH—“Fierce.”
- FIERCE—A superlative degree of anything.
- FIRST CLASS—The highest class; Seniors.
- FOUR—A perfect mark, a boojam.
- FRAPPE—Same as “Biff.”
- FRENCHING—Taking French leave—going out of limits without permission.
- FUNCTION—A May phebe before Graduation day.
- GANGWAY!—An exclamation meaning “Get out of the way.”
- GOUGE (n)—An aide memoire.
- GOUGE (v)—To obtain unauthorized assistance.
- GOVERNMENT FARM—That part of the station beyond Graveyard Creek.
- GRAFT (n)—A bluff.
- GREASE—Same as “Bootlick.”
- GREASER—Any one in the Engineer Corps.
- GREASY—Adjective derived from Cronan.
- GUN-DECK SIGHT—A meridian altitude of the sun obtained from the Navigator’s latitude.
- GUNFIRE—Firing of a gun at the sea-wall at reveille and at 9.30 P. M.
- GYM—Gymnasium.
- GYRENE—A marine.
- HAND OUT—Grub from the officers’ hops.
- HANDSOMELY—Just a little.
- HAZING—Teaching a plebe his new duties.
- HIT—Same as “Biff.” Also means *to get on*.
As to hit the tree, or list, or team.
- HOLY JOE—The Chaplain.
- HUSTLERS—Scrub foot-ball team.
- KNOCK—Same as “Biff.”
- KNOCK OFF—To cease.
- JIMMY LEGS—The Master-at-Arms.
- JUMPED ON—Spoken to roughly.
- LIBERTY—Permission to leave the Academy.
- LIST—The sick or excused list.
- LOVE LANE—A misnomer. Health resort for baby carriages.
- MARGIN—Excess in mark above 2.5.
- MATH—Mathematics.
- MAY PLEBE—A cadet who enters in May.
- MAY POLE—Similar to “Christmas Tree”—published in May.
- MESS—Those cadets sitting at the same table in the mess hall.
- MESS HALL—The dining hall.
- MIDDY—A cadet on his two years’ cruise.
- NAV—Navigation. An invention of the devil.
- ON THE TREE—Posted as unsatisfactory for a week.
- PAP (n)—The daily conduct report.
- PAP (v)—To report. Same as “Spot.”
- PLEBE—A fourth classman.
- POSTED—To be on the tree.
- PRED—Predecessor.
- PULL THE LIST—To get on the sick list.
- RAG—To report. To obtain surreptitiously.
- RATE—To exceed in rank. To be entitled to.
- REQ—A request or requisition.
- REQUISITE—Amount necessary to be made on exam. to give a satisfactory final mark.
- RUNNING—Hazing; also guying.
- SALT HORSE—Mules that died during the war, now served as corned beef.
- SANTEE—The U. S. S. “Santee,” used as a cadet prison ship.
- SAT—Satisfactory.
- SAVEZ (a)—Bright, capable.

- SAVEZ (n)—Intelligence.
 SAVEZ (v)—To understand.
 SEC—The Secretary of the Navy.
 SEMI-ANN—The Semi-Annual Examination.
 SEP. PLEBE—A plebe that enters in September.
 SHAKE A LEG—Same as “Bear a Hand.”
 SHAKE IT UP—Same as “Shake a Leg.”
 SHIFT—To change from one uniform to another.
 SHOOT THE SUN—To take an altitude of the sun with the sextant.
 SKINNY—Physics and Chemistry.
 SLIMY—Excessively greasy.
 SLUSH—A superlative form of grease.
 SOAK (n)—Anything considered undeserved.
 SOAK (v)—To vent personal dislike by means of a report, or low marks.
 SPOON—To “spoon on” a plebe is to befriend him, to “spoon on” an inanimate object is to admire it.
 SPOON (n)—An upper classman who befriends a plebe.
 SPOT—To report; to put on the Pap.
 SQUID—The awkward squad.
 STAB—A wild guess; a bluff.
- STAND BY!—An exclamation meaning to prepare; to look out for something that is to follow immediately.
 STAR (n)—One who stars.
 STAR (v)—To obtain eighty-five per cent. of the multiple for the year's work.
 STEREO—Stereographic projections.
 STRIPER—A cadet officer, so called because he wears stripes on the sleeves of his uniform.
 SUPE—The Superintendent.
 SUX—Not difficult; also applied to cloth blouse.
 TENDENCY—A draught favorable for smoking.
 TREE—A list of cadets unsatisfactory for the week in any subject.
 TOUGE—Assumed toughness in manners.
 TURN IN—To retire.
 TURN OUT—To rise.
 VALENTINE—A request for resignation.
 WET HASH—Potassium-ferro-cyanide.
 WHITE (adj)—Courteous, “square.”
 WOODEN—Not savez; dense.
 YOUNGSTER—A third classman.
 ZIP—Zero; a total failure.



Our Smuggy and Our Juggy.

I'll sing to you a song ; it will not be very long,
About two seamen bold, distinguished from the throng,
One of them was innocent, the other very strong,
Our "Smuggy" and our "Juggy," I shall call them in the song.

Now what is the resemblance between these sailors true (?),
Lapsus lingue is their specialty by all beneath the blue,
Both are short of memory, they remember but a few
Of the many things required of them, but this is *entre nous*.

When we were gaully youngsters, Smuggy made a blunder rank,
Marching down to drawing—we were marching by the flank,
"Column right" was his intention, but, say ! he was a crank,
"Right turn" is what he said, then in confusion sank.

One night, not long ago, last fall it was, I guess,
The little task of adjutant fell to Juggy's mightiness,
Of course he had to say it wrong, in absent-mindedness,
"Look to the front along the line and thus obtain your dress."

One day upon the cruise, Smuggy at the masthead sat,
A sail it hove in sight, "Sail ho!" cried Smuggy, pat,
"Dead off the bow, sah—stahbode bow"—what do you think of that?
That sail was off the port bow, or I will eat my hat.

One day, it was at infantry, quite early in the year,
Juggy was instructing plebelets, just beginning their career,
The order was "Parade rest," what did Juggy volunteer?
"Carry back your right foot, six paces to the rear."

There are many other stories that I could tell to you,
Of "double-headed skeeters" and "little whistles" too,
Of Juggy's favorite kind of breeze, and other things they do,
But they won't bear repetition, and that is very true.





THE INFANTRY BATTALION—DRESS PARADE

Little Gaieties by Billy W—ll—ms.

To Nelson, who has made one of his usual brilliant recitations:
“Unfortunately, Mr. Nelson, you don’t agree with the author.”

To Mr. Brown, who has struggled with a curve for some time, and who finally turns round with beaming face and expectant smile:

“Well, Mr. Brown, you’ve made a pansy, and you ought to have a sunflower.”

After searching through the list of probs. for something easy:

“Well, Mr. Pettengill, you may toy with the eighth.”

In soothing tones to cadet who has not hit things very hard:

“What’s the matter, Mr. —? The Lord isn’t with you this morning.”

To a first classman who has been struggling painfully with a forgotten prob. in Calculus:

“That’s not hard, Mr. Woods, you would have thought that prob. fruit last year—this higher education doesn’t agree with you.”

Encouragingly to first classman who has worked a prob. in Least Squares much to his surprise:

“You have the answer, Mr. —, do you understand it?”

“Oh, no, sir.”

“Well, it’s better not to understand all these things, you might get conceited.”

Cadet—“Well, I don’t see why you don’t take $AB=x$.”

Billy—“For the same reason, my young friend, that you don’t go to a hardware store to get a glass of beer.”

“Mr. N—ls—n, step up to the box-office, please.”

“Mr. Gauss was a pretty good old German mathematician; he probably smoked many a pipe and drank many a glass of beer before he found that out.”

“Mr. W—ds, now suppose you have a beam supported at both ends, and an elephant comes along and sits down in the middle of it.”

“Well, gentlemen, you’ve left undone those things which you ought to have done, and you’ve done those things which you ought not to have done, and there’s no help for you.”

Data for Class Prob.

Unsophisticated Man,	Abele.
Loudest Man,	Babcock.
Social Success,	Boone.
Toughest Man,	Wilbur Briggs.
Class Runt,	Zeno Briggs.
Most Taking Man,	J. J. Brown.
Whitest Man,	M. H. Brown.
Spooniest Man,	Cotten.
Craziest Man,	Cronan.
Sleepiest Man,	Dinger.
Class Baby,	Evans.
Stripedest Man,	Halligan.
Handiest Man,	Hand.
Bellicose Man,	Hanrahan.
Muscle-bound Man,	Huntington.
Frankest Man,	Johnson.
Class Cupid,	Love.
Most Musical Man,	McIntyre.
Man of Bad Character,	Madison.
Clumsiest Man,	Marble.
Most Eccentric Man,	Mitchell.
Stadiest Man,	Nelson.
Most Forgetful Man,	Pettengill.
Model of Propriety,	Pinney.
The Man with an Axe to Grind,	Roper.
Oldest Man,	Schofield.
Best Natured Man,	Sheffield.
Prettiest Man,	Smith.
Man of the World,	Sweet.
Hot-house Plant,	Tardy.
Youngest Man,	Watts.
Class Bean Pole,	Hank Williams.
Fattest Man,	Yancey Williams.
Greediest Man,	Woods.
Solemnest Man,	Wright.

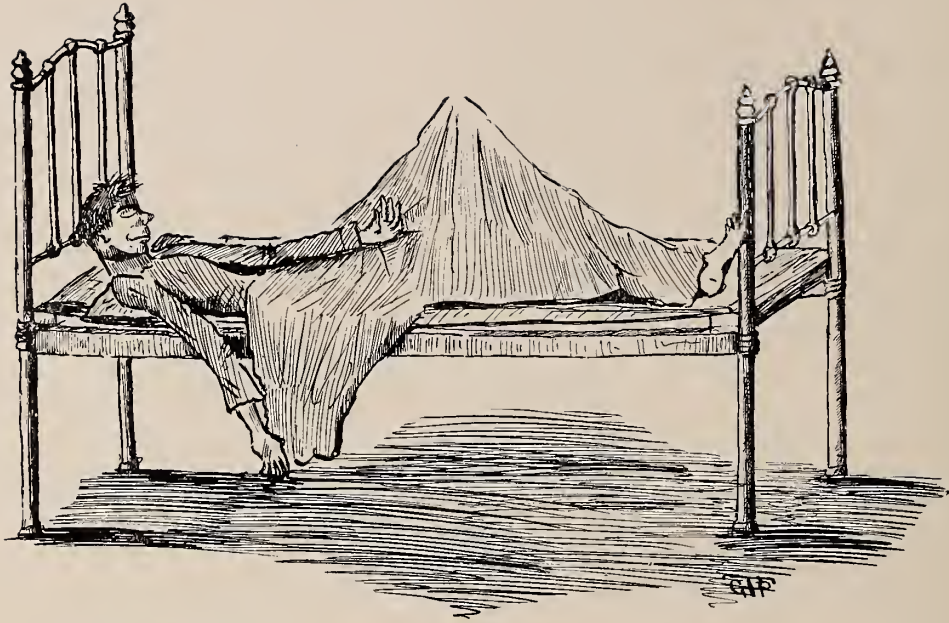


WELL?

A Cadet.

A gay cadet,
A girl he met,
 The moon divinely mellow ;
A crowded ball,
A cool sea-wall,
 A stroll and all is well—oh.

Again the girl,
The same gay whirl,
 Two dances for that fellow ;
She looks in vain,
He strolls again,
 Her thoughts we would not tell—oh.



Remembrance.

To the best and dearest friend of my academic life, with whom, alas, as a child, I so often quarreled, but who has since become so much to me; to whose warm heart I daily do confide my every care; upon whose reposeful bosom I do rest my weary head; who always receives me with the same soft embrace; to the kind restorer of my wasted energies and lamplighter of extinguished hopes, I do dedicate this little tribute to—my bed.



AS IT IS SUPPOSED TO BE.

AS IT IS.

LOVE LANE.

Wanted.

\$10.00 worth of grub a month.
Somebody to keep the cows away from Abele.
A way of escape.
Time to exist.
Letters from home and elsewhere.
Benches on the sea-wall.
A perpetual band.
A blouse that fits.
A text-book on Naval Construction.
A uniform mackintosh to distinguish cadets from marines.
Valets and an increase of monthly money.
Steam in our steam-coils.
Liberty on Saturday.
A hop every week to last till midnight.
A smoking-room for the First Class.
Link cuffs.
Particularly : 2.5.
Generally : Anything better than 2.5.
Seven o'clock reveille.

Not Wanted.

Conduct grades.
Drills on Wednesdays.
Impromptu inspections.
Peanuts and barreled candy for dessert.
Hard soft-boiled eggs.
Examinations that instructors can't work.
A lot of unsafe buildings.
Bills.
To be told the things we have seen in our last lecture.
The Assistant Master-at-Arms.
Discipline Department.
The " Monongahela."
Heavy shoes.

A Wail.

I've traveled by land and I've traveled by sea,
And seen many places of curiosity,
Been to England and France, and even Turkey,
New York, Massachusetts, and Mississippi,
London, Chicago, and gay old Paris,
Boston and Klondike, New York and the Bowery,
Sahara, Canada, Japan, and Chinee,
Kamschatka, and Ireland, and Hungary,
Maine and Nebraska, and Kentucky,
Tombstone, Death Gulch, and Niagaree.

But—

The United States Naval Academy,
Is the —est place of misery
It has ever been my misfortune to see.
From three to twelve, and from twelve to three,
'Tis naught but boning and hard studee.
English and French and then Skinnee,
Bones and Drawing and Electricity,
Stars, buzzards, Astronomy,
And sometimes even Physiology,
And, of course, don't forget that History ;
But worst that was or ever shall be
Is that cursed, abominable Gunnery.
" Mr. McIntyre, take the board and let me see
Whether I shall give you a 1. or a 1.3,
Make a neat, perfect sketch of plates 1, 2, and 3.
Put in every thread, nut, bolt, catch, stop, and key,
And explain every detail completely.
' No rulers,' you say ; why, what's that to me,
You have blackboards, chalk, and ingenuity,
All of which are given to you perfectly free,

What more you can want I really don't see,
So I shall be forced to slam you on the tree."
Since writing the above I have come to see
There are other things harder than Gunnery,
And especially this Electricity.
I went into the Semi-Ann., blithe and free,
And I came out an object for great pity,
I struggled and swore that sat. I might be,
But my final exam. mark was just a 1.3.
O powers that rule over land and sea,
Why should you ever do this to me,
You have given me cause for my insanity,
For dynes, ergs, and watts with me don't agree.
That exam. was one that you don't often see,
It has never been equaled in history ;
'Twas good cause for prayer or profanity,
And in my case, caused raving insanity.
There were torques, probs., and reversibility,
Polarity, windings, and cute McNamee,
Dynamometers, motors, and activity,
Couples and creeping and regularity,
Commutators, magnets, and Paul Dashee,
Motor probs., currents, conductivity,
Brushes, exciters, and little Henri,
Polyphase coupling and dear old Halsey.
Coils, ohms, and permeability,
Volts, rheostats, inductivity,
Hysteresis, transformers, and Mr. Crosley,
Sparking and how to check that tendency,
Arc lights, alternators, air-gaps, and E. C.,
Drums, regulators, and Cit Terry,
Collectors, potential, and lost energy,
Safety catches and efficiency,
Leakage and curves and tall Jacobi,
Diagrams, governors, high frequency,
Compounding, cores, and profanity,
O, Sultan, you're out-done in barbarity.



THE ARTILLERY BATTALION—DRESS PARADE.

Found in the Supe's Back Yard.

SKAGUAY, ALASKA, August 34th, 1999.

CAPTAIN P. H. COOPER, Annapolis, Md.

Dear Sir—I understand that you are the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, and as my son Johnny has just passed his entrance examinations, I take a mother's privilege of writing to you. In his studies I am sure that my Johnny will stand at the head of his class, for his father and I both consider him very bright, and he has always done well at school at home.

I am sure my Johnny will not cause you any serious trouble, for he is not a bad boy—being very tractable and amenable to reason—but he is very mischievous and full of fun, and he may cause you some annoyance by playing some of his boyish pranks on you; such as taking Mrs. Cooper's jam. But if you speak to him kindly and remonstrate gently with him, and tell him how much his actions grieve you, and how surprised you are that he should act so—I feel confident that you can bring him around.

I have fears in one respect, however, for he has caused us much annoyance and inconvenience at home, and I am afraid he will not be different with you. This one trouble is his disinclination and refusal to get up in time for breakfast. We have found that the only thing to do is to make him eat a cold breakfast; and if you try the same means I think you can get him down in time; but I should certainly advise you not to inconvenience yourself and the other boys by keeping breakfast waiting for him—and don't call him more than once.

Hoping that you will learn to care for our Johnny, admire him for his good heart, and that you and he will get along well, believe me,

Most cordially yours,

* * * * *

Electrical Terms.



SPARKING AT THE BRUSHES.



SLIDING CONTACT.



RELUCTANCE.

A Gadgette of the Deep.

Who sailed the ship ?

I, said Bill T--dy, the seaman so hardy,
I sailed the ship.

Who coaled the ship ?

I, said Bill T--dy, with my firemen so hearty,
I coaled the ship.

Who navigated the ship ?

I, said Bill T--dy, Doc says O Lordy,
Doc navigated the ship.

Who cleaned the tanks ?

I, said Bill T--dy, with intentions so lardy,
I cleaned the tanks.

Who got four stripes ?

I, said Bill T--dy, or rather if I'd starred,
I'd have got four stripes.

As Overheard.

“Wah! Where’s the Officer of Day?”

“Here I am, sir.”

“Wah! Here’s the wet bulb thermometer and it ain’t got no water in it.”

“I think it has, sir.”

“Wah! Wah! Wah! Wow! The hell you do.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Wah!” (*Sticks his gloved finger in the sponge and draws it forth dripping.*) “Now what do you think?”

“I think it is wet, sir.”

“Wah! I think it ain’t got no water in it. Now what do you think?”

“I think it is wet, sir.”

“W-a-a-a-h! W-o-o-o-w! Officer -in -Charge, *Officer-in-Charge*, Orderly, Mawster-at-Arms, Messenger. Wah! You think it is wet. Take off that sword. Go to your room. You’re relieved. Put him on the report.”

Overheard Again.

(*As he passes by Lower Quarters he sees some one in white trousers pass between the buildings.*)

“Wah! Come here! Orderly! Mawster-at-Arms! Officer-in-Charge! Come here you in them white pants!” (*The person called upon comes.*) “Wah! What do you mean by loafing around here in them pants? By whose orders are you around here? Did anybody give you permission to wear them pants? You’re a disgrace, sir, to the uniform you wear. I’m ashamed of you. Wah! Wow! Put him on the report! What is your name? What class are you in?”

“’Deed, Cap’n, I ain’t no cadet.”

“Oh! I beg your pardon.”



adets their "hav" were working fast,
When hurdling out upon the blast,
These words flew o'er the ocean vast,
"Out Timenoquy!"

An officer so I've been told,
Abandoned "Luce", the guide of old
Set stuy' sails with this order hold,
"Out Timenoquy!"

None often on the upper floor,
Is heard a wild and strange uproar,
That never hath been heard before,
"Out Timenoquy!"

The Lad that Hit the Tree.

(Respectfully Dedicated to the Skinny Department.)

Old Skinny assumed an actinic ray,
And a simple harmonic grin had he
As he watched his son, *Elec.*, go forth to slay
The lad that had hit the Skinny tree.

This doughty lad, who had fought three years,
Who had stemmed the flood of the dark heat wave,
Now bade farewell to his Katie Yon dear,
And sallied forth a two-five to save.

At length the magnetic moment had come,
At a single blast from the trailing horn,
And a series of rolls on the wire-wound drum,
The coercive forces began to form.

They met, in a dense magnetic field
The lad and young *Elec.* stood forth to the fight,
And each vowed, as the line of force he heeled,
The death of the other to expedite.

The lad showed little reluctance at first,
For separately excited was he,
And he bravely tried, whenever he durst,
To find *Elec.*'s permeability.

But the poor boy's capacity suddenly failed,
And further resistance spurious seemed,
Then *Elec.* with greater potential assailed,
And over his head his weapon gleamed.

The lad in a magnetic whirl went down,
And we marvel not now that he died,
From the double effect of a compound wound,
And an air-gap in his side.

In a collecting ring they gathered the wreck,
In a Leyden jar his dead turns they encased,
And over his bier, as a sign of respect,
A drooping characteristic placed.

As young Elec. now leans o'er the commutator bar,
He feels touched to his laminated core,
And he drinks to him to whom 2.5 was par,
To him whose induction troubles are o'er.





A Few Weary Statements.

SIR:—I have the honor to state in regard to the report of January 10th, 1898, for “Room not cleanly swept,” that the dirt in question was under my room-mate's bed; my room-mate was in charge of room; I was on the sick-list the day before, and on the day in question I was in sick quarters.

Respectfully submitted, YOUNG FELLER,
Cadet Engineer, First Class.

The Commandant of Cadets.

Not Sat.—25 demerits: reported for improper statement.

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY,
Annapolis, Md., January 10th, 1898.

SIR:—I have the honor to state in regard to the report of January 9th, for intoxication, falsehood, profanity, theft, gouging, and hazing, that I am, sir,

Very respectfully, JOHN HALLIGAN,
Cadet Lieutenant Commander.

The Commandant of Cadets.

Sat.—Cadet Halligan will be given two more stripes.

SIR:—I have the honor to state in regard to the report of December 3d, for “soiled cap at inspection,” that, ever since I received *three* (3) stripes, I have found great difficulty in keeping my cap on my head, although I have the largest size obtainable at the store. At the time in question, the standings in seamanship were posted just before formation, and when I saw my mark, my cap became so much smaller than usual that it fell to the floor; I did not have time to brush it again, as I could not leave the bulletin-board and the admiring gaze of my class-mates.

Very respectfully,

Cadet Lieutenant and 3 Striper CRONAN.

The Commandant of Cadets.

Sat.—Have special size cap made at store.—E. W.

SIR:—1. I have the honor to state in regard to the report of December 2d, for “Profanity,” that by —, at the time in question, I was merely telling a — — plebe that by —, he was the — — est lubber that ever lived. Why, sir, he didn't know enough to let go the topsail buntwhip when I said, “Let go that topsail buntwhip, *will you?*” I then uttered a little forcible language, but think that I was justified; for, sir, he is the d— est plebe I ever saw. Why, sir, on the cruise he objected to helping me clean out the tanks, holystone the decks, and clean bright work.

2. I stood *one* in grease on the cruise.

Very respectfully,

WHAT A BIG HARDY,

Cadet Lieutenant, Second Division.

The Commandant of Cadets.

Accepted—warned.





THE U. S. N. A. CREW.

GRAHAM, '98 POWELL, '97 BUCHANAN, '99 COLLINS, '97 FISCHER, '99 TIMMONS, 1900 GANNON, 1900 MCCARTHY, '97 GREENSLADE, '99

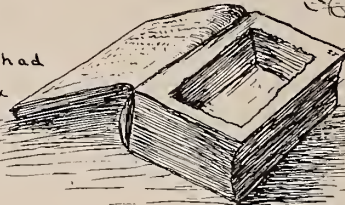
Books.

Below is given a list of the titles of a number of books that have been written recently and submitted to the LUCKY BAG Committee for criticism:

- “Table Manners at the Naval Academy.”—Kerflip.
- “Nouveau réglements pour l’infanterie navale.”—M. K. Kn—p.
- “Three Links of Sausage; or, The Last of the Apples.”—Paymaster Loomis.
- “Twenty Dollars’ Worth of Spooning; or, How to Spend the Month of September.”—Johnny G—n.
- “Wandering Innocence.”—Smugable.
- “A Lengthy Treatise on Profanity, as Used by the Blue Jackets of the American Navy.”—Biltar.
- “How to Bilge Gracefully.”—Walter V—rn—.
- “Piano Tuning Made Easy.”—Sw—t.
- “The Religion of Luce.”—Jerry Kronan and Lt. B—ns—n.
- “Glittering Generalities; or, How to Get a 3.5 Without Looking at the Lesson.”—Cott—n.
- “Reminiscences, by a Shrewd Old Lawyer.”—Sch—f—ld.
- “Society, as I Have Found It.”—Charles B—ne.
- “Side Lights on Theosophy.”—M. Br—n.
- “Voice Culture.”—B—bc—k.
- “Tips on Everything.”—Const—n.
- “Cosmetics.”—E. McIntree.
- “A Simple Tale of Love.”—J. H—l—n.
- “My Experiences at the Hopkins.”—Hankie.
- “The Principles of Pappus.”—Savvy D—nn.



This is the box the Cadet had
 This is the snipe that lay in the box
 This is the book
 That held the snipe



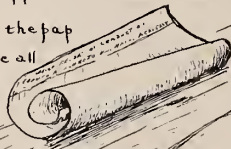
This is the room
 That contained the book
 This is the tendency that blew in the room
 This is the Naval Cadet forlorn
 That used



the tendency
 This is Savvy at whom he had sworn
 That ragged the Naval Cadet forlorn



This is the pap
 That we all
 adorn



Made by Savvy

This is the ship that he hit next morn,
 As a result of the pap which we all adorn
 Made by Savvy, at whom he had sworn



That ragged the Naval Cadet forlorn, that used the tendency
 That blew in the room, that contained the book,
 That held the snipe, that lay in the box the Cadet had



As Taught by the Department of English.

Cadet Blank of the First Class receives an invitation to dine at Mrs. O. F. Ficer's. He has never met her, however, and wishes to create as good an impression as possible; he therefore spends one night in getting pointers, and the next day and night in composing the answer. After using innumerable scratch pads, pencils, pens, and an unlimited amount of paper and ink, he finally produces the following, which he and his roommate proudly admire for twenty-three and a half consecutive minutes. Then, using a sheet of regulation paper, he writes it in the following manner. The advice of his friends, however, seems to have slightly mixed him :

U. S. N. ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MD., October 1st, 1896.

*My Dear Mrs. Alice Mary Ficer,
Any Old Row, Number 100, Flat 4.*

DEAR MADAM:—Mr. H. Blank, '98, Naval Cadet, U. S. N., received Mrs. Ficer's kind invite to come over and take dinner on Sunday, and as I have no other bid, and also have no demerits, he shall be very glad to give you the pleasure of my company, and will be on hand promptly on time.

Aren't we having lovely weather now? But, gee whiz! we had an awful Skinny exam. to-day.

Well, I must close. Hope you are well.

Believe me, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

H. BLANK, Naval Cadet, 1st Class.

To MRS. O. F. FICER, Sunday.

As We Know Them.

Dutchy.	Three-finger.
Savvy.	Cholly.
Kerflip.	Dr. Von.
The Lord Mayor.	Black Jack.
Sissy.	York.
Coney.	Crappy.
Pup.	Mister Paul.
Shorty.	Billy B—k.
Willie.	The Great Unwashed.
Louis.	Billy W—ms.
Ben.	Jacque.
Cit.	Iago.
Bald-knobber.	Hog.
Eddy.	Henri.
Pudge.	2.5 Billy.
Lub.	The Sphinx.
Phil.	Shoe.
Bobby.	Victor.
Squinchy.	Luke.
The Pirate.	Woolsey.
Bob.	The Supe.
Pa.	Honest John.
F. M.	

The Captain and All Hands.

U. S. S. "Monongahela," Cruise of 1897.

WALTER BENJAMIN TARDY,
Commanding Officer.

W. BENJAMIN TARDY,
Executive Officer.

W. B. TARDY,
Navigator.

WALTER B. TARDY,
Wardroom Officers.

TARDY, W. B.,
Steerage.

TARDY, WALTER B.,
Chief Petty Officers.

TARDY, WALTER BENJAMIN,
All Hands.

BILL,
Ship's Cook.

TARDY, W. BENJAMIN,
Jack of the Dust and Captain of the Hold.

TARDY, W. BENJ.,
Jack Outside the Lift.



OFFICE OF THE LUCKY BAG.

(Enter S--y.)

LUCKY BAG.—Good morning, S--y. Come in; sit down; that's all right, keep on your creepers, you'll need them.

S--y.—I just dropped in to explain—

L. B.—Yes, I know—explain how you managed to catch those people smoking the other day.

S--y.—Yes, you see it was in the line of duty, and having by nature very acute olfactory nerves, I smelled smoke down in the office, and as it was in a suspicious vicinity—

L. B.—Yes, we know all about that—you put on your overshoes, took off your sword, crawled out the window, and sneaked up on the veranda—

S--y (penitently).—Well, I think it was justifiable in the case, for it was, as I said, a suspicious vicinity, and as I have by nature—

L. B.—And you think this tends to raise the cadet's ideal of duty, exactly. By the way, S--y, as you are about to be retired, I know of an offer of a position in civil life that would just suit you. (Sends up to Roper's room for the *New York Herald* from Cadet's Reading Room, and reads.) "Wanted, a first-class detective; must have good recommendations."

S--y.—Well, I think I shall stay here several years yet. (S--y opens door and prepares to leave.)

L. B.—You just think so. Ta-ta, S--y.

(Exit. Curtain.)

The Mess Hall.

*"As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be."—
Respectfully dedicated to Lieut. Fill' Em.*

I entered, one day, the Academy,
Less than little knew I of the sea,
They shoved me into a tremendous hall—
Each candidate had to stand or fall—*
And stuck an exam. beneath my nose,
Who lacks a *two-five*, out he goes,—
I got the *two-five*, there began my woes,
But I'll never go there any more.

Chorus.

The Mess Hall, the Mess Hall,
They eat such things, and they drink such things
In the Mess Hall, the Mess Hall,
That I'll never go there any more.

Such a terrible hubbub greeted my ear,
"Abandon hope, ye that enter here,"
Such terrible manners had the cadets,
Playing with napkin rings, making lorgnettes,
And how they did throw biscuits about,
And slaughtered the ants as they crawled out,
And conversation went on at a shout,—
Oh, I'll never go there any more.—*Cho.*

*'98's entrance exams. were held in the Mess Hall.

The soup came in, it was cold as the ground,
Lucky it was, for soon I was drowned,
The moke tripped up and fell to the deck,
And poured all the soup down the back of my neck.
“ You’re in the soup,” said the head of the table.
I laughed at the pun, for well was I able,
“ The soup’s not in me, my stomach’s still stable ”—
Oh, I’ll never go there any more.—*Cho.*

Next there came a terrible wait
For the signal of Spriggs, high potentate,
The beef came in, ’twas good; and so
I sent out again. “ ’Tain’t no mo’.”
“ What! meat all out! Spriggs, how’s that?”
He’s been there before and has it pat:
“ Stewuhd’s ’sponsibul, suh, foh dat ”—
Oh, I’ll never go there any more.—*Cho.*

All too soon the vegetables come,
In the spuds the impression of a thumb;
Peas and carrots mixed together,
Macaroni for rainy weather;
Don’t look away from your plate, it’s rash,
First thing you know you’ll hear a splash,
The moke swiped your plate, and now it doth wash—
Oh, I’ll never go there any more.—*Cho.*

Another long wait, we patiently prattle,
The mokes the dishes madly rattle.
At a signal from Spriggs dessert comes in,
An eager hush replaces the din,
A craning of necks to see what Spriggs
Has provided for us, and then, by jigs,
A howl goes up—it’s peanuts and figs—
Oh, I’ll never go there any more.—*Cho.*

That’s dinner. Breakfast is all the same,
We seldom have steak and never game.
The steak is so tough, it can’t be split,
But we swallow it whole, unto the last bit.

An omelet they spring almost every day,
Long dead are the hens that those eggs did lay,
The infernal stuff is chock full of hay—
Oh, I'll never go there any more.—*Cho.*

At supper, the diet is Russian salad,
Our hearts are brave, but faces pallid,
The alternative's meat, thoroughly chilled,
So raw I long to have it killed.
We bravely struggle with each compound,
Striving to make out a meal profound,
But the bell rings us off ere enough we surround—
And I'll never go there any more.—*Cho.*

When I think of the meals at home,
I firmly resolve no more to roam ;
A sailor's life is hard at the best,
His joy in good living's no idle jest.
'Tis all that he has for many a year,
When parted from all that he holds dear,
But alas and alack! none of that is here—
I'll never go there any more.—*Cho.*

Made from ~~old~~ ^{new} pins old & new,
She had many pins galore;
But the memory of his words
Chose the one she always wore—
From his dress—~~it~~ it was plucked,
Bringing with it Cupid's dart:
"Left hand side and fourth one down!"
Just above the Midgie's heart—~~wa~~

A Gilguy.

When I hear the trump of Gabriel
Calling up the quick and dead,
And the great and final muster
From the golden book is read ;

When I see belated spirits
Hasten thither from afar,
'Twill remind me of formation,
The fourth division on the stair.

When we used the southwest stairway,
Oh ! how our souls were tried,
As we thought we'd got there safely,
To hear some one yell, " Outside !"

And then we'd run like fury,
Oft it was a false alarm,
I'm not naturally vindictive,
Nor do I wish them harm.

But when the aforesaid Gabriel
Has called the aforesaid roll,
And those festive little spirits
Come crawling from their hole,

When the judgment book is closed,
And the sheep in joy abide,
May they be found among the goats
And forever yell " Outside !"

Typical Examination Questions.

Time allowed for five—two hours.

I.

Prove that in rolling contact the velocities are inversely proportional to the radii, and assuming their incorrectness show that if a fusee be wound up to its extreme tension a reciprocating motion will be given the Cronan wheel in an out-of-date spinning machine. Sketch wheel. (*Steam.*)

II.

1. Take any two models from the school of mines bearing on the manufacture of rope, and show that the Edison method of removing ore with the aid of electro-magnetism is a special case of $pv\frac{1}{2}=c$.

2. Design a set of boilers for a battleship. Data : speed, 27 knots ; horse-power, 23,000 ; revolutions, 40 per minute ; salt water to be used alone ; pressure, 900 lbs. (*Steam.*)

III.

Sketch a five furnace, three-ended, box-boiler, two smokestacks, furnaces expanded and ferrules inserted, common combustion chambers, sinusoidal tops ; show all stays and put sizes on angle irons. End and longitudinal elevations, sections properly projected. (*Steam.*)

IV.

1. Make a rough sketch of the North Atlantic Ocean, show location of all cables, and explain how to tack ship with a sea anchor.

2. Make a plan of the inner bottom of the "Indiana." Show eighteen strakes and two stealers, four longitudinals and vertical keel. Show plainly all butt straps and edge strips, and put in all rivets. (*Seamanship.*)

V.

1. Make a working sketch of a statical moment.
2. Define the following : Foot-inch-ton ; hyperbolic dyne ; gadgette ; dipsey lead.
3. Describe a bucket of water.
4. Why will water from the sea not flow into compartments above the water line?
(*Seamanship.*)

VI.

Give the definition of every British C. G. S., and electrical unit you ever heard of. Tell all the ancient history bearing on polarized heat. Theorize on theory. You are given a small electric bell (not to be removed from exam. room) ; make it ring. Given a piece of cat's fur, one quart of H_2SO_4 , and a mile and a half of telegraph wire : Derive chemical reactions and reasons for same. How many quarts of heat will be elucidated ?
(*Skinny.*)

VII.

1. Take an observation of the lower limb of Jupiter. Determine rotundity, and obliquity of the orbit. Show how to compensate for nutation and diurnal inequality. Determine phase and periodicity. From these determinations find your latitude and longitude and yearly income ; also freeboard and metacentric height. What is length of radius vector ?

2. Knowing that the moon revolves around the earth once every once in a while, that Maine is local option, and that Hank Williams comes from Baltmoh, construct a Mercator's Chart with lines drawn every which way and plot on it an indicator card from the U. S. S. "Santee." Find course and distance to North Pole, and show expression for longitude. Correct for freeze outs, freeze ups, and hand outs. (*Navigation.*)





THE HARBOR OF FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

How Our Every Want is Gratified.

Cadet goes down to the Officer-in-Charge and tremblingly broaches the question :

“ Sir, may I have permission to take a bath ?”

The Officer-in-Charge looks up in a preoccupied way that he usually has when he is trying to rag one for non-reg. collar, and says :

“ What’s the matter ; are you on the sick list ?”

“ No, sir ; but I haven’t had one in a week, and I have prepared all my lessons for to-morrow—”

“ Are you on the first conduct grade ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ How much money have you available ?”

“ One hundred dollars.”

“ Are you section leader ?”

“ No, sir.”

“ Unsat. in anything ?”

“ No, sir.”

“ Has the Commandant approved your request ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Do you belong to the Night Study Party ?”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Did you go on liberty last Saturday ?”

“ No, sir.”

“ Well, come around next Thursday.”

Messrs. Oehm & Co., Baltimore.

GENTLEMEN :—Through the courtesy of your representative, Mr. D. Oysterhouse, I have been permitted to wear one of your elegant garments. I have been wearing it continually for the last three years, and long for another. When I have it on I feel as if in a trance.

Yours truly,

R. O. W. STRIBLING.

Red Tape.

Cadet P. Winkle wishes to see the Superintendent on a matter of great importance, so he puts on his best "Weems" blouse and leaves his room.

He requests permission to leave the floor, and this is granted, after he states his business to the Cadet-in-Charge.

He then repairs to the Officer-in-Charge and tells him he wishes to see the Superintendent, asks permission to see the Commandant of Cadets. After again stating his business, the Officer-in-Charge gives him the permission.

Cadet Winkle next approaches the Orderly, and in great trepidation tells him his name and business and that he has permission to see the Commandant. After being ushered in by the Orderly, Cadet Winkle tells the Commandant he has permission to see him, asks the Commandant's permission to see the Superintendent. He now has for a third time to state his business. The Commandant of Cadets, who is a military officer, by-the-way, gives him the permission, and tells him to "Get out of my office."

The poor fellow is now pretty well rattled and wishes he had let the matter drop, but decides to see the game through. He goes to his room, after reporting his return, puts on his overcoat, reports leaving the floor, again stating his business, tells the Officer-in-Charge he has permission to see the Superintendent, and reports leaving the building to the Officer of the Day, again stating his business, procures a map of the Academy, so as to walk on the right bricks, and starts off. Eventually he arrives at the Superintendent's office and runs up against the Superintendent's Orderly. Here poor Winkle again states his business, and informs the Orderly that his name is Winkle, and that he has permission to see the Superintendent. He is shown into the waiting-room, and waits. After an hour or so, he is told that the Superintendent will see him. He sees the Superintendent, and after telling him he has permission to see him again states his business.

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY, Annapolis, Md.

Mr. Superintendent.

DEAR SIR:—We have been using your fourth-class pencil sharpener for the past eight months, and can truly say they give more complete satisfaction than any we have yet tried. With their aid thirty pencils can be easily sharpened in as many minutes.

We find them particularly useful just before math. exams and practical work in navigation, and can recommend them to our successors as filling a long-felt want.

Very truly yours.

At the Hop: A Satire.

“ Who is that handsome, straight cadet,
With eyebrow turned to gray,
And gladsome smile upon his face,
That makes him look so gay ?”

It was a little maiden spoke
Unto an ancient dame ;
Oh, how her heart went pit-a-pat,
Thus early in the game.

“ Oh, my daughter, can it be
You do not know his name ?
That is the far-famed Makemtired—
But you are not to blame.”

“ Why do they call him Makemtired,
That debonair young man ?
Could any one do more to please ?
See how he wields that fan.”

“ Nay, be not thus enthralled, my lass,
That prattle from afar
Might, if 'twere in proximity,
Your pleasure somewhat mar ;
Nor be cast down forevermore,
If never you should meet ;
There are two hundred others who
Would throw them at your feet.”

“ But, oh, what softness, oh, what color,
The complexion of a peach !
I never thought the sterner sex
Could such perfection reach.”

“ Nay, hold thy peace, thou silly child,
E'er since the days of Eve,
Some youths have studied toilet arts,
And that you must believe.
Behold that powder on the hair
Of that young lady fair ;
Now, think ye, lass, that any maid
Would put her powder there ?”

What can it be, beneath the sun,
That makes this youngster feel so warm ?
What did the deed ? Now all take heed—
That stripe upon his arm.
He is no more the little Mac,
Erstwhile we used to know,
But now the famous Makemtired,
Who is always on the go.
Reader, prithee, do not think
This satire's malice bred,
We fain would hope his eyes to ope,
And level up his head.



Famous Sayings.

Va's'm'boro!

Will you?

Out timenoguy!

Casa pajamas.

I sh'd kisser pig.

Dick, oh—Dick!

Say, fellows, I'm Cupid.

I'm no d—n hot-house plant!

Get out o' my office.

Mark time, double time, march.

Love is deaf as well as blind.

Let me down or I'll cut the rope.

S—sh cheese it, here comes Savez.

Orderly—six bells and a dog in the watch, sir.

Bristle up, gen-tle-men.

Your manner is extremely bucko, Mr. Ev—ns.

Parade rest. Carry back your right foot, six paces to the rear.

Say, fellows, Roper's stowing his locker.

Plebe—do you have to study during study hours?

Dress up on de right—dress up handsome, see?

That there aint right—this here's right.

The Commandant is very particular about such things.

If you don't knock off playing with the tableware, you don't get no bananas.

Gulliver's Travels.

It is Wednesday afternoon and Cadet Blank has an engagement at four o'clock with a new girl, to whom he has been asked to show the sights by Mrs. Lieutenant Noogirls.

Returning from third period recitation he finds that he will certainly be ten or fifteen minutes late, but this worries him little, for more serious matters engross his mind. His best blouse is at the tailor shop, he has no collar with complete button-holes, and can find but one regulation cuff button, so he must send for his neighbor, Plebe, to supply him with the needed articles and get him started off.

He arrives at the officers' quarters twenty minutes late and finds Mrs. N. nearly frantic. He excuses himself—"Awfully sorry, Mrs. N., but you know the Commandant wanted to consult me about some reforms he is making and I didn't like to leave until he was through," and finally gets started off with his girl, who proves to be one of those coy maidens with a "I-don't-know-anything-about-spooning-won't-you-please-teach-me" air that is so familiar. She begs very humbly that he will please tell her what everything is. So he promises to do his best and tells her all about the "Santee," with its seventeen decks, and how they lock naughty (?) cadets up in dungeons, with chains and bars, and feed them on dry bread and salt water. He also explains the soda water fountain to her, and tells her how cool the yard is kept in summer by the revolution of the screws in front of the steam building. He explains that that cadet who has three gold stripes on his arm carries them as a record of visits to the "Santee," and that other cadet with a star behind the anchor on his collar is one whose conduct record is so bad that he is marked thus so that officers may watch him.

Then he suddenly asks her if by any possible chance she has failed to salute the man that stands at the gate with a gun. In trepidation she informs him that she has, and he takes her up to try to remedy the awful omission. Then he tells her about the old war guns along the walk to the "Santee" wharf that are never used only to shoot at tin cans on the sea wall, and bursts into eloquence upon the good time they will have the following spring, when he will get a week's leave, and take her and her friends on a little cruise on the "Robert Centre."

He rambles on, tries to explain why people *bilge*, as well as to why they use the word *bilge*, tells her that Physics is called *Skinny* because the marks in it are so slim, that

there is nothing but a feeling of love by cadets for the Officer-in-Charge, and that it is self-denial to pull the sick list.

She has kept quiet as long as she possibly could, and now springs the trite old gag about the number of admirers she has at home, but how much she would rather have some other that she knows of, and that is not a thousand miles away either; that blue clothes and brass buttons always had a peculiar fascination for her. Just as she reaches belt-buckles they reach the door. Here it is that she hopes to make her final charge, but rallying, he pleads the regulation about loitering at entrances, and assuring her that nothing she has said could possibly have been meant for him, as he has never yet found a girl so very foolish as to care for him, leaves her as mysteriously as he came.





The Municipality of Oklahoma.

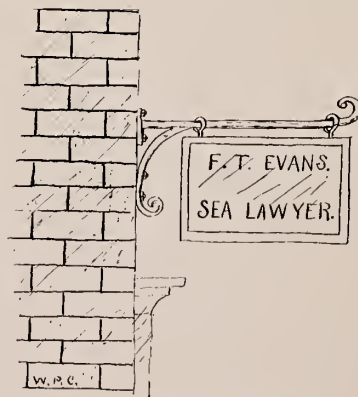
Lord Mayor.—H. R. H. McL. P. Wales.
Prefect de la Gendarmerie.—M. Savez.
Astrologer Royal.—Yorke Christmas.
First Lord of the Admiralty.—K. C. B—— N-son.
Lord High Sheriff.—Hugo von Ohmsblowse.
Monsieur de Paris.—C. C. Squinchée.
Civil Service Commissioner.—Holzé.
Tutor to the Lord Mayor.—Sherlock Hodgson.
Director of Inter-Divisional Feuds.—Agricola Merryman.
Maritime Insurance Agent—Lloyd, LVI.
First Gentleman of the Realm.—Sir W. Kerflip, LL. D., K. C. B.

Political Factions.

Royalist Party.—The Lord Mayor.
Prohibitionists.—Sir Yorke and the Insurance Agent.
Goo-Goos.—M. Savez, M. Squinchée.
Spoils System.—Hugo von Ohmsblowse.
Nihilist.—Tutor to the Lord Mayor.
Reform Party.—Sir W. Kerflip.

When Hell Freezes Over.

Savvy Dan will take off his rubbers.
Hoogy'll put Hankie where he belongs.
All our confiscated pipes will be returned.
Grapes will go out of season.
Kerflip will teach the cadets table manners.
Woolsey will find $\sqrt{-1}$.
Mr. Paul will forget about Death Gulch.
Cadets may wear link cuffs.
We may have our trousers pressed.
Dinger will wake up.
Billy Woods will get enough to eat.
Sweet will forget Camille d'Arville.
Bill Tardy will keep step with the music.
Tau will find his moment of inertia.
Doc. Cronan will recover his sanity.
McIntyre will desert the Salvation Army.
Pompey Briggs will get his hair cut.
The Seamanship Department will stop getting out pamphlets.
Ben *et al.* will be under the ice.



A PUBLIC MAN

A Parody.

Out in the corridor I softly crept,
While the Officer-in-Charge and the gyrene slept,
And then, as I lighted my fine cigar,
Said I, "I'm the warmest of all, by far."
But the Officer-in-Charge of a sudden awoke,
Aroused by the smell of my cigar smoke,
And he caught me then, like a blooming jay,
And this was all that I could say :

I don't want to go down to the ship "Santee,"
I don't want to go down to the ship "Santee,"
I don't want to go down to the ship "Santee,"
Just think of spending a week and a half on the ship "Santee."

Continuing, the Major said: "That reminds me of my cruise as a Cadet Engineer on the U. S. S. "Standish," in '97, I believe. We had liberty one Saturday, and arranged to meet at the Hoffman House. * * * 'Come up, fellahs,' he said; 'have some pizen with me. I'm Cornell, '88, best evah—ah, but we licked yer this spring.' * * * A couple of the fellahs called for beer, but when it got to me I said 'B. & S.' 'Ah, that's the ticket,' he said. 'Beer—fhh. Gimme a gin ricker.'"—
From the *Hannibal* (Mo.) *Morning Journal*, Sept. 19, 1923.



The Things We're Sure of.

Rain on Sunday.
Second conduct grade.
Cold beef for supper.
Omelet, apples, grapes.
Abele making breaks.
One dollar a month to waste.
Hitting the pap.
Busting in gunnery.
General Order No. N + 1.
First date in four weeks, getting dewberried on.
Four-hour lecture every Friday night from Dr. McCormick.
That nobody knows what entropy is.
Being reproved by Bucko.
That Miss P. will tell you what she thinks.
That agnostic officers will kick for their pews.
Standing is all that beat Tardy out of four stripes.
We didn't get that third keg of beer.
That Kerflip will read the riot act.
That the third of June, D. V., sees our finish.

It is a popular fallacy that cadets are not allowed to drink ; they are not permitted to deviate from the regulation Naval Academy cocktail, the ingredients of which are hereby published for the inspiration of ambitious plebes :

Mix well in a large glass

$\frac{1}{8}$ bay rum.

$\frac{1}{8}$ witch hazel.

$\frac{1}{8}$ eau de Cologne.

$\frac{1}{4}$ hair restorer.

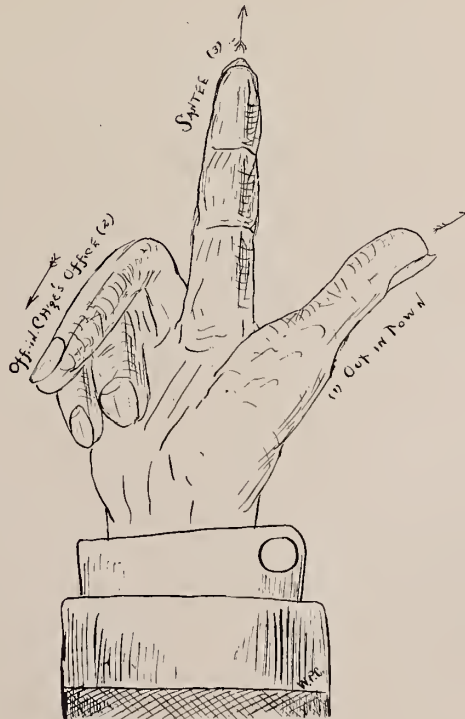
$\frac{1}{2}$ pony superfine Loomis vinegar.

3 drops crème de Worcestershire sauce.

1 squeeze of toothpaste.

1 dash of cleaning fluid.

This may be varied to suit the taste and complexion of the observer. Some prefer to have it served in a shaving mug. This, of course, depends upon the climate.



Precautions Against Extravagance.

BY THE SUPE.

Dear Parent:—

The sending of money from home to cadets at the Naval Academy leads to many grave irregularities, and it is earnestly requested that you coöperate with us in our endeavor to teach cadets how to live without money. Cadets are given one hundred cents a month, and this is ample for all purposes.

The following cash account of one of the greatest spendthrifts in the Academy shows how much can be done with this large sum:—

Candy—ten large chocolates,	\$00.05
Paper—one large pad of beautiful yellow paper, containing over 300 sheets,	00.08
Envelopes—one pad of same, cut out, folded, and pasted into envelopes,	00.18
Stamps—(This would be more, but by sending letters unsealed they go for half price),	00.13
Flowers—given to girl taken to hop, four large and gorgeous sun-flowers. (This was a useless expense, as giving flowers is considered bad form at the Academy),	00.17
Renting of one large covered wheelbarrow for taking girl to hop on rainy night,	00.09
Visiting cards—one sheet of drawing paper. This was cut up into proper sized pieces, and marked with the large and beautiful stencil furnished each cadet upon entrance into the U.S. N. A.,	00.06
Trousers pressed. This cadet is <i>very</i> particular about his clothing and appearance, and was carrying it to an extreme, for these same trousers had been pressed only six months before,	00.05
Chapel contribution for four Sundays,	00.04
Boy—for delivering thirteen notes in the yard and town, taking care of room, and waiting on the table,	00.05 and smile.
Put in the bank at 6 per cent. interest,	00.10
Total,	\$001.00

The Signs of the Times at Annapolis.

When, in tears, once again, our Oehm's blouses we don,
And we woefully draw our new books from the store,
And we think with regret of the days that are gone,
And over our studies we steadily pore ;
When once more commences that maudlin routine,
When the pap seems to flourish as never before,
And Savvy grins with his leer so lean,
And the unhappy state of things we deplore,
It's Autumn.


When we're finally settled down to our lots,
When the north wind chills through the rickety walls,
When we pile overcoats on our little iron cots
And get up with anguish when reveille calls ;
When the band plays worse music every day,
And the Supe kindly grants us nine hops for the year ;
When we're on the third grade and can't draw our pay,
And the dread Semi-Ann., with its "farewell," is here,
It's Winter.

When the birds in the morning arouse us with song ;
When we don't bone anything all the day long ;
When the lawn mower clatters with ceaseless din,
And First Class men to buy their outfits begin ;
When the yard, now green, makes a joyful display
Of shirt-waists and duck skirts and bran new gowns,
With dress parades, drills, and promenades gay,
And the June ball at last the gayety crowns,
It's Spring.

When the " Monongahela " ploughs o'er the restless sea,
To see Consul Reid and suite if she can ;
When the new made First Class men all agree
To see which can be the greasiest man ;
When at last she returns, and we're granted our leave,
With never a cent except carfare half-way ;
When we climb into cits and our lost time retrieve,
Indulging in all that's expensive and gay,
It's Summer.

I JUST WANT TO STATE
THAT FOR
98
I WEAR THE NAVY BLUE



To those MARINERS build
UNLESS they grow cold,
My baby  will be TRUE!

That Yachting Trip.



O, it was not a pirate. A long, low, rakish looking craft lay in the offing, tugging at her cables like some high spirited Arabian steed, impatient to be off. The bright June sun was reflected from millions of wavelets in the Severn; a brisk summer breeze was ready to waft the vessel upon its way to the far-off Madeira islands as soon as the anchor should be weighed and the sails set. Her lofty masts and spars tapered exceedingly and in point of fact she seemed to feel the thrill of life along her keel.

It was the good ship "Monongahela," the pleasure yacht of the Academy. After months of exhausting toil the human system craves rest and recreation. Our generous Uncle Samuel, recognizing this fact, provides this lovely yacht in which, upon summer seas, the naval cadets can obtain that relaxation from toil which they have so justly earned.

Who can tell with what exceeding longing and urgent desire the cadets look for the day of departure to come when they shall, for nearly three months, throw work aside, during which life will be all poetry and weariness a name? That day had at length arrived. The battalion had gone aboard. Each cadet had found in his own state-room a bunch of flowers, which the good captain, with characteristic thoughtfulness, put into a vase upon the centre table. The stewards had placed beside the flowers some dainty refreshments, clothes and other belongings had been carefully packed into the lockers, the last farewells had been said, and all was ready. Some of the future admirals lingered in their private rooms, while others reclined in steamer chairs on the deck, lazily smoking Havana cigars or watching the blue jackets as they spread the sails aloft and walked around the capstan, weighing anchor to the inspiring music of an air from "Pinafore." And then we were off. The "Monongahela" dashed away like a race horse with the little "Standish" puffing and snorting and straining her boilers in a resolute endeavor and a desperate desire to keep up with the procession.

In an incredibly short time we had reached the capes. Here we anchored in the gloaming for the company to enjoy the scenery. One suckling Nelson laid down in the hammock rack to take a nap. Being awakened for dinner by a steward, with thoughtless precipitancy, he stepped out on the wrong side of his improvised couch, and went down into the deep and disappeared under the waters. Everybody went overboard after him, and finally fished him out. He got his feet wet, but was otherwise uninjured.

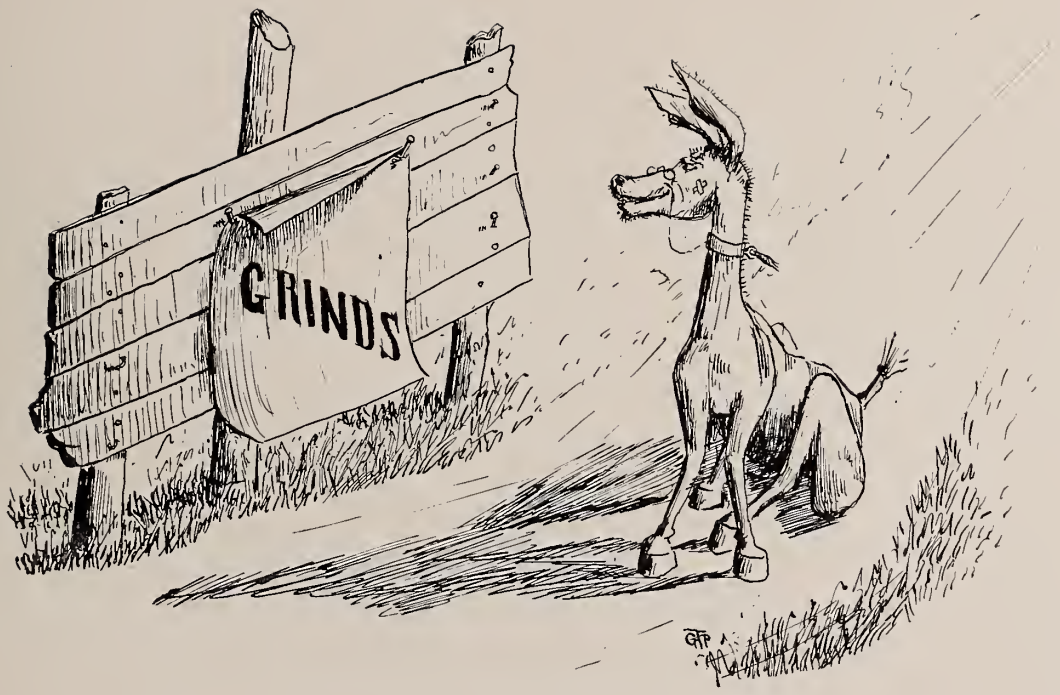
The next morning when we were awakened by the getting-up bell to prepare for breakfast, we were sailing the ocean blue. The gentle zephyr of the day before had increased into a gale, and the waves, as waves will do, were rolling. Several of the young gentlemen from the plains, who had not made the personal acquaintance of Neptune until now, proceeded without delay to the rail, leaned over and paid the old gentleman the usual tribute, making, incidentally, some incoherent remarks about New York. To the urgent solicitation of the attentive stewards that they would take some nourishment they responded with a sad shake of the head, as if they had lost all immediate interest in affairs of this life.

The gale increased and the vessel bounded from wave to wave. We were sailing under close-reefed fore and main topsails and foresail. Some of those who considered themselves sea-dogs went to the rail and fed the fishes, and one of our passengers, a prudent gentleman, acting upon a hint received in the ward-room, donned a cork jacket. He was heard to remark to himself, "Sink or swim, survive or perish, you can't lose me, Charlie." Then the windows of Heaven were opened and the flood came, and the rain descended upon our ship and it was very damp. But we had come out to enjoy ourselves, and we determined to do it in spite of all temptations. It is true that the floor of our main saloon was awash, but then there was no dust. It is true that we had to sit on the floor and wrap our legs around our plates, but who could complain of that when the plates were piled up with all the delicacies of the season?

Then the gale went down, and there was another gentle wind of the Western sea breathing and blowing us on to Funchal. The days followed each other in rapid and delightful succession, as if old Time was having a cake-walk. The attentive attendants brought us the news of every event as we lay in our reclining chairs reading the morning paper or the latest novel. On the port bow, one morning, was a whale, blowing like a Congressman; the air was filled with flying-fish caroling in the morning sun. The little nautilus spread their little sails, and the little fishes looked at us and smiled to see such joy. A school of porpoises was reported to the windward, but we would not look at them. We did not want to be reminded of school. Oh, it was a happy and joyous time. The sun rose and set as it never rose and set before. The moon shined as it never shone before. The stars twinkled as they never twinkled before, and in the clear air of this summer sea the planets looked like eggs which the moon had laid, as she never laid before.

We arrived at Funchal July 1st. The tug pulled us in as aforetime and pulled the captain's leg for his little whack also as aforetime. Then we went ashore and had wine to make our hearts glad and oil to make us of a cheerful countenance. Mirth was unconfined. There was a French ship at anchor and her "aspirants," as the French middies call themselves, were lost in admiration of our Parisian accent when we talked to them in their native tongue.

The voyage back to Annapolis was but a repetition of the outward run: one long, sweet song.



Daily Grind.

The bugle shall sound the call for studies and recitations :

Morning gun fire and reveille,	6.00 A. M.
Call for morning roll-call,	6.35 A. M.
Morning roll-call,	6.38 A. M.
Breakfast immediately after roll-call.	
Prayers immediately after breakfast.	
Sick call,	7.30 A. M.
Call to rooms and first forenoon recitation (first period),	7.55 A. M.
March to recitation,	8.00 A. M.
Call to second forenoon recitation,	8.55 A. M.
Recall from first and march to second recitation,	9.00 A. M.
Recall from first period recitation,	10.00 A. M.
Call to third forenoon recitation (second period),	10.10 A. M.
March to third forenoon recitation,	10.15 A. M.
Call to fourth forenoon recitation,	11.10 A. M.
Recall from third and march to fourth recitation,	11.15 A. M.
Recall from second period recitation and release from rooms,	12.15 A. M.
Call for dinner formation,	12.30 P. M.
Dinner immediately after formation.	
Call to rooms and first afternoon recitation (third period),	1.50 P. M.
March to first afternoon recitation,	1.55 P. M.
Call to second afternoon recitation,	2.50 P. M.
Recall from first and march to second afternoon recitation,	2.55 P. M.
Recall from third period recitation and release from rooms,	3.55 P. M.
Call to afternoon exercises and drills,	4.05 P. M.
Recall from afternoon exercises and drills,	5.30 P. M.
Call to dress parade (when ordered),	6.00 P. M.
Call to evening roll-call,	6.25 P. M.
Evening roll-call,	6.28 P. M.
Supper immediately after evening roll-call.	
Call to rooms,	7.25 P. M.
Evening gun fire, tattoo, and release from rooms,	9.30 P. M.
Warning roll,	9.55 P. M.
Taps,	10.00 P. M.

Grinds.

Just back from leave.

Z. B-gs (in section going to first Nav. recitation)—“ Say, the secant is the hypothenuse over the adjacent side, isn't it ?”

Sam—“ Yes, but which adjacent side ?”

Instructor—“ What kind of wood are tillers made of ?”

P-t-ng-l—“ Why, er-h'elm trees, of course.”

Juggy's favorite topic—the breeze.

Instructor—“ What is the difference between ozone and oxygen ?”

F-ll-r—“ Why, ozone has more oxygen in it.”

Instructor—“ Where is the maintrysail tack secured ?”

H-l-g-n—“ It is lashed to a stationary traveler on the mainmast, sir.”

The toughest man in the United States Navy.

Lt. B-ns-n—“ Well, Mr. M-cy, how would you get a spare topgallant mast in the nettings ?”

“ Oh, well, sir, I don't know what the book says, but Mr. T-rd-y and I just picked one up and put it in last cruise.”

“ Say, Smuggs has become quite an entomologist.”

“ How so ?”

“ Why, he found a species of double-headed mosquito.”

After taps.

“ S-sh ! (two fellows in room talking)—Hear that noise ? Keep quiet.”

“ What is it, a cat ?”

“ No, pup.”

Watchman, to young lady seated on bench—“ Miss, these benches are for cadets only.”

Keen young lady—“ Well, so am I.”

Plebe's Offenses.—Thinking, not knowing, forgetting, having a non-regulation sister.

Hey, what is the principle of Pappus—Oh, go ask Savvy Dan.

“Well, Mr. A-b-l-e, how do you stack arms with the stacking-swivel?”

“Well, sir, you—aw—take the gun in your left hand, and—aw—raise the mooring swivel with your—aw—thumb and forefinger—”

“Aw, you don't say so.”

Billy R-p-r.—“Up bub—ub—buntwhip!”

Juggy—“The—er—band plays the—er—national air at colors.”

“What is the national air, Mr. Nelson?”

“Er—the Stars and Stripes, sir.”

“Mr. Roper, what are the properties of metals?”

“Well, sah, they are mall-malle-m-malleability, weldability, fu-fusibil-ity, and—er—du-ductibility.”

If Hamlet had wandered into the Skinny Building he wouldn't have shuffled off the mortal coil. Oh, no, he'd have shuffled off the Ruhmkorff coil and let the induced electromotive force permeate the exterior dielectric in diverging line of force.

The Orderly—(to Officer-of-the-Deck)—“Sorr, th' captain sez to set the to'gants'ls and put 'er agin the wind.”

Same—“Th' captain wishes ter know 'ow many 'ead of sail th' ship has on 'er, sir?”

“Tell him one.”

Youngster (after waiter brings on dessert plates with knives)—“Huh, pie to-day, good enough.”

Smuggy (reciting naval construction)—“Aw, these plates go horizontally, er, aw—that is, they don't go up and down, sah.”

“Sure of that?”

“Naw, sah.”

Corkscrew rule—Always have one.

Officer-of-the-Deck (to cadet with rope in his hand)—“What tack are we on, sir?”

“The starboard main top gallant stuns'l tack, sir.”

Captain, to orderly—"Go up and find out the direction of the wind."
Orderly, returning—"Directly towards the ship, sir."

Instructor (at Practical Ordnance).—"Now, this washer under this ring of the steering engine is of kid; all other washers that we have found in this torpedo were of porpoise hide. This is the only kid-washer in the machine."

Smuggs (suddenly coming to).—"Why did you say they called it a nurse girl, sah?"
(Chorus of snorts.)

The Naval Constrictor at the Hop.—"Well, what if we cahn't heah the music, dontchukno, we'll keep time to the music of our haht-beats," and the ends of his mustache are submerged in his ears and all grows dim around as he smiles.

A fair seeker after information inquires of her escort at the hop: "What makes all those men in plain clothes stick a few brass buttons on their coats? Do they do that just because they are going to a naval ball?" and smiles incredulously when he tells her they are officers. "Oh, I always did hear that you cadets told such awful stories."

Mr. Evans.—"Take the subject of moments and measures of force—say, foot-pounds, foot-inch-tons, etc."

"Aye—aye—sir!"

"That's all right for a moment,—you seem to understand it—but why don't you draw a picture. There are three or four different pictures of moments in the lesson."

Nelson (emphatically).—"Buoyancy? Buoyancy? Why—er—er—r—buoyancy is buoyancy itself, sir."

Seamanship Instructor.—"Well—why is there equilibrium when the point of support and the centre of gravity lie on the same vertical line?"

Instructor—"You are in a cutter in Hampton Roads trying to make your ship which is riding to a leeward ebb. You find that it will be very hard to reach her. What would you do?"

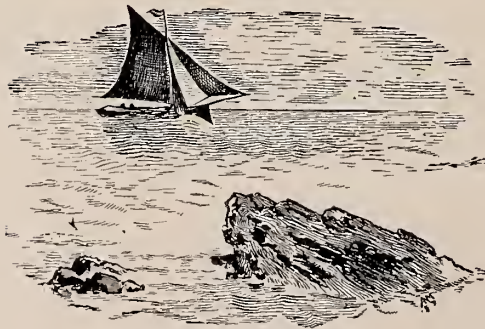
Cadet—"Row like h—l."

Science in one Syllable.

See the bal-loon ?
Can you blow the bal-loon ?
No, the whis-tle part is lost.
Where did you get the bal-loon ?
Let me blow it.

See the mos-qui-to ?
This is a won-der-ful mos-qui-to.
It is the only one I ever saw.
This mos-qui-to has two heads.

Say, fel-lows see the Hauk ?
Can the Hauk fly ?
Yes, the Hauk can fly.
Is it a Hauk ?
No, it is a bo-sun bird.



Before and After (entering the Navy).

Riding the Texas plains,
Leaving untouched the reins,
Throwing the rope yet higher,
Having his heart's desire,
A lasso.

Walking the cool sea-wall,
Pleasing a maiden tall,
Sinking in love's deep mire,
Having his heart's desire,
A lass oh!



Z. B. vs. P. G.

Abou Ben Zeno (may his tribe decrease)
Awoke one day from a deep scheme of grease,
And through the blue mist that filled a section room,
Darkening the brightest day with gloom,
Saw a Rotund Form draw nigh.
Exceeding grease had made Ben Zeno try
To make his style of script conform
To that considered here so very warm.
And, in the corner of his board, his name
Was blazoned in an imitation lame;
But not so lame that what was written there
Was as illegible as all the models were.
The Rotund Form approached, between two scornful shrugs,
In rasping whispers spoke: "Is your name 'Mr. Buggs?'"

* * * * *

That Rotund Form has vanished from our sight;
No more he spots us with inane delight.
That name to fame has subsequently crept,
Abou Ben Zeno is Abou Ben Buggs yclept.

The Way They Recite.



MUGGY has been sitting gracefully back, with his mouth open, an innocent smile playing about his lips, and a new blown, verdant, confident expression on his face. "Mr. Abele!" He jumps to his feet, lands in the awkwardst position available, and, raising his eyebrows, guilelessly breaks out in a bag-pipe voice that can be heard over at the armory, "Saw!" He is told to proceed, and diffidently prances to the board, assumes a high-pitched, school-girl treble, and smiles profusely; he makes some breaks which he hastens to correct, blushes, gets embarrassed—his voice gets higher—finally he is calmed; he finishes with only a few more smiles bows awkwardly, and, showing his gums gleefully, proudly sits down, thinking he has "knocked a four."

* * * * *

Nelson has been to the board, where he has written in a large hand, with words several feet apart, about six sentences. Meantime he has taken his seat, which is always in the back row, and is diligently boning his subject with an innocent childlike expression. The instructor calls his name, he starts up, looks scared, assumes an air of injured innocence (to deceive the instructor), and begins to grunt and stutter while approaching the blackboard. He does not pretend to recite from his work, but stumbles blindly on, stopping and stammering after every clause, in the following manner: "Er—uh—uh—Faraday—uh—he took two no um, uh—" etc., rolling his eyes and moving about all the time. He strikes a snag, and springs one of his only original, incredible bluffs in his expectant, uncertain, injured manner, and the instructor calls him down; he argues; he looks hurt; he busts, and struggles on; finally the instructor lets him go; he looks rattled, grunts, sits down, and grins in his usual fetching manner.

* * * * *

Judy Wright sits with a determined hypnotic gaze on the instructor. He is called upon. He jumps to his feet, and, with his mesmeric eye still focused, sticks out his chin, adjusts his feet at an angle of sixty degrees, and waits. He is told to recite. With a lightning glance he determines the latitude and longitude of the place upon which he is going to stand, and, approaching the blackboard by the rectangular method, takes his place on the spot, assumes a quizzical, infallible expression, smacks his lips, and begins.

He does not hesitate, nor stammer, but follows the rules for reading as laid down in Swinton's Fifth Reader, rolling his r's and whistling his s's, occasionally darting a cat-like glance at the instructor, or pausing at the end of a sentence, carefully to dot an i or to make the cross of a t a hair's-breadth longer. After reciting, he make's an "about face," goes "fours left" to his seat, sits down mechanically, and resumes his hypnotic spell on the instructor.

* * * * *

Instructor.—"Mr. Dinger. (Dingus continues to gaze out of the window overlooking Love Lane, evidently seeing something very interesting.) Mr. Dinger!"

"Sir?"

"You may recite."

(Dingus rises slowly and gracefully shuffles up to his board and proceeds to dilate at length upon a difficult problem.) "I get fifty-four revolutions a minute, sir."

"Yes, that's right. I didn't think you could get it, though."

"Oh, there ain't nuthin' hard about that prob; seems ter me anybody could see that der wheels would go that way fer when this wheel goes around oncet, that wheel on de oder side goes around twicet."

* * * * *

Instructor. "Mr. Briggs."

(Pompey rises, arranges his classic locks, looks fierce, and then begins.) "This here thing wot I've drawn an' goin' to describe is a sextant. It's an instrument wot de navigator uses for to locate de ship wid at sea, see? That there thing at de bottom of de slide is de vernier wid its tangent screw. You bring de sun down to de horizon and then you turn that there screw till she's right on de line, and den you sez, Mark! to de mug wot's got de ticker, and he slaps down de time."

* * * * *

Billy R-p-r, reciting seamanship.

Instructor.—"Mr. Roper, how do you bend a topsail?"

"Well, sir, you take, and, well, sir, you, sir, say, er-er-er-up topga-aloft sail loosers-er-and then they-er-take the, yes, sir, take the, the top bub-bub-ub-burton, yes, sir, that's right."

"Where do you get it?"

"Oh, yes, sir, the top-op-bub-ub-burton, er-out of the hold, I—er—mean the top chest, yes, sir, top chest, a little chest, sir, full of top-bu-bub-urtons and little bub-blue flags and little sl-slush pots, sir, never leave the lid ope-open, sir, and-er-then you hoist away."

"That will do, Mr. Roper."

The Western Girl.

And Uncle Sam stooped from his regal height,
Taking my beau ;
Dressed him in uniform buttoned so bright ;
Robbing me so ;
Sent him out East to the Maryland folks,
Ignoring my woe,
Where he's besieged by those feminine pokes,
Boring him so.

The Eastern Girl.

Uncle Sam brought to Annapolis last year,
Admiring him so,
The loveliest fellow—this Middie dear,
Beguiling me so ;
We dance and we stroll, and it is such fun,
Finding a beau ;
And having a fellow who is "the one,"
Loving me so.

Statement of the

NAME.	NICKNAME.	POLITICS.	STATE DISTRICT.	FAVORITE DRINK.
ABELE,	Smuggy,	Republican, .	10th Mass., . .	Pigeon milk,
BABCOCK,	Jack,	Republican, .	7th N. Y., . . .	Red lemonade,
BOONE,	Dan'l,	Republican, .	3d Ohio,	Ink,
BRIGGS, W. G., .	Pompey,	Mugwump, . .	16th N. Y., . .	Maple syrup,
BRIGGS, Z. E., .	Zeno,	Goo goo, . . .	3d Neb.,	Whiskey,
BROWN, M. H., .	Brownie,	None,	10th Ind., . . .	Prairie cocktail,
CONSTIEN,	3d Pa.,
COTTEN,	Lyman,	Democrat, . .	1st N. C., . . .	Mountain dew,
CRONAN,	Doc.,	Anarchist, . .	2d Conn., . . .	Bilge water,
DINGER,	Dingus,	Don't know, .	7th Wis.,	Orange cider,
ELSON,	Jake,	Democrat, . .	5th Miss., . . .	Petroleum,
EVANS,	Kid,	Populist, . . .	At large,	Cafeine,
FALLER,	Guy,	Too young, . .	3d Wis.,	Huckleberry gin,
GRAHAM,	Piute,	Silverite, . . .	2d Col.,	Hot water,
HALLIGAN,	John,	Republican, . .	9th Mass., . . .	Hire's root beer,
HAND,	Ike,	Populist, . . .	1st S. D.,	Black Hill poison,
HANRAHAN,	Mike,	Home Rule, . .	8th Wis.,	Tabasco,
JOHNSON,	Tommy,	Bryanite, . . .	1st Kan.,	Paint,
MCINTYRE,	Eddy,	Lunatic,	7th Cal.,	Champagne,
MACY,	Sam,	Roundhead, . .	2d Mo.,	Snake bite,
MARBLE,	Ralph,	Suffragist, . .	6th Minn., . . .	Honeysuckle juice,
MITCHELL,	Sandy,	Democrat, . . .	17th Ohio, . . .	B. P.,
NELSON,	Juggy,	He forgot, . . .	6th Mass., . . .	Digitalis,
PETTENGILL,	Pet,	Has none, . . .	At large, Id., .	Gooseberry lemonade,
PINNEY,	Lucius,	Republican, . .	1st Conn., . . .	Brain duster,
ROPER,	Billy,	Cracker,	4th Ga.,	Moonshine,
SCHOFIELD,	Maje,	Prohibitionist,	1st Mo.,	Gin ricker,
SHANE,	2d Neb.,
SHEFFIELD,	Mate,	Abolitionist,	2d Ga.,	Cocoa,
SMITH,	Chippy,	Aquatic,	1st N. H.,	Mellin's food,
SWEET,	29th N. Y.,
TARDY,	Bill,	Ward,	2d Ark.,	Tobacco juice,
TARRANT,	Bill,	Iconoclast,	9th Tex.,	Bourbon,
WATTS,	Willie,	Quaker,	2d Pa.,	Chamcook,
WELLS,	Willie,	Populist,	6th Iowa,	Steam,
WILLIAMS, H., . .	Hankie,	Baltimore,	2d Md.,	Maryland Club,
WILLIAMS, Y. S., .	Yancey,	Tillmanite,	2d S. C.,	Dispensary Licker,
WOODS, E.,	Billy,	Nantucket,	13th Mass,	Sworn off,
WRIGHT,	Judy,	Y. M. C. A,	9th Ala.,	Benedictine,

Class of '98.

HAIR.	FAVORITE OCCUPATION.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.	TOBACCO HABIT.
Brown,	Ballooning,	Naw, sir,	Nil.
Dusty,	Yelling,	I'm tough,	Makes him sick.
Sleek,	Greasing,	I'm sick,	In banjo case.
Long,	Writing letters,	That there,	No.
Sweet,	Smoking,	Gimmealight,	Well, I should howl.
Mangy,	Mixing cocktails,	Have one,	Worse.
Lovely,	Singing,	Great Gad,	Yep.
Cut,	Impersonating,	Now, lads,	Partially.
Pink,	Sleeping,	Never spoke,	No.
Growing,	Dissatisfaction,	Damfino,	Embryonic.
Slim,	Requing,	——! ——!	Notobac.
Auburn,	Making love,	Say,	Smokes.
Shame,	Rowing,	Gee whiz,	Damright.
Foot-ball,	Spooning,	Pass the beans,	Nit.
Poem,	Sitting on the benches,	Not known,	Nevah.
Black,	Arguing,	Don't giveadam,	Pipe.
Plain red,	Consoling Daniel,	Darling,	Seegor.
Variegated,	Raving,	Bone, you d——n fool,	Mere sham.
Needs reaping,	Hitting a train,	Toot ! toot !	Cheroots.
Bent,	Playing that d—— piano.	What you doin' here,	Cubebs.
Ask Thorpe,	Singing falsetto,	Waal, naow,	Only stogies.
Sardonyx,	Sailing,	— — — of a breeze,	Look at his fingers.
Chinese,	Complaining,	How the hell should I know?	YES.
On the wane,	In the minority,	What's that?	Pipe.
Egyptian,	Borrowing,	Bu-bu-bu-bu,	Yes.
White,	Theorizing,	Say,	Butts.
Non-return,	Dreaming,	Never speaks,	Never.
Double ended,	Looking pretty,	Well,	Occasionally.
Volatile,	Spooning,	G—— D——,	Chews.
Female,	Growing,	Look a here,	Bums it.
Æsthetic,	Growing,	Well, I'll be d——,	Did once.
Dead,	Leading germans,	Never spoke,	Unacquainted.
Falling out,	Boot-licking,	Please, sir,	Pa says no.
Re-entrant,	Eating,	He ! he !	Trifling.
Crimson,	Admiring the Adjutant,	Stepney, try again,	Chews.
Moth eaten,	Boning,	— ? ! ! , ; ? \$,	No.



Bachelor Buttons.

Once in an old-fashioned garden,
Midst flowers of brightest hue,
In a warm, sunshiny corner,
Some bachelor buttons grew.

And a dainty, fair-haired maiden,
With eyes of softest blue,
Walked at eve in the garden,
When the flowers were wet with dew.

And she chose from out the blossoms
One that grew apart,
In a warm, sunshiny corner,
And wore it next her heart.

The fragrant bachelor button,
The flower quaint she chose,
And left the scarlet poppy,
And golden-hearted rose.

Now, in this "Naval City,"
And worn by each bonny lass,
Are bachelor buttons still, my dear,
But bachelor buttons of brass.





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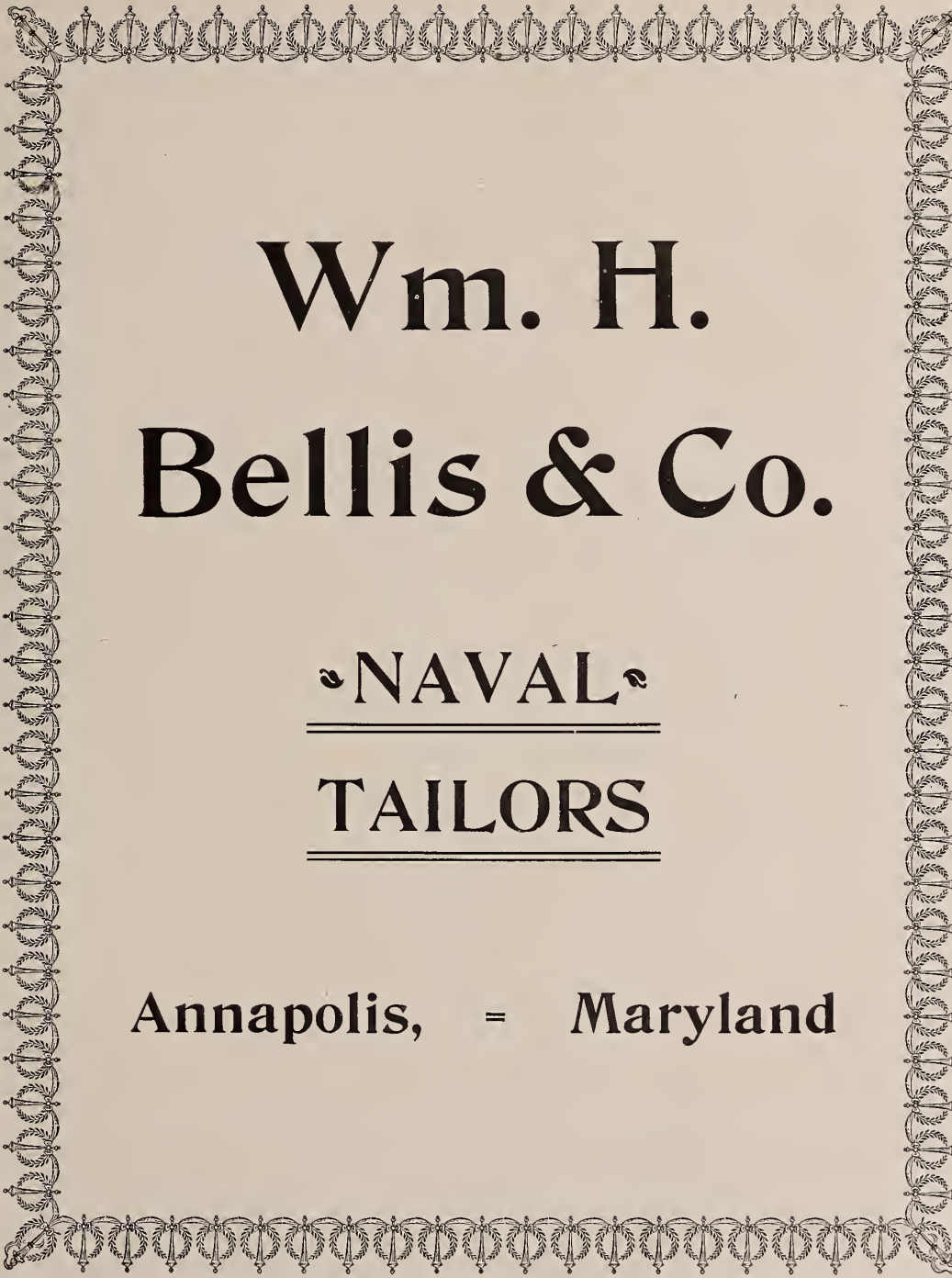
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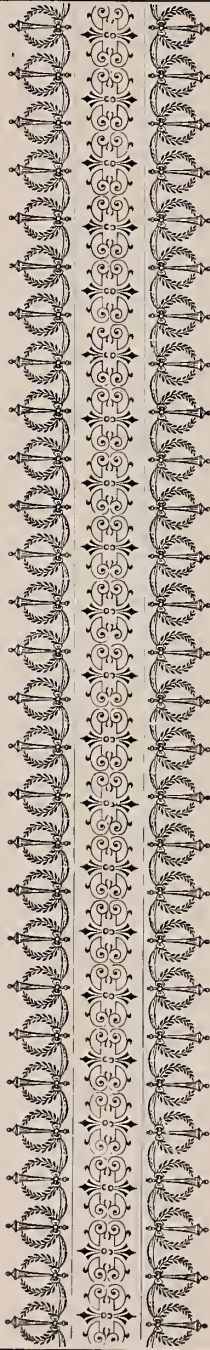
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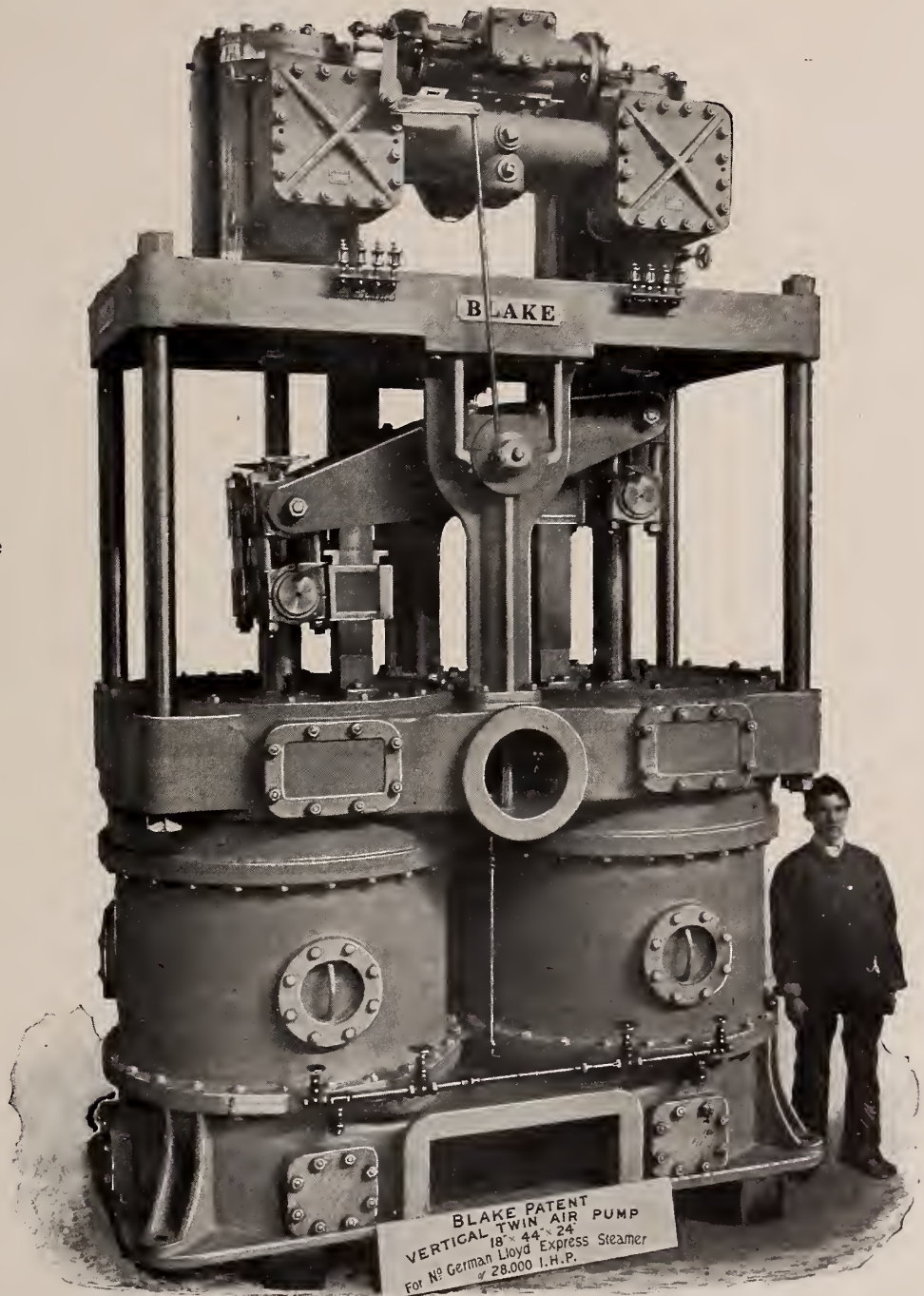
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

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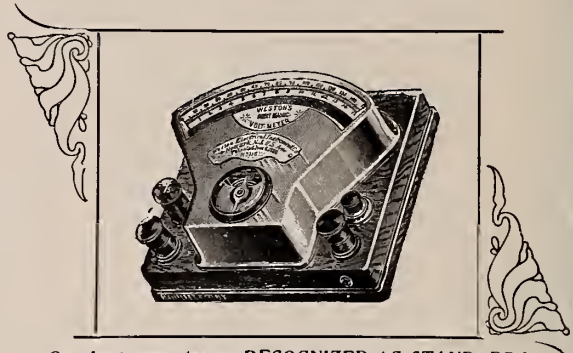
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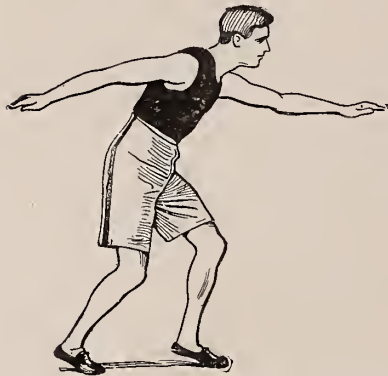
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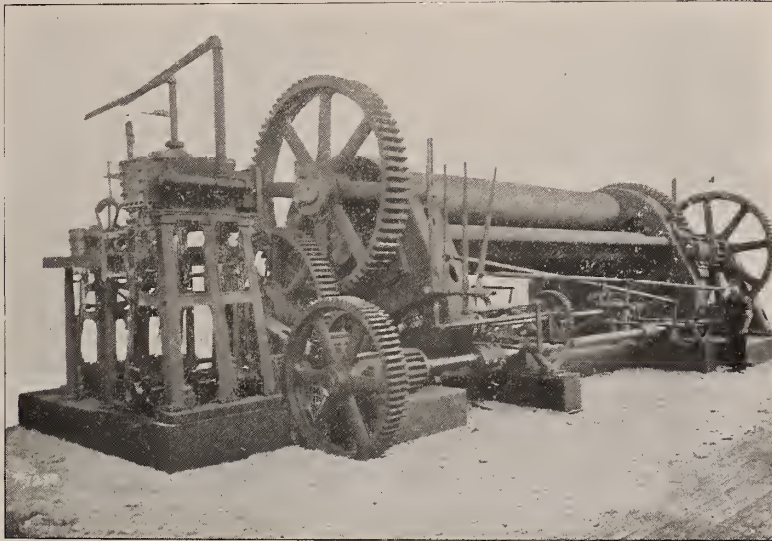
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