

Correspondence

DANVILLE

One of the grandest and most successful missions ever held in St. Patrick's church, closed Tuesday evening. The mission was given by Rev. Father Kennedy and Father Farrell of the Vincentian Order, Niagara University. Interest in the services and sermons increased daily and reached a happy religious climax on the closing evening, the seating capacity of the church was taxed to its utmost, every available inch of space being utilized for the placing of chairs. Not only the members of both St. Mary's and St. Patrick's churches attended the services but the members of other churches increased in large numbers. The crowds attended in size nightly, drawn by the scholarly and brilliant sermons of the two zealous Fathers, who were both forceful and convincing speakers. No one could deny the sincerity of the subjects which the missionaries propounded and the results of the labors were apparent. There were over 745 who received holy communion during the mission. Father Kennedy closed the mission with a retrospect of the preceding sermons and eloquently appealed to the people to continue the good work begun. The mission committee was then blessed by Father Kennedy and erected over the sanctuary door by Father Farrell. The Father's blessing was then invoked on the kneeling multitude by Father Kennedy. A solemn benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. Father Farrell, Kennedy and Day. Following the service an informal reception was held at the rectory for all who wished to greet the missionary Fathers. The visiting priests present during the mission were Rev. James H. Day of Mt. Morris; Rev. Father Ryan of Canastota; Rev. Father Myers of Portage; Rev. M. K. Kishel of St. Mary's and Rev. Father Dunn of St. Patrick's parish. It is the earnest wish of the people that these Vincentian Fathers may again return to St. Patrick's where they will always find a cordial welcome from the people among whom they have done so much good.

Rev. Father Dunn read the Rules for Lent last Sunday. Every Sunday evening there will be rosary and benediction.

On Wednesday evening at 7:30 sermon, rosary and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

On Friday evening there will be Stations at 7:30.

All the week day masses will be at 8 a. m.

On Thursday p. m. Father Dunn goes to Groveland and has rosary, instructions and Stations.

Friday was the first Friday. Confessions on Thursday p. m. at 7:30. Mass on Friday at 8 a. m.

Sunday, Mar. 4, is Cadet Sunday. Confessions on Saturday from 8:30 to 9 p. m. and from 7:30 to 8 p. m. It is urged that all who are at liberty avail themselves of the opportunity of going to confession this evening.

CANANDAIGUA

Prayers were said Sunday for Morris Long, Mrs. Mary B. Finn, George B. Sage, Francesco Gregorio, Mrs. Michael Kennedy, of Bolivar, and Patrick Grady, of Auburn.

The Sodality card party netted \$67.95. The school collection amounted to \$45.20.

The Sodality elected new officers last Sunday. Mary Stapleton, president; Mary Martin, vice president; Beanie Doyle, secretary; Mollie Carroll, treasurer. The society has raised \$48.85 during the past year. They have nearly paid for the marble statue over the front entrance of the new church besides contributing to other good purposes. The members of the society are: Margaret McConnell, Nellie Beahan, Katharine McDermott, Lillie Murray, Julia Whelan and Alice Dillon were appointed. A vote of thanks was unanimously given to Miss Margaret McConnell for her devoted services while filling the office of president. The young ladies will present "Rebecca's Triumph" on St. Patrick's eve.

Rev. A. E. Green, D. D., of Rochester, preached Friday evening when the new stations were blessed.

Next Sunday the Rosary Society will receive holy communion. A collection will be taken up for the foreign missions and the propagation of the faith among the Indians and negroes of this country.

LIMA

The funeral of Michael Ryan, who died Feb. 28th, took place Monday at 10 o'clock. Solemn high mass was offered by Father FitzSimons, being celebrated by Father Maher, deacon, and Father Gray, secretary. The deceased is survived by his wife, four sons, Thomas, John and William of Lima, and Michael of New York city, also two daughters, Mrs. John O'Connell and Mrs. Michael FitzSimons of this place. For the past 30 years Mr. Ryan has been trustee in St. Rose's church and his loss will be greatly felt by the whole congregation. The officials of the town attended the funeral in a body showing how highly he was esteemed by all.

Miss FitzPatrick died Monday at an advanced age.

The remains of John McGraw, who died at the home of his daughter in Rochester were interred here Wednesday morning.

Sunday the banns of marriage were proclaimed between Mary Sherry and Edward Walsh.

A month's fasting began today with the offering of food for Mrs. Carmody and Saturday for James Walsh.

Low round trip Homeseekers' rates via the Nickel Plate Road from Buffalo to the West, Northwest and Southwest, April 17th, Tuesday of each month until April 17th, Good return limit. Write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Colonist rates to Pacific Coast via Nickel Plate Road daily until April 17th, the Nickel Plate Road will sell special low rate Colonist tickets from Buffalo to principal points in California, Washington and Oregon at rate of \$43.80. Low rates to many intermediate points. Good on all trains. Write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Intoxicated Insects.

A small garden where the flowers are out at about noon is a regular hot house for bees and wasps and even the big bumble bees do not seem to be immune. From the out of the plant on sunny days about noon a whole swarm of insects for the insects, and for two or three hours afterwards the garden is a scene of confusion. The bees and wasps are very busy, the bees are busy getting the nectar from the flowers, the wasps are busy getting the honey from the bees, and the bees are busy getting the honey from the wasps.

Only to finally roll over and give up to it. Pray upon their recovery and are ready to try it again if the temptation remains. If not they take up the burden of work and probably have some excuse to offer for time lost and no return. But and weep and bewail been are not white ribbons of conversion offer.

B. V. LOGAN, Undertaker.

101 South St. cor. Court

Phone 1000

BAKER THEATRE

"Ten Nights in a Bar Room" the sterling old temperance drama, will be carefully and completely presented by the Moore Stock Company at the Baker Theatre next week. This play has stood the test of years and is the only successful temperance drama in existence. In all its history it has probably never received the thorough presentation it will be given by this organization. In the first place the play has been carefully rehearsed by competent hands and all the "old-fashionedness" possible taken out. The story has been left intact however, and is just as interesting and attractive as ever. This play will be presented all next week with matinees Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. Souvenirs of Richard Baker, the man who stages the plays for the Moore Stock Company will be given away at the Monday matinee. For the following week a dramatization of Maurice Thompson's novel "Alice of Old Vincennes" will be presented.

Cook Opera House.
All next week, with a daily matinee, the follow vaudeville bill will be presented at Cook Opera House: The Broomstick Witches, the big novelty musical feature from "The Isle of Spice." A dozen charming girls in the prettiest number of the musical comedy world. Macy and Hall, in their clever sketch, "A Timely Awakening." Emma Francis the celebrated dancer, and her whirlwind Arabs, in a novel and wonderful performance. Alfred Arnesen, the great Swedish gymnast, in astounding balancing feats on the slack wire. Burton and Brooks, those clever chaps in a new sketch. (Remember "More Work for the Undertaker.") Otto Brothers, German comedians—the kind that make you shout with laughter—Roger Bros. comes to a whisper. Ida O'Day, charming entertainer and banjoist. The great Kaufmann Troupe, the world's greatest trick bicyclists. Nick Kaufmann's own riders. The very limit of sensational feats on the bicycle. Just from the New York Hippodrome.

NATIONAL THEATRE

The coming of the great scenic and historical sensation "Custer's Last Fight" which will be seen at the National Theatre the first three days of next week should arouse the greatest interest among theatregoers and the public at large. No event in the history of the United States has been discussed as fully as this great struggle with the redskins, and no soldier ever showed the courage and loyalty that the famous General showed.

"The Sultan of Sulu" comes to the National the last half of next week. This acknowledged success by George Ade will be rendered by an excellent company of singers and an entirely new equipment of costumes and scenery will be used. The author has expressed with emphasis all the quality and flavor of Anglo-Saxon wit. From a pictorial point of view nothing has been left undone.

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With the Wall of a Child.

An anti-hill is made of tiny pebbles, cupies a position of honor in the centre of the city of Seoul, Korea, is said to be one of the largest in the world and is called "the bell with the wall of a child in its voice." When first cast the bell sounded with a harsh and cracked note, and the superstitious emperor, fearing an ill omen, consulted with his magicians. These gentlemen held a long confab and finally stated that the bell would never sound right until a live child was given to it. The mass was then melted again, and with remorseless cruelty a live baby was thrown into the molten metal. The wall of agony uttered by the little tot as the bronze engulfed it seemed to be repeated every time the bell was tolled, and today the Koreans still claim that the wall of a child can be heard in the voice of the metal.

Old Time Carving Terms.

In an old number of a magazine issued more than a century ago we lighted upon a list of different terms used at "tables of elegance" in the days when Queen Charlotte came as the bride of the young and handsome king. From this list it would appear that nothing in the way of game was to be carved. The correct phrase was to "cut up" a turkey, to "rear" a goose, to "unlace" a hare or rabbit, to "wing" a partridge or a quail, to "slay" a pheasant, to "dismember" a heron, to "chuck" a woodcock, to "display" a crane and to "lift" a swan. Beef and mutton were "carved," of course, and the sporting men prided themselves by using appropriate sporting terms when the spoil of their morning's work made its final appearance on the table.

Breakfast in Japan.

Breakfast, which in Japan is eaten at sunrise, is light and dainty. It commences with a small fruit, a persimmon usually. Then kamaboko is served, which is white fish pounded with a stone masher, then rolled into little balls, and baked brown in radish oil, though butter could be substituted. The inevitable tea completes this simple meal. Luncheon, a mid-day meal, begins with a soup. Charvan is a thin soup made of the bones of a large fish, strained and then boiled again with mushrooms. It is served in little bowls without handles, no larger than cups. Shiruko is a delicious kind of rice cake parakeet of luncheon. The rice is boiled to a paste, then cut into thin cakes, and fried in oil. A sauce made of red beans is poured over it.

J. H. MOORE'S

ROCHESTER THEATRES

J. H. Moore, Manager.

W. B. McCallum, Local Mgr.

Week Beginning

March 6

COOK

HOUSE

VAUDEVILLE

A Great Big Show

The Broomstick Witches

Macy and Hall

Emma Francis

Alfred Arnesen

Burton and Brooks

Otto Brothers

Ida O'Day

The Great Kaufmann Troupe

Matinee Daily—10c, 15c, 20c, 25c

Evenings—10c, 25c, 50c

BAKER * THEATRE

All next week

Moore Stock Co.

in the Only successful

temperance drama.

Ten Nights in

a Bar Room

Matinee Every Week

Monday, Wednesday

Friday and Saturday

Pleasant good seats at 10 cents.

Souvenirs

Of Richard Baker Monday

Next—Alice of Old Vincennes.

Next—Alice of Old Vincennes.

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Next—Alice of Old Vincennes.

Next—Alice of Old Vincennes.

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A BLUNDER RECTIFIED

Mrs. Morley was a widow at last. Not, of course, that she had ever longed for that state, for Mrs. Morley had a good sensible head on her pretty shoulders and she knew she had taken her late husband not only for better but also for worse, probably. Then, too, she was a young woman of conscience and she had tried to bear all the deceased Mr. Morley's ill points as a good, true wife should. In fact, she had succeeded so well that when the poor man finally realized that he had to die, he honestly confessed that he had been most wrong in his past treatment of her and died with a half finished, penitent sentence of praise for her on his lips.

Nevertheless, by the time that her lawyer had brought order out of the chaos of Mr. Morley's small means and had graciously informed her that grim starvation stared her in the face, she had arrived at the point where she could swallow the last sob, give up her pretty tired eyes a farewell dash of tears and set her teeth in firm determination.

But what should she do? She didn't know a typewriter half so intimately as she did a sewing machine and she was as completely ignorant of the latter apparatus as a girl of twelve. She could manage a house, it is true, for hadn't she presided at the head of the late Mr. Morley's stormy household for the last five years?

It was raining sharply, and the dour little widow had drawn her curtain close, extravagantly heaped her last coal on her toy-like fire, and settled herself for her lonely tea, this time not only lacking in the usual sweetening accessory but flanked by only a half share of the thin waters. Suddenly there came a most peremptory knock on her outside door. Instantly all signs of loneliness vanished in the face of this new calamity of a visitor when she was so unprepared. While she flew into the next room and made a frantic toilet before the tiny mirror she gave a sigh of relief when she realized that it couldn't be a visitor on such a stormy evening and at just six o'clock.

So with a brave front she threw open the door, and the look of perplexity on her face gave way before a gasp of alarm, as her visitor proved to be handsome, wealthy James Orr, the man she had rejected years before for the apparently superior charms of the dashing Mr. Morley.

There was nothing to do but to ask him in, and when he was seated before her miserably meager fire it was hard to tell which face wore the most puzzled look—hers, why he had come, and his, how this lovely, dainty woman managed to exist in a rented parlor, where the carpet didn't reach the north wall by six inches and where the one pitiful lamp was gruesomely pale.

"It's raining, isn't it?" began she, desperately, as though she hadn't just helped him to deposit his dripping mackintosh and umbrella in the hall without.

"Yes, pretty hard," he admitted. Then it all at once struck him that a call under such circumstances and at this unusual time of the evening might need explanation, and he went on: "You see, I happened to be passing on my way to the club and I heard the other day that you were here—and I thought I'd just stop a few minutes to see how you were."

"Thank you," was her reply. It was a source of deep shame to this woman that she was at a great loss for something to say, as if she had been a schoolgirl. Finally his eyes lighted upon the tiny table, which she in her haste had forgotten to hide in some way, and he said, with a great show of ease:

"Oh, please, Mrs. Morley, make me some tea—it's decidedly chilly out, you know."

"Who would expect a man of his wealth to know?" asked poor Mrs. Morley to herself, as she set about her task with trembling fingers. "I'm afraid the alcohol will give out before the water is even warmed, and the sugar—the water—oh, dear!" and two big tears rose so unexpectedly that the fine, blond-haired face across from her became all at once blurred.

Mr. Orr saw the tears, noted with quick terror how palely the little blue flame burned, a faint glimmer at the plate before him revealed only three wafers, and he was kind enough to turn his head away so that she could slip the cover over the low sugar bowl to hide its emptiness.

The bachelor showed remarkable grace for one of his kind, for he smilingly declined her invitation to one of the three thin wafers with the remark:

"I'm not actually hungry, you see. I dined down town." (She knew he was prevaricating.) "I just wanted to see you working with your own hands."

Mrs. Morley nodded back at him gratefully and had half a mind to confess that these bits of china were the last relics of her old home, and that she had been wandering a half hour before he came how far they would go toward paying the rent, which was now two weeks overdue. But, some way, she couldn't just bring herself to it, and he heroically tipped at his weak, sorrowful tea, and didn't blink an eye when she looked him fairly in the face and told him that she had finished her evening meal before he had come in.

As the conversation lagged, Mr. Orr finally folded his hands over his knee and fixing his eyes on the fast-fading fire said:

"You know that I do not like to tell you Mrs. Morley's pale cheeks light-

ed up with an encouraging glow as she replied—

"It is ever so much better than to be 'Miss' you know. It's vastly better to be 'Mrs.' than 'Miss' at twenty-six. I prefer being a widow to being an old maid."

Mr. Orr's lips set a moment in fierce effort to keep back his thought, but at last he answered bluntly—

"Perhaps so, if one doesn't mourn for the one departed."

"I see that you know me," was the low reply, "and I am glad of it. I am not sorry that Mr. Morley is gone. While he lived I was loyal in deed and thought, although I knew then that you—that all my friends—pitted me. Still, I was true to him in spite of all, but now that there is no further use in it I will not be hypocrite enough to pretend that I love his memory. Life is unbearable in many ways, but it is at least the charm of being no longer a farce. Pretence is over. Yes, it is a relief to quit shamming, but I've got to go to work, you know, and that isn't very funny."

A sudden light of hope flew into Orr's sympathetic eyes and he asked eagerly—

"That is an excellent idea—a little work will take you out of yourself. What sort of work can you do?"

"Nothing," was the nervous reply, as she held out two empty white hands. "I'm absolutely useless. I've tried and tried, and everybody wants typewriters and stenographers, and I can't see a bit of sense in all the little scratches and dots and things."

"That is true," granted the man ambiguously, as the vision of the pretty woman opposite him bending her dainty head all day over some dull clicking machine in a smoke-circled downtown office rose before him. "You mustn't think of working among men, you know."

"But there isn't any demand for china painting, and I can't find any old lady who wants a companion."

"But you embroider!" he said, his tongue faltering a little over the unusual word.

He had a picture, a far-off memory of a brown, girlish head bent over a big strip of gray cloth, while her full red lips pouted prettily because the impossible blue flower would insist on coming out wrong.

"A little. I can't sew, you know. I never tried it except on my baby's clothes, and they weren't well done."

He didn't reply to this. In the first place he knew the greatest joy of her life had been the child, and her sharp grief when it had died.

"You can write beautifully," he began, under a new inspiration.

"But no one wants long hand now," he said. "Oh, my dear Mrs. Morley, there is just where you're mistaken. I'm in great need of some one at the office at this present time to do—to do some special correspondence. A typewriter is so cheerless, cold, you know, and if you will be so kind—"

She realized perfectly well that this was a mere excuse, but a glance at the empty teacups settled her.

"Thank you, if I can do it. When do you need me?"

"Tomorrow morning," came the eager answer, as his eyes fairly shone at the success of his little ruse. "Bright and early—no, not that, for you aren't used to early rising. Any time in the afternoon will do excellently, and you mustn't dream of inconveniencing yourself. The work will be light, I promise you, but as it's so important it will be showing me a great favor I assure you."

All this time he had been getting into his coat, as though fearing that a delay might ruin all his plans. He was now at the door and the strain was making him decidedly irresponsible. Besides, he knew that she wanted to indulge in a good cry, and on his way up to the club he was fingering at his crookedly buttoned mackintosh, and dinner went unshared as he remembered the sad dish of wafers off there in the dingy boarding house.

He went to the office at daybreak next morning to trumpet up some plans for the mysterious correspondence which he had promised Mrs. Morley awaited her dainty chirography. She was early too, however, and he ground his teeth in rage as he noted how pale she was, and how frequently she lifted her white hands to her temples.

"She is hungry," he gasped, as he noticed that her step was a little unsteady.

It was only a few minutes past eleven o'clock but he couldn't endure it any longer, so he said, with studied carelessness—

"Won't you do me the honor to go out to luncheon with me, Mrs. Morley? Yes, I grant it's a little early, but I don't like to be rushed, and I must get back before one. You know, Todd, you are going out at one."

Todd, otherwise Mr. Orr's partner, looked a trifle quipsical, for there hadn't been a word said about luncheon. Moreover, the two men generally went out together, and Orr hastened to explain this away by remarking as he thrust his arm into his topcoat—

"You know, Todd, that man Smith may be here at any minute, and one of us must see him."

Todd nibbled his pencil to hide a grin, but fell in immediately at the mention of this fictitious "man Smith" and hastily kept down his laughter till Orr had tenderly bundled Mrs. Morley up in her scanty wrap and had softly closed the door behind them.

Orr insisted that he always lunched at the ladies' tea room, though Mrs. Morley noticed that he had to ask a man which was his floor. It was a place where she had often come in her good old days of shopping, and, without a word, she led the way to a further corner and set her teeth to keep back the tears.

He was so glad in watching her that he couldn't touch a morsel. All at once he noticed what he was doing

and a blush of shame flew to her face. An answering, reassuring smile met her glance, and all barriers of pretence between them finally went down in an ignoble heap.

"I was so hungry," she faltered simply.

"I knew it," was his low reply. All the reserve, the awkwardness of the night before had left him, and at last he was master of the situation. "You were hungry last night, too, Ruth, but you won't be ever again."

Her eyes fell slowly on her folded hands, lying helplessly on the cloth before her, but she said never a word. He went on softly—

"There is no use in my telling you that I love you. I told you so once and you know I have never changed. You wouldn't listen then, but the mistake is all past now," and he laid his palm over her trembling hands, while she lifted her tear-brimmed eyes to look out on the gray scene before her—a tall bleak wall, through the splashed window. "When will you remedy that mistake, Ruth? Do not make us suffer any longer for a past blunder!"

She was suddenly conscious of the fact that he had slowly drawn off her wedding ring, and a gasp of fear broke from her lips; it hadn't been removed since Mr. Morley had placed it there, one frown-laden June night five years ago. Then the full purport of his words came to her, and she was frightened that she had let it go so light.

"Don't," she sobbed, trying to release her hands. "This is too soon; he has been dead only six months. Why did I not stop you long ago?"

"Because," said Mr. Orr, "your heart was prompting you until your sense of propriety came in to spoil it all. Other people have been considered too long in our case, and it is to be only you and me in the future. Come, when will you put aside this black gown, and—"

The consciousness that she was powerless before his pleadings overcame her, so she merely smiled up in a fearful reply—

"I can't very well dispense with this gown, you see, for I haven't been able to afford any more than this."

Orr leaned nearer her chair and said—

"Then I am sure that you'll not keep me waiting long. A woman's pride may keep her alive on tasteless wafers and insipid tea, but even Mrs. Grundy loses her terror before the fact of only one decent gown."

"Only one decent gown?"

"Only one decent gown," agreed with him, and the water smiled in sympathy as he bore down on them with the finger-powls.

WAITING ORDERS IN THE NAVY.

A Species of Suspended Animation That Officers Do Not Like.

When the ordinary citizen meets a naval officer in New York the former usually has some curiosity as to what ship the man-of-war's man belongs to, and is often a little astonished to learn that he belongs to none, says the New York Sun. The idea that a sailor is always at sea, or just ashore, or about going to sea, is strongly rooted in the public mind, and the landsman is even more astonished to learn that a naval officer may be neither at sea nor on shore duty, but unemployed. There are all sorts of reasons why men should be unemployed, and the record of every commissioned officer shows that a considerable percentage of his time was thus occupied. The naval orders from week to week report this or that officer on leave, with permission to leave the United States, which means nine times out of ten that the officer in question is about to take a vacation in Europe.

Much of every naval officer's time of idleness, however, is involuntary, or at least not directly sought on his part. After every cruise or tour of shore duty an officer usually has a period of waiting orders. This may be with a view to giving him a chance to catch his breath, as the phrase is in the navy, it being supposed that a man's respiration on duty is a bit hurried through the exigencies of the service. Such a time of idleness may endure for ten days or for six weeks or more, but the waiting officer must never be out of reach of orders, and must be ready if need be to start for his new post in 24 hours. He always keeps open his lines of communication with Washington, for a failure to respond promptly to orders may mean a court martial, and will certainly do him harm at the navy department. Few naval officers court a long term on waiting orders, for it means reduced pay and always the haunting sense of responsibility resulting from the necessity of being ready to go at once when the summons comes. No positive engagement can be made 24 hours ahead, and the officer must always keep pretty close to the skirts of civilization and a telegraph office.

Waiting orders are not so frequent or so long enduring as they once were now that the navy has begun to catch up with the size of the officers' list. It is not always easy now to assign a man to new duty. There are occasions, however, when an officer just relieved from a post is asked and packed off to foreign parts in 48 hours. If the need be really pressing the new assignment is accepted without grumbling, but if it seems to be something short of essential there is likely to follow a cautious protest and a strong effort to escape from it.

There are in the navy as in the army men who are able constantly to secure pleasant posts ashore in or about Washington or New York. Now and then an officer's way term is his badge of shame. There have been men that enjoyed command—rank, but never went to sea, because they could not be trusted with a ship. One such remained for nearly 20 years ashore, while all efforts to rid the navy of his presence were time and again defeated.