

speaks most disrespectfully and impatiently of "that old horn." This is very natural, of course, and this same cadet, when he comes back six years from today to attend the Alumni banquet of 1902, will actually grow sentimental over "Taps," and vow that "Mess" is the most appetizing sound he knows! For there is nothing that brings back so strongly to the alumnus the feelings and recollections of cadet days as these familiar bugle calls. But the cadet of that day will tell him just what the boys now tell you, that "that dinner horn," if you listen close by, is publishing their daily bill of fare in these words:

"Soupy, soupy, soup, soup, without a single bean,

"Porky, porky, pork, pork, without a streak of lean,

"Coffee, coffee, coffee, the vilest ever seen!"

Everyone knows the traditional words for "Reveille:"

"I can't get 'em up,

"I can't get 'em up,

"I can't get 'em up in the morning!

"I can't get 'em up,

"I can't get 'em up,

"I can't get 'em up at all!

"The captain's wors'n the sargent,

"The sergeant's worse'n the corporal,

"The corporal's worse'n the private,

"The lieutenant's worst of all,

"I can't get 'em up,

"I can't get 'em up,

"I can't get 'em up in the morning!

"I can't get 'em up,

"I can't get 'em up,

"I can't get 'em up at all!

And it doesn't need a very strong imagination to hear them, as you sleepily turn over early on a winter morning, for just one more snooze.

Breakfast is announced by the call "Mess;" and as the boys gather in front of the main building, swarming about like ants or bees, in an aimless way, it is amazing to see how quickly they form in line of companies as the bugle sounds "Assembly:" "The devil took a walk, and stole a piece of pork, and gave it to the red-headed Jew, Jew, Jew!"

Instantly every man is in his place, and the roll of each company is called. A story is told of a small troop of soldiers surprised at night and siezed with sudden panic, who were rushing wildly through the woods and underbrushes,