

The old bachelor always is wedded to something.

It is sincerely to be hoped that poor Crete at last will have a stable government by George.

Perhaps the exact point at which a boy becomes a young man is when he begins to call a revolver a gun.

General Miles has had a cigar named after him. Still it doesn't follow that even in this case his fame is going to end in smoke.

A contemporary says library books may spread disease. In that case Spain at least may congratulate herself that she is in no danger.

England has just launched the biggest battleship in the world. Evidently England hopes to be elected a vice-president of the disarmament convention.

At the latest congress of mothers spanking youngsters was approved. Though not members of the National League, the mothers believe in making base hits.

A play dealing with the Dreyfus case has been tried in Germany and scored a failure. No wonder; who ever heard of a play consisting of one hero and a chorus of villains?

The American wives of British statesmen are the ablest diplomats that the United States ever sent abroad. One friend at a foreign hearth-stone is worth a dozen politicians sent across the sea as ambassadors, ministers or consuls.

The first external revelation of the "dry rot" in men is a tendency to lurk and lounge, to be at street-corners without intelligible reason, to be going anywhere when met, to be about many places rather than any, to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after.

The chronic rivalry between England and Russia is the most serious phase of the foreign relations of the United Kingdom. Russia and England have gone so far in Asia that they can hardly avoid extending their already immense possessions and influence in that continent. Sooner or later the growth of their territory and trade rights must lead to a crisis compared with which the Fashoda dispute was as nothing.

A soldier needs other things besides a handful of hardtack and a gun. A clever woman who visited the Southern camps as a correspondent, and then went to Santiago with the nurses, tells the ladies' auxiliaries that some of these requisites are corn-salve, Jack-knives, court-plaster, plug tobacco, and socks without seams. It is a heterogeneous assortment, truly; but her sex having been engaged, all through the ages, in learning how to make men comfortable, one feels like taking the woman's word for it.

The tendency of the times—big fish eating little fish—is well illustrated by the consolidation of eight Boston banks. It is only a question of time when the example set by Boston will be followed in other cities. The consolidation and absorption will doubtless go on, but when in the end all absorbable is absorbed and the process of amalgamation begins on the big concerns what an awful crash will come then! Thirty years ago a house in London, which had absorbed nearly everything outside the Bank of England, went to the wall, and depositors with Overend, Gurney & Co. lost over \$50,000,000.

An Austrian prince, commenting on the criticisms of socialists and anarchists, said: "My trade is royalty, and I intend to work at it." The Prince of Wales works at that "trade," and finds the work hard, unremitting and exhausting. During his visit to Ireland in 1898, he worked at his "trade" and showed himself a master workman, being equal to every occasion, and never stupid. There were presentations, receptions, receiving and answering addresses and processions. He had to walk, ride, drive, breakfast, lunch, dine, sup, review small armies, inspect colleges, libraries and cattle shows. He took part in balls, and selected for partners the most important ladies. He listened to scores of speeches, and answered them. He examined, with respectful interest, pictures, books, relics, bones, fossils and logwood; and he never showed himself "bored." But even the most exacting trades have their gleams of sunshine. While the Prince and Princess of Wales were on "exhibition" at Dublin, an Irish girl, mounted on a horse, jumped over the barrier, dashed through the crowd, and galloped past the future king and queen, exclaiming: "Thank you, every one! I've seen them! Shall go home happy!" The Prince, who has tact, smiled, raised his hat, and the Irish crowd, quick to take in the situation, cheered.

Some well-meaning Americans have recently become quite exercised over the fact that America has no Valhalla, that we have no building set aside in which can be perpetuated the names and glory of our great men, says the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. England has her Westminster Abbey, France her Pantheon, and Germany her historic Valhalla, near Rathenow; but America—what? In this one particular, at any rate, the American people have moved cautiously and slowly. In no one building have we gathered memorials of our great men; no single hall has been chosen as the burial place of our nation's beloved and honored citizens. But ask the young American, ask the schoolboy or the newsboy to tell what he knows of Washington, Hancock, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman and the other great Americans. That boy can tell you more than any graven tablet, and flowery epitaph. The memorials of America's great men live in the hearts of the American people. America has, indeed, had a long and an honored list of great men, and none of them has been forgotten. The Library

of Congress is gradually assuming the aspects of a hall of the nation's great, but should we set about building a Westminster it would only be a cause of wrangling among our statesmen or politicians as to whom we should honor. Fame is impartial; she sees to it that her sons are not forgotten, be their memories enshrined beneath Gothic arches, in classic crypts, or in the heart and history of a nation.

According to Spanish authorities, the debt incurred on account of troubles in Cuba up to 1895, when the last insurrection broke out, amounted to about \$100,000,000, and since then the expenditures had been increased by \$450,000,000. Notwithstanding that the United States had declared that it would assume no responsibility for the great Cuban debt, the Spanish people believed to the last that eventually this country would share in the burden of this debt. To this large sum must be added nearly \$50,000,000 as the cost of the naval vessels and equipment destroyed at Manila and off Santiago. The losses on vessels and stores captured by our blockading squadron and the losses of interrupted commerce cannot be estimated. Above all, the war cost the kingdom the loss of its sovereignty in the entire West Indies and possibly of much in the Pacific; destroyed its influence as a naval power; and reduced its standing commercially and financially among the great nations of the world by many degrees.

Some changes have been made in an old house in Philadelphia, in which every American should have an interest. Beneath its roof the colonies threw off the yoke of England, and declared themselves independent States, and it was the bell in its tower which rang out on that long ago July day, and proclaimed to the world the birth of a new nation. In the course of time the old edifice has been greatly altered. Rooms, a steeple, even whole buildings have been added to it. Doors have been built up, and stairways torn down. For two years patriotic Philadelphians busied themselves with the task of restoring the old house to its original condition. At first they depended wholly on tradition to guide them, but as the work went on a picture of the original building drawn by an architect was found, and when the plastering was torn up for more than a century came to light. Some of the original doors and carved wood used in decoration were found in obscure corners of the cellars. The whole building has thus been restored with zealous care to its first condition; an oblong colonial structure simple and dignified in outline, flanked on either side by small wings, with which it is connected by open arcades. The useless relics which had accumulated during a century have been swept away. The hall in which the Declaration was signed, stands as it did on that first Fourth of July when that instrument was signed. There is the table behind which John Hancock sat, and the very chairs which held the stern, grave men who signed away their title to property and life for their country. Every American should make a pilgrimage to the old house which has a prophetic meaning for all mankind.

From a recent article in the Engineering News it seems that the Panama canal is again on a good basis, with fair prospects of the ultimate success of the gigantic enterprise. After the bursting of the Panama bubble and the consequent scandal in 1891 the company's affairs were put in the hands of a liquidator and remained in his charge until four years ago, when the concession and assets were transferred to a new company of French financiers, with a working capital of \$13,000,000. No cash was paid for the assets of the old company, but a stipulation was made in the conveyance providing that a certain part of the residuary profit of the canal should go to the holders of stock in the old company after charges on securities of the present company are provided for. The new company seems to have set about its work in a thoroughly practical manner, its engineers ascertaining the lift of the locks, the height of location, the control of the Chagres River and details of the great Culebra slide and how it best can be controlled. All of these engineering problems have been successfully met, and it is now definitely stated the work can be completed in ten years at an expenditure of \$100,000,000, as against \$125,000,000 on that part of the canal already done. So far no effort has been made to interest any government or country in the work, but after the report of the engineering commission is submitted, with statistics by M. Leroy Beaulieu and other eminent statisticians as to the probable traffic and earning power of this interoceanic waterway, a movement will then probably be made to get some government to take over the enterprise. If the estimates presented can be relied upon the remaining part of the canal will only cost about the sum said to be necessary for the construction of the Nicaragua route.

Why Girls Can't Throw Straight. The difference between a girl's throwing and a boy's is this: The boy crooks his elbow, and reaches back with the upper part of his arm nearly at right angles with his body, and the forearm about at an angle of forty-five degrees. The direct act of throwing is accomplished by bringing the arm back with a sort of snap, working every joint of the arm from shoulder to wrist. The girl throws with her whole arm rigid, the boy with his whole arm relaxed. Why this marked and unmistakable difference exists may be explained by the fact that the collar-bone in the female anatomy is some inches longer, and set some inches lower down, than in the masculine frame. The long, crooked, awkward bone interferes with the full and free use of the arm. This is the reason why a girl cannot throw a stone; but she is his equal in many field sports.—Saturday Evening Post.

Hawaii's Rock of Refuge. In the Sandwich Islands there is a spot called the Rock of Refuge. If the criminal reaches this rock before capture he is safe, so long as he remains there. Usually his family support him with food until he is able to make his escape, but he is never allowed to return to his own tribe.

Solomon was the wisest man in his day, but then, of course, that was long before your time.

WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

Oh, would I were a boy again, When life seemed formed of sunny years And all the heart then knew of pain, Was swept away in transient tears. When every tale hope whispered then, My fancy deemed was only truth. Oh, would that I could know again The happy visions of my youth.

UNCLE CALEB'S WILL.

DO YOU MEAN that you can't put yourself out to give your mother's brother a night's lodging?" said Caleb Cheverel, bitterly. The March wind, bearing dust and grit and bits of flying paper on its restless wings, came whistling around the corner, lifting the old man's faded comforter's ends and turning his blue nose a shade bluer still, while Mrs. Larkins, his eldest niece, stood in her doorway, filling up the aperture with her ample person in such a way as to suggest the familiar legend, "No admittance!" Mrs. Larkins was stout and blooming and cherry-checked, dressed in substantial alpaca, with gay gold brooch and earrings, which bespoke anything but abject poverty.

Uncle Caleb was thin and meager and shabbily dressed, with glossy seams in his overcoat and finger-nails protruding from his worn gloves like ancient rosebuds coming out of their colyx. "I'm very sorry," said Mrs. Larkins, stily, "but we have but one spare room, and that is at present occupied. Of course I should be glad to do all I could for you, but—"

"I understand, I understand," said Uncle Caleb, turning coldly away. "I'll go to my niece Jenny. I wish you a very good evening."

Mrs. Larkins closed the door with a sigh of very evident relief. "I dare say Jenny will take care of him," she said philosophically. "Jenny has a smaller family than I have. But I don't see why he came up to London instead of staying peacefully down in Tortoise Hollow, where he belongs."

Mrs. Jenny Eldertop, Mr. Cheverel's youngest niece, had a smaller family than her sister Rebecca, but then she had a smaller income as well. She had just finished a vigorous day's cleaning when Uncle Caleb was announced.

"Oh, drat the man!" said Mrs. Eldertop, wringing her parboiled fingers out of a basin of steaming soapuds. "What sends him here, just now of all the times in the world?"

And she went downstairs ungraciously enough to the street door, where her husband was welcoming the old stranger.

"Come in, Uncle Cheverel—come in!" said home, Will Eldertop. "We're all upside down here—we mostly are, now that the spring cleaning is going on. But there's room for you if you don't mind the children and their noise and a little smell of whitewash in the spare room."

Mrs. Eldertop's welcome was by no means so cordial. She looked to use a common expression, "vinegar and darning needles" at the visitor, while in her inmost soul she calculated the probability of the cold boiled ham and turkey holding out for once more at supper.

"Come, Jenny, don't scowl so," said Mr. Eldertop, when Uncle Caleb had gone upstairs to wash his hands and face. "Ain't he your uncle?"

"A good for nothing old vagabond," said Mrs. Eldertop, acedly, "without a half-penny laid up ahead."

"For all that he's your guest," said her husband, "and you're bound to be civil to him. And here's his overcoat and with a zig-zag rent in it. Just mend it while you're waiting for the kettle to boil."

"I won't!" said Mrs. Eldertop. "All right," retorted her lord and master. "Then I'll take it next door to Alexia Miss Allen, the tallness, who lives in the adjoining house, was pretty and buxom to look upon, and Mrs. Eldertop had nursed comfortably a jealousy of her for the last four years. "You'll do no such thing," said Jenny, tartly. "Hand it here."

And she threaded a needle with a black silk and thrust her finger into a thimble, very much as a determined crusader of old might have donned sword and shield for some encounter with the Moslem.

"What's that?" said Mr. Eldertop; for a folded paper fell from the pocket of the garment as his wife turned it upside down. "Some tomfoolery or the other," answered Mrs. Jenny, brusquely. "I fancy you're mistaken," said Mr. Eldertop. "It's the rough draft of a will."

WOULD I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

Jenny. I caught it on a nail yesterday, and I was calculating to sew it up myself, when I could borrow a needle and thread."

"I'm glad to be of use, Uncle Caleb," beamed Mrs. Eldertop. "Johnny, put on your cap and run to the grocery's for a smoked mackerel for your uncle's breakfast. I hope you found your room comfortable, Uncle Caleb?"

Before she slept that night Mrs. Eldertop put on her bonnet and shawl and ran round to the Larkins' mansion to impart her wonderful tidings to Sister Rebecca.

"You don't say so!" cried out the astonished matron. "Gospel truth!" said Mrs. Eldertop. "I saw it with my own eyes."

"He must come here," said Mrs. Larkins, resolutely. "Not if I know it," said Mrs. Eldertop. "He's my guest, and my guest he shall remain."

"But if I'm to share equally with you," said Mrs. Larkins, "I ought to show him some attention, the dear, generous-hearted old man!"

"Let her should alter his will," shrewdly remarked Sister Jenny. "You always were a worldly creature, Becky?"

"No more than yourself!" said Mrs. Larkins, bristling up. "But it's my family I am thinking of, Jenny. I'll tell you what—I'll come round and see him to-morrow."

"But don't you breathe a syllable about the will," said Mrs. Eldertop, in a mysterious whisper. "Oh, not for worlds!" said Mrs. Larkins, fervently.

During the next week Uncle Cheverel was overwhelmed with civilities. On Thursday a new suit of clothes arrived, with Mrs. Larkins' best love and compliments. On Friday Mrs. Larkins came with an open barouche to take dear Uncle Caleb for a drive in the park. And on Saturday Mrs. Eldertop burst into tears and declared she should never be happy again if her mother's only brother didn't pledge himself then and there to make his future home with herself and Will.

Uncle Caleb looked a little puzzled. "Well," said he, "if you really make a point of it—but I was intending to meet Cousin John at Gravesend."

"Dear uncle, promise me to stay here always," cried Mrs. Eldertop, hysterically. "Just as you say, Niece Jenny," assented the old man, complacently. Mrs. Eldertop felt that she had carried her point.

But when Mr. and Mrs. Larkins came on Sunday afternoon to press a similar petition Uncle Caleb opened his eyes. "My importance seems to his eyes," he never was in such demand among his relatives before. But I can't be in two places at once!" said the plain.

And he decided to remain with Mrs. Eldertop, greatly to the indignation of the Larkins family, who did not hesitate to hint boldly at unfair advantages and undue impartiality.

But just as Mrs. Larkins was rising to depart, with her handkerchief to her eyes, little Johnny Eldertop came clamoring for a piece of paper to cut a kite tail from.

"Go along," said Mrs. Eldertop, impatiently. "We've got no paper here. Go to Amelia."

"Hold on, little chap—hold on!" said Uncle Caleb, fumbling in his overcoat pocket—he had been just about starting out for a walk when the Larkins party arrived—"here's a bit as is of no use to nobody."

MUSICAL PRODIGY.

Georgia Has a Six-Year Old Girl Who Composes Wonderfully. Musical prodigies of tender years have been reported and commented upon from many places. But in most such cases the abilities have lain in the interpretation of the works of others. Composers of music under 10 years of age have been very rare in the world. Georgia now comes to the front with the statement that her borders holds one such. The prodigy in question is a girl of 6 years, who, it is said, composes



EULA VAUGHAN.

both instrumental and vocal music of a high order. She is little Eula Vaughan, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Vaughan, live in the village of Bowman.

When Eula was only 2½ years old she was known to play on the organ, while held in the lap of a nurse. Owing to the fact that there is no piano in her home, as the sole instrument her parents possess is an organ, her playing has been confined almost entirely to that. Still the youngster can play on the piano very well indeed, for it seems to be as natural to her to play on either organ or piano as it is to breathe.

At the last commencement of John Gibson Institute she played an accompaniment on the piano for the orchestra without even practicing the numbers. Her father says she can repeat any composition she has ever heard played.

From earliest years she seemed to have an idea of harmony. One day her uncle, Professor J. B. Vaughan, happened to hear her play. He wrote the music down as he heard it, and so clever was the composition that it has found a ready sale at the music stores. Eula's touch is remarkably sympathetic. She is very pretty and small for her age. Her musical talent is not confined to either the piano or organ, for she has a pleasing childish voice, which gives much promise for the future. Often when Eula is playing over some music she has heard she adds variations of her own.

As Eula plays her face brightens, and it seems to those who hear her strange indeed that so much feeling and expression should be seen in the little face of so young a child.

MONSTER GLOBE.

To Be in America's Exhibit at the Paris Exposition. An immense globe, over twenty-five feet in diameter and weighing three tons, was exhibited by the General Electric Company at the mechanics' fair in Boston a short time ago, and it is to be sent to Paris, where it will occupy a prominent position at the exposition in 1900. This monster globe, which represents the earth, is of paper mache, on a framework of wood, and at the exhibition rested on a black pedestal picked out with gold. Two thousand seven hundred square yards of paper mache in nine layers of 300 square yards each was employed in the construction of the globe, the building of which occupied just two months. The continents and oceans were depicted by the scenic artist of the Tremont Theater, Boston. The north pole is indicated by an incandescent lamp of 100 candle power. The globe was built in fifty-four distinct sections, to a scale



LARGEST GLOBE IN THE WORLD.

of 312 miles to the linear foot. Its exact diameter is twenty-five feet two inches. The pedestal is sixteen feet in diameter. Small incandescent lights are scattered all over the surface. There are 400 of these lamps, and each indicates the location of some typical electrical installation, including those for street car propulsion, mill or mine work or lighting purposes.

A good idea of the extent to which American ideas in electrical matters have spread all over the world is gained from this method of distributing lights on the globe. Each country is indicated by its flag, the stars and stripes being over not the United States only, but Cuba, Porto Rico, the Sandwich and Philippine Islands also. The inside of the globe is equally interesting. The entire interior is richly upholstered. The decorative color scheme is worked out in pink and green. The air is kept cool by electric fans and the lighting is by electricity.

Too Sharp for a Hawk. An observing Southern sportsman told recently about a flock of pigeons that measured brains with a hawk and came out ahead. H. S. Edwards owned a flock of pigeons which one day were cut off from their cote by a large hawk. The pigeons knew that if the hawk once got above them at least one of their number would go to make a meal for him, and so up they flew in circles, going higher than the hawk. The latter kept under the pigeons, and

GIRLS IN BOXING GLOVES.

Trained at Their Homes by a Professional of High Standing. A professional of world wide celebrity teaches the art of boxing to howling swells at the New York Athletic Club. About a year ago there was a "ladies' day" at the club and two of the members gave an exhibition of sparring. None of the fair visitors had ever seen anything of the kind before, and all were delighted. A sister of one contestant was present and at once determined to learn "to box." With this in view she sought and consulted the instructor, saying that she could beat her brother at golf and tennis and now wanted to surprise him by learning to use the gloves. The instructor

agreed to give lessons at her home, unknown to all but her mother. He found an apt pupil and in a couple of months was delighted to hear the brother tell a fellow member that "sis picked up a whole lot about boxing, don't you know. By jove, she actually landed on me to-day in the gymnasium at home." So much success could not be kept secret. The young woman told one or two of her girl friends, and now the club instructor has a number of female pupils belonging to the most exclusive circles of the 400. He finds that they learn the various positions readily and are wonderfully quick with their hands. The costume required is an ordinary fencing dress with the regulation athletic shield for women. No bodyguard or shield is necessary, for in teaching women to box the idea of striking hard blows is eliminated. At the same time a woman who becomes expert as a sparrer would always be able to defend herself against an attack. She would have the physical confidence which comes from trained hands and wrists. A special style of boxing glove is required for women. It is a large, soft glove, exactly like a man's, except that it has a padded arm or gauntlet which extends up the arm from the wrist to the elbow. This protects the arm from any bruise or knock without incurring the wearer's motions in any way.

GOING IN FOR POULTRY.

American Countess with Feathered Treasures in England. Owing to her extreme youth at the time of her marriage the countess of Craven was expected to have a troubled life in English society. Miss Bradley Martin, it will be remembered, was barely 17 when she married the earl of Craven in New York. According to all accounts the gloomy predictions have not been fulfilled. Lady Craven has grown in grace since being transplanted from her native land and is now even more comely than she was in her maiden days. Her somewhat unique fad is poultry raising, in which she has been remarkably successful. A writer in a London society journal has this to say on the subject:

"Such a multiplicity of varieties and colors as one finds in the Countess of Craven's flocks at Coombe abbey is absolutely beyond description. In fancy waterfowl her ladyship is especially rich, and her pride in the various treasures that inhabit her charming Warwickshire home is justifiable. What ornamental duck breeder does not fear competition with Lady Craven's multi-colored Maadarsins, Carolinas, and Bahamas? And what visitor to the dairy or Crystal Palace show has not been struck with the beauty of those birds, whose dazzling brilliancy stamps them as the most elegant of the webfooted tribe? Likewise in the ornamental geese classes her ladyship's name is

found at the principal shows, represented by her wonderful Gray Coriopsis, white-feathered Sebastopol or beguiling barred Magellanic. But one circumstance above all others has established Lady Craven's name in the poultry fancy, for in her we have the pioneer exhibitor of the handsome buff-laced Wyandotte, an American variety that has so leaped into public favor during the twelve months of its existence as to have established itself as a favorite foothold. Her ladyship is an ardent fancier and is strong in the belief that the feathered tribe tends not a little to enhance the picturesque beauty of country life.

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING. Easy Way to Make Accurate Analysis of a Person's Disposition. For a little imprudent fun when a few friends happen to drop in ask each one to write any quotation that pops into his or her head and carefully sign name in full. Pen and ink are better than pencil, but the latter will answer in a pinch. If the writing is dark this shows a leaning towards athletics and a love for outdoor life and sports. If the letters are slender and faint the writer is reserved and rarely shows emotion or becomes confidential. Sloping letters indicate a very sensitive disposition, whereas, those that are straight up and down evince ability to face the world and throw off the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

Curly and loops are out of fashion nowadays, but any inclination to ornate penmanship is a sure indication of a leaning toward the romantic and sentimental, while the least desire to shade a letter shows imagination and a tendency to idealize common things. If the some letter is formed differently by the same person this shows love of change. Long loops or endings to the letters indicate that the writer "wears his heart upon his sleeve," or, in other words, is trusting, non-secretive, and very fond of company. If the "y" has a specially long finish, this shows affecation, but if the same person is also careless about crossing the "ts," as it points to fecklessness in work and affectionation. A curved cross to the "u," or the incurving of the first letters of a word shows an affectionate and good-natured disposition if taken separately; but if the two are indulged in by the same writer it is a sign of jealousy.

Writing that is rather small points to cleverness, quick intuitions, a liking for one's own way, brilliant intellect, and the powers of penetration. Round, jolly, comfortable-looking letters betoken a disposition to correspond. With these hints in mind it will be surprising to find how many caps may be found to fit ourselves and our friends.

Prima Facie Evidence. Old things often take on new impressions under a new definition. A certain learned judge, famous for his brogue and his wit, was asked by a jurymen what was prima facie evidence. The judge replied in his broadest Hibernian: "Supposin' me good man, you were goin' along a road an' you saw a man pounin' out of a public house—an' supposin' you saw him drawin' the sleeve of his coat across his mouth, that's prima facie evideins that he was after havin' a drink."—Youth's Companion.

Perilsous Feast of a Cossack. A perilous feast was performed by a Cossack in a menagerie at Moscow. He was directed to clean the cages of some of the tame animals and sponge the brutes. By mistake he entered the cage of a savage tiger with a bucket of water and coolly proceeded to wash the animal. The tiger liked the novel sensation and quietly submitted, delightfully turning every part of its body to the Cossack.

First Cup of Coffee. Louis XIV. of France drank the first cup of coffee made in Western Europe. Coffee was then worth \$28 a pound.

Early Chinese Coinage. Chinese coinage to the shape of a knife has been traced back as far as 2240 B. C.

It is fortunate for the people that few doctors are gossips.

TEACHING THE SOCIETY GIRL TO BOX.

agreed to give lessons at her home, unknown to all but her mother. He found an apt pupil and in a couple of months was delighted to hear the brother tell a fellow member that "sis picked up a whole lot about boxing, don't you know. By jove, she actually landed on me to-day in the gymnasium at home." So much success could not be kept secret. The young woman told one or two of her girl friends, and now the club instructor has a number of female pupils belonging to the most exclusive circles of the 400. He finds that they learn the various positions readily and are wonderfully quick with their hands. The costume required is an ordinary fencing dress with the regulation athletic shield for women. No bodyguard or shield is necessary, for in teaching women to box the idea of striking hard blows is eliminated. At the same time a woman who becomes expert as a sparrer would always be able to defend herself against an attack. She would have the physical confidence which comes from trained hands and wrists. A special style of boxing glove is required for women. It is a large, soft glove, exactly like a man's, except that it has a padded arm or gauntlet which extends up the arm from the wrist to the elbow. This protects the arm from any bruise or knock without incurring the wearer's motions in any way.

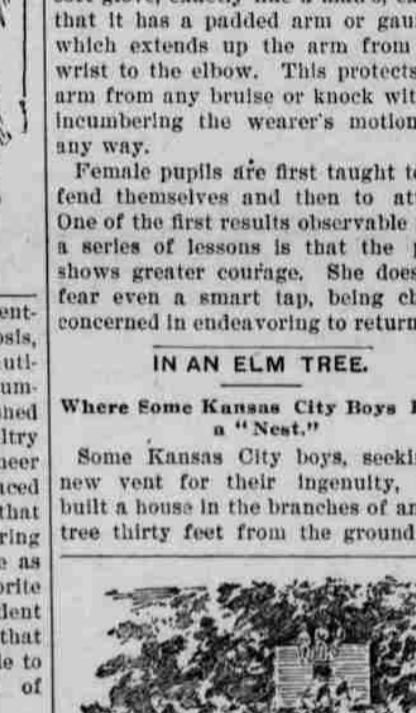


TEACHING THE SOCIETY GIRL TO BOX.

Female pupils are first taught to defend themselves and then to attack. One of the first results observable from a series of lessons is that the pupil shows greater confidence. She does not fear even a smart tap, being chiefly concerned in endeavoring to return it.

IN AN ELM TREE. Some Kansas City Boys Built a "Nest."

Where Some Kansas City Boys Built a "Nest." Some Kansas City boys, seeking a new vent for their ingenuity, have built a house in the branches of an elm tree thirty feet from the ground and



BOYS' "NEST" IN AN ELM TREE.

made their "nest" there. The house is 12 by 6 feet and has three windows and a door. It is large enough to accommodate probably a dozen boys at a time. The walls are covered with pictures. It took a week of hard work to build the house.

The Lord's Prayer Written in a Dot. A machine has been invented which is composed of most exquisitely graduated wheels rubbing a tiny diamond point at the end of an almost equally tiny arm, whereby one is able to write, upon glass, the whole of the Lord's prayer within a space which measures the two hundred and ninety-fourth part of an inch in length by the four hundred and fortieth part of an inch in breadth, or about the measurement of the dot over the letter "i" in common print. With this machine any one who understood operating it could write the whole 3,567,480 letters of the Bible eight times over in the space of an inch—a square inch. A specimen of this marvelous microscopic writing was enlarged by photography, and every letter and point was perfect and could be read with ease.—Saturday Evening Post.