

NEW HOME FOR SOLDIERS



HE Government has completed the expenditure of \$1,000,000 and nine years' work in converting 225 acres of rolling but barren Indiana land into a city for men who participated in her conflicts. The work was to have been completed by the first of last year, but there were delays which set it back. In this delightful retreat over 2,000 men in blue, many without arms, others without legs, are huddled together to let the sands of life run out.

The Fifty-first Congress passed the bill of Congressman George W. Steel appropriating \$200,000 for a national soldiers' home to be built at Marion, Ind. This was approved Jan. 23, 1888. A 235-acre tract of land belonging to a farmer named Unthick was selected and the work of construction begun. Previous to this act of Congress there were six national homes of soldiers and sailors and over twenty State homes. These institutions, however, were crowded, and there was urgent necessity to either enlarge them materially or erect a new national home. The same condition exists to-day, and the Government, while finishing the Marion home, was laying the foundation for an eighth at Danville, Ill., which in the course of seven or eight years will also be completed.

The death rate of participants in the late rebellion may by the time the Danville home is completed have reached such a point that the present homes will afford all of the facilities needed by the Government to care for those who nurtured her in the years of '42, '48, '61-65.

Barring probabilities that another war will again fill hospitals and wreck lives, as well as wrest them, the time is

the band stand, in which last year over 200 concerts were given. Walks and flower gardens make this open space very artistic and give good effect to the buildings which surround it. On the east is the hospital—undoubtedly the finest in Indiana and one of the finest in the country. The building cost \$75,000.

At the further end of the open court, facing the governor's residence, is the new building, where the inner man is looked after in a manner most artistic and satisfactory. This is one of the newest and one of the prettiest buildings in the list of thirty-five. It is of pressed brick, with clock tower and artistic, sloping eaves, which come over the verandas. On the first floor is the dining hall, one of the most interesting points in the city. It is a pleasant retreat, one great room in which 1,680 can dine at once with the ease and style of the millionaire who sticks his feet under the board at the Waldorf-Astoria. On the second floor is the Grand Army chapel and a library of 5,000 volumes. On the shelves are twenty-four daily newspapers and many weekly publications and the leading magazines. The number of books is rapidly increasing.

In the rear of this building is the most complete and probably the most thoroughly scientific and up-to-date big kitchen in the Central or Western States. It is by long odds the pride of the home. The kitchen cost something like \$60,000. It is two stories and a half, artistically built and perfectly equipped. Natural gas is utilized for the cooking, but if it ever gives out provisions have been made whereby electricity can be brought into use.

Back of this complex of buildings, which together cost almost \$100,000, and across a prettily laid out lawn, is the new theater building. In rear of this, across another stretch of lawn, lies the club, provided with billiard and pool tables and other contrivances for pleasure. There are several pool and billiard "sharks" among the "old

no chance of passing Congress if the protests of the soldiers are heeded. At present the management rests with the President, the Chief Justice, the Secretary of War and a board of ten prominent veterans. Congressman Steel is manager of the Marion home, General J. C. Black the local manager, and J. H. Chapman governor.

HUSTLES FOR HERSELF.

An Ohio Young Woman Who Carries Mail for a Living.

Not many girls would enter into a contract and furnish a good bond for the faithful and prompt performance for four years of a duty to cover thirty-two miles a day, rain, snow or shine, in delivering Uncle Sam's mail. Yet this is what Miss Sadie Webb, the 20-year-old daughter of Aaron Webb, a wealthy and prominent farmer of Porter township, Ohio, has done. Miss Webb lives with her parents on their 200-acre farm, and while the two sisters stay at home and help their mother and her father till the soil she discharges her duty as contractor on mail route No. 31,277 and probably does more driving than any other girl in Ohio. She covers 192 miles per week, 9,884 miles per month and 39,736 miles in the four years of her contract, a distance equal to that around the entire globe.

Early in the day Miss Webb leaves her home, one and a half miles north of East Liberty, and, passing through three more towns, she gathers up the mail and leaves what is to be left at that place. Besides carrying mails for four postoffices she buys all of the goods for four general stores located in the villages along the route that she has to travel every day of her life. She has bought articles for her customers ranging in size from a needle to a cooking range. She makes a specialty of the necessities of life and the residents along her route contribute liberally to making purchases through her commission.

Last winter when the thermometer registered 22 degrees below zero she was prompt in all of her appointments along the route. That day she wore a heavy coat and felt boots reaching to the knee. Her hands were covered with a pair of elbow gloves while she drove through the distance, none the worse for the cold. Her work, although arduous, is enjoyable to her and very remunerative as well. She has made as high as \$5.35 in a single day from sources extra from her stipulated contract with the government.

Not only is Miss Webb a success in commercial circles, but she is well liked in social circles as well. Her home is an ever-welcome place for those who desire to visit it. She is a handsome young woman and took the contract when she was just 18 years of age. She is an entertaining conversationalist, has a pretty round face and under two dark eyebrows are set two hazel eyes "that know their keepers."

EXERCISES FOR THE FINGERS.

Some Feats in Finger Gymnastics that Are Difficult to Perform.

For example, place both hands together in such a manner as to have the backs of the two middle fingers joined. Now try to spread out the thumbs and the other fingers from the tips. This will be found easy enough with the thumbs, the index and the little fingers, but try it with the ring fingers, and this kind of gymnastics becomes decidedly interesting. Exercise No. 2 is not so difficult, and some can do it after the first trial, but there are others who can never perform the apparently easy feat. This may also be said of the third exercise. Here the condition is not to permit the least bend in the two lower parts of the index finger. In exercise No. 4 it is imperative that the fingers remain stretched out straight. Try



CAN YOU PERFORM THESE FEATS?

some of these experiments when you have an idle ten minutes, and you will be surprised to find them not half so easy as they appear in the picture.

Bidden to the Feast.

Fortune smiles upon the man who is master of the homely art of cooking. There is in London a celebrated cook who is said to have an income of over ten thousand dollars a year. He is attached to no house, but in his own brougham sets out toward evening for the home of some rich man who is going to have a dinner, at which every dish must be above criticism. Here he alights and, making for the kitchen, goes through the process of tasting all the soups, sauces, and made dishes—advising when his palate suggests a little more salt here, a pinch of herbs there, a dash of sugar or a suspicion of onion. This done, he pockets his fee of twenty-five dollars and drives on to the next dinner-giving patron, who has bidden him to his feast in this strange fashion. His nightly list comprises many houses all through the London season.

The man who boots a dog and the woman who shoes a hen are not always cobblers.

SHEARING THE SHEEP.

Machine Does It at the Rate of One Every Two Minutes.

When Dick Marquies takes a sheep by the hind leg, tosses the struggling animal into position and reaches for the steam power clippers, which hang near at hand, it takes just two minutes for that sheep to emerge from his professional care clean and white and minus about six pounds of first quality wool. That is the way they shear sheep nowadays in the big plant of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, near Aurora, Ill. About three weeks ago the steam power plant was started and twenty men have been steadily bending over the lambs and sheeps ever since, sending the buzzing clippers scurrying through the matted wool and making 1,500 sheep every day look as if they had been shaved by a barber. Until now this work was done by hand, and the process, while exceptionally rapid, did not yield such results in many ways as does the steam shearing.

Although steam shearing plants have been in operation in Australia for many years, this country has been strangely backward about adopting the system, and sheep raisers have largely clung to the old hand shearing, although power plants are in operation at Casper, Wyo., and in certain parts of Montana. The system is simple. The clippers work on the familiar principle of the hand clippers used on small boys' heads in barber shops, a comb with very sharp triangular teeth and a moving set of teeth passing back and forth under it. Shafting is put in and each clipper is attached to a flexible standard, which allows the cutter to be moved in any direction by the operator. Behind each operator is a small pen into which about a dozen sheep at a time are driven from the runway. The men wear overalls and caps and work very steadily. When the operator is ready to begin he opens the door of the pen, which causes a great scurrying among the heavily fleeced lambs and sheep. Selecting an animal at random, the man seizes it by one of its hind legs, and with a quick jerk throws it to the floor. Then it is dragged out of the pen and the door is closed. With a deft move the sheep is made to sit up on its haunches, as though sitting in a chair, and when its head and forequarters are pressed between the knees of the operator it is helpless. After a few ineffectual struggles the animal becomes resigned to



CLIPPING THE WOOL.

the situation, and with the left arm of the operator encircling its neck and his hand clutching its horn or face it has no chance to escape.

The clipper swings on its flexible support close to the operator, and when he has the sheep in the correct position he reaches for the machine and passes it through the wool on the breast between the forelegs. A broad streak of white shows as the clipper rapidly moves a swath through the fleece and the wool falls off in a great curl to the floor. All over the belly of the surprised sheep the buzzing little machine is passed, revealing the pink flush of the skin under the wool. The sheep's position is shifted slightly, and the machine with a few sweeps whisks the wool from its legs and then the heavy fleece on its back goes to swell the pile on the floor. When every part of the body has been touched by the buzzer the door of the pen is pushed open by the operator and the sheep, white and dazed, is released and pushed back into the pen, while another is dragged out to be clipped.

Two minutes is record time for the completion of this process, although, of course, all of the operators are not so expert as to make this mark. Some work slowly and carefully, removing every vestige of wool in a neat, systematic way and leaving the lambs as clean as a freshly shaved cheek. If an operator shears 100 sheep a day he is making a good average, and some fall below this number. When the sheep is returned to the pen the operator gathers the wool in a little pile and binds it up with a cord hanging beside him. Down the center of the narrow shed between the two rows of machines runs a little track on which a big car is pushed by a stout young

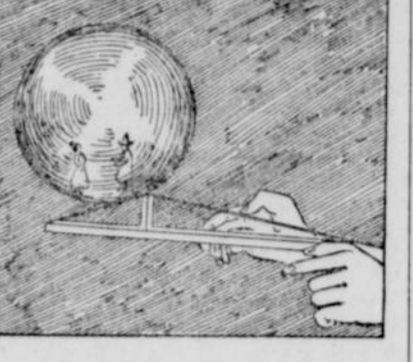
man, and into this the wool is tossed and thus transported to the end of the room, where it is sacked. The sacks are about twelve feet long and are rigged up in a framework. The packages of wool are tossed into the sack from the car until the sack is nearly full, and then a heavy man jumps into the sack and tramps down the wool into a compact mass. More is thrown in and tramped upon until the sack is packed full, when it is tied and piled in a corner, awaiting the orders of the owner of the sheep from which it was taken.

SOAP BUBBLES.

Mysterious Dancing Figures Inside of the Glistening Spheres.

A most interesting trick is the soap bubble one. To perform this two cork figures must be made. They can be colored with bright paint. Fasten them with wire to a small cork stand.

The soap bubble mixture is important to prepare. For it you must have a



A SOAP-BUBBLE QUADRILLE.

quantity of castile soap, perhaps half a teacup, and add to it a fourth of the quantity of glycerine. Melt the soap in warm water before adding the glycerine. This should make perhaps a pint of heavy, soapy water. Test the bubbles, and if you cannot blow them as large as the moon the mixture is not properly mixed. Soap bubble exhibitors often blow bubbles as large as three and four feet in diameter by the use of this mixture.

Take a short strip of wood (a foot rule will do) and drive a small nail into each end. Then stretch a thin string, or, better still, a piece of wire, from one nail to the other, and place a bridge under it so as to form a primitive musical instrument. Next nail to one end of the strip of wood the lid of a tin in such a manner that it touches the string or wire, and place the figure in-



as a resident the only American survivor of the Balaklava Tennyson immortalized in verse. The name of this survivor of the Light Brigade is Jeremiah Ryan. He enlisted at Limerick, Ireland, in the Fourth Light Dragoons and went with his regiment to the Crimea, where England and France were supporting Turkey against Russia.

In speaking of the battle of Balaklava, fought Oct. 25, 1854, Mr. Ryan says: "The battle of Balaklava was brought on by the Russians on Oct. 25, when they tried to drive us from the heights we occupied. It was a good, hot fight, and the cavalry did most of the fighting on our side, and as I was in the cavalry I got my share. I remember the charges of the Light Brigade best, although it did not seem much at the time. The Light Brigade consisted of 607 men. They were picked from the various regiments, all young and energetic men and good fighters.

"In his poem Tennyson, with the license of a poet, makes it appear that we all knew we were going to certain death. As a matter of fact, we knew nothing of the kind. We did not have the slightest idea what we were going to do. We merely obeyed orders and had no thought that we were about to charge the whole of the Russian army. There had been a heavy fall of dense, damp snow, and the ground was hard. Under Capt. Nolan we charged in two lines at quick pace. We did not know where we were going, and the enemy, being behind a bluff, were not in sight. We had not gone more than 1,200 yards before the whole line of the Russians opened a flood of smoke and flame upon us from the months of thirty cannon. Then we could not have fallen back if we wanted to. Men and horses fell under the fire. One-third of us fell to the front, dead or dying. Another third of the men were wounded. The horses, well trained, huddled together and carried us onward toward the Russians. Another battery opened fire upon us, and to the oblique fire of the cannon was joined a volley of musketry from the Russian infantry.

"With sabers drawn we kept on toward the Russian guns. We could not fight much, for we were huddled close together in a solid mass for our protection. The men in the middle of the ranks dared not draw their sabers, for they could not tell friend from foe. Those on the outside fought and cut down the Russians in our way. Then the order was given to return, and we retreated as best we could. Some of the horses broke with their riders and carried them back to our lines. Slowly we fought our way back surrounded by Russian infantry and soldiers.

"But while we were fighting to regain our own lines the Russian gunners returned to their guns, and, angry that we had only just ridden over them, and thinking of nothing but revenge, they fired at the mass of fighting soldiers, and this time they killed more Russians than Englishmen in front of the guns. Meanwhile the Eighth Hussars and the heavy brigade came to our rescue and helped us cover our retreat.

"A wretched lot we were when we returned. They made heroes of the survivors, but the dead and dying were left where they fell. There were 607 of us when we followed Capt. Nolan in the charge. Of these 198 came back, and some of these received wounds from which they died shortly afterward. I myself received two cuts in the hand and another just above the

end of my sock. But these were light wounds, and I escaped much better than most of the men. There were not more than a dozen men who came through that charge unscathed.

Ryan fought until the armistice of September, 1856, when he returned to England. He then came to this country, and after eighteen years' residence in New York went to Chicago.



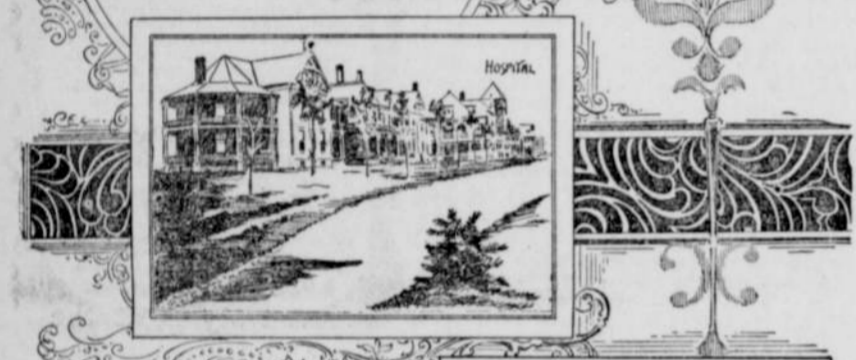
JEREMIAH RYAN.

She Had Been There.

Maudie—Tom and I were out sleigh-riding last night and he got angry at something I said and we had a falling out.

Clare—Well, it served you right. If you would make him drive with both hands or do the driving yourself there would be no excuse for falling out of a sleigh.

A fat man doesn't care to be told that he is smart, or good-looking; he wants to be told that he is growing thinner.



fast approaching when the great army, which now numbers about 150,000, will have passed away; when the great cities which have and are now being erected for the comfort of her unfortunates will be empty. Still, in her building to meet their present requirements and their comforts, the Government is not erecting structures to stand a day, a year, a decade or a century, but many centuries. The permanence of construction, the completeness of the work and the beauty and art worked into these homes strike one as probably elaborate considering the fact that in a few years they will not be needed for what they are now used.

The Marion home, the seventh and most modern, is nothing short of an architectural dream. It lies near the little town of Jonesboro, though Marion is but three miles away. Picturesque Mesissinaw River girls one end, and neatly trimmed shrubs form the fence which incloses the picturesque retreat. Viewed from the great entrance to the west, the city of brick buildings is seen a quarter of a mile off across the drill grounds. On the drill grounds the stars and stripes wave in all of their glory, and there is not a place where they seem so thoroughly appropriate and so well appreciated. Under the flagstaff is a row of brass cannon.

In the space between the buildings and the outer guardhouse lies a little grove, and under the spreading boughs of the trees are modest little white stones. They seemingly form great circles—circles within circles. Here lie the men who have entered across the gay drill ground, have lived in the village of pretty residences, walks and flower gardens, and at last joined the great procession to enlist in the higher army. Here the stars and stripes float over graves. The little white stones are used at Gettysburg to mark the last resting-places of those who died "in line," and they are none the less impressive when viewed under the trees at Marion, where, after years of joys, of sorrows and of pains, those who missed the bullets at Gettysburg have found their allotted six feet of earth and their little white stone on which is but a simple inscription—"John Smith, Company A, Seventh Indiana Volunteers, Died Jan. 22, 1898."

Buildings of the Home.

Broad macadamized drives and pretty little walks, properly and artistically curbed and guttered with brick, lead to the city within. Over the knoll to the north is the home of the governor, a modern house of frame built in colonial style, neither gorgeous nor common. Beyond the governor's residence is the treasurer's house, equally artistic and comfortable. There are pretty flower beds and walks and drives leading up to the residences. Down the slope and across the broad main drive stretches the great central court, probably 1,000 feet square. In the center is

Many State Homes.

In addition to these national homes, there are now twenty-four State homes, to which the Government pays \$100 per annum for each inmate. It is thought that these twenty-four homes have a population of about 22,000 also, which makes 45,000 soldiers now being cared for by the Government. Few realize what a home the nation provides for her worthy soldiery.

There is an overwhelming opposition among the inmates of soldiers' homes against the proposition urged by the regular army to place the control of the homes under the regular army management. Such a proposition has

Central home, Dayton, O.	5,033
Southern Home, Hampton, Va.	4,638
National home, Leavenworth, Kan.	3,205
Northern home, Milwaukee, Wis.	2,798
Eastern home, Togus, Me.	2,518
Marion home, Marion, Ind.	2,272
Pacific home, Los Angeles, Cal.	2,083
Total	22,546