

NEW HOME FOR SOLDIERS

HE Government has completed the expenditure of \$1,000,000 and nine years' work in converting 235 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 '12, '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 1,080 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 couplet 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, 9,984 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 sheep 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.

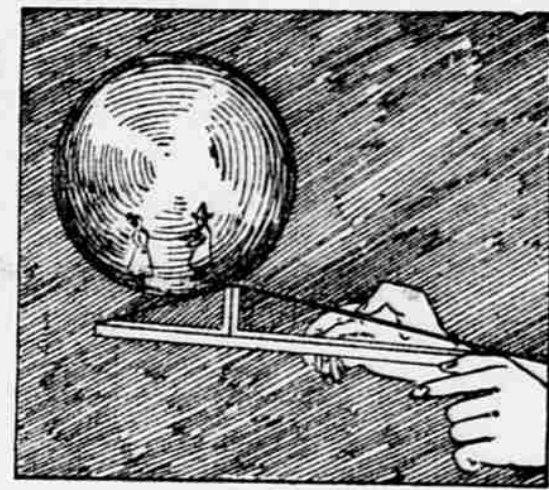
Although steam shearing plants have been in operation in Australia for many years, this country has been strangely backward about adopting the system, and sheep raisers have largely clung to the old hand shearing, although power plants are in operation at Casper, Wyo., and in certain parts of Montana. 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

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.

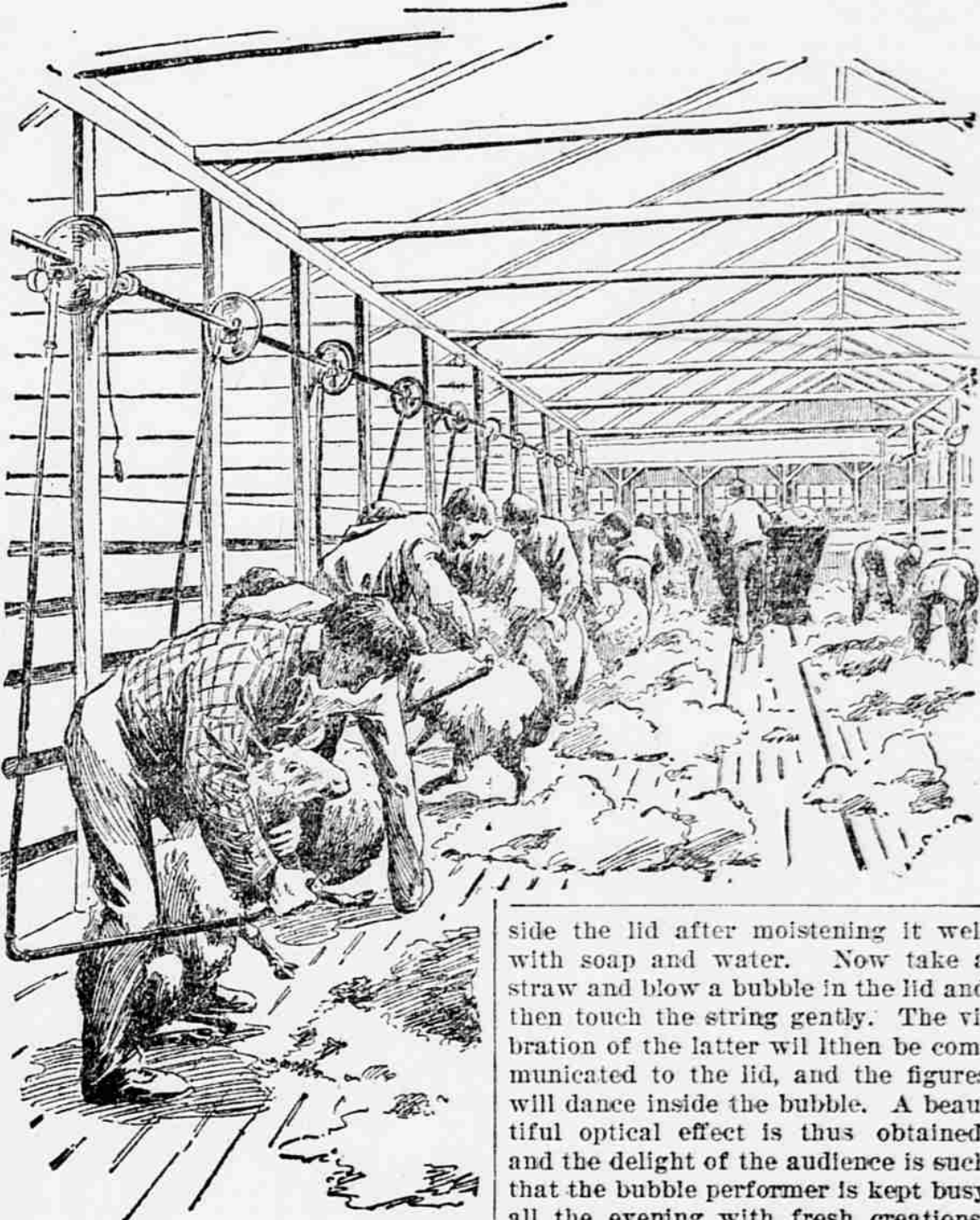
A most interesting trick is the soap bubble one. To perform this two cork figures must be made. They can be colored with bright paint. Fasten them with wire to a small cork stand. The soap bubble mixture is important to prepare. For it you must have a



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-



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 mows 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 dazzled, 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 bimbis 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

side the lid after moistening it well with soap and water. Now take a straw and blow a bubble in the lid and then touch the string gently. The vibration of the latter will then be communicated to the lid, and the figures will dance inside the bubble. A beautiful optical effect is thus obtained, and the delight of the audience is such that the bubble performer is kept busy all the evening with fresh creations. There are many variations of the soap bubble trick possible, and which will readily suggest themselves.

The Emperor's Playing Cards.

The Emperor William's faithful subjects are interested just now in an account of his playing cards. It appears that the royal table does not admit the usual French designs. His Majesty's packs are printed in an Altenberg manufactory, and exhibit old German patterns. The backs are devoted to a symbolical exposition of the triple alliance. The Prussian eagle, the double eagle of Austria and the silver cross of the house of Savoy appear on a red field, surrounded with ivy and surmounted by the imperial crown. Similar designs are introduced at the corners, and the "four colors" are strewn over the card. The picture cards are executed in corresponding style. The king of diamonds is said to have a family likeness with the great Kurfurst. The queen of hearts appears as a simple gretchen and the knave of diamonds as a knight of St. John. History does not relate whether the Emperor is a whist player or confines himself to the national game of skat.—London Post.

Too Much for Him.

"I like modesty," said the old doctor, "but there's such a thing as overdoing it."

"How's that?" his assistant asked.

"I was called, this morning, to see a Boston girl, who is visiting friends here, and when I asked her to let me see her tongue she flared up and insisted that I had insulted her."

The needle always has an eye out for business and seldom fails to carry its point.

There is usually more talk than money in a politician's "barrel."



What Was It?

Guess what he had in his pocket. Marbles and tops and worn-out toys, Such as always belong to boys, An old jew's-harp and a rubber ball? Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket? A soap-bubble pipe and a rusty screw, A piece of watch key broken in two, A fish hook in a tangle of string? No such thing.

What did he have in his pocket? Gingerbread crumbs, a whistle he'd made, Buttons, a knife with a broken blade, A nail or two and a piece of gum? Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket? Before he knew, it slyly crept Under the treasures carefully kept, And away they all of them quickly stole— 'Twas a hole. —Educational News.

Mistakes in Schoolroom.

A boy suspected will never do his best. Believe in him, trust him, and let him see that you believe and trust him. Can you not recall some teacher who never drew forth your best work, who never developed the best in your character? Again, do you not remember the teacher who believed in your motive and in your abilities? You did your best for her. Why? Because she knew you were capable of being a man in the truest, noblest sense of the word. Human nature changes little as the generations come and go. Treat your pupils as you once liked to be treated.

Can you remember the teacher who was always finding fault? She complained because you did not "speak up," or laughed too loud, made too much noise, pushed the other boy in front of you, tripped a boy up as he passed down the aisle, and were altogether a lazy boy—yes, a very lazy boy. What effect upon you had her constant fault-finding? What a lean, poor, contracted little soul she thought you! She made you feel it, too. You felt it would be of no use to try to be better. Nothing ever suited her.

Do not remind dull pupils of their failings. Rather say, "Here is a boy who has done so well lately. They all try." "Here is some of Master Blank's language work. Good, isn't it? Here is one of his history papers; it is a great improvement over this one, is it not?" or "Here is a boy who is governing himself so well! I never have to speak to him now, and he helps me so much!"

If a boy be dull in arithmetic, geography and grammar, possibly he may draw well. Let him draw some design upon the board, praise it to the pupils, call your visitor's attention to it by words similar to: "James has a talent for drawing; James, will you stand by your desk so that Mr. — may know our artist?" Perhaps Mr. — may say: "Good work, my boy!" Will not such honest praise be quite an incentive to James? It will not be discouraging at least.

Find something in a pupil that is commendable. Many a boy who sits before you hears little praise and kindness at his home, and the teacher of fact can put into his nature a higher, purer feeling for something better than he has yet known. The habit of seeking for and speaking of the good qualities of pupils will bring a sure reward. —Catherine Livingston.

Real Factor in the School.

The longer I teach, the more forcibly am I impressed with the fact that "As the teacher, so is the school." Beautiful buildings, costly apparatus, decorations, flowers and the best of school books; good homes from which come intelligent, well-behaved children, are all very much to be desired; but unless the teacher is enthusiastic and really in earnest, all will count for naught. For weeks and months there has been ringing in my ears that saying of Goethe, "We resemble the spirit we comprehend." We blame children so often for not accomplishing just what we expect of them, and we are ready to condemn the child, the course of study, and everything in general, except our own dear selves. We have failed to study the child, and as a result teach over his head. Our explanations do not explain, and his last state is worse than the first. A course of study is a necessary thing, and especially in a great system of schools. It does not in the sense that most people imagine, crush out the individuality of the teacher. He is asked to secure results and that in his own way. Of course one can make a course of study a dry, heartless skeleton, and so can a cook make a very dry thing of a plum pudding. The live teacher will so know each individual pupil and his subject, that like the expert joiner, he will exactly fit each to each. We cannot work without books, but let us keep in mind always that saying of Edward E. Hale, "All poor teachers let the book come between them and the pupil; great teachers never." —M. T. Andrew.

Learning and Teaching.

Children in public schools have not really so much more to learn than formerly, but they have much more to study. They can learn only about so much, anyway, no matter how much they study. —Milwaukee Journal.

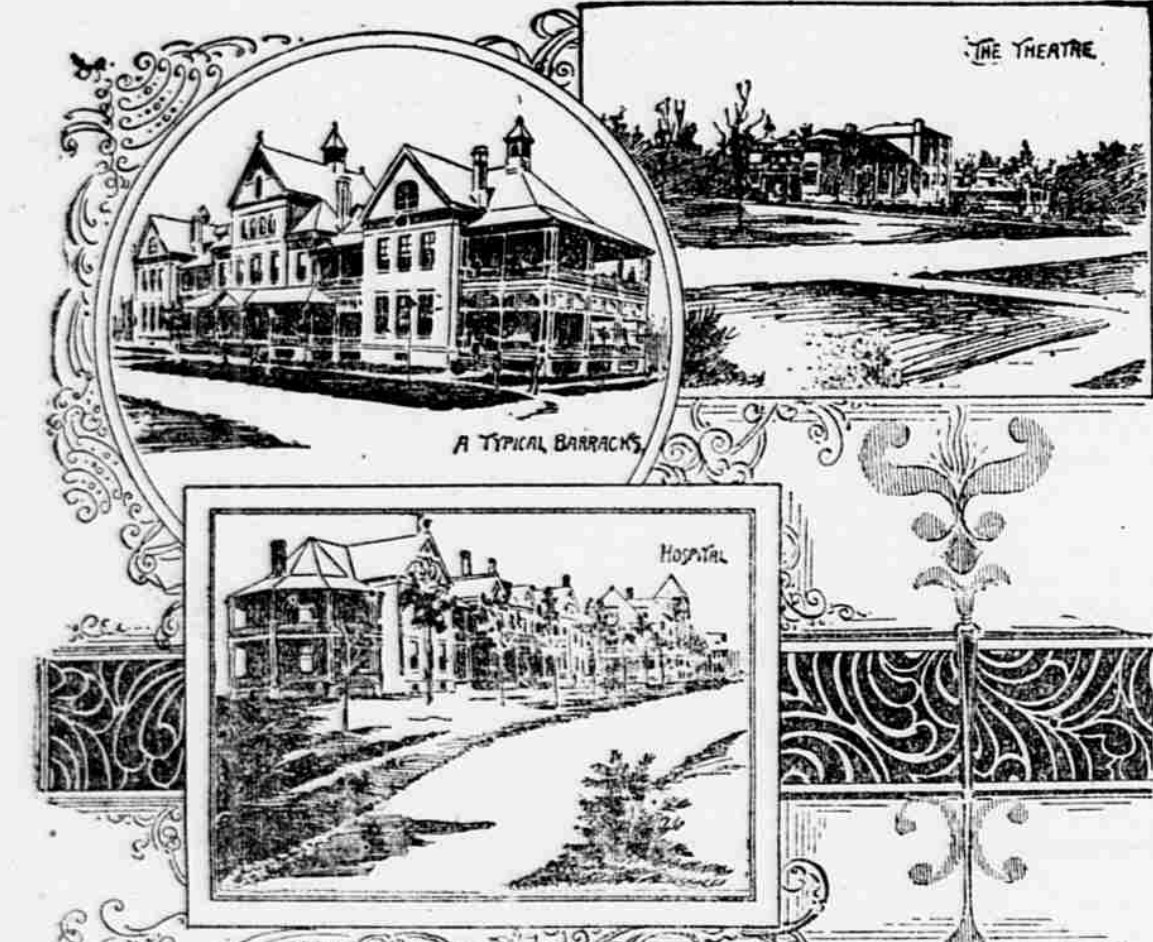
Maxims.

The just man will flourish in spite of envy.

An ungrateful man is a tub full of holes.

Better a dollar earned than ten inherited.

Nothing is impossible to pains and patience.



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 Messissinaw 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, 1862."

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 home 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



boys." Ever' thing is free. Back of the club lies the woods. To the right is the commissary department, to the left the waterworks and the fire engine-house. The water used is taken from wells drilled 300 feet. There is a fire company and ample fire protection. There are administration buildings, headquarters, special hospitals, green-houses, a postoffice, a home store, and fourteen barracks, making a total of thirty-five buildings in all.

These barracks are the homes of the soldiers—the sleeping apartments. Big verandas encircle them and afford ample lounging place. There is a captain in charge of each, and he has a neat office and a sergeant as an attendant. Each barracks is fitted for four companies of fifty men each, and each company has a separate room. In these retreats the old soldiers of the wars of '48 and '60-'65 pass the winter at cards, and in the summer stroll among the flower gardens, on the drill grounds by along the Black road, one of the most delightful avenues in the State, which runs through the center of a sixty-acre forest.

To maintain this institution the Government makes an annual appropriation of \$85,000 for food, a general appropriation of \$100,000 for general fund, and at present \$51,000 in pensions per annum. No man receiving more than \$16 per month can be admitted to the home. The enrollment at Marion and other national homes on Jan. 1 was:

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

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