

## BOYS SHOULD LEARN TO COOK.

Mrs. Marion Foster Washburne raised quite a little whirlwind of interested comment by her talk before a recent session of the Woman's club in Chicago by advocating that boys should be trained to cook as well as girls. Quite a little ripple of breezy discussion was created by the speaker's novel plea for co-education in the domestic sciences, a ripple started in the club assembly, which gradually widened its circumference to include the parents and educators of the city generally, and even instructors in the east.

"Yes, I think it a very good plan for schools and educators to begin to train small boys to cook and to understand the domestic machinery," Mrs. Washburne said, in reply to a question. "The idea isn't really a new one at all, you know. Boys and girls are taught together that way in the Froebel school in Germany, and the results are most satisfactory. Domestic science for both girls and boys will form an important part of the curriculum of the new Chicago institute, the school organized by Mrs. Emmons Blaine. They will be trained together from the kindergarten up, through all the higher grades of the institute. The boys will be taught to cook, and sweep, and dust with the girls, while the girls will share the instruction in manual training with the boys. The same plan of dual work was put in operation in a little kindergarten on the West Side, and it was thoroughly effective and successful. Once every week we all went down in the kitchen and learned how to cook. The children, of course, thought it was the greatest fun imaginable. The boys were as eager to try it as the girls, and they learned just as easily and just as thoroughly. Well, all boys love to cook, or men either, for that matter. It is the delight of their hearts to concoct some sort of a culinary dainty—in an amateurish way, of course, to be sure—or to manipulate a chafing dish.

"My idea, therefore, has this object in view. It does not aim to train boys and men to become efficient and valuable servants, but it endeavors to give

the masculine sex, as well as the feminine, a good knowledge of the economies of household management, that the man may bring to the service of his wife and home his business habits of mind, engendered by his business training. That is the point of view exactly. Domestic management should be run upon a business basis just as a man's downtown interests are run. Partly from natural aptitude and partly because a man begins early in life to train his mind on business principles, the man is better able than the woman to place the household management on a common-sense, economical running basis.

"I do not see why the man should not be interested in the domestic sciences and the application of those scientific theories to the special practice of his own particular domain as well as the woman. And he will be interested, too, if he has been trained to comprehend their meaning. He will be able then to solve many a domestic problem and to disentangle many a complicated household puzzle. If he knows how things should be done he can direct others how to do them, and should the house be left without servants and at the same time his wife be ill in bed he can descend into the kitchen and cook her an appetizing meal without being forced to the necessity of calling in his mother-in-law or his sisters or cousins to help him out of his emergency. It is high time that men should be able to conduct their own household managements without the aid of their feminine relatives.

"There is one object of training boys to cook and to understand the system of domestic economics. Another result likely to develop from such training is the removal of the little sting of degradation which now seems to cling to the profession of domestic usefulness."

New York and New Jersey are still talking about saving the palaces and the quartermen are still at work destroying them. The latter destroy more in a day than the talk would preserve in a century.

## THIEVES AMONG THE 400.

Is kleptomania increasing among society women? It would seem so from the observation of detectives in New York and other large cities.

Another sign of this was the curious order received last week by a Broadway (New York) manufacturing jeweler.

It was for a half dozen gold nails with a jewel in the head of each and two dozen tiny gold chains for fastening small objects to a table.

The novel articles were made, and when the jeweler's customer called, a well known Fifth avenue society woman, he asked her the use to which the delicate objects were to be put.

"Well, you see," she said, "I have a number of very valuable objects of art, which are very expensive. But they are very small and easily handled. As the wife of a man in public position I am obliged to open my house during the season to the friends of my husband and the curiosity-seeking public in general. On my reception days, therefore, my house is crowded with all sorts of people. Last winter I suffered the loss of several of the most valuable of my treasures. I have long been trying to devise some plan by which I can keep my objects of art outside of my cabinets and yet not have them stolen, for that is the only word I can use in regard to the loss of my treasures. I have concluded that I must either nail down some of the bric-a-brac or chain it securely to the table, and hence I am going to try this remedy. That is why I want these nails and chains."

She then explained that the little chains were for fastening the delicate lace napkins or doilies to the banquet table. Her guests seemed to have a special penchant for picking up these dainty things and carrying them off as "favors."

Last winter social circles in Washington were greatly bewildered and shocked by the doings of one of the best-known women in official life.

Finally one, the wife of a prominent diplomat, determined to stop the raid upon the doilies, and at the next luncheon she seated the suspected kleptomaniac next to her. When the doilies were brought on she watched her guest and discovered that the latter laid her doily on the table, and carelessly dropping her handkerchief over it, picked up both. The guest, in a most charming manner, turned to her guest and said:

"Pardon me, my dear Mrs. —, but I am afraid you have my most exquisite doily in your handkerchief. It is so fine that I am afraid it will be crushed, and therefore call your attention to your inadvertence in taking it up with your handkerchief."

The guest was not in the least abashed, and with a laugh she shook out her

handkerchief and the doily fell back on the table, whereupon she exclaimed: "Why, dear me, so I have. How very careless of me."

There were significant smiles all around the table, but no more doilies were lost that season.

Spoons picked up from dinner tables and slipped up into the sleeves and pieces of bric-a-brac concealed in muffs were other freaks of this mania for stealing among society women.

It is said that the wives of the prominent officials in Washington fear more the society kleptomaniacs than they do the petty thieves of the general crowd of visitors who come to their houses on the days of their official receptions, and it is likely that the scheme of the New York woman who ordered the jeweled nails, will be widely adopted.

By Sergeant William Morris, of Captain McClusky's detective force, New York:

Detectives are always engaged to protect the belongings of the wealthy who open their houses for large social functions, and I have known many instances where their services were called into practical use. We recognize no such comfortable term as kleptomania. We call it stealing—nothing more or less.

I know cases where a wealthy woman has gotten off free on the plea of so-called kleptomania; but had she been poor and wretched no such defence would have been granted. If a wealthy woman enters a shop and, having plenty of money, takes what is not hers, she is called a "kleptomaniac," and the proprietor of the shop is lenient and she is discharged with a reprimand.

But if a poor woman does the same thing she is dealt with severely by the law and her crime is called stealing. For the life of me I can't see any difference. Both women are tempted, both yield, and yet the one is excused because she said she "could not help it," and the other is punished.

Oftentimes the plea of insanity is made by counsel in order to get a rich client free, and quite often the prisoner is no more insane than you or I.

They call kleptomania a form of insanity. I wish I could think so, but I can't. A murderer may say, "I couldn't help it," a wife-beater may say, "I didn't mean to," but shall the law let such go free? A rich woman who steals her neighbor's doilies or dainty bric-a-brac is exactly as guilty as the poor, dazed creature of the slums who stands convulsed with the toys, or the clothes, or the cakes she has stolen for her children.

"Bobby, didn't I tell you not to go in the parlor when Mr. Hopkins comes to see your sister?" "Ma, I didn't go in. I just stuck my head in the door and made some faces at him."

## ABOUT HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

(By Hudson Maxim.)

I know of nothing more widely misunderstood than the nature and action of explosives. In the popular novel we often read of the demolition of a whole block of buildings with a few ounces of dynamite. I once read a story of how a Russian Nihilist blew up a huge bridge and killed a hundred horsemen with less than a pint of nitroglycerine. These wild accounts of the action of explosives contained in fiction actually voice much of the popular idea. The failure of dynamite to fulfill expectations as to its destructiveness has saved many lives and served to get many criminals into trouble. An attempt was once made to blow up London bridge with a mere handful of dynamite. A dynamite once attempted to destroy the house of parliament with a few pounds of explosive, and instead of laying that whole great structure in ruins, as he expected, he simply blew a small hole in the ground floor and broke a little glass.

Under a similar misconception of the power of high explosives many dynamite guns have been proposed, and some have actually been made and used in service, which were capable of throwing only from one to two pounds of explosives. Built under the erroneous conception that extreme sensitiveness in a high explosive must necessarily be a concomitant of force, these dynamite throwers have usually been air guns. With the exceedingly high trajectory, and short range of such weapons, together with the miniature quantity of explosive thrown, they could by no possibility be of much practical use, except by disappointment to teach some valuable lessons.

The dynamite cruiser Vesuvius at Santiago threw a few shells containing from 100 to 200 pounds of gun cotton; but as these had no power of penetrating earthworks and exploded upon impact, and as the shells were too thin to be of any practical service as missiles, they served but little useful purpose except to make a loud noise and thus, perhaps, to frighten the enemy.

The popular idea of an explosive is that it is something capable of going off, or burning up instantly, and of smashing things generally. Its composition and the peculiar action of its elements upon one another, producing the phenomenon of explosion, and the laws which govern explosive combustion, are not generally understood by those not versed in chemistry. A word of explanation may not be out of place.

The action of explosion is a form of combustion, and ordinary combustion may be said to be a slow form of explosion. We all know that there is a

substance in the air called oxygen, which is necessary to support combustion. We know that without air a fire will not burn. Coal in the grate can burn no faster than the supply of air which reaches it will permit. If, however, a grate full of coal could be supplied with enough air all at once to effect its complete combustion it would explode with the violence of the strongest dynamite, and exert force enough, were it properly controlled, to throw a twelve-inch shell weighing 1,600 pounds through a foot of solid steel. Since the production of liquid air, and, from it, liquid oxygen, such an explosive can actually be made, which is really much stronger, weight for weight, than pure nitroglycerine. This may be done by pulverizing the coal or carbon, and then wetting it with liquid oxygen.

We see, then, that an explosive is a body consisting of some combustible substance combined with enough oxygen to burn the combustible, and as it contains its own oxygen within itself and does not depend upon a necessarily so wusply of atmospheric air, it is capable of burning up, as it were, all at once.

**TWO EXCITING WOLF HUNTS.**  
The wolf has not entirely disappeared from Indiana. There are enough of them left to give farmers and sportsmen something to do in some sections. At least two wolf hunts have been held in that state since the first of the year, and those who participated in them say the fox drives, that have been more common in recent years, pale in excitement when compared to the rounding up of half a dozen or more wolves.

The wolves are shy, and their hiding places are not close to human habitations. A hundred farmers have had a hunt along the marshes of the Kanawake, in Laporte county. A Walkerton hunter shot two of the animals, and E. N. Card of Laporte killed three. A number of men in the hunting posse each shot a wolf. "In this hunt sixteen wolves were taken. There are sections in the western part of the state where wolves are frequently seen, and the hunters about Monticello have had a drive. Two handsome specimens were killed. Before they were shot a fox hound was turned within the circle of hunters and there was a lively chase. The pelts of the wolves were in fine condition, the fur being two inches long. Five wolves are said to have escaped, while the hunters were closing their lines.

Goosebone prophets and the weather sharps in general say spring is due. Well, let her spring.

## SNAKE TRUST IN PHILADELPHIA.

Jacobus Hope of Philadelphia is the president, vice president, secretary and treasurer of a snake trust. Mr. Hope has cornered the snake market. Snakes labeled "Jacobus Hope, Philadelphia, Pa.," are coming to the city from all quarters of the globe by rail, by steamer, on horseback and on foot. Like Joe Leiter of Chicago, when he cornered the wheat market, Mr. Hope means to have the snakes actually in his possession. The snake hunters of India have been snaking day and night to fill the orders of Jacobus Hope, Philadelphia.

"Send every python you can lay your hands on," were the cabled instructions of Mr. Hope, and as a result India's supply of pythons and anacondas is well-nigh exhausted.

India, it is reported, had a cold spell, which gave the snake crop a setback, from which it will take a year or so to recover. Several hundred yards of snake are expected from India any day now. All snakes sell by the yard. The regular price of a python up to ten feet is \$2.50. Beyond that length the price grows abruptly steeper. A twenty-two-foot python is worth about \$300.

Box constrictors from South Africa are headed this way. They come in boxes that look like giants' coffins. The baggagemen will be in no doubt as to the nature of his baggage, as an able-bodied box constrictor does not smell like peaches. Thousands of dollars' worth of box

constrictors will soon be in the city. "Texas is rushing east 'hog' snakes, 'whip' snakes and thunder snakes. A few barrels of blue racers, chicken snakes, bull snakes and milk snakes are coming from New Mexico, while Arizona will be able to spare several crates of ribbon snakes, black snakes and adders, not to mention a Gila monster or so.

In answer to Mr. Hope's cry for snakes Mexico will send tarantulas and scorpions.

As soon as the weather moderates the busy little Jerseyite with his stout canvas bag will go snaking. Pine snakes are the Jerseyites' specialties. These snakes sell at retail at so much a foot. They grow to a length of five feet.

"Never," said Mr. Hope, "has there been such a demand for snakes. I have orders from Maine to California, and never, it seems to me, have they been so scarce. The zoological gardens and museums are wanting new snakes. The small tent shows, of which there are more than 250 in the United States, are getting ready to start out. Each of these shows carries from ten to twenty snakes and the proprietors all want their orders filled immediately. I am rushing the snakes on as fast as possible, but," concluded Mr. Hope, pathetically, "I can't make snakes."

Chicago Tribune: "Oh, John, baby is trying to swallow a cork." "A cork, Maria? Stop 'er!"

## THE VANDERBILTS IN LENT.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Vanderbilt have been giving a series of the most luxurious house parties at Biltmore ever since the beginning of Lent. The coming and going of guests have been continuous and the wonders of Biltmore have been enjoyed by many of the most interesting society, literary and musical people in New York.

Biltmore is a palace and one of the grandest in all the world, and the life there is ideal past picturing. One's wishes are granted as if by magic.

The Vanderbilts employ at Biltmore house and about the estate 200 servants.

The banquet hall, where a number of costume dinners have been given recently, seats 150 people. It is a room of wonderful magnificence, and is the most expensive room in the house. The walls are covered with rare goblin tapestries, which have as a border the heads of stags, wild boars and other game. The room is the height of the house and is lighted from the skylight. There is also a gallery where musicians can be stationed. The room boasts of two of the most magnificent fireplaces that have ever been built.

They are enormous in size and are noted for the beauty of their carved wood. Off of this spacious banquet chamber is the regular dining room, which is small in comparison, but perfect in its every appointment.

The library is the leather room of the house. It is on the first floor at the left of the broad hall. Its many windows open on the piazza. The entire furnishings are leather. The book-cases entirely encircle the walls. The novelty of this room is the huge fireplace, which is so constructed that a staircase leading from Mr. Vanderbilt's private apartments above is built down the middle of the chimney to

what is ordinarily the mantelpiece, but in this case is a railed landing from which steps reach the floor on either side.

It is said that the beautiful suite of rooms now occupied by Mrs. Vanderbilt were originally furnished for Mr. Vanderbilt's mother. They consist of bedroom, bath, sitting room and dining room. It is in this latter room that Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt dine when they are alone.

The Vanderbilts are enthusiastic over Biltmore and are continually improving their vast estate.

Mr. Vanderbilt has started a settlement for his tenantry. A dozen compact, comfortable houses have been built with every modern improvement, and a gymnasium, school house and hospital are now in process of erection.

These new buildings are all at Biltmore station, where All Souls' church, in which Mr. Vanderbilt is so much interested, is situated. The fortunate rector of All Souls' Church, Rev. Dr. Swope, has just been presented with a fine new stable, and Mr. Vanderbilt is also planning to build him a new and much larger rectory.

"You are looking pretty well," said ex-Speaker Reed to Senator McComas, in Washington. "And you are looking both pretty and well," said Senator McComas to ex-Speaker Reed. All of which goes to show that the junior senator from Maryland is something of a diplomat himself. And the funny part of the incident is that Reed blossomed like a schoolgirl and seemed tickled to death.

Teacher—Why did you behave so badly and make me keep you after school? Tommy—Because there's a big boy who is going to lick me when I go home.

## CANS TURNED INTO DOLLARS.

What becomes of all the old tin cans? Is a question asked about as often as what becomes of all the pins.

The end of the millions of pins has never been answered, but the first question can be, as far as New York is concerned.

Briefly, 300,000 discarded tin cans, exclusively of wash boilers, basins, cups and others divers sort of tinware, are collected in this city each week, and as rapidly as gathered are transformed into solder, can-iron and window-sash weights.

Everything about the tin can is utilized, even to the paper. This, it is vouchered for, provides a light and delectable dessert for omnivorous billy goats.

At the works there is a veritable mountain of tin cans, where the recipient of delicate French peas fraternizes with the vessel which contained marrowfat, and where the can once containing aristocratic brandied peaches lies in helpless proximity to one once the home of plebeian beans.

They are brought there by thousands, not only by a dozen or so hucksters, but by teams constantly in use. They are gathered from private places, ash barrels and dumps all over the city. Fifty tons a week are brought in, and as the average is three cans to the pound, one may easily see that there are tremendous numbers of them. The factory pays the hucksters \$5 a ton, though they get them free.

The first work of the day is taking these cans to an auxiliary stack of the furnace by means of a conveyor, consisting of moving buckets, which scoop them up and bear them into the receptacle. They are exposed to a heat of from 400 to 500 degrees. At this temperature the solder is melted off and by a rotary screen sifted into a separate channel to be afterward purified. The cans are left to go down another way.

Then the cans are sorted. Those with sides intact are picked out for what is called "can iron." About one-fifth of a can's entire weight can be used for this purpose, while solder is yielded to the extent of forty pounds to the ton.

An employe went into the building and pointed out something which looked like a clothes wringer.

"Through this," he said, "the still useful sides of the cans are passed, so that they may be straightened out. They are put into bundles of fifty pounds' weight each, and sold to manufacturers of trunks and other articles where their use is required. They average 350 or less plates to the bundle, according to whether they are pint, quart or gallon size."

"Here is where the refuse tin, amounting to about forty out of the fifty tons weight of cans each week, is melted after it is sorted from the solder and the can iron.

"It is a fact little known in this country," says the Chicago Tribune, "that the strong character of the president of the South African Republic was bolded by the teaching of an American minister who went out to South Africa in 1835, from North Carolina. In that year Rev. Dr. Daniel Lindley, then a young clergyman, was preaching at the Rocky River Presbyterian church, near Charlotte, N. C. He was appointed a missionary, and went out to the then Dark continent, being, it is claimed, the first Protestant missionary in South Africa. One of his pupils was the young Paul Kruger, who was converted under his preaching, and for whom he contracted a great liking. Dr. Lindley returned home to North Carolina for a visit ten years later and people still living in Charlotte remember that he talked much of the young Kruger."

## A BUNCH OF SHORT STORIES.

One day in a town where he was to lecture, relates the Home Journal, Mr. Beecher went into a barber shop to be shaved. The barber, not knowing him, asked him whether he was going to hear the Beecher lecture. "I guess so," was the reply. "Well," continued the barber, "if you haven't got a ticket you can't get one. They're all sold, and you'll have to stand." "That's just my luck," said Mr. Beecher, "I always did have to stand when I heard that man talk."

The palm for absent-mindedness should be accorded to a learned German professor, reports Collier's weekly. One day he noticed his wife placing a bunch of flowers on his desk. "What do they mean?" he asked. "Why," she demanded, "don't you know that this is the anniversary of your marriage?" "Ah, indeed—is it?" said the professor politely. "Kindly let me know when yours comes round and I will return your attention in kind."

Just after the speaker had made up his committee, relates the New York Tribune, a member of the middle west approached him one day and, shaking him gently by the hand, said: "I want to thank you, Mr. Speaker; I am on a fine committee." Mr. Henderson smiled broadly. He was receiving more complaints than thanks in those days, and words of commendation were dear to him. "I am glad you are satisfied," he replied. "I like to please the boys when I can." The member laughed grimly. "Of course you know what committee I refer to," he said. "The committee of the whole, but I wouldn't mind if you could find me a chair on some other committee, too. I think I could do the work of both." The dry humor which prompted this incident pleased the speaker immensely, and his colleague did not ask in vain.

Governor Shaw of Iowa had amusing experiences with newspaper men during a recent visit down east. "One reporter," he said, "referred to me as a 'dapper little old man'; another said that my clothes didn't fit me, and that I was 'no orator, according to classical standards'; but the funniest compliment

I ever received was during the campaign last fall in my own state. After I had made a speech before a crowd that had gathered to hear a debate between General Weaver and myself, at old farmer pushed his way through to where I stood, grasped my hand, and said, with every indication of sincere admiration: 'Governor, that was a fine speech—an excellent speech! Do you know, you reminded me very strongly of Abraham Lincoln in your powers of illustration! Of course, you are a better-looking man than Lincoln was. Then stepping back and taking another look at me from head to feet, and evidently intending to emphasize the compliment, he added: 'But not much either!'

The wife of the admiral of the navy is noted for her brightness at repartee. At the time of her engagement to the hero of Manila bay, relates the Philadelphia Post, she was much annoyed at the publicity given to her every movement, and very sensitive to criticism. An editor of one of the Washington papers called to her over the telephone one day in regard to a photograph that had been sent to him to use in a descriptive article. "It is so poor," explained the editor, who was an old friend of Mrs. Dewey's "that I dislike to use it. Are you sure you know which one I refer to?" "Oh, yes," said Mrs. Dewey, "that's all right." "But I don't think it is all right," said the editor. "Don't you want justice done you?" "No," replied Mrs. Dewey, "I only hope for mercy."

Miss Helen Gould has undertaken a work for the benefit of the employees of the Missouri Pacific system in the west which will cost a large amount of money. It is planned to establish hand support railroad Young Men's Christian associations at different points along the road and to equip associations already organized with libraries.

A man named Jeff Davis is a candidate for governor of Arkansas, yet the name hasn't set the political woods on fire.

## IS ICE CREAM UNHEALTHY?

Beware of ice cream and soft drinks, fruits and ices, for behind them lurk death!

More than twice as many persons died last year from inability to curb their appetite for these summer luxuries than were carried to their grave from dread consumption and fever (soldiers included). A clipping bureau and a medical journal's statistics tell a tale of dire disaster from these evils, well they may be called.

While consumption killed forty in one state, nearly 100 died from eating too much ice cream. In Chicago and vicinity, malaria proved fatal to thirty, while ninety persons were murdered by swallowing peach and cherry stones, in the state of New Jersey ten died from heart disease, while ice cold drinks killed twice that number.

A man in Canton, O., died from eating cherries and ice cream at the same time, the acid fermenting with cream,

In Oshkosh, Wis., a young woman attended a dance, and after eating eighteen plates of ice cream fell dead. Her name was Mary Blake. But ravenous appetites for cold stuff on a hot day is not all the evil there is to soft drinks. A number of well known red drinks are known to contain poisonous acids. The soft drink habit is more fatal to young women than to the men. This is attributed to feminine weakness and the manner in which they consume their drinks, namely, through a straw. A well known doctor said to a Journal correspondent:

"I know of several girls who have died from slipping ices through a straw. This is the reason: In sucking the ices up the cold substance strikes the palate of the mouth and cools the head. Then when the young women walk in the sun and exert themselves the cold reacts, giving them a severe headache, which is later followed by a fever, and in some cases death has resulted."