

Omaha Scottish Clans-- Eleventh Annual Outing

"Scotland, thy mountains, thy valleys and fountains are famous in story—the birth-place of song."

What a wealth of romantic legend, patriotic tradition and storied deeds of fame and valor are entwined about the Scotch.

It would have been difficult indeed to have found a more picturesque gathering than that which recently assembled at Shady Grove, Lake Manawa, the event being the eleventh annual outing of the Scottish clans. Here under the wide spreading shade trees of this beautiful spot the snowy white cloths were laid and about 500 invited to help themselves to an abundance of good things specially prepared for the occasion by dearly loved "guidwives for the monie lads and lassies."

After dinner the program of games began and a jollier crowd seldom competes for prizes. An egg race in particular provoked no end of merriment. Twelve buxom girls were lined up, each with a teaspoon and an egg. The race was 100 yards, the winner crossing the tape first without spilling the egg. Off they went at the pistol shot; some tumbled headlong at the start, some tried stepping on their skirts, others let the eggs dance the highland fling on the spoon, while one girl, who had doubtless raced before, deliberately walked slowly over the full hundred yards and crossed the line a victor amid the applause of the crowd.

The most picturesque type of Scotchman, Mr. Thomas Falconer, caught in a typical attitude with his sword drawn.

Master William Watson had no need to whistle up Lord Lennox's march to keep his courage up.

Past Chief John C. Buchanan is shown with his pipes in action in kilts and cloak. He is a splendid looking Scotchman.

Miss McRae, one of the pretty Scotch girls at the picnic, caught in characteristic attitude.

Dancing began at sundown and, stirred on by the shrill notes of the pipers, lasted far into the wee sma' hours of morning.

Wi merry sangs, and friendly cracks,
I wot they didna weary;
And unco tales, and funny jokes,
Their sports were cheap and cheery;
Till buttered so's wi fragrant lunt,
Set a' their gabs a'steerin';
Syne, wi a social glass o' strunt,
They parted aff careerin'.

LOUIS R. BOSTWICK.

Girls Punch the Bag

The up-to-date girl is getting the best part of her exercise for the day before she makes her appearance to the outside world this summer. It is one of the best kinds of exercise that she has ever undertaken, reports the New York Times, and she gets the right kind of development, as well as a complexion tonic which cannot be excelled. It is the punching bag, and a number of Newport women have taken up the sport and are delighted with the results. There is never trouble in exercising the lower part of the body and limbs, but unless a woman devotes herself to outdoor sports there is nothing which gives her a good



MISS M'RAE—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

chest development, strengthens the muscles of her arms and puts her lungs into good working order.

The punching bag does all of this and a number of women are getting to be expert bag punchers, and the result, they say, is surprising, as it shows in plumper necks and arms and a clear complexion. One



PAST CHIEF WILLIAM W. P. HORNE.

great value of the bag is that it gives an even development, for both arms are used, and the more ambidexterous the sports-woman becomes the better it is for her.

The women who use the punching bags take them the first thing in the morning, just after the morning bath. After the cold plunge or sponge and partial dressing, but with nothing on that will obstruct the free movement of the muscles, they devote ten or fifteen minutes to bag-punching. There is a scientific system of bag-punching, governed by much the same rules as for sparring, but the girl who is working for a good digestion and complexion does not bother herself about these. There is a rule for the position of the ball, which the one who places the ball usually arranges for her. It should hang a little below the level of the eyes and the striking motion should be up or the force of the blow is lost and the arm slips forward with an unpleasant feeling of being dislocated. Otherwise the only thing is to strike good, solid blows and use the left hand as much as possible.

One girl who has found that she had almost no force with her left hand spends about three-quarters of the time each morning punching with it, and she has taken to using her fan altogether with her left hand, and makes use of it in other ways as much as possible, for she says she has discovered that she has an uneven development, and one side is not in nearly as "fit" a condition as the other. Bag punching is one exercise to which witnesses are never invited, but the appearance of the girl with shining eyes and rosy cheeks after ten minutes of it speaks volumes for its good qualities. The girls themselves say that it makes them new women of the right sort.

A punching bag outfit is not expensive. There are two kinds of arrangements for

bag punching in general use. One which most of the women have is the double-end bag, which is held at either end by a rope, one end of which is secured to the floor and the other to the ceiling. These range in price from a little over a dollar to \$5. The other and more professional bag is suspended from what is called a platform and swings free. The platform is circular, the bag swinging from the center, and is firmly secured to the wall at one side. The platform costs \$10. The bags cost as much or as little as the purchaser cares to pay. The bag is light in weight, of soft finished leather. Gloves will be another item that the amateur bag puncher will need, for punching has a tendency to harden the hands. The gloves however, will prevent any trouble of this kind. The great advantage in bag punching is that just as much or as little exercise may be obtained from it as is desired. One thing which must always be remembered is that the bag is a punching bag, and must be punched and not slapped. That is professional advice, but



PAST CHIEF THOMAS FALCONER—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

it applies as much to the girl who is only looking for development and proper breathing, for good exercise comes from real, legitimate punching.

His Pride Forbade

A Denver tramp the other day applied at a house which he had carefully chosen because the lawn did not need cutting nor the flower beds weeding. The woman of the house produced a plentiful "hand-out." "And now I want you to chop some kindlings for me," she said, when he had finished. "I know you were too weak to do it until you had had a square meal." "You were right, madam, quite right. Now I need the exercise, it would do me good; it would send the blood coursing through me veins and bring back the sparkle to me eye. But I come of a proud race. I am a Montgomery of Montgomery; I could not use your back yard and its appliances as a gymnasium without payin' you liberal, and, madam, I am penniless."



THE COMING GORDONS AT ELEVENTH ANNUAL PICNIC OF THE ORDER OF SCOTTISH CLANS AT SHADY GROVE, LAKE MANAWA—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

English Opinion on American Character

We had a great field for the study of American characteristics at the inauguration of the United States pavilion—a ceremony that was combined with the handing over of the building to the French government, says London Truth. The visible sign of transfer was a golden key, with the spread eagle serving for the handle. This symbol of ownership was given to the French president of the exhibition commission, M. Picard.

He was asked by Mr. Peck, the head of the United States commission, to wear it with his other decorations. The women were endless. There was not a plain face among the younger ones. All were pleasing who were not strikingly pretty. Each seemed in the habit of governing her own life and of finding admiring companions in the unmarried of the other sex. The married people did not mix much with the unmarried. Mr. Simms, however, as secretary to a branch (the press branch) of the American commission, was attentive to the possible wants and wishes of the women journalists. He is at the opposite pole of the how-not-to-do-it circumlocution official. Mr. Simms always knows how to do it, and

the Tivoli in Hanover and in front of the Casino at Baden-Baden. French police could not appreciate, like our ambassador, American ways. They looked with almost angry eyes at the free and easy cheerfulness of their brethren of the "American guard." Two of the latter stood laughingly back to back in the middle of the company to see who was the taller. Another pair shook hands across the shoulder of a United States senator, who, I was told, was a billionaire. He did not seem to resent the freedom of the American guards, but the French policemen did. The inauguration was through and through on democratic lines, and everyone seemed to enjoy it. Though guards were so free and hearty, I did not see one that was in the least rough, and all stood back to make way for the women. How the latter were idolized, but in a companionable way! The female infant born in the United States draws a good ticket in the lottery of life.

I thought of what Mrs. Beecher Stowe said about the melancholy undertone of George Eliot's novels: "She needs to go and pass a few years in our hearty, laughing, happy country." Of course, General Horace Porter, United States ambassador, attended the inaugural and transfer ceremony. He is robust of mind and body and most hearty and affable. The general modestly attributes his rapid rise in the United States army to "mortality, not merit." He was on General Grant's staff during the civil war. The polytechnic school here turns out privs. But West Point, where General Porter graduated, does not. I could imagine him achieving splendid successes as a political orator during the canvass for the presidency. He has the off-handed manner, the far-reaching voice, the original forms of speech and the fine spirits that carry all before them at a convention out west. And yet no professional diplomat could beat General Porter in a close game in which American as against other interests were the stakes. He is intensely shrewd and could not be indiscreet.

General Noyes, who served also under Grant and was United States minister here, was a man of kindred mind, spirit, physique and disposition. I believe he was a lawyer before he went into the army. His robust, off-handed, somewhat florid and original speeches were racy of Ohio soil and delightful.

Philadelphia's Growth

As originally laid out by William Penn, the city was two miles long and one mile wide. Township after township was annexed till at last the city boundaries coincided with those of a county twenty-two miles long. Boston overran the old county lines and took in five outlying towns. Greater New York and Philadelphia now exceed in area and population some European principalities. In each case consolidation has been accomplished by the joint action of the city and suburbs, with legislative authorization.



PAST CHIEF JOHN C. BUCHANAN—CLAN PIPER—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.

never seems tired of rendering good offices. Mrs. Simms is an American woman of whom Uncle Sam may be proud. How the old man's heart must often swell with pride and pleasure at the endless nieces!

The crowd was stifling. All Americans in Paris were invited through the papers. Of course, there was a "free lunch." That is an essential part of an American afternoon celebration. Sousa's band played. It reminded me of the bands one hears at



MASTER WILLIAM WATSON—Photo by Louis R. Bostwick.