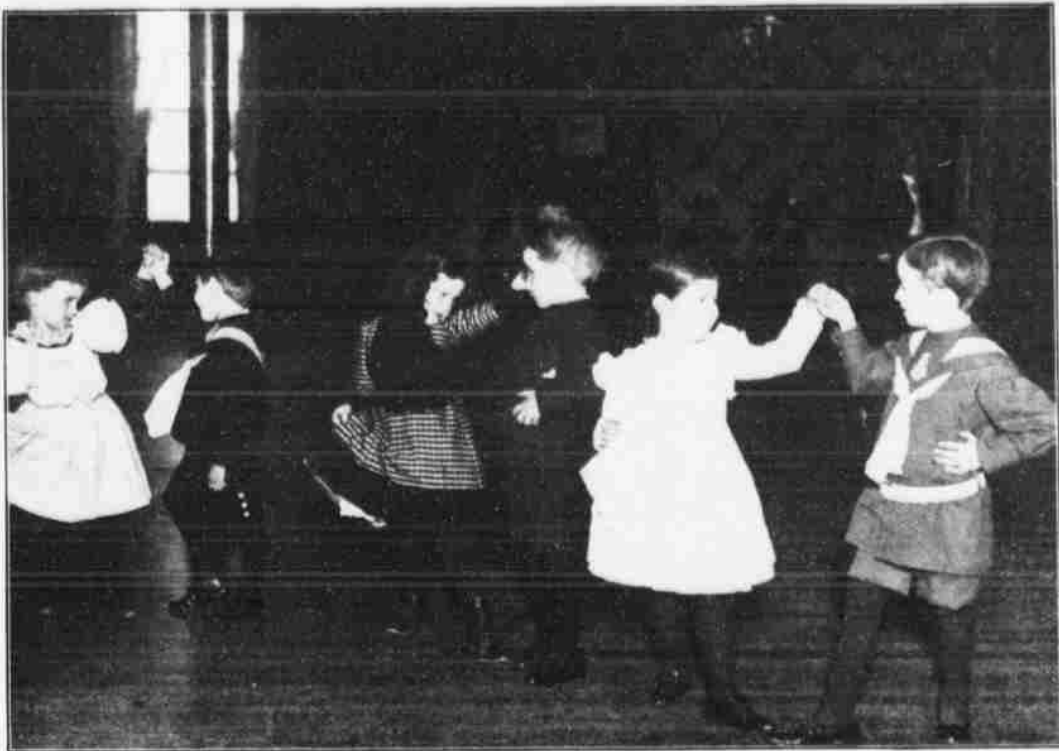


# What Dancing School Does for the Children



ONE OF THE VERY LATEST STEPS—Photo by a Staff Artist.



LEARNING A NEW FIGURE—Photo by a Staff Artist.

**H**OW to secure their children that self-possession and self-confidence so essential to the successful member of society is one of the questions to which every parent gives more or less earnest thought, for after all there are few that do not indulge in an occasional day dream of some future time when their sons shall be strong, manly men and their daughters graceful, graceful women, equipped with the personal qualifications to fill that exalted position in life parental ambition sets as the goal of its children, and few parents count any sacrifice too great or anything as a discouragement to attain this ambition until they take into account those future men and women themselves. So many things are to be considered in the shaping of these characters, so much to instill, to counteract and overcome in securing the strong bodies that the mental and moral qualifications are to complement.

How to tide the boy or girl over that "awkward age," so trying for all concerned, and spare the painful consciousness

of that awkwardness that is frequently the beginning of a self-consciousness that, becoming habitual, is forever a detriment to his personality, is one of the trying problems that all guardians of children have to consider. To accomplish this end they begin at a very early age giving all sorts of advantages alleged to secure accomplishments generally considered desirable in children, and especially valuable to young men and women.

## Cure for Fashfulness.

But while all of this is being done there is another side of the child that, though considered in a way, frequently never matures for want of proper training to develop it, that is his social side, and many a parent has suffered the keenest humiliation when some small son or daughter, a paragon of polite accomplishment in the family circle, or even in an assembly of grown people, is thrown into the most ignominious confusion, literally forgetting everything he knows, at the very sight of some small stranger of his own age who has been sent for an hour's play with him.

The old-time notion that children are to be seen and not heard is doubtless an excellent theory under some circumstances, especially when applied to discipline, but it is none the less responsible for much of the so-called bashfulness that exists just because parents fail to provide their children with proper intercourse with children of their own age at the time when it is most necessary. Instead of keeping them quietly in the company of their elders to avoid their undesirable association with other children.

The very fact that the "awkward age" exists is proof of this lack, and in their effort to overcome this trying period many parents have hit upon a truth that has rebounded to the benefit of their younger children, that is, the fact that the beginning of their social education should date from the beginning of their desire for companionship.

To acquaint these little people with each other and familiarize them with each other's company and the customs and rules that attend it is now the popular plan and is commenced at so early an age that it

promises to secure to them a familiarity with such things that must become second nature to them by the time they are half grown and relieve them, in a measure at least, of the additional awkwardness that embarrassment lends to the rapidly growing body.

## Done at Dancing School.

Of all the institutions employed in the social education of the child there is probably none as effectual in overcoming his timidity and establishing his self-confidence as the dancing class and dancing school.

Here, with many others of his own age, even the most timid, while sharing in the common exercise, soon forgets himself in the rhythm of the music and the various figures that call the motive powers into the most harmonious action and extracts from the wholesome and companionship a most wholesome pleasure. Associations under such circumstances can but be refining.

Dancing has been truly called an educational pleasure, for owing to its unlimited variety of combination a continued interest is preserved through which the child for-

gets himself and attains that grace of movement and manner that only accompanies mental ease. It is the embodiment of that quality of hilarity and recreation that the normal child most enjoys, action, subdued with courtesy and gentleness that is ideal discipline.

It gives to the boy or girl a firm walk and good carriage, sustained by a corresponding composure.

Not is this physical culture the only benefit, for while he is attaining this grace of bearing from an early beginning and association with companions of his own age, under circumstances where genteel deportment is constantly emphasized, he is unconsciously acquiring an easy, graceful personality that subsequent association or circumstances, no matter how adverse, can never eradicate.

With such preliminary advantages, the half-grown boy and girl and all those who are associated with them are spared much and to the future men and women are secured the self-confidence that will enable them to hold their own in society whose members are otherwise their equals.

## Gleanings from the Story Tellers' Pack

**A**DMIRAL SCHLEY was strolling around the picturesque Naval cemetery at Annapolis the other day, reports the New York Times. Happening to meet an old sailor, he said in his kindly way:

"Jack, this is a beautiful spot. Saluting the weatherbeaten salt rafter, he said: "Transport will make good time; your honor, when came more of our good admirals gets planted here."

A young officer at San Francisco had been ordered to the Philippines. According to a western paper, he received the following telegram from the War department at Washington:

"You can go to New York and call on transport that goes by Suez."

The officer replied: "Would prefer to cross Pacific direct."

Then the department telegraphed him again: "Transport will make good time; has sixty women school teachers on board."

The young lieutenant answered: "Save me a berth on transport."

The late Senator Allen G. Thurman of Ohio was by no means an abstemious man. Like a sailor, he enjoyed his grog, and though he was regular in his potations he seldom passed the line of perfect sobriety. Once upon a time his wife, leaving for a visit to friends, exacted from the judge a promise that he would be a "teetotaler" during her absence. On the day of Mrs. Thurman's return the judge stopped in the dining room before going to welcome her to take a drop of that from which he had abstained during her absence. While in the act of pouring whiskey into his glass he heard Mrs. Thurman pattering down the stairs. Quickly putting his left hand, in which he held the glass, behind him, with his right hand extended he said: "I'm glad to see you home, my dear."

"Allan, what have you behind you?" she asked.

"Whisky, my dear."

"Oh, Allan, don't you remember last year, when you were stumping the state, you did not take a drop, and you were never so well in your life?"

"Yes, my dear, I remember, but we lost the state."

The dim and misty past has been relieved of another anecdote concerning James O'Neill which is worth the space.

It seems O'Neill was playing Romeo to Adelaide Neilson's Juliet one time at McVicker's in Chicago. It was the woman's custom in the final act, when she bends over Romeo's body, to kiss the empty air instead of Romeo himself. Once Mr. O'Neill decided to change this little scene. As Juliet leaned over for the final situation he let his chin sink with a long-drawn

sigh and then suddenly threw back his head in plain view of the audience. That once Miss Neilson kissed him, but as the curtain went down she sprang up. "How could you?" she cried.

"How could I what?" asked Mr. O'Neill. "How—how—" she hesitated. "How could Romeo throw back his head after he was dead?"

"Miss Neilson," the actor said solemnly, "your Juliet was the cause of it. It would make anyone come back to life."

A story is told of a canny Scot who dealt in old horses, alternating his spells of labor with heavy sleeps. During the period of depression which followed each overindulgence John habitually took to bed and there diligently studied the family bible. During one of these fits of attempted reformation his condition prompted his wife to call in Rev. Mr. Wallace, the parish minister, who at the time happened to be passing.

"Oh, Maister Wallace, come in and see our John; he's rale bad."

"Hes feart to meet his Makker," said Mrs. John.

Quick as fire came the crushing reply: "Humph! Tell'm he needna be feart for that; he'll never see'm."

Capt'n Thomas B'xby, under whom Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) served as pilot and engineer on the old Mississippi river boat Swallow, has given a New Orleans paper the following description of the engine of Swallow: "The craft was a little, shabby affair, which plied between St. Louis and Cairo. It had a stern wheel, a place for freight and passengers, a pilot house and a place on what may be called the pilot deck for the engine. That engine went aboard when it was needed and only then. It burned no wood or coal, but ate a powerful mule named Jerry. It was a large gray mule named Jerry, which worked a treadmill that propelled the boat. Samuel Clemens was chief engineer and pilot. He had a system of signals which was effective and ingenious. By pulling a cord he could raise a head of cabbage just out of reach of the mule. The engine would start and begin to walk after it and the boat floated majestically up or down the river, as the case might be. Without desiring to be personal, I will say that Jerry was one of the most intelligent animals I ever met. His voice was more of the order of a foghorn than a whistle, being too much of a baritone for the latter. When Samuel wanted to whistle for a landing he just hit Jerry with a stick."

One of the former street car conductors of Washington was known as "Fatty" because of his tendency to an abnormal de-

velopment of adipose tissue. Everybody who rode with him liked him. Like many other conductors on the line, "Fatty" had been greatly annoyed by men who would get on his car and tender him a \$10 note from which to deduct the fare. Of course, the conductor could not make the change and the man got his ride free. At last, however, "Fatty" determined that he would teach at least one of these a lesson. So one morning before starting out on his run he went to the cashier and got from him \$10 in pennies. A few days later a man boarded the car and handed "Fatty" a \$10 note. "Fatty" spoke not a word, but went straight to the corner of the car, where he had deposited the bag containing the pennies and, abstracting five of them, landed the balance to the passenger.

The latter protested that he did not want that kind of change, but "Fatty" insisted that he could not do any better and the passenger accepted the bulky package with the best grace he could under the circumstances. "Fatty" felt good all day over what he had done and after his day's work he was recounting to some of his colleagues at the conductors' room at the barn how he had gotten ahead of the obnoxious passenger.

All of a sudden the cashier called out: "Fatty, did you turn in this \$10 note?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, you will have to make it good," said the cashier; "it's a counterfeit."

Naval reserves are not popular with the regular seamen in the United States navy. Perhaps the dislike the regulars bear toward the "fresh water sailors," as the reserves are called, will account for this story that is being told on board many naval ships:

During the Spanish war one of the small coast patrol boats had aboard a number of the naval militia. One of them was stationed as a lookout in the bow of the vessel. Carefully he had learned port from starboard and to know that as lookout he must report all lights when seen. The vessel was approaching the entrance of a harbor. The man had been at his post half an hour when he saw a light. Carefully noting its position, he bawled out to the officer on the bridge:

"Red light on port bow, sir!"

"All right," came the lieutenant's response.

A few minutes passed, when another light appeared. The reserve man was becoming anxious.

"Another light on the starboard bow, sir."

"All right," answered the officer calmly. Suddenly a steamer appeared dead ahead showing its saloon lights and the red and green side lights. The lookout was now thoroughly alarmed. Leaving his post, he rushed upon the bridge. "Lieutenant," he

yielded, "put your helm hard over; we're almost ashore; there's a big town right ahead and we're running into a blue dragstore!"

Captain John F. Finerty was one of the staff of the Chicago Tribune in the old days, and was doubtless a participant in the following incident which he relates:

"Way back in the merry old days, when Joe Medill ran the Tribune as chief, when his brother, Sam, was managing editor; Fred Hall, city editor; Todd Cowles, sporting editor; 'Fatty' Meacham, night editor; and George Percy English, alias 'Johnny,' general utility man, the thirsty, but temperate souls of the force were supplied with ice water from a hot tank somewhere near the roof. It was big summertime and the call upon the tank was something astonishing.

One day Joe Medill came into Sam's room, armed with an ear trumpet, and shouted in his ear, "Say, Sam, where did you get that sulphur water that's in the tank?"

"Sulphur water!" echoed Sam. "That isn't sulphur water—it comes from the lake!"

"The d—! it does," remarked Joe. "It smells as if it was drawn out of Healy's slough! Eh? eh? Sam?"

"Well, now you speak of it," answered Sam, at the top of his voice, "I was sick as the devil last night. All of the force are sick, more or less, and even Fred Hall has quit smoking his corn cob and taken to emetics. What the deuce can it all mean?"

"I'll go and investigate," volunteered Todd Cowles.

"We'll form a committee of the whole," cried George P. Upton, who looked very unsettled, and so all proceeded to the tank.

"Fatty" Meacham, assisted by the stalwart "Ed" Markham, lifted the lid of the "reservoir" and a stench sufficient to knock down a regiment of cavalry issued therefrom.

"Bring a light!" cried Sam.

The light was brought and revealed about a dozen dead rats floating in the water! Tableau!

A week was given the sufferers to clean themselves out.

Chairman Cooper of the house committee on insular affairs is a lawyer. He is frequently called upon by constituents to defend them in court when at his home in Wisconsin, relates the Washington Post. A voter came to him last summer and asked him to go to court for him in an assault case. The other man was badly beaten. The complainant explained that the de-

fendant had beaten him. He exhibited his bruises and contusions.

"What did you beat this man so unmercifully for?" asked the judge.

"Your honor, I'd tell you," explained the defendant. "He and I were playing seven-up. I was six and he was two. I dealt and he begged. I gave him a point. I played the three spot for low; he played the two. I played the king for high and he took it with an ace. Then he came back at me with the queen and caught my jack. Right there friendship ceased."

"I'll dismiss this case," declared the judge, "for the reason that any man who would beg with such a hand is not human and should be licked."

Rear Admiral J. A. Howell is noted for his genius as an inventor. So devoted was he for years to the development of torpedo warfare that most of his friends were greatly surprised when he found time to get married. Some years after this auspicious event a brother officer called at the admiral's home and found the distinguished sailor seated on his doorstep and contemplating several of his children who were playing on the lawn in front of the house.

"It is strange to think of you as a father, Howell," remarked the visitor. "There was a time when no one thought of you as a married man. What induced you to take a wife?"

"Well," returned the admiral meditatively, "I got tired of hearing myself referred to as only 'the father of the modern torpedo.'"

Cleveland Plain Dealer: The Judge—in view of the fact that the defendant, a federal official, intends to make a stubborn fight for an acquittal and that it seems quite impossible to secure a verdict against him in this court, I have determined to send him to be tried in the civil courts of Cuba.

The Defendant's Counsel (excitedly)—Wait, your honor, wait. We plead guilty, your honor, guilty, without any reservation.

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