

**TINY JAP GIRL GIVES JIU-JITSU EXHIBITION**

Shows New York Magistrate How She Treated Big Athlete Who Had Accosted Her on Street.

New York.—Hisao Sota, a little 95 pound Japanese woman, who caused the arrest of a big, burly athlete and professional sparring partner the other night, after she by jiu jitsu had thrown him flat twice on the sidewalk, proves that the Japanese art of self-defense was no idle fad, by demonstrating it court the next day just how she had flogged McCullum.

Miss Sota appeared in court accompanied by an interpreter. The court room was crowded with spectators. Miss Sota was asked what the defendant had done to her.

"She says he grab her shoulder," said the interpreter.

"Did he say anything to you?" asked the magistrate.

"She says the man did," was the interpreter's translation of the little woman's reply.

"What did you do then?"

There was an animated conversation between the interpreter and Miss Sota at the end of which the interpreter



HE WAS SENT FLYING THROUGH THE AIR.

told the magistrate that Miss Sota was unable to explain.

"Suppose she shows the magistrate what she did," suggested the police man who made the arrest.

This was interpreted to Miss Sota, and she nodded a smiling assent. The defendant, who was an interested onlooker, moved back a bit as if he feared the experiment was to be tried upon him. But the interpreter enacted the role of the man to be flogged.

Miss Sota, after the interpreter had put his hand on her shoulder, as the defendant is alleged to have done, grasped the interpreter's other arm with a quick motion, shoved one of her tiny feet forward and the interpreter, who weighs 165 pounds, was hurled backward to the floor. The exhibition was not a satisfactory one to the pain from the Land of Cherry Blossoms, evidently, for Miss Sota signified a desire to do it over again.

This time the interpreter scarcely had touched the little woman's shoulder when he was sent flying through the air over Miss Sota's head, landing on the floor with a thud that shook the room. The spectators, who had climbed on chairs to see the exhibition of the little woman's prowess, cheered, and the magistrate leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"She threw me even higher than that," remarked the defendant dryly after the mirth had subsided a little. Then he explained that he thought he knew Miss Sota when he saw her on the street or he would not have spoken to her. Despite this explanation he was fined five dollars.

**POSED AS MAN 40 YEARS.**

Woman's Sex Finally Discovered When She Is Sent to a Hospital—Has Lived Varied Career.

Trinidad, Col.—At San Raphael hospital a patient, 84 years old, who had been entered under the name of Charles F. Baubaugh, was found to be a woman.

For over 40 years she had been a bank cashier, laborer and sheep herder, always wearing male attire. The county physician learned she had been born in Marseilles, France and came to America when 23 years old.

Being unable to obtain employment she changed her dress, and for eight years just preceding the civil war was bank cashier at Hannibal, Mo.; then was a sheep herder.

She finally became a county charge and was sent to the hospital against her will. When she came to Colorado, just after the war, she obtained employment at the Brown sheep ranch, where she worked as sheep herder 35 years without her sex being suspected.

When she was taken to the hospital her reluctance to take a bath aroused the suspicions of the physicians, and the discovery was made.

She claims to have taken a medical degree in France prior to coming to America, and speaks several foreign languages. She has not heard from relatives for 40 years, and supposes all her friends are dead. Notwithstanding her hard work, she is well preserved, and may live many years.

**Aged Pair Weds.**

Appleton, Wis.—In the presence of great-grandchildren of each of the contracting parties, Henry Heiman, a wealthy farmer, 74 years old, and Katherine Haeckels, a widow of 67 years, were married the other day. A son of the groom is the husband of a daughter of the bride. Mr. Heiman's former wife has been dead six months.

**In the Kitchen.**

A man should have a chance to light his pipe at the kitchen blaze. All kitchen blazes do not fire a man's pipe or courage, but rather act as extinguishers. A woman's frequent tears serve the same purpose.—The Commonwealth.

**LETTERS WERE A HOODOO**

Sign with a Bad Record Which Telegraphers Were Reluctant to Use.

Telegraph operators always have personal signs which they place on all messages they send and receive. Usually they use two or three initials or take two letters from their names. For instance, James Black will probably use "JB" as his sign. In many cases, however, they choose their signs in a peculiar way, says the Kansas City Times.

"We once had a man working here who signed 'KE' because he had taken the Keeley cure," said a Kansas City chief operator recently. "He afterward went back to drinking and then used 'BZ,' deriving it from 'booze.' Another fellow signed 'PS' because he used to say he received a poor salary.

"A woman operator we had here used to sign 'HK,' her initials, until one day her beau jilted her and married another girl. After that she signed 'BH,' which, we understood, meant 'broken heart.'

"In an eastern office where I once worked there was a hoodoo sign. It was 'KQ.' The first man who used it was killed by a train; the next one went crazy, and the third died of typhoid fever. After that nobody in the office dared use that hoodoo sign.

"The story about its being a 'Jonah' traveled over the country, and to-day you'll find very few operators signing 'KQ.'"

**EAST AFRICAN MONARCH.**

August Sovereign of Eight Years Sits on a Throne of Scarlet.

The king of Uganda, in British East Africa, rejoices or grieves in the somewhat picky and chow-chow name of Daudi Chwa. This august sovereign—may his tribe increase!—is now "going on" eight, says Everybody's Magazine. To left a colored scepter bearer he has a highly colored court. He sits on a throne of scarlet, and probably the court carpenters have made it a world too long for his chubby little legs. Under the British protectorate folks have to be economical in Uganda; and a king must grow up to his throne, and can't have a custom made one every time he has growing pains. We can remember when a king of Uganda was every inch a king, no matter how few his inches. So sacred, no supra purple was he that the remains of his foot had to be buried in its sacredness strike dead some unhappy subject. The British have changed all that. Daudi—we wish we had a photograph of him—Daudi sits on his scarlet throne, a leopard skin under his bare feet, a toy gun in his little hands. Probably not a bit more absurd and many times more "sympathetic" in the eyes of the heavenly powers than many a wide ruling czar or kaiser that has been, is, or shall be.

**THE FIRST STAGE-COACH.**

Line Started Between New Brunswick and Trenton, N. J., in 1744.

As public conveyances or the stage coach had been in vogue in England since 1610, the establishment of a similar conveyance was demanded in America many years before the war for independence, says the Metropolitan Magazine. As early as 1744, therefore, a stage line started to run between New Brunswick and Trenton, N. J., and by 1756 this route had been extended over from New York to Philadelphia. Moreover, as in England, so in America—the advent of the stage coach necessitated marked improvements in the highways, while the building of better roads and turnpikes naturally created a greater demand for more coaches, and what was more to the purpose, lighter vehicles. In 1771 there were but 25 conveyances of every description in the city of Philadelphia, but by 1794 their number had increased to 227—more than two-thirds of which were comparatively light vehicles—a condition which led one of the local papers to publish a most deprecatory article concerning the use of conveyances in which it was stated that "even farmers wanted carriages."

**Poplars in Search of Water.**

The thirsty roots of a row of poplar trees in Traverse City made it necessary to take up and replace the tile drain which the trees choked and in some instances destroyed. Seeking for water the roots struck out for the sewer. Balked by resistance, but not discouraged, they traveled alongside, searching for weak or imperfect joints through which to enter, and when such were found they promptly occupied them, the roots knotting up like a den of snakes in winter quarters. In one instance several roots traveled side by side many feet, inspecting every inch of pipe along the way for a weak joint in the defenses.—Detroit News.

**Unmarked Churches.**

"One of the greatest difficulties I encounter in seeing New York," complained the visitor, "is the lack of signs on your churches. I notice a beautiful church, and, of course, want to know what it is. A little tin sign on the side seems a help, but when I consult I learn only the name of the undertaker. Why should the church advertise him to the tourist instead of stating its own name and denomination? This having an undertaker thrust on you when you're out sightseeing is something of a shock."

**Courteous Epitaph.**

More courteous in its wording than most epitaphs is one in a Derbyshire churchyard which, after giving particulars of birth and death, concludes: "Twas said he was an honest man."

**Realization.**

The college graduate who got his sheepskin last June is beginning to realize by this time that while the world is supposed to owe every man a living, it isn't apparently very anxious to give him a good chance to earn it.—Somerville Journal.

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