

HOSPITAL FOR CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS AT CORREGIDOR ISLAND, MANILA BAY.



The hospital for our convalescent soldiers in the Philippines is located at Corregidor Island. Major Owen, of the regular army, with fifty hospital corpsmen, was sent on the Senator from Manila to Corregidor, thirty-five miles distant, to construct the hospital. He found a beautiful spot which had been used as a naval station by the Spanish and near it a native village of about 300 persons.

The naval station occupied a level area of about six acres flanked on all three sides by commanding hills or mountains. A little bay in front was closed in by high mountains on either side, leaving an entrance through which the hospital inmates could have a magnificent view of Manila Bay and the towering green peaks of Luzon. Three habitable buildings and two capable of being used as storehouses, a large bathhouse and a rude blacksmith shop was the start we had prepared for us. Two companies of Pennsylvania volunteers were sent as a guard.

The undergrowth was rapidly cut and carted away, the houses were cleaned up, the bathhouse made into a dining hall and a cookhouse was established in a very short time. Thirty-two tents were erected for patients, and beds and ward apparatus were soon in place. An apothecary shop was next fitted up, a linen closet and a drug store room were made and in ten days' time they were ready to receive patients.

By damming up a small stream in the mountains, writes one of the hospital corps to the Chicago Record, we made a reservoir holding about 6000 gallons of water, which we ran down to camp in pipes procured from Manila. This water fed our condensers and sterilizers and supplied water for the laundry. A daily boat from Manila was finally given us and we began the work for which we had been preparing and soon we had nearly 200 sick under our care.

While only thirty-five miles separate Corregidor from Manila, the change in temperature and humidity is that one would expect only from a difference of several hundred miles. The air is very dry and there is always a good, stiff breeze.

Athletic Feats for Women

Rules to Be Observed in the Gymnasium.

Any ordinary room in which there is good air and sunlight will answer for a gymnasium; the larger the better. The beginner need have nothing more than a pair of dumbbells or a pair of clubs, either of which she may buy for \$1. A bathing suit or a bicycle suit, if loose and comfortable, makes a very good costume. A pair of bloomers and blouse well cut is also very practical. A pair of full-woven black stockings and heelless slippers are indispensable.

A long mirror in which the gymnast can watch her own motions is a great advantage to a home gymnasium, but not essential. From a book on exercise by almost any good author a

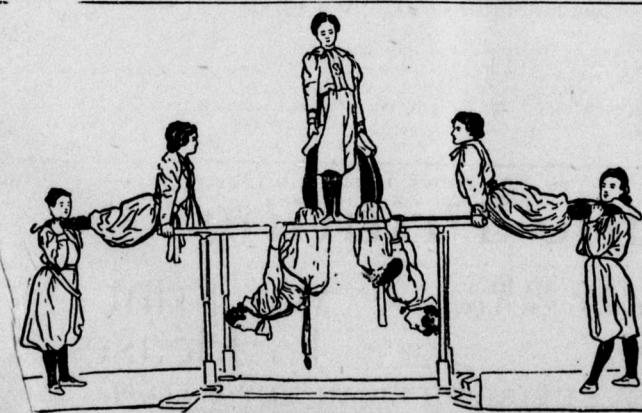


THE FLYING ANGEL.

woman can get any number of motions and exercises, and she must decide what is best and most necessary for her.

Excessive exercise is injurious and should be avoided. Excessive exercise and no exercise at all produce similar results. Stop exercising just before nature calls out strongly against further bodily activity. Just reach the tired point and stop before exhaustion. No law can be laid down as to how much exercise should be taken at one time. Every individual must be a guide to herself. A woman should exercise chiefly with light weights and make quick movements, and never, when out of training, try the limit on her strength.

The most important gymnasium for women in this country is under the



PARALLEL BAR PYRAMID.

management of Watson L. Savage, M. D., medical director of Columbia University. Classes begin with the kindergarten, and progress to the post-graduate course. The women have the use of the gymnasium and every privilege and advantage which is accorded the men.

Every woman who enters is carefully examined in order to discover just what form of exercise will be most advantageous to her. In cases where women or children are very delicate, or have some decided physical defect that needs rectifying, they exercise in the medical room of the gymnasium under the personal supervision of Miss Marion Foye Carter. This is called corrective work, and is intended to correct all physical imperfections, such as curvature of the spine, cramped chests or weak necks or backs. The gymnasium proper is occupied during the day and evening by girls and women training to improve their physical condition generally. Some come to reduce flesh, others to reduce or develop various parts of the body.

Nothing could be more applicable or practical to the home gymnast than the hints on physical health and training that Dr. Savage advances to his normal classes, of which the following are a few:

"The best time to exercise is between ten and twelve o'clock in the forenoon and between four and six o'clock in the afternoon. If exercising before breakfast makes you feel faint or weak, then the early morning is not the time for you to work. Sometimes a glass of milk, a little oatmeal or toast, will make early morning exercise possible without injurious effects. If you exercise at night let your exercise be at least one-half hour before bed time. It is best to go to bed with the blood in its normal circulation; sleep is easiest under such conditions.

"The minimum time for brain workers to exercise is two hours a week, divided into four days in the week. Their exercise should be before the perspiration is reabsorbed by the body. Do not lounge around until the suit and the skin become dry again.

"For nervous temperaments slow exercise is the best, while the rapid exercise is recommended for the phlegmatic. For women with a disposition toward melancholia light competitions and out-door games are the most beneficial form of exercise."

Addressing his normal girls on the subject of food Dr. Savage said:

"Never exercise just before or after a meal. At least one-half hour should be allowed before and two hours and a half after eating. Masticate the food thoroughly; do not hurry through your meals, and eat rich foods with great discretion. Drink plenty of water between meals, but avoid excessive drinking at meals. One glass of water should be sufficient. It is better to use hot drinks at meal times, and do not drink ice water at any time. A re-

freshing drink to take during the intervals when exercising is made by putting cooked oatmeal in water; let it soak and settle." In one of his talks on breathing Dr. Savage strongly advised his girls to breathe through the nose while walking or doing ordinary work, and only

to breathe through the mouth when extreme physical effort makes it necessary. "Do not take short, quick gasps for normal breathing," he said; "breathe so as to fill every cell with pure air. The largest and strongest animals in the world breathe from six to ten breaths per minute, while the smallest and weakest breathe from 200 to 300 per minute. The manner in which we breathe is one of the most important factors in developing human strength. It is a good practice to take a long, deep breath and hold it in the lungs a few seconds; each day increasing the time of holding the breath until one minute or one minute and a half is reached. Breathing exercises increase the exterior chest and develop the interior.

Chapters could be written on sleeping. Dr. Savage suggests the following rules. Sleep on a mattress laid over a spring, sleep mostly on one side, breathe through the nose and keep the mouth shut. Have a certain hour for rising and a certain hour for retiring. Get up immediately upon waking.

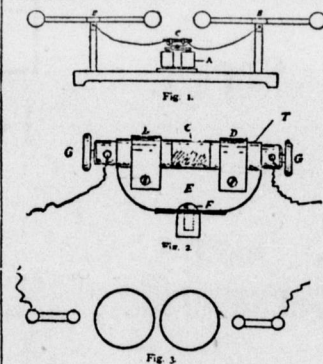
WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

A Simple Apparatus by Which Demonstrations May Be Made.

For some time we have noted the progress made in experiments with wireless telegraphy. Two weeks ago the London Times received a message from France across the channel, using the Marconi system. Some of our readers may be able to experiment for themselves by following Elliot Wood's suggestions in the Electrical World and Electrical Engineer.

The accompanying three sketches show a simple arrangement adopted by me for demonstrations in wireless telegraphy. Heretofore the general purpose has been to provide a suitable taper for the coherer in order that the metallic particles may be disturbed and the circuit broken. In the arrangement shown the sounder is made to do the twofold work of answering the signals and decohering the metallic filings. I am unaware of any similar arrangement; hence present this one.

Referring to the sketches, Fig. 1 represents the receiving station, which in this case is made up of two "wings" B B, whose length is six inches each. The knobs used are of 1 inch diameter.



WIRELESS TELEGRAPH APPARATUS.

The "wings" are supported by glass pillars on a suitable base, on which the sounder A is placed. The coherer C is a glass tube 2 1/2 inches in length and 5-16 inch diameter, containing suitable terminals connected to the two wings, as shown. The coherer is in series with the wings B B, the relay ordinarily used, and the battery. In practice the wave falls on C, the relay closes the circuit of the sounder A, and the coherer, being carried on the movable arm of the sounder, is brought down with the arm when the circuit through the sounder is made. In consequence of this, every movement of the sounder arm decoheres the metallic filings, and there is prompt and certain action in response to every signal of the sender.

The construction of the coherer is shown in detail in Fig. 2, and approximately full size. The terminals G G are turned down to fit the interior of the tube C. The space between (about 1/8 inch) is half-filled with iron filings or lathe-cuttings, sifted out through a fine mesh. A hard rubber-block E is made with grooved edge to support C, which is held in place by brass bands D D; a thin brass plate, suitably fastened to the hard-rubber piece E, and projecting, provides means for fastening by the screw F to the movable arm of the sounder A. The best means of doing this is to remove the screw holding the armature of the sounder and clamping by the screw F both armature and the fastening plate at bottom of E. The sender, in this arrangement, consists of the usual induction coil discharging into two nickel balls of four inches diameter, as shown in Fig. 3. It will be noted from the sketch that there is a triple gap. At each side of the transmitter knobs the gap of 13-16 inch, and the gap between knobs is 3-16 inch.

The arrangement shown has proven all that can be wished for if one does not desire the printing telegraph, as provided for in some appliances.

About Private Mailing Cards.

Many a printer who wants to use, either for himself or for a customer, the private mailing card authorized by the Government, will be glad to have explicit information as to the printing allowed on the face of the card. There has been some misunderstanding on this point, even though the law was supposed to be perfectly understandable.

In answer to an inquiry addressed to one of the assistant postmasters-general, the following was elicited: "The words required by law to be placed on the address side should be plainly and neatly printed, without scroll-work or other ornamentation of any kind." And, fortunately, that is in the interests of both economy of labor and good typography.

MEXICAN AMBASSADOR BOYCOTTED.

Persona Non Grata to Austria Because He Prosecuted Maximilian.

Manuel Azpiroz, the Ambassador from Mexico, who has been mercilessly snubbed and cut by all the members of the foreign diplomatic corps, is personally one of the most pleasant diplomats who have ever come to Washington. Thirty years ago Senor Azpiroz was judge advocate of the trial at which Maximilian, the Austrian Archduke, who was a pretender to the Mexican throne, was found guilty and who was afterward shot. Austria has never forgotten the offense and has evidently won over the other Governments. This fact seems to be the motive for the social boycott against the Ambassador. Azpiroz is an old hand in Mexican diplomacy.



SEÑOR MANUEL AZPIROZ.

He was counsel for Mexico in the joint claims commission which met in Washington in 1872 and 1873, and was Mexican consul at San Francisco from 1873 to 1875. He served in the war against French intervention, and has been of late Assistant Secretary of Foreign Relations in the Diaz Cabinet. He is accounted one of the ablest lawyers of his country.

There has been considerable gossip in diplomatic circles in regard to a general combination on the part of European diplomats in Washington against members of the Diplomatic Corps who represent Governments in Central and South America. This is not a new feeling and has been manifested before, especially by the Spanish and Portuguese ministers. Other diplomats from the European continent have manifested a haughty feeling in regard to the representatives from the Pan-American countries, and the alleged boycott against the Mexican Ambassador has revived this old feeling. The leaders in Washington society resent this rumored combination, and it has been announced that a number of leading women in official circles have agreed to invite to their entertainments a given number of European diplomats and the same number from the Pan-American republics. If the Europeans decline the invitation on account of the presence of the South American envoys, the ladies have decided not to give them a second opportunity to do so. If society boycotts the foreign diplomats the latter will soon come to their senses.

The Great God of the Philippines.

From the altar of a pagan temple to a show window in a surgical appliance store would be a fall for anyone, but when "anyone" happens to be Tagalo, god of the Filipinos, it is a thing terrible to contemplate. Yet such a thing has happened and a gilded god of the Philippine Indians now grins upon passersby from a display case in a St. Louis store.

This god, or goddess, for it wears a skirt, is a fantastically carved block



TAGALO, A PHILIPPINE IDOL.

of wood. Its nose is flat, its eyes are small and its mouth is large. Two hands, palms outward, are raised to ward a bunch of shoulder braces, which hang from the top of the case and its feet, which are small, toe outward, like the true Indian's.

On its head is a turban of many coils, thickly studded with little gems of glass. Four rows of these little jewels hang about the neck. A girdle, thickly sprinkled with these precious stones, holds up a skirt, which is also encrusted with many bits of colored glass. These decorations are also upon the sandals.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Circus Every Day.

Oh, what a circus a circus life must be, Parading every morning for admiring folks to see!

Spangles, bangles everywhere, Fringing, dancing ponies there, Bands a playing "Boon-ba-chink!" Folks hurrahing—only think! If it's such a lark to see it, What fun it must be to be it!

Oh, what a circus, to know that every day You can be a circus at the ladies' matinee, Hanging by your toes and knees On the flying, high trapeze, Turning somersaults and things, Riding round the triple rings— If it's such a treat to see it, What fun it must be to be it!

Oh, what a circus a circus life must be! To have another circus in the evening after tea.

Then to travel, oh, so far! In the "sacred heifer's" car, While the engine goes "Whoot-choo!" At the hop-tod kangaroo, And the anthropoid grows frantic At the ring-tail's newest antic.

Oh, what a circus a circus life—but say! It might not seem a circus if we had it every day.

Every morning a procession, Every afternoon a session, Every night another show And then have to travel so. Oh, it may be fun to see it, But think what a bore to be it! —Edmund Vance Cooke, in Youth's Companion.

Clever Mr. Thrush.

Myra and Tessie were starting for school one blowy day in spring. The wind came puffing through the trees and up the road. It twisted Tessie's coat around her body until she could hardly walk.

"What a windy day!" she exclaimed, when she got her breath.

"But it's getting spring," said Myra. "The brook just sounds as if it was singing, 'Spring is coming! Spring is coming!' And there is a pair of thrushes beginning to build a nest in the old apple tree near the fence. I gave them some crumbs from my own breakfast this morning."

As they came to the apple tree near the fence a great gust of wind rushed through its branches and blew Myra's hat off.

"There goes my hat!" said Myra. "Catch it!"

The hat flew up in the air, circled a few times, and settled on a little branch of the apple tree and stuck there.

Myra began to cry. "I can't go to school without a hat, and— Oh, what will mamma say?"

Ponto, who always went with Myra as far as the gate, was sorry. He sat down and barked at the hat, but it did not budge.

Then Tessie threw up a stone, but the stone only shook the branch a little.

Then Patrick came and good-naturedly climbed the tree, but the branch was too slender for him to get near the hat, and he could not touch it, even with his stick. Myra cried harder than ever.

Then Mr. Thrush came along. "Dear me," he chirped to Mrs. Thrush, "there's that sweet little girl who gives us crumbs crying for her hat. I'll have to get it for her myself!" He flew to the twig where the hat was caught, gave two or three little pecks at the ribbon that held it, and the hat swung off, flew around, and fell at Myra's feet!

"I always knew, dear," twittered Mrs. Thrush, "that you had more sense than those stupid human creatures! Why didn't they think of flying up and pecking the ribbon loose?" —Youth's Companion.

Lapland Mosquitoes.

"The sun was shining brightly through the window of the little wooden hut as I tumbled out of bed one day in August last year," says a writer. "Three days' tramp from the Norwegian coast, across rough fields and spongy bogs, one long day of rowing and shooting rapids, varied with spells of walking round the dangerous falls, had brought us late the night before to this little settlement in Lapland. The dazed inhabitants, part Swedes, part Lapps, were already hard at work upon their scanty harvest, and beyond the small field I caught a glimpse of the river, here widening out into a glittering lake, shining like a sheet of silver, scarcely ruffled by a breath of wind. What a morning for a bath! How gloriously refreshing to the travel-tired limbs!"

"Look out!" cried Jack, "the room's full of them! Light up, quick!" H'sh; the air was suddenly shrill with the high-pitched, hungry whistle of the mosquito. The window I had observed before was tightly closed—indeed, would not open; the wide platform fireplace was stuffed up with green boughs. Perhaps my brother had been lost in admiration of the snow line mountains in the distance, or the creatures had worked a way down the chimney."

"One sometimes hears people who have only met the mosquito in its milder form, perhaps in Norway or in Central Sweden, or in southern countries, or possibly in Lapland in favorable years, or late in the season, maintain that its terrors are much exaggerated. I have not found it so. The worst accounts that I had heard of before I visited the country did not come anywhere near the reality. And even if the mosquito crop be a comparative failure in any season, there is a far more deadly insect waiting for you, a harmless looking little sandfly, which the natives call a knout. The mosquito is a gentleman by comparison. He fights under the rules of civilized warfare; hostilities are openly declared, a shrill blare of trumpets heralds his approach. True, he descends upon you in overpowering

hosts, but from the fierce blast when he first sights his foe to the savage thrust of his lance through your skin there is nothing secret or underhand about him. Not so the little knout. In ones and twos he creeps stealthily upon you; there is no whistling of wings, no parade of skirmishing round the victim. Quietly he works his way into your clothing, where he seems as much at home as any of the wingless vermin, which, fortunately are comparatively rare in Lapland. His bite is practically painless; you rarely notice it at the time, but on the second day it swells into a big burning wound, to rub or chafe which is intolerable agony.—Baldiminton Magazine.

Mother Goose Stories.

All children delight in Mother Goose, especially in her song of "Sing a Song of Sixpence." Such a charming jumble of king and queen and the early rising maid, who had her nose nipped off! Will it destroy the charm of the nursery rhyme to my young readers if I tell them that the verses are very, very old and are meant for a description of the day?

The four and twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king, who is represented as sitting in the parlor, counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunshine.

The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey, with which she regales herself, is moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her king—the sun—is risen, is day dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird, who so "tragically ends the song" by nipping off her nose, is the hour of sunrise. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.

The story of Little Red Riding Hood, according to the German version, is another myth, or old story of the sun's setting and rising. The German story mitigates the fate of dear little Red Riding Hood by the timely arrival of a huntsman, who kills the greedy wolf, and then cuts him open, when, to his great surprise as well as delight, he sees the famous red coat for the wolf had swallowed her whole, and Red Riding Hood herself comes forth unharmed.

The wolf's black throat typifies night, which swallows up the sun, who, after a time, again appears shrouded in brilliant clouds—the red cloak that covers up Red Riding Hood.

The moon has her share of nursery songs as well as the sun—not only the one where she sets the clumsy cow jumping over her, and makes the awkward, flat-bottomed dish run away with the bold spoon, but also Jack and Jill are her property.

For though they did get such a severe tumble down hill, a Scandinavian legend says they were caught up by the moon, where they now stand, side by side, with a pole over their shoulders, on the ends of which are balanced two pails of water.

Of course, if the moon tilts ever so little in either direction, the water will spill from one of the pails, and a slight careening will empty them as effectually as when they both tumbled down hill.

But American girls and boys see a man in the moon, though how he got there many of them may not be able to tell.

The Germans, who are fond of legends, say in this way:

"One Sunday morning, ages and ages ago, an old man went to the woods to cut wood. He tied some fagots together and slung them over a stout stick which he carried over his shoulder, and then he trudged home with his burden.

"At the edge of the wood where the road was, he met a very handsome man dressed in a fine suit of Sunday clothes, and evidently on his way to church. He stopped the old wood cutter, who was stooping under his load of fagots, and said politely:

"Do you not know that today is Sunday, when all men who live on the earth must rest from their labor?"

"Sunday on earth or noon-day in heaven is all one to me," said the wood cutter, rudely.

"If all days are alike to you, you can carry wood forever. As you do not value the blessed Sunday rest, which the good God has given to man and beast, you shall keep a perpetual noon-day in the heavens. Hereafter you shall stand in the moon as a warning to all Sabbath breakers."

Then the stranger vanished and the old wood cutter, just as he was, in his work day clothes and with the fagots over his shoulders, was caught up into the moon, where he is plainly to be seen.

Some say his faithful dog followed him; but I must confess, that, though I have often looked for him, I have never seen him. That the dogs recognize him no one can doubt who has ever seen one sitting on his hind legs and howling to the moon.—Annie Reed, in Golden Days.

Tried the Greek Remedy.

Dr. C. A. Berry when he was a lad suffered from a slight impediment in his speech. Following an illustrious ancient example, he paced the seashore for hours at a time and for weeks in succession, and shouted to the waves with a cork placed between his teeth. In this way he obtained complete mastery over the muscles of the throat and of the vocal chords, and was able afterward to make himself heard in the largest building.