

WOMEN STUDY NAVIGATION

Many Fair Pupils at the Nautical College

From the entrance door of the New York Nautical College you can see where the tower for the old Boston stagecoach was situated. A tall skyscraper has replaced the tower, though.

The street that runs along the waterfront, hence the name of Water street, a few doors distant from the present site of the Nautical College was a naval academy kept by E. C. Ward, who in Bowditch's "Epitome of Nautical Science" advertised that "gentlemen who wish to have private instruction can attend Mr. Ward at his house."

In the same issue, it may be mentioned incidentally, there is an advertisement: "Wanted to sell, a fine yacht." The world do move.

Capt. Howard Patterson, who founded the present school, has the courtesy bearing of the dignified skipper of romance. In addition to this manner he has the privilege of writing himself down as master of sail and steam craft and Admiral of the Haytian Navy. He was formerly com-

One of the most interesting rooms is that in the department of seamanship, where there are working models of every class of vessel, from the simple cutboat to the full rigged ship. These models are nine feet in height and many of them more than thirteen in length. There is not a sail nor a bit of rigging missing.

To supplement them along the sides of the rooms are skeletons of the hulls showing every rib complete. The value of this one collection is estimated at \$10,000.

Another room has for its mural decorations all kinds of knots and splices except the matrimonial. Some of these bits of twisted wire or rope take hours to bring to their complete perfection, and with a smile the captain admits that there are less amusing sights than that of a multi-millionaire sitting for hours over a bit of refractory rope which will not bend itself into the shape it should.

"Of course, the man who owns a yacht doesn't have to do this sort of thing," he

structor is explaining how the compass is never expected to point true north or to the North Star unless the ship is on the line of no variation. In another part of the room an advanced pupil is showing another how the watch may be made into a compass.

Capt. Patterson tells of the difference between the old time sailor and the man of

built especially for a race between the Yankees, the Nones and the Yankee Doodle, each of the owners putting up \$10,000. The race was spoken of as the thousand dollar a minute race. The day before the race the Yankee Doodle was destroyed by fire, and the engine was bought by Capt. Patterson.

Notwithstanding the many classrooms and the problems suggested at every step by instruments of complicated appearance to the landsman, Capt. Patterson asserts that navigation is not a very difficult study and that no great amount of time is necessarily consumed in learning it. The three courses into which instruction is divided may be taken in three or four months.

"More and more," says Capt. Patterson, "the demand for navigators is made, and the supply must keep pace with it. There has been a growing tendency on the part of yacht owners toward deep sea cruising and an accompanying desire which may almost be termed a demand that sailing masters shall be proficient so that offshore voyaging may be indulged in without entailing the extra expense of engaging the services of a special navigator."

"The winter season when the yachts are laid up is taken advantage of by the officers to become proficient, and even the foolish men are learning that they may raise themselves to something better by this means."

Illustrating the extreme neatness required of the seaman, Capt. Patterson has another sailor's yarn.

"In the navy cleanliness is really next to godliness," he says, "and once, the story goes, an officer leaning over the bridge, looking down on a lot of apprentice boys clustered near one of the guns thought he detected a bit of dirt on the white collar of a canvas working suit. The boy was reported and made to scrub his clothes and to stand extra watch for several nights as punishment for disobeying the hard and fast rule."

Shortly after this incident the boy was stationed aloft during the day as a lookout, and the Lieutenant who reported him happened to be on deck in charge. The ship



CAPT. PATTERSON INSTRUCTING A YACHT OWNER'S WIFE.

mander of the New York schoolship St. Mary.

One of his many reminiscences is that of the day when he received instructions from the Secretary of the Navy at the outbreak of the Spanish war that he could not take the schoolship on its annual summer cruise in foreign waters because it lacked armament. Said Capt. Patterson: "I pulled the boys on deck and told them I wish you could have seen their faces. Such disappointment as was pictured there made it impossible for me to dismiss them with our reading of orders."

"So I explained the weakness of the structure of the vessel and the fact that we had absolutely no means of defence in case we met a Spanish cruiser in foreign waters. What a Spanish cruiser I asked, and in a chorus the boys answered: 'Do? Why I see take 'em easy, Cap'n!'"

"What a display of orders, but it gave me a thrill to hear the young chaps so confident and willing to try an encounter at sea."

There is scarcely a well known yacht owner who has not been a pupil of this school. A glance at the list of pupils shows the names of Commodore Dorrance, Oliver H. Belmont, Howard Gould, Oliver and William Leitch, Edwidge T. Gerry, H. Merrill Kenney, Anson Phelps Stokes, James Stillman, Robert E. Tod and F. Marion Crawford, who tells his yacht about the Adriatic.

Nearly all these have received licenses to command vessels either as masters or as pilots and thereby have had officially conferred upon them the right to use and to be addressed by the title of captain.

Capt. Patterson here opens the door of a small room furnished with desk, chair and charts. He waves a hand and says impressively:

"This is Mrs. Howard Gould's room. She took the entire course here in this little room and since then we call it by her name. There are quite a number of ladies whose husbands own yachts and who are competent graduates in navigation."

"Another one of the best equipped with nautical knowledge is Mrs. Gould, and still another Mrs. Iselin. Quick? Why, I have heard one of these ladies—I won't mention names—say to her husband quite sharply after she had got her problem: 'Why, my dear, you're terribly slow. Let me help you.' And help him she would."

"For a woman who is much on the sea a course in navigation gives as secure a feeling as a knowledge of swimming. You may never have to use the information, and it may be that when you most need it there may be a combination of circumstances where it cannot be used, but it is a staff for a land traveler just the same."

"One of the feminine pupils I had once illustrated this in her experience. Her father was a captain of a sailing vessel, and going about Cape Horn he was taken very ill and confined to his berth. The first mate fell and broke his leg and the second mate had absolutely no fitness for the post of captain."

"Miss Thoms, that was her name—took charge of the vessel herself and brought it safely into the port of San Francisco. The mate's father made her a present of a set of sail drier, for they realized she had saved the ship for them."



KNOTTY PROBLEMS FOR SEAMEN.

to-day, fitted with knowledge of all sorts of mechanical appliances.

"One of these old timers," he says, "got hold of a chronometer some way or other and placed it prominently in his cabin, with an idea of impressing his brother sailors and visitors with his learning. At the 24 hour mark on the chronometer is placed the word 'wind,' at which a little hand points, signifying that the time has come for it to be wound up."

"The captain studied the instrument for a while and finally, throwing his vanity aside, admitted to various shipmates that he thought very little of it as a weather indicator. 'For,' said he, 'every twenty-four hours the damned little hand says 'wind,' and sometimes there ain't even a cat-paw of breeze or blowing!'"

One of the interesting exhibits is a spike

was on her way to Europe, and at that time was about midway across the Atlantic. The boy halted the deck.

"Where away?"

"Right ahead, sir."

"How far off?"

"About three days sail, sir."

"He was again reported for disrespect and skylarking on duty. His excuse was not so good; it was that if the Lieutenant could see a spot of dirt on his collar twenty feet away he certainly could see a ship three days sail ahead."

Women Have Eyes Examined Just for Fun.

From the Jewelers' Circular Weekly.

"Yes," said the store manager as he glanced at the sign which gave notice that a deposit will hereafter be required on all orders for glasses, "we had to do it. When we took account of stock a little while ago we found we had been stuck for so many frames and glasses made to order and then never called for that we had to put up that notice."

For the peculiar type known as the "shopper," women who travel around among the stores and order things for the mere joy of ordering them, it is the store of eye specialists as it does those of the dry goods store.

"Why, women come in here of an afternoon just for a place to rest in, I do believe. They will come in and sit down and say they want to have their eyes examined, and sometimes need glasses at all. Oh, yes, we do turn them away at times when they do not need them, and when they do need them they leave orders for the glasses and we make them up and then have them left on our shelves. Men do that sometimes, but more often it is a woman. The only way I can account for it is by that explanation, that they do it for want of something else to do and perhaps to see what it is like to have the eyes examined."

"You would think that a shop where eyeglasses are prepared and sold would be about the last place in the world to be afflicted with shoppers, but we get them."

Up a Shot Tower.

From the Helena Times-Democrat.

"It was a strange experience," said the huntsman. "As I ascended the spiral stairs of the tower I saw shot falling like rain, around me."

"The shot tower was 200 feet high. At its base there was a tank of water for the shot to drop into. If it fell on the earth, you know, it would be flat instead of round."

"On top of the tower was a huge boiler filled with molten lead. The manager lifted the lead into a percolator, a kind of strainer, and there it fell into a tank of cold water to be flattened. It took three seconds to fall."

"The made different sizes of shot on the tower by using different percolators—big holes for big shot, small holes for the small shot."

"The water in the cistern had to be changed every little while. It would have become so hot otherwise that it would have kept the shot soft."

Broken Stick for an I. O. U.

From the New York Times.

An old time story of paying one's right to the payment of money loaned was by tally sticks. A plain stick was used, and when a man loaned a sum of money he broke the stick and the creditor and debtor each took a part. When the time for payment came the man who had the stick held it exactly to the stick held by the creditor, received the money. Two sticks never broke in exactly the same place, so there was never any dispute about who had a right to the money.

Its history is rather interesting. It was

HARD WORK OF RICH WOMEN

LITERATURE AND THE ARTS ATTRACT MANY.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Who Has a Commission to Do Sculpture for the New Hotel Belmont, Not the Only New York Woman of Wealth and Social Position to Work Hard at a Favorite Pursuit.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who is devoting her spare time to sculpture with as much enthusiasm as if she had not been born a Vanderbilt and later married a Whitney, is not the only woman of wealth and social position in New York to find success in the indulgence of an impulse to artistic endeavor which was not the result of necessity.

When Mrs. Whitney took the commission to do the carvings in the drawing room of the new Hotel Belmont, it was in order to get herself out of the ranks of the amateurs. She wanted an order from an architect such as any other sculptor might get, even if she did happen to be the wife of one millionaire and the daughter of another.

This is a characteristic nowadays of women with talents. They are not satisfied to exercise their talents merely for their own pleasure. They are anxious to get into the struggle going on in the world and take their chances along with others.

Mrs. Whitney's sister-in-law, the wife of Payne Whitney, was Helen Hay, and came naturally by her talent as a writer. Before her marriage she had published verse in the magazines, and there are now enough of her poems to fill a volume.

The number of women who win success in literature here in New York grows larger almost every year. Catherine Duer and her sister, Mrs. Henry See Miller, began as Mrs. Whitney did, to write verses, but they turned their pens to fiction of a kind that reveals chiefly the New York they know best. They had never thought of writing as a profession when their first poems were published, but success led them on until they were well established on the magazine lists. Miss Duer is now a regular contributor to all of the fiction magazines.

Mrs. Wharton is, of course, the best known of the women who have made for themselves a better place in literature than they occupied by right in society. She was a Miss Jones of Philadelphia, and a sister of Caldwell Jones. Her husband is a man of wealth.

Writing began in her case as a result of an irresistible desire to see what she could accomplish with her pen. Her health was never robust, and much of her writing was done to pass the time while she was confined to her house. For years she practised in this way, so that when her works came first before the public she was already a finished writer.

Mrs. Wharton has never grown in the least indifferent to the details of social life merely because she has been successful as a novelist. Her liveries are regarded as the smartest in New York, and she is said to pay more attention to such things than any other hostess in her set.

Mrs. Wharton's home, "The Mount," at Lenox is another example of her solicitude and care in the details of life. This comparatively small establishment is wonderfully maintained.

Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay is another woman of wealth who has found time among the duties of a great position in the world of wealth and fashion to yield to the inclination to write. She has already published a play and written a novel, and she delights in gathering literary men about her.

Absorption in other interests has made it impossible for her to write much of late, but she has confided to her friends that she is going to do something in the line of authorship more important than anything she has yet attempted. Educational matters, which have taken so much of her time for the past two years, are likely to figure in this new work.

Mrs. Mackay is just now especially interested in trade schools as the result of her studies in socialism at Barnard College during two terms. She attended lectures regularly and no student was more industrious or showed greater interest in her work.

A newer comer in this field is Miss Frances Davidson, who, although only one of the "best sellers" of the year, her first novel has been uncommonly successful, although she had no other preparation for her work than the ordinary education of a young woman of social position.

She is a daughter of William Davidge, a merchant of this city, and her mother was a Miss Robinson, a daughter of Beverley Robinson of South Island. She is one of a set of young girls to which belonged the former Miss Clara Bryce, who was married the other day to J. Sargeant Cram. Although Miss Davidson is just arriving in the literary field her success has been brilliant for a beginner.

Another newcomer among the poets is Blanche Le Roy Shoemaker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Shoemaker of 28 West Fifty-third street. She was introduced to society only last winter, but has published a book of verse good enough to find many admirers outside the circle of her own friends.

Mrs. Edwin Post, who was the beautiful Emily Price, daughter of the late Bruce Price, the architect, is another recent addition to the list of women writers. She has as far confined herself to fiction, and always signs her work "Emily Post."

The success of New York society women in literature is by no means a new thing. Ever since Mrs. Sidney Harris, who was Miriam Coles, wrote "Butledge" and other novels thirty years ago, literature has been a favorite occupation of women in society, who have met with varying degrees of success in pursuit of its laurels.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger was one of those who attained the most widespread popularity. Mrs. Benton Harrison, although a Southern woman by birth, gained her reputation as a writer after she had won a place in New York society. From her earnings she built a house.

Coming along in this same line is Miss Doris Franklyn, who though not yet introduced to society, has written several plays that have been acted by amateurs in literature is by no means a new thing. Ever since Mrs. Sidney Harris, who was Miriam Coles, wrote "Butledge" and other novels thirty years ago, literature has been a favorite occupation of women in society, who have met with varying degrees of success in pursuit of its laurels.

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LISZT, A DUET ABOUT THE "MEISTER."

Recited Amid Smoke Clouds by Herr Weingartner and Herr Reisenauer.

Felix Weingartner and Alfred Reisenauer were receiving in the latter's apartment at the Tontonic Hotel, Belvedere. They were also smoking and occasionally referring to the great artist. Above all, they were reminiscing for their intimacy dates back to the time when they were of the sacred Liszt circle of pupils; and, of course, both adore the memory of the "Meister."

"Ach, he was wonderful!" cried the rotund Reisenauer. "You may believe all the fine things you have ever heard of him and multiply them by a thousand."

"Sympathetic nod from Weingartner, who, after a long pull at his meerschaum, vouchsafed the following:

"I shall never forget how he appeared the first time I saw him in his studio. He was like a lion in human form!"

After which a longer and a stronger pull followed by complete effacement behind a cloud of smoke.

"Oh, he was a king—a gracious king!" supplemented Reisenauer, as he rose to pace the floor. "I will always feel myself to be a little boy again when I remember his face as he looked me over the day my mother first took me to him. 'Himmel, Another infant prodigy! What a bore!' was what he was thinking, but when he spoke, ach, was he not kind?"

And whatever the Meister chose to express was well expressed, "softly ruminated Weingartner, emerging from his temporary obscurity.

"Ach, die lieber, was it not?" cried Reisenauer. "He could be very sarcastic, isn't it? I wish I could put into English some of the jokes and puns that lighted on the heads of blundering pupils. They lose all their sense in translation. Often a funny criticism was begun in German, carried on in French and brought up to the finish as you Americans say—in Italian. But the meaning was always there!"

Silent nods, accompanied by smiles from the dreaming Weingartner.

"Once he made my face to grow pretty hot," Reisenauer continued. "He and Von Bodelow were talking with my mother, and I knew they were discussing me, and partly to cover my embarrassment and partly, I suppose, because I was a small boy, I went to the piano and played softly, making up the music as I went along. Soon the Meister came over to me, and there was something so subtle in his smile that I felt queer."

"We all know how splendidly you can improvise, my dear boy," he said in, ach, such a gentle voice. 'But do not forget your mother to do an improvisation performance to your running accompaniment, please! This is not a melodramatic exhibition!'"

"That was all—and it was quite enough," concluded the pianist shaking his pianist's mane.

"Don't get the impression that the Meister was all sarcasm," said Weingartner, almost in a whisper, aroused by the fear that his hot might be placed in an unfavorable light. Leaning forward with cheeks wide apart on the arms of his chair, the wiry Berliner laid his pipe on the table and clasping his thin energetic hands did wild loving eulogies of defiance, his wild eyes beaming in Piekwickian geniality through musicianly spectacles.

"The Meister could be gentle as itself," he said. "Of every social assembly in which he figured he was the centre of interest. To women he was utterly irresistible."

"But there was only one whom he ever loved," added the other disciple. "In spite of the Pope's refusal to grant the Princess Wittgenstein a divorce, both the lady and her famous lover considered their devotion in the pursuit of matrimony. It was all over her affair of the heart."

"It was a dark drama, nevertheless," said Weingartner, and the shadow of it never left the Meister, in spite of his seeming happiness and social instincts. However, it was not so sad to hear as was the lack of appreciation given his compositions."

"He was ahead of his day, and the critics didn't realize the fact. 'Great pianist, but an composer,' they said. But when Wagner's master works gained the same disapproval, Liszt standing utterly alone in his comprehension of their significance, and Wagner, on his part, full of admiration of the prophecy in the Meister's creative work, then the latter understood. They were both in advance of the age in which they lived."

"At last the time came when Liszt could say, 'Ich habe's gewartet, I can wait. He has waited! Heaven grant he sees his complete victory!' concluded the faithful champion, with great earnestness.

"Ga woi!" shouted Reisenauer—if a muffled roar may properly be called a shout. The portly pianist's dignity never, for an instant, deserts him. "Ach, it was terrible to one of the Meister's fiery, impatient nature."

He laughed.

"I can remember the time when that impatience came near giving me a lame neck," he said. "On the evening of my first public performance, Liszt played a concerted work with me. In response to the applause the old man with white hair and the young boy stood side by side, the former bowing graciously while I stood like a wooden doll. We repeated the operation and the Meister suddenly became aware that I was not bowing. I flew his strong hand to the back of my neck, and over I went, bent nearly double. I assure you there was some applause then!" laughed Reisenauer.

"The Meister was always most gracious to his audiences," murmured Weingartner. "With one exception," cried the pianist. "I know of only one audience who received a snub from Franz Liszt, and that was royalty itself."

"The Albs was invited to play for Alexander I. of Russia, with whom he had long sought an audience, and who, at heart, was apparently little interested in music."

"After dinner the royal party and guests assembled to listen to the Meister, the place of honor at the czar's right hand being occupied by a splendid beauty, seen after the beginning of the music the czar turned to the beauty and began talking in a low voice. The Meister, hearing the sound, looked around. As the murmuring continued, he played more and more slowly, and finally stopped altogether, fairly rushing from the piano."

"Meister, why do you stop in the middle of the composition?" asked the monarch.

"Oh!" replied Liszt. "I know too well the law of anteroptic Russia. It is that when the czar speaks others shall be silent!"

Weingartner came back to earth with a wild clatter of his chair as he rose and held aloft his glass.

"Here's to the Meister, who was more royal than royalty itself!" he shouted.

After a solemn observance of the toast, the party dispersed with at least two of its members in a chastened and adoring frame of mind.

study for her own amusement in the atelier of St. Gaudens.

She possessed such talent and made such progress that she decided to make sculpture her life work, and to study it merely as a means of making her fortune. She learned to know in the course of her professional work, Francois Tonetti, the Italian sculptor, and the two were married.

Mrs. Tonetti and her husband work together enthusiastically in their art. They occupy a unique residence in East Forty-third street, and Mrs. Whitney at one time shared their studio.

The building was formerly a Protestant church. When the congregation wanted to move away Mrs. Tonetti bought the building and had it transformed into a residence and studio.

Painting has interested several women so much that they were able to make a profession of it and find success in it. The Emmets are probably the most striking examples of success in this art. By birth they are connected with many of the most fashionable New York families and could have had any social pleasures they desired. They are cousins of the Astors, and on account of their own positions as well as their cleverness, they could have gone to any houses they cared to.

But their art interested them too much to allow of other diversions, and they surrounded themselves to it with very gratifying success. Jane Emmet, who married Robert Von Glahn, the painter, and Eleanor Emmet have had great success with their portraits, and a sister (Rosina Emmet, now Mrs. Arthur Sherwood) won fame as a painter nearly two decades ago.

Mrs. Albert Herter, who used to be the beautiful Adele Maginness, is another portrait painter. Mrs. Leslie Cotton, who was Miss Penny Benedict before her marriage, is a welcome guest at the most exclusive houses in New York, and few women are more popular at Newport. Yet Mrs. Cotton now supports herself and her family by her portraits. The possession of talent, a large visiting list and the ability to make her alters acquainted with her society friends are elements that can make a portrait painter very successful.

Music also has attracted many New York women who might otherwise have devoted themselves wholly to the pleasures of society. Mrs. Grenville Seelling, who was born Anthon, has been a serious student of music for years—merely from the desire to cultivate a beautiful voice to the fullest extent. She has occasionally appeared at the delight of a wider circle than that made by her friends by her artistic use of a lovely lyric soprano voice.

Miss Frances Ives has just appeared in public for the first time, and her success on this occasion seems to show that she may have chosen her career wisely. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Braxton Ives. Five years ago her interest in music led her to take up the study seriously, and she expects ultimately to enter on an operatic career, although there is only her ambition as the impulse to such an undertaking.

Of all the New York women who have interested themselves in music, none has gone so far as Miss Mary Callender. She has even begun to teach and has so many pupils that her time is taken up with them to the exclusion of almost every other occupation.

She has studied the art herself and she once had a beautiful soprano voice with which she might have won fame in public life. But young women of wealth and position were different in Miss Callender's youth and hesitated before they took the step from the privacy of their own homes to public life. Miss Callender does not receive pupils in Paris.

Mrs. E. Marcy Raymond, daughter of a physician famous half a century ago, is one of New York's wealthy women who have found great pleasure in music. Her art is creative and she has composed many songs as well as a comic opera that was produced years ago with some success. Ed Planchon has sung a number of Mrs. Raymond's songs in concert.

Her mother, who died a year ago, left a large fortune, and her father, Dr. Marcy, was a brother of Mrs. McClellan, mother of the Mayor. She has practically devoted her time to composition for a decade. She is also extremely liberal to musicians, and many of the less fortunate in the profession have every cause to be grateful to her.

It is just now a group of young Americans in Paris who are showing their interest in other things than their money and the social pleasures it can bring them. One of these is Eva Palmer, daughter of the late Cortland Palmer.

Miss Palmer is desirous of acting, not because she needs any sort of financial aid from the stage, but in order to gratify her longings for an artistic career. She has been especially anxious to appear as Medea in the Masterpiece play of "Pelléas et Melisande" and she did this once at a private performance in Paris. Mrs. Bernhardt, who saw her, was so much impressed with her fitness for the part that she promised to act in the play with her here, Miss Palmer appearing in French.

It was found impossible to do this during the French actress's first engagement here. Miss Palmer was only last winter, but she has been in time for the production of the play when Mme. Bernhardt comes back in the spring.

It was an intimate friend of Miss Palmer, G. Constant Lounsbury, who wrote for Mme. Bernhardt the one act play in verse in which she appeared here at the Jewish benefit. Miss Lounsbury is a niece of Richard Lounsbury of the city and writes plays in French and English. Until this time she has essayed production only here.

RETURNABLE TAKEN ON MARCH TO SEA.

From the Cheraw Chronicle.

Thomas Knox, now living at Kewanee, Ill., was a member of Gen. Sherman's army on the famous march from Atlanta to the sea and northward through the Carolinas. It was with Sherman in Cheraw forty years ago.

Last week the mails brought to Cheraw, the daughter of the Confederacy, a small prayer book bearing the inscription: "Mary A. Kollock, from her brother, Alexander Gregg, 1847. On another fly leaf, the name of Mr. James H. Post, the book having been given to him by Mrs. Kollock, his cousin. Accompanying the prayer book was a letter from Mr. Knox, who had written the book into his possession. At Cheraw a comrade took the book from the Post and sent it to Mrs. Knox, and she, after carrying it awhile, decided to throw it away, but Mr. Knox asked for it, and it remained with him.

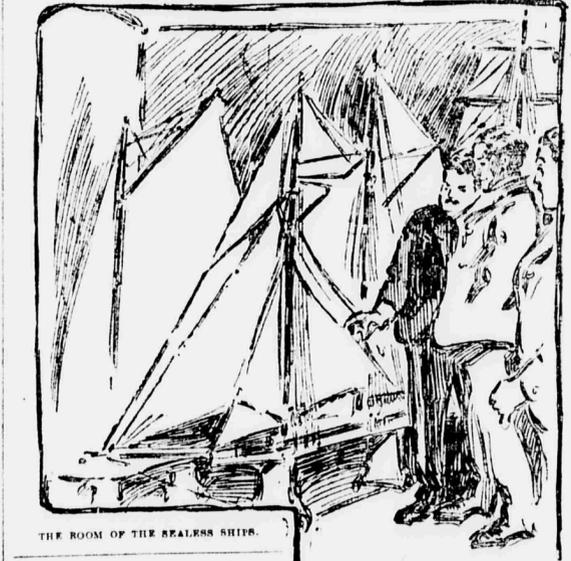
Several weeks ago Mr. Knox wrote the postmaster at Cheraw to inquire if there were any relatives of those whose names appeared in the prayer book. The letter was referred to Mrs. W. W. Hanes, wife of Mrs. Kollock and also a niece of Bishop Knox, who immediately wrote to Mr. Knox. The first week she received the precious little book.

Hunting in the Philippines.

From the Manila Times.

The Philippines are said to afford the best hunting in the world. Ducks, deer, wild boar, and water buffalo and wild chickens are particularly numerous, and there are other water birds.

You cannot own a gun in the Philippines except under a license, and the natives have no guns, and the whites get all the hunting.



THE ROOM OF THE SEALESS SHIP.

more instruction, giving up more time and thought and enjoying it thoroughly.

"The majority of people to whom the actions of the wealthy are of interest regard them as luxurious passengers on board vessels of whose workings they are absolutely ignorant. The truth of the matter is that as a class our yacht owners are thorough seamen and navigators."

In the chart room a wheel, which is placed on a movable platform, is used to instruct the pupil in the mysteries of steering a safe course. A student at an enormous globe is studying the position of true magnetic pole and its distance from its geographical nameplate, and the in-

was on her way to Europe, and at that time was about midway across the Atlantic. The boy halted the deck.

"Where away?"

"Right ahead, sir."

"How far off?"

"About three days sail, sir."

"He was again reported for disrespect and skylarking on duty. His excuse was not so good; it was that if the Lieutenant could see a spot of dirt on his collar twenty feet away he certainly could see a ship three days sail ahead."

and spun engine which has a room by itself. This engine, used in the marine engineering course, is of the torpedo boat type and is capable of 40 revolutions per minute. Each of those revolutions has apparently endeared it to the owner, who speaks of it as he might of a pet horse or dog.

Its history is rather interesting. It was