

'OVERHAND TATTOO,' ETC., IN BAG PUNCHING

Jeffries' Bag-Punching Specialty—Practicing Swings and Hooks Punch by "Rounds," as in Regular Boxing—"Don't Stand Still, but Sidestep, Advance, Retreat, Etc., Constantly.

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE, Athletic Expert New York Evening World; Author of "Muscle Building," Etc. Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Bowles.

Tattoos are of two sorts. That described in the last lesson is known as the "straight tattoo." The second, or "overhand tattoo," is accomplished by hitting the bag with alternate hands as before, only this time allowing the hands to overlap, in somewhat the same position and motion as you would employ in rolling up a ball of string on the hands. Great speed may be attained in this. But care must be taken to prevent the hands from touching each other. The two tattoos bring different sets of arm muscles into play.

As the tattoo is the most wearisome evolution of all the various branches of bag punching, it should be left until the last. Wind up the "round" with it.

In punching the bag use "rounds" as in regular boxing. Punch for three minutes. Then rest for a minute (longer if necessary) and attack the bag again. Three rounds a day are sufficient for the average man, as you can train in using a combination of tattoo and the right-left lead on the second rebound. It is an excellent exercise for both speed and hard-hitting, and is done as follows: He strikes the bag with his right on the first rebound (the right hand blow being the heavier), then the left on the second rebound, and so on, alternating with his right hits it on the second rebound.



THE "TATTOO."

bound, following this with a harder blow from the left on the first rebound. He moves the weight of the body in such a way that the second blow after each double rebound shall be the more forceful, thus alternating in force from left to right and back again from right to left.

Next, gaging your distance, swing for the bag with your left, as if the leather sphere were the side of your opponent's head. Swing exactly as in regular boxing, striking the bag on the side, midway between top and bottom. On the second rebound, swing with your right, and thus alternate. A swing travels too far and is thus too slow to permit of hitting on the first rebound. You may even be unable to strike on the second rebound. If so, try it on the third, alternating left-right, and so on, until you can continue to put force and precision into your blows.

You will be astonished to see what tremendous power you can put into a swing when there is no fear of hurting any one and no danger of being blocked or countered.

Then try the right and left, on the second rebound, leading these blows as I have explained in a previous lesson.

Hit the bag squarely—not with an upward or downward twist. In delivering heavy blows care should be taken to steady the feet. Learn to gauge your distance, to distance.

In and out as tho' in a regular boxing match, and to keep on the move all the time. To do this, use the right punch, but side-step, advance, retreat, etc., constantly. Remember, also, that if the bag moves awkwardly or flies off at the wrong angle, the fault is all yours. Keep your temper and try to do better. While your sparring partner may hesitate to remind you of your defects and may take on himself the blame for your mistakes, the punching bag will show you no such consideration. It reflects your skill or lack of skill as truthfully as your mirror reflects your face.

Swings and hooks cannot of course be practiced on the double-end bag. The sides of the doorway prevent free scope of the arms in dealing circular blows, but on each variety of bag all the "straight" blows known to boxing may be used.

Everything in bag punching depends on striking the bag at the proper angle and at the right moment. Your blow should land as the bag is swinging toward you and while it is as nearly as possible in the center of the crown.

Stand close to the bag and lead with right or left (not too hard at first) as the bag rebounds toward you, do not step back. Lead with either straight or to the side. This will give you splendid practice in all the varieties of ducking.

If I were giving lessons in acrobatic or contortion work I should go on to describe some of the tricks employed by professional bag punchers. Punching with the head and elbow alternately, letting the bag roll about the hitter's body, impelled by forehead, fists, elbows and back of head, etc. But none of that has anything to do with boxing. It is distinctly injurious to form, to knowledge of reach and to hitting power. Lead at such fancy work alone if you merely want to be a good boxer.

If you can afford it, get two punching bags; a light one to improve your speed and a heavy bag to develop your striking force.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FASHIONS

A Daily Hint of Practical Value to Journal Readers of the Fair Sex.

The fashion pictures given daily in this department are eminently practical, and the garments pictured can be reproduced easily from the paper.



4642 Fancy Yoke Night-Gown, 32 to 40 bust. Patterns, which may be obtained at trifling cost thru The Journal. The models are all in good style, pretty and original, and not to elaborate taste. The ambitious amateur to reproduce.

FANCY YOKE NIGHT-GOWN 4642. Dainty underwear is always in demand.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF LAFACIO HEARN

American-Japanese Recluse Drops Out of Sight—Light on Character of the Writer on Japanese Sketches Furnished in Letter by Miss Eliza R. Scidmore and Ernest F. Fenolosa—How He Treats American Visitors.

Miss Eliza R. Scidmore, a popular writer on Oriental subjects, contributed a Japanese letter to the Chicago Tribune that was of great interest to Ernest F. Fenolosa, the lecturer on Japan, who is in the city for a few weeks. It not only disappeared from his accustomed haunts about Tokio of Lafacio Hearn, the American poet of prose, but he has become a naturalized Japanese under the name of Kozumie Yakumo. This served as a text for an interesting account of this distinguished and eccentric literary recluse.

Mr. Fenolosa, according to Miss Scidmore, is one of the very few foreigners who have lived in Japan during Hearn's residence there, who know him well and see much of him. This statement Mr. Fenolosa confirmed along with the main portion of Miss Scidmore's story, although some of the gossip details he explained in a somewhat different way. Of Mr. Hearn's disappearance Mr. Fenolosa knew nothing having been away from Japan for a year or two, but he had an impression that he was in England. According to Miss Scidmore Mr. Hearn's absence is giving no uneasiness to his intimates. He severed his connection with the imperial university where he was lecturer on English last spring and was supposed to have departed for England, but it is quite

likely that he is simply in retreat somewhere in Japan. The university wants him back and his students constantly ask for him, but he remains silent. Travelers in Japan have been bringing back for a good many years bunches of stories about the cavalier way in which Mr. Hearn treats all foreign visitors. In the Miss Scidmore and Mr. Fenolosa agree with the travelers, but their explanations put his attitude in a different light. It is by no means a recluse and would not be half fellow traveler with a host of chance acquaintances no matter where he lived. He does not associate more closely with Japanese, outside of his family than with foreigners. He feels the necessity of his own strength and of preserving his individual point of view in order that his writings may have a distinctive quality. This holding aloof from foreign influences has enabled him to write of Japan with a sympathy, appreciation and charm that is not to be met with elsewhere. Under those circumstances no one is entitled to quarrel with his decisions.

Mr. Hearn's break with the American world came almost immediately on his arrival in Japan fifteen years ago. He had been sent out by a leading magazine to write a series of descriptive articles. When he learned that the

mand and night-gowns made with half low necks and high collars, with many worn. This one allows of various combinations, but is shown with a yoke of lace and foundation material of fine muslin. The yoke is shaped to extend over the shoulders and so gives the broad line that has become so general. The sleeves are gracefully and softly draped. The gown is made with fronts and back which are tucked at their upper edges, so providing ample fullness before, and are joined to the yoke. The sleeves are gathered at the upper arms snugly but fall in soft folds and are finished with generous frills that form jabots at the inner arms.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 5 1/2 yards 36 inches wide, with 1/2 yard of all-over lace, 3/4 yards of insertion, 1 yard of 1/2 inch bias, 1 1/2 yards of narrow lace to trim as illustrated.

The pattern, 4642, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

In ordering pattern fill in this coupon.

PATTERN NO. Size Name Address

CAUTION—Be careful to give correct number and size of patterns wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34, 36 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 32, 34, 36, or whatever it may be, give waist or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write names of streets. Patterns of this garment will be sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Be sure and mention number of pattern. Address: PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, JOURNAL, MINNEAPOLIS.

BUYING, SELLING AND BUILDING

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS. Susan Damon Gale and husband to Margaret A. McCord; part of lot 2, in section 18-11-22, \$1,000. Thomas B. Janney and wife to Albert N. Margot; 1/2 acre of land, lot 6, block 40, town of Minneapolis, \$18,000. Seven minor deeds, \$52. Total, nine deeds, \$20,002.

BUILDING PERMITS. Knute Carlson, 2536 Buchanan street NE, dwelling, \$1,500. Eric Erickson, 3416 Twenty-first avenue S, dwelling, \$1,000. Three minor permits, \$1,500. Total, five permits, \$4,000.

ISN'T HE LAZY?



"I smell something cooking. Let's go in and ask for a handout." "What's the use. Wait a minute, Mebbe dey'll bring the grub out to us."

NO MORE MONEY.



"I bought your Christmas gift to-day, John." "That was very foolish. Now I won't be able to buy one for you."

CAN'T SCARE HIM.



"MISCHIEVOUS BUG—Gee! I'm tired of trying to scare that fellow. He seems to be made of wood."

BETWEEN TWO FIRES

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON Author of "Lady Mary of the Dark House," "The Woman in Grey," "Fortune's Sport," Etc., Etc.

so that perhaps five minutes more passed before we got to the right platform. Meanwhile, I had been casting my eyes about for Noel, but could see him nowhere. My heart was beating fast, and I hardly knew whether I wished to have Margot meet him or not. If she did, there was danger for me—more or less. If she didn't, I might believe that I had lied to her out of spite, and perhaps the fact of his departure might never be quite satisfactorily proved. On the whole, now that we are here, I thought it best to refer to what had come face to face; and as I was making up my mind to this I was conscious that Margot—standing close beside me—gave a slight start. I had been looking in one direction, she in another; and it was she who saw him first. But it was not that which had made her start, fancy. Altho I had the clue to this curious change instantly discerned in his personality, I had forgotten it, and was almost as much surprised as Margot to see that he had shaved his moustache.

CHAPTER II.—Continued. Told by Marion Sitgreaves, Niece of Sir Gordon Revelstoke, the Home Secretary.

HOW I ACCOMPLISHED A PURPOSE. I was a little afraid that, after all, Margot's father might drop some hint to her, that it would have been most unlike him to do so. And I was afraid that something might come out of Lord Reckworth had stayed to breakfast. But he hadn't stayed, and Uncle Gordon didn't mention Noel.

It was a quarter to ten precisely when we sat down at the table, and my uncle, who appeared rather absent-minded left the house in the brougham which usually took him to Downing street by a quarter past ten. A few minutes later Margot and I had our hats on and were in aansom.

She scarcely spoke at all as we drove to the station. Once we got caught in a block of traffic, and then she showed her nervousness by the coming and going of her color, but in no other way. We had to drive from Berkeley square to Charing Cross, and we were just ten minutes in getting there. By this time I wanted five and twenty minutes to eleven, the hour for the train to go out. But the station was very crowded with intending passengers, and I was pushing my trunk about with trunks piled high with luggage,

that in his hand, I'm sure he wished himself at least as far away as Victoria.

"I had wondered how Margot meant to account for our presence at the station, for her coming was to say little, unconventional. I received a bow and a smile, of course, but I don't think Noel's real self saw me at all; it was only the mechanical part that bowed." "And you were going to France this morning?" he asked of Margot when they had shaken hands.

"No," she answered, looking with her clear hazel eyes like wells with truth at the bottom, up into his face. "Are you?" "Yes," he said, with a slight nervousness of manner, unusual for him. "I was fond of hiding the warmth of his nature in almost all circumstances under an appearance of sangfroid." "I declare," she said, "I don't understand anything of it."

"I heard you were going," Margot returned. "That is why I came here." (She too, had forgotten the now.) "Noel, you changed your mind suddenly, as you say, about this one thing. Have you changed it about anything else?"

"They looked each other in the eyes. 'Nothing else,' said his—and his lips, too." "It was more than good of you to come and say goodbye to me," he added. "I didn't come only for that, Noel; I thought it would be easy to explain, but I can't. But as it is? Surely, after last night, I have a right to ask."

"Yes, you have a right to ask," he repeated. "You only put it in a roundabout way. I know that you wouldn't lie to me. Are you going to get into the train with me?" "I may see her," he returned driven into a corner. I was sorry for him. Yet I rejoiced. And I would have done what I had done again. "Do you mean that it will be a mere chance—that you're not going entirely to meet her?" "I don't want to trust me, and let me explain another time. Believe me, I would now if I could, but it is impossible."

"Because others are concerned besides myself." "Others? Yes—she. That woman to whom you are hurrying, to-day of all days."

"You are cruel, Margot. If it were my choice to go—would you put it all upon her? No, that would be still more unworthy. Oh, I am glad—glad that I came! If you had not told me with your own lips I should never have believed you gave you three months. It need have been only twelve hours. Goodbye, Mr. Brent. You will understand that this is my last word."

"I understand nothing of the kind, my darling," he broke in upon her passionately, yet in a voice too low for the words to be overheard by anyone save me. "You will be sorry for this, if you went on. 'In a few days—' you will miss your train; and think what a pity that would be!—to miss the train which carries you to her, for the sake of a few trifling words with me."

"Oh, how I love her!" he exclaimed, with a kind of loving fierceness, which would have thrilled me to the soul had it been for me. "I don't know how I came back, which I hope may be to-morrow—' 'How can you come back if you don't go demanded Margot, sneering and bitter, for the first time in my knowledge of her. 'Will you let the train go without you, after all? See, the guard is shutting the doors, and you haven't taken your place.'"

"For a moment I believe," he was tempted to throw over everything—his sacred promise to the foreign secretary, his duty to himself, the life of the man who had saved him from the man to whom he owed his life. He must have guessed, as I did, that Margot yearned in anguish to hear him cry, 'I will stay with you.' That if he did this, she was his again with all her heart, in spite of everything. That if he did not, perhaps she might never listen to such explanations as in future he might be at liberty to give."

But he did not yield—even for her; and how I loved him for it!

"I dare not let the train go," he said. "Some day you may know why and do me justice. Good-by." "I will wait for you," he said, and moved. We stood by the first-class carriage, and as Noel turned to go two men rushed at a compartment which was labelled "reserved," and opened it with a key they had with them.

There was only one man in the compartment, but a glance showed me that he had lit the seats with small gas lamps, and he flew to the window protesting. But the men scrambled in despite his objections, and Noel, who had no time to spare for his own feelings, dashed after them. I suppose he thought if these men could violate the sanctity of a reserved carriage he might do the same with his train, as every other compartment near seemed full.

But evidently the men didn't think that way. They cried out that the carriage was reserved, and would have pushed Noel off if he hadn't sternly clung on, the train meanwhile moving faster and faster, and a great rushing noise like the scene of angry shouts of warning. It was all confused and hurried; but I had a vague impression that the first man, who had wished to keep the couple with the key out of his compartment, desired the opposite with Noel. Instead of protesting as the train carried them away from our sight, I saw that he was trying to pull Noel in. And when I had time to think of it, I wondered why.

CHAPTER III. Told by Noel Brent, Who is in Love with the Home Secretary's Daughter.

THE MAN WHO WAS AFRAID. It's a queer feeling to see a man to be taken suddenly by the nap of the neck, so to speak, and plunged from paradise to perdition. But that was what seemed to have happened to me when I rushed into the train at Charing Cross and began to move out of the station.

It was a narrow shave that I got in at all, for in my haste I hadn't noticed that the carriage I aimed for was reserved. Had it not been for two men who were bent upon the same object, and had a railway key in their own hands, I should have been there. I should have failed, and might have been by that time too late to open another door and dart in somehow. Still, my good luck was that I was in the train at Charing Cross, and that I remembered in a flash the all-important document which I

CRADLE, ALTAR AND GRAVE

BIRTHS. Johnson—Mr. and Mrs. John M., 1147 Grand avenue N., a son. Person—Mr. and Mrs. Claus, 1514 Fifth street N., a son. Volkert—Mr. and Mrs. William, 1312 Queen street N., a son. Floyd—Mr. and Mrs. Phillip, 11 E Twenty-sixth street, a daughter. Coates and Mrs. John A., 825 Twenty-third avenue S., a daughter. Robert D. Berg and Zola, 806 Humboldt avenue N., a daughter. Ransman—Mr. and Mrs. N., 241 Twenty-first avenue S., a son. Sandgren—Mr. and Mrs. G., 4113 Coalfirst street N., a son.

MARRIAGE LICENSES. Joseph Bremer and Estelle L. Smith. Oscar Olson and Elizabeth. John F. Foeller and Alice Edith Graves. Robert D. Berg and Zola. Ernest Erick Carlson and Emma Sofia Carlson. Walter B. Nestleton and Esther Carpenter. Samuel Massel and Johanna Becker.

DEATHS. Borgenson—Martha, 1515 Third street S., Painsuit—310 Cedar avenue. Schramm—John, 2140 Grand avenue. Reimann—Maria, 527 Thirteenth avenue S. Lembeck—Edwin, 3010 California street NE. Hansen—Elinor, 103 Aldrich avenue N. Carbois—Freddie, 304 Thirty-eighth avenue S. Collett—Amelie, 2918 Cedar avenue S. Collett—Arthur, 1614 Eighth street SE. Lindquist—Lillian, city hospital. St. Peter—Isabel, 2810 Twenty-seventh avenue S. Collis—William, 2015 Exchange hospital. Raberg—Alexis, 428 E Forty-eighth street. Robert D. Berg and Zola. Collins—John, 122 University avenue NE. Moran—Wilford, Bethany Home.

REGGIE WARD'S LUCK

Once a Poor Peddler—Will Marry a Real Countess. Boston, Feb. 2.—Reginald Henshaw Ward was born in Allston, a Boston suburb, about forty-two years ago. His parents were well-to-do, and he had the usual advantages, and at a time when other boys were getting their schooling young Ward was entered in the school of life, judging of his outfit, door to door with his peddler's outfit. In time he became a Wall street financier.

He is now a count by virtue of a patent of nobility granted by the pope, and is about to marry the Dowager Countess Howe. She is twenty-five years his senior, and a granddame in the English peerage.

Countess Howe is a woman of a millionaire's linguist of abilities, a diplomat, a bon vivant, a squire of dames, a good fellow and withal a handsome looking figure at all social functions.

Professor Gray's invention for transmitting sound under water has been tested by the Metropolitan Steamship company, and the report that they have been able, invariably, to locate a submarine lightship, upon which a searchlight was being run, by approaching at full speed at distances of three miles, five and ten miles.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS FOR THE NORTHWEST

For Minneapolis and Vicinity: Fair to-night and Wednesday; colder to-night; rising temperature Wednesday.

Weather Now and Then—Minimum temperature to-day, 16 degrees below; a year ago, 2 degrees.

Minnesota—Fair to-night, with warmer in west and colder in east portions; Wednesday, probably snow flurries and rising temperature; diminishing northwest winds, becoming variable Wednesday morning.

Upper Michigan—Threatening, with snow to-night and near Lake Superior Wednesday; colder to-night, with cold wave in south portion; high northwest winds, becoming variable Wednesday.

Wisconsin—Generally fair to-night and Wednesday; colder to-night; high northwest winds, becoming variable Wednesday.

North and South Dakota—Partly cloudy to-night and Wednesday; rising temperature; variable winds, shifting to southerly.

Montana—Generally fair to-night and Wednesday; warmer in southeast portion to-night; westerly winds.

MINIMUM TEMPERATURES. Observations taken at 3 a. m., seventy-fifth meridian time. Minimum temperatures in last twenty-four hours: Minneapolis -16, St. Louis -12, Chicago -10, New Orleans -8, etc.

WILLIAMS SANG AND DIRECTOR RESIGNED

Colored Comedian Appeared on Umbria Entertainment Program, Despite Objections from the Gentlemen from Louisiana.

New York, Feb. 2.—Filled with pride over the success of his European tour, which included a performance "by special command" before King Edward of England, Frank Williams, the negro comedian, received a rude shock upon his return on landing, was due to a fall.

BANISHED FOR MAKING "GOO GOO EYES"

Overseer Speicher of Zion City Pro-nounces Sentence of Exile Upon Flirtatious Choir Members.

New York Sun Special Service. Chicago, Feb. 2.—"Making eyes" of the type nationally known as "goo goo"—has been ruthlessly erased from the already abbreviated list of Zion City amusements by Overseer J. G. Speicher, and he has ordered the banishment of two persons, who, he considers, looked at one another without sufficient severity.

As a consequence Bert M. Rice, chief director of all Zion's music and of the choir, and Miss Mason, organist, are preparing to leave the model city. They are doing so, however, with a storm of protest being aroused on the part of their friends, who think Overseer Speicher is too harsh in his commands. It is also hinted that Dr. Dowle himself will not be pleased, because he has had the choir members' names on hearing him. Mr. Hatfield resigned his directorship and gained some colored adornment under the first eye, which he told his friends, on landing, was due to a fall.

Rice has a wife and eight children in Zion, which reports no waterworks. Nearly twenty thousand people there draw water from wells, cisterns, etc.

It is estimated that there are 29,000,000 more or less active church members in this country. Catholics, of course, predominate in numbers over any other denomination. The Methodists have 5,500,000; Presbyterians, 1,600,000; Episcopalians, 773,000; Congregationalists, 653,000. The Unitarians have but 75,000.

The era of great endowments is surely upon us. Colleges, churches and other institutions are getting money in chunks of four and six and ten million dollars from men like Rockefeller, Carnegie, Field, Gordon-McKay.

A small boy in East St. Louis, Ill., recently went to the authorities of the town and claimed that he had been kidnapped by a negro who had taken him to a place where he had been held and he said that he had been held there for some time.

IF YOU DO NOT KNOW YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT The roar of the lion is the loudest noise made by living things. Next in line of noises is the hyena, then the screech owl, the panther and the jackal. The donkey can be heard fifty times further than the horse, the pig and the sheep. The crow is heard in the harem—when in fear—farther than either dog or cat.

Of fifteen hundred and thirty cities and towns in the United States there are more than 3,000 inhabitants. 1,475 have waterworks, 1,471 electric lights, 1,466 telephone services, 1,096 sewers for household waste, 981 gas works, 928 street railways. Key West, Fla., is the largest city in the United States.

At first, when I had presented myself at Sir Gordon Revelstoke's this morning, to learn what was the "favor" it had been intimated I might be able to do for him, and for Lord Reckworth, I forgot in the interest of the affair's development that I ought to have been reader to face a Maxim gun at close quarters than to undertake an errand to Juliette de Nevers.

The phase I had dwelt upon was that it would be a very good thing for my hopes of Margot if I could put her father under a personal obligation. She is so beautiful, so sought after, that I could not blame Sir Gordon for his interest in her. I had not spoken to him yet. To do so with no actual promise from Margot would have been premature, but I thought I ought to have seen that she was in love with me, and as Sir Gordon sees more than most men, to receive a commission from him appeared to mean more than met the eye. I flattered myself that it was equivalent to his saying: "This is a test which I am purposely giving you. Go in and win if you can."

Then, when the foreign secretary had sprung it upon me that I was to carry a paper of importance to Juliette, his information concerning her was so astonishing to me that at the time I did not think about that part of my conversation with Margot the part in which her name had occurred.

Juliette was a political spy, and she was going to be married! Juliette, who had been a model and entirely sensational, brought off a great coup by which the British government had profited. Juliette had an enemy as well as a lover; she was in desperate danger, and it was for me to save her. All this coming at once, confused the issues which otherwise must have been first met. The fact that Sir Gordon Revelstoke and Lord Reckworth flattered my ambition and freed me to do my best. It was only in desperate danger, and it was for me to save her. All this coming at once, confused the issues which otherwise must have been first met.

All these details I took in at a glance for the study of my fellow man has always interested me, and that this personality was in itself an interesting one, but it was puzzling, and I was at a loss to understand why the fellow had been anxious to elect the men with the key, yet was ready to extend a welcome to me.

He was so desirous that I, and not one of the other two, should sit beside him, that I remembered in a flash the all-important document which I