

THE SCIENTIFIC SIDE OF TRUNK-PACKING.

MISS HELEN LORD, Prima Donna Soprano, Tells How to Put Things Away for Long-Distance Traveling. GOWNS of the Most Expensive Material Will Not Be Crushed or Soiled if They Are Properly Folded.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

It has probably occurred to a few women that the homely work of packing a trunk has its scientific side. But it is true that there are a lot of wise little knacks by which, if one knows them, one can avoid many of the discomforts and annoyances that usually characterize the average housewife's occasional journey.

Miss Helen Lord, who will be seen here with Frank Bardsley in the prima donna role of Miss Simplicity's superintendence of the packing by her maid of gowns of the most expensive material throughout the company's season on tour, and she has written an article of advice for the women readers of The Republic, in which she sets forth some of the things she has learned about the right way to pack a trunk.

BY MISS HELEN LORD.

The woman who packs her trunk only once or twice a year on the occasion of a trip to the seashore or a visit with some distant relatives usually thinks it's fun while she's doing it, but when she reaches the other end of her journey and finds the contents of a bottle of toilet water soaking its way through her wardrobe and the bottom of her best evening gown crushed all out of shape she is rather apt to wish that she had gone about it less in a spirit of fun and with more of an idea of trunk packing as an exact science.

But with stage women it's very different. We practically live in our trunks for forty weeks out of every fifty-two, and one of the first things we learn is the scientific little trick of stowing things away for travel so that when they are unpacked they are as

good as new. To be sure, it is less of a problem nowadays than it must have been before the trunkmakers invented trays and separate boxes for hats. But all the trays and boxes in the world won't keep things from going wrong in the hands of Mr. Baggage Smasher, if they are not properly packed.

The important thing about packing a skirt



B. WIDMANN

FOLDING A SKIRT



THE BOTTLE MUST BE WRAPPED IN A ROUGH CRUMPLY WAY



STUFFING THE SLEEVES WITH TISSUE PAPER

beat hat boxes are waterproof, and one need have no worry about the safety of their contents.

One of the most difficult things in trunk packing is the safe disposal of toilet waters, soaps, scents, shoe dressing and ink. The breaking of bottles and the subsequent damage to clothing are always to be dreaded, and the skillful trunk packer will take absolutely no chances of such an ac-

cident. Many trunks are now provided with a tray made especially for bottles, which has assorted sizes of compartments holding one bottle each. But if one takes sufficient care this is not essential.

To prevent corks from working loose and coming out, the simplest device is to have a large supply of large and small rubber bands, all of them wide. A band is tightly stretched lengthwise around the bottle over

the cork. The bottle is then wrapped in a newspaper, not carefully and smoothly, but roughly. Two or three full newspaper sheets should be crumpled up and wrapped around the bottle in a wrinkled, crumply way. The bottles are then put in the trunk among the soiled clothing, hosiery and other articles that will not be damaged in case of accident, no two bottles being allowed to touch, and no bottle touching the

outer walls of the trunk. Shoe dressing should be wrapped in an additional piece of rubber or leather cloth. The best way to pack ink is not to pack it at all, but to rely on getting it upon arriving at one's destination. Many women carry their toilet articles in separate dressing-cases, provided with cut-glass bottles, mounted in silver or gold, or with plain nickel trimmings. These are so arranged that no breakage is possible.

YOUNG KING ALPHONSO HANDLES WEAPONS WITH DEXTERITY.

How Spain's Boy Sovereign Spends His Time—Always Rises Early and Delights in Military Exercises—Plays Tennis on Holidays—Now a Healthy, Well-Grown Youth.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Madrid, Dec. 12.—Alfonso XIII is just now one of the most interesting sovereigns of Europe. His youth, for all the world wonders what he will make of his future; his history, which may be said to have begun with the tragedy of his father's death, and the dangers and difficulties besetting a long regency—all these things have combined to make the event of his coming of age a point of particular prominence and interest.

Owing to the great care with which his mother, the Queen Regent, has surrounded him, he has grown from a delicate child into a healthy, well-grown youth, full of life and vigor. At San Sebastian, where the Spanish royal family habitually pass the summer, I frequently saw him. He is above the average height, and well built; he has a fresh complexion, slightly bronzed, and his eyes are brown, bright and expressive; he has curly, auburn hair, and his features are good, with a slightly prominent under lip. All together, with his manly looks and gallant bearing, he is a King of whom a nation might well be proud.

The young King usually wears sailor costume, with the large falling collar and straw hat; in winter he changes the straw hat for a Baskin cap. On ceremonial occasions he dons the uniform of the Infantry Cadets of Toledo, set off by the insignia of the Golden Fleece, which is suspended from his neck by a red ribbon.

Physical exercises occupy a foremost place in the education of the youthful King, and it is undoubtedly to these that he owes his strength, development and smart bearing. He is, moreover, an excellent rider, having from the earliest age made good use of the riding school attached to the palace.

Fond of Riding.

He is in the habit of riding frequently with his mother through the park of the Casa de Campo. Queen Christina is also a good horse-woman, having in her youth had lessons from that past mistress of the art, the late Empress of Austria.

It is a fancy of King Alfonso never to ride the same horse for two days running. And this is a fancy which he can easily gratify, as he possesses a magnificent stud of English and Arabian thoroughbreds. At the last military maneuvers his Majesty remained for four hours on horseback with his staff.

Alfonso delights also in military exercises. He handles the saber, sword, revolver and rifle with rare dexterity. Three days in the week from 2 to 4, he exercises on the drill-

ground with young men of his own age, among whom are the sons of the Count of Revillagigedo, the grandsons of the Duke of Medina-Sidonia, Chief of the Palace, the sons of the Duke of Almodovar, and others. They are under the supervision of an officer, and the King, in common with his companions, is armed according to military regulations.

The King rises early—at 7 o'clock—has his tub and coffee, and begins work, which continues until the midday breakfast. After that, work again until 2, when he has a fencing lesson. Whatever the weather may be, he then goes out for a long walk, generally accompanied by his mother and sisters. At 6 he has a light meal, and dines at 7, and goes to bed at 10. This regular and healthy life has unquestionably overcome the delicate tendencies of his childhood.

An "Outdoor" Sportsman.

It may be added that he is fond of bicycling; in fact, all manly outdoor sports have an attraction for him. On holidays, he and his comrades play tennis, croquet, football and other games on the Campo del Moro, a vast and beautiful park adjoining the royal palace.

His mental training has in the meantime not been forgotten. He is a capital linguist, speaking English, French and German fluently. He is at present studying German literature with the principal of the German school at Madrid and English literature with M. Merry del Val, son of the Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican.

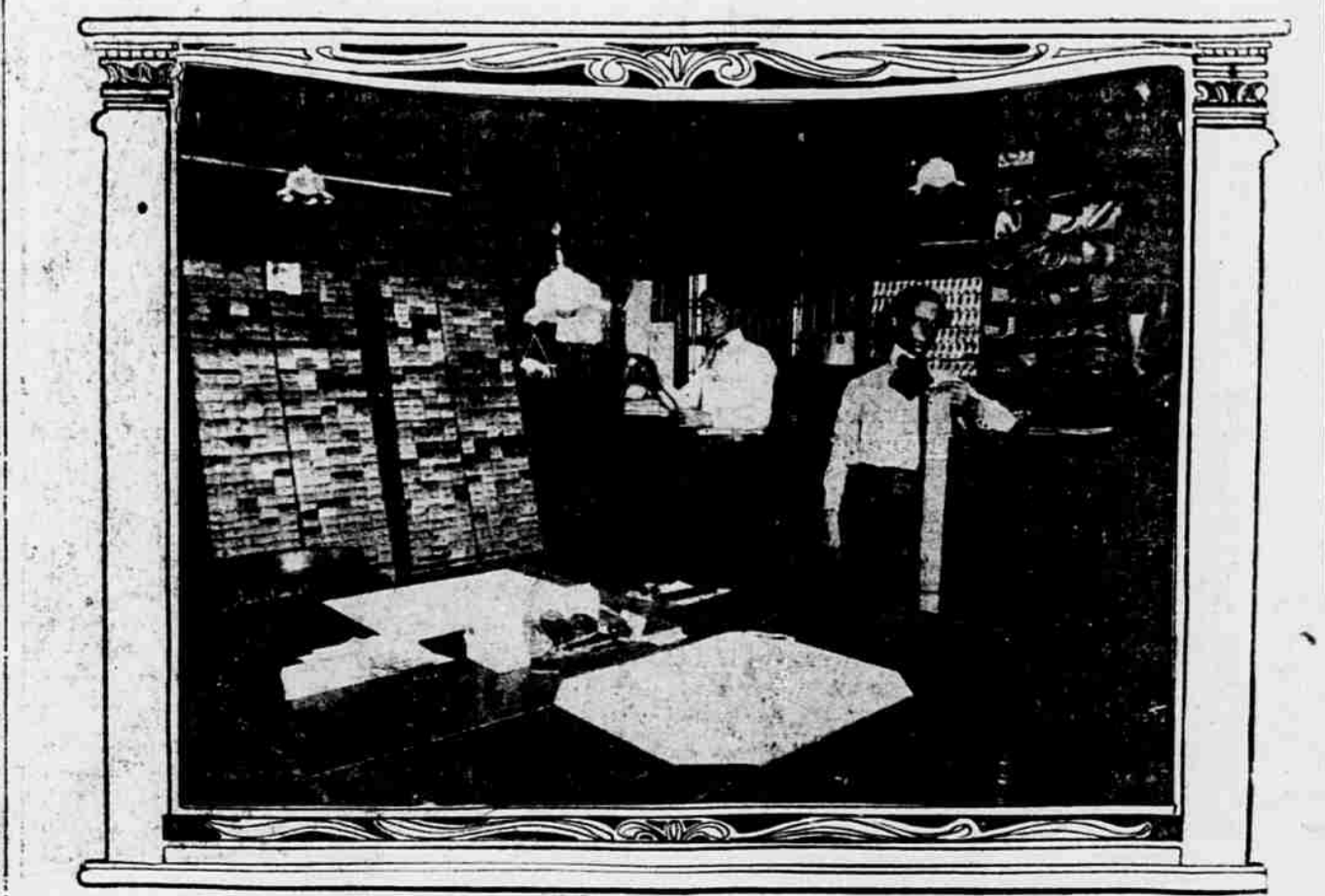
He is peculiarly devoted to the military part of his educational programme, and his course of instruction in this line somewhat resembles that of the Academy of Infantry, amplified by that of the Naval Academy. His other studies include general history, Spanish literature, drawing, physics, chemistry, military geography, and, of course, the older languages.

Alfonso XIII is a very fond of music and plays well upon the piano. So that it is evident his Majesty's education has been of the most thorough description.

The King's first public appearance before his people was on the occasion of his baptism in the palace chapel on May 22, 1886. Two years later the child-monarch, dressed all in white, was present in the arms of his nurse, Balmuda—at the inauguration of the International Exhibition in Barcelona. He behaved with royal propriety throughout the proceedings, not giving way to any baby impatience or restlessness.

BOOM TIMES IN TEXAS.

These Young Railroad Men Sold \$135,000 Worth of Tickets at Beaumont in One Day.



INTERIOR SOUTHERN PACIFIC TICKET OFFICE.

During the two months that the great oil boom at Beaumont, Tex., was at its height the Southern Pacific Railroad Company sold at its Beaumont office \$135,000 worth of tickets. In one day, early in April, \$1000 worth of tickets were purchased at this office. The two men who handled this immense business were J. K. Tooke and G.

W. Wetherby. Much of the time they worked fourteen hours a day and were busy every minute. It is claimed that the total amount taken in during the two months of the boom represents the heaviest receipts for the time being of any single-line ticket office in the world. It is estimated on the basis of the receipts of the Southern Pacific

office's Beaumont office that not less than \$2,000,000 were spent in railroad fares by persons going to and from Beaumont during the boom. For more than a month special trains of nine cars were run from Beaumont to Houston and return by the Southern Pacific to accommodate the travel. Often there would be hardly standing room on these specials.



ENGLAND'S NEW CHIEF OF STAFF IN SOUTH AFRICA. Major General Sir Ian Hamilton, D. S. O., the new Chief of Staff to Lord Kitchener, is the son of an old Gordon Highlander, and was wounded at Majuba in 1881. Since then he has seen active service in Egypt, the Sudan, Burma, Chitral and the Indian frontier war of 1897. He was in command of the infantry assault at Eland's Laagte.

HUMAN LIFE OFTEN DEPENDS ON TRIFLES.

Little Cord of Ligament Prevents Instant Death When the Head Is Moved—Long Veins of the Body, When Perpendicular, Would Cause Suffocation Unless Flow of Blood Was Arrested by Diminutive Valves.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

In the absolutely healthy man or woman the great organs of the body do their work imperceptibly; in other words, a healthy human being ought not to know that it has a heart, lungs, stomach, liver, or anything of that sort; and yet their working depends on some of the merest trifles—if such a word can be used in connection with nature's workings—and the absence of any one of them would mean the stoppage of the whole vital machinery.

For instance, to begin at the top: When you swing your head from side to side, or bend it backward or forward, you have only a little cord of ligament between you and sudden death. The head is balanced on a double joint, a pivot on which it turns from side to side, and a sort of swing-joint, not exactly a hinge, on which it swings backward and forward. It is this check-ligament, as it is called, which prevents it from going too far either way.

The reason is this: Immediately in front of the peg of the pivot-joint is the channel in the spine through which the spinal cord passes to the brain, and if it were not for this vital check-string the head, which is, bulk for bulk, the heaviest part of the body, would fall too far backward or forward and crush the spinal cord.

Here is another vital rattle which, perhaps, you have never considered: Bare your arm and press your finger hard on the upper part of the veins and pass it slowly down. You will see the vein swell up into little knots; take your finger away and they will vanish. The reason for this is that nearly all the veins have little cusps in them. The cusps open toward the heart, and thus, when the blood is flowing in the right direction they fold back and offer no resistance. But they prevent any fluid flowing in the opposite direction.

During waking life many of the long veins are more or less perpendicular, and but for these cusps, or valves, the blood would naturally tend to flow down the vein. The blood is composed of a gray fluid in which myriads of tiny little bodies, some white and some red, are floating. They are about a 3,000th part of an inch in diameter, and are enclosed in an envelope which has the peculiar property of permitting gases, but not liquids, to pass through it. It is this envelope which enables them to take up the oxygen of the air as it goes into the lungs

and to convey it to all parts of the body. Oxygen is, of course, as necessary to the body as air is to a fire.

Now, if liquids could pass through these tiny envelopes the fluid in which they float would enter them, crowd out the oxygen and put out the vital flame just as surely as a flood of water would put out a fire. In fact, if this property of admitting gases and excluding fluids were to be reversed, the human race would cease to exist weeks ago, because the time taken for the blood to traverse the whole system is about half a minute.

The same curious but beneficent property is possessed by the vast network of tiny tubes, one 3,500th part of an inch in diameter, which lie immediately under the skin all over the body; but their function is even stranger still, for they will allow nothing to pass through their walls save what is directly harmful or superfluous. The result is perspiration, which passes from them through myriads of tiny glands to the skin. At a religious festival in France during the Middle Ages a child was glided all over to make it represent a golden image of the Savior. It died in a few hours, poisoned by the impurities of its own blood, which were prevented from getting through the skin.

But perhaps the most striking feature connected with the working of the human body is the fact that we have two brains, a mechanical and a mental one, as they may be called. The former is situated low down at the back of the head, at the top of the spinal column. The latter occupies the rest of the skull. This is the one we do our thinking and feeling and willing with. But, although it is the noblest part of the human organism, it has no control over the little brain at the back.

No one knows exactly how this little brain does its work, but it does it continuously and unconsciously. Its business is to look after the working of the lungs, heart, stomach, and so forth, and it attends to business day and night without sleeping. It will now be easy to see that our lives depend upon the working of parts of the human organism, it has no control over the little brain at the back.

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SOME VERY QUEER BATHS.

Beau Brummel, When a Prisoner for Debt at Caen, Washed His Face in Milk—Marie Antoinette Often Bathed in a Decoction of Wild Thyme, Laurel and Marjoram.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The mud baths at St. Asard-les-Eaux enjoy a considerable vogue. The mud or "moor" is composed of a peaty, boggy turf, and, although the period of immersion varies from half an hour to five hours, can be easily at the conclusion of the bath removed from the skin. The mud bath treatment is by no means a novel fad, having been in use in the Fourteenth Century.

For the wealthy the wine bath is recommended. A recent circular sets forth its efficacy, and for such as are "run down" by a twenty minute stay in a bath containing 100 liters of malvoise, which can be used a hundred times without losing its invigorating properties. "For," says the circular, "the 100 baths the malvoise may be distilled, and the result will be found to be a delicious brandy."

A devotee to milk baths was Beau Brummel, who, when a prisoner for debt at Caen, used to have a certain quantity left at the jail every morning for that purpose. The idea did not, however, originate with this modern sybarite, for we read that the Roman Empress Poppaea immersed herself daily in asses' milk and that when she traveled she was accompanied by 500 asses to supply milk for her lustral ablutions.

Even stranger fads, however, are on record. Marie Antoinette was wont to bathe in a decoction of wild thyme, laurel and marjoram, made more invigorating by the addition of sea salt, while Isabel of Bavaria immersed her fair body in a distillation of chickweed, which was in her opinion a sovereign specific for the skin. The honey from roses, melon juice and the milky extract from green barley were likewise employed by old-time beauties.

John Law, of Mississippi scheme fame, who was a notable beau in the early Eighteenth Century, was a great believer in the

volk of eggs, 100 of which were added to his daily bath, which was made aromatic by certain carefully prepared scents and essences. At times, however, he discarded this for a tub of veal broth, thus anticipating, in a way, the present whim that recommends the application of a thin layer of veal as a beautifier of the complexion.

Then there are baths taken without any reference to hygiene, mere freaks of eccentricity. Such a one was that endured by Mile de St. Aubin, after wards known as the Comtesse de Genlis, who, to outwardly express her humility, insisted upon having a bath in the water that had been previously employed in lavating twenty beggars, a repulsive act that might have cost her dear.

Far different the foot bath indulged in by the French novelist, Frederick Soulle. On one occasion he received in payment of one of his novels—it was the first volume of "Les Memoirs du Diable"—10,000 francs, all in louis d'or. Beside himself with joy he returned home and, emptying the flood of gold into a foot bath, sat with his naked feet immersed therein for over half an hour, placidly smoking the white the largest of Havanas.

Quite Enough.

He: "I was lucky in coming home in the car to-night."

She: "Got a seat, eh?"

He: "No, but I got a strap all to myself."—Philadelphia Press.

In New York.

"Is he rich?"

"Mercy, no! I don't suppose the poor man could scrape up more than two or three millions to save his life."—Record-Herald.