

JIM'S SURPRISE

By ETHEL L. STANTON

CAVE-MEN IN MANY LANDS

Some of Their Dwellings Are Not Without a Fair Standard of Modern Comfort.

Troglodytes, cave men, living in their cave dwellings, are to be found in Mexico, the Canary Islands, in the Crimea, as well as in Spain, France, Italy and England, according to Harold J. Shepstone, in the *Wide World Magazine*. The Italian troglodyte dwellings at Bari are little more than houses which it has been found simpler to cut out of the soft rock rather than to go to the trouble of collecting building materials.

The chief headquarters of the Spanish troglodytes is the village of Burgos, near Valencia. Their dwellings are practically entirely beneath the ground. Many of these dwellings have been recently excavated and offer a fair standard of comfort, often having a handsome palm tree in front of the entrance.

Throughout the whole of Crimea there are endless successions of cave dwellings, but the only ones still inhabited are in Inkermann, a name which itself means "cave castle." There are vast holes and cozy rooms, with ledges of stones which were doubtless bedsteads in prehistoric times. There is also a wonderful cave church, fitted with columns, a choir loft and elaborate sarcophagi. The altar and the cross are of so unique a form that antiquarians are unable to connect them with any known sect.

WEAR DEAD HUSBAND'S SKULL

Andaman Widows Carry Grewsome Relic for Full Year, and Then Take Another Mate.

Humorously she described her own helpless floundering when she was trying to begin housekeeping. Then she explained her idea of allowing girls to come to her own home, where by actual experience they could learn the routine work of a house.

"Buying and dressmaking will also be included," she added. "Now don't think that your trained minds can easily master the intricacies of housekeeping. That idea, I believe, is wrong. A girl without college training will take more kindly to housework because her mind has never had the advantage of advanced study, which has the tendency to make the routine work of a house seem petty."

That does not mean that I object to college training in the home. On the contrary, the college bred women will attack the confusion caused by her ignorance of housework with a keenness that will make her more efficient than her sister with the untrained mind. She will give to the home and will surround her children with an atmosphere which only education can give."

Eight girls responded to this appeal. Six of these could start the next week and take three lessons a week. The other two, who were to be married soon, wanted to come together every morning for three months. Mrs. Carey went home jubilant. She even decided to teach her pupils to bathe her baby.

The success of the plan was far beyond her expectations. For two years she had pupils every day, and at the end of that time had \$2,800 in the bank. The best of it was that Jim never suspected what was going on.

He was working night and day himself, yet did not act like a prosperous man. Several times she tried to urge him to tell her his troubles, but he evidently decided to spare her as long as possible. Perhaps she did not press the matter sufficiently, knowing that the day for her surprise would surely come.

It was two and one-half years after the teaching had been inaugurated that he came and stamped wearily into a chair.

"I've bad news to tell you," he said. "I shall have to go into bankruptcy this week, and for only \$600, too. I've tried everywhere to raise the money, but I can't do it. I am ashamed to bring this on you. The little home will have to go," he added, brokenly.

"I'm sorry for you. I have tried—I guess I'm a failure. You ought not to have married me."

"Not another word," whispered his wife, kissing him. "Just shut your eyes and I'll get a surprise for you."

In a minute she had put in his hands her savings bank book.

Jim looked at the cover and then at his wife. "I don't understand," he said slowly.

"Open it," said Mrs. Carey, eagerly. "It's all yours. I did it for you."

After her explanation he looked up from the total figure to the face of his wife, saying in a low, reverent voice:

"You can't realize what this means to me." He took her face between his hands and drew it to him. "It is your dear, that make men worship women. Thank God that he let me marry you."

Would Take Lesson From Nature.

It is curious to note that from Scandinavia, the home of beautiful wooden houses and abundance of timber, application is being expressed at the present time to revive the ancient method *de terre* in building. A writer in Sweden shows how it should follow the example of rockmasonry in nature, digging, stamping and filling in every crevice with fine particles of earth, substituting for the weight of sea water some other form of pressure that would not require so many centuries to complete the operation. He does not suggest that we should return to dwellings, but that we should take lessons from the concrete examples in nature.

Achievement Follows Work.

A reasoning age demands respect for the person of others no matter what the sex or social station. It's folly for a man to imagine that he is strangely destined to rank above his fellows. You may be on the road to power, but that will result from fitness rather than from any endowment of divinity. The old idea that nature bestows exceptional gifts upon certain individuals is pretty much fiction. It's nice for the gifted but rather hard on the common, ordinary chap. But experience shows that achievement is a matter of work and not of gift. The world is daily awarding prizes to those who dare to toil to the limit for the sake of winning place. Men who rise to remain leaders are those who fit themselves to hold high station.

BEAUTIFUL ISLE IS TOBAGO

Crusoe's Famous Abode, in the Caribbean, Described as a Place of Many Attractions.

Tobago, the scene of Robinson Crusoe's story, and the one-time residence of John Paul Jones, is an island of supreme beauty nestling in the Caribbean, whose stormy history is without parallel in the bloodstained annals of the West Indies. History says it was fought over for centuries by French, Spanish, British, Dutch and savage Caribs and often deserted for scores of years at a time, the Detroit News recalls. The justice of Tobago's claim to be called Crusoe's island is unquestionable. De foos hero was one Alexander Selkirk in real life. That he was marooned as related is an historical fact. The natives can even show one the caves in which he dwelt, and from no other isle could the castaway have peered forth across the waters of the "Gulf of Oroneque" to which he refers, and see the faint outlines of the "Island of Trinidad," as stated in his story.

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APPLY NAMED "MOLTEN SEA"

High Priests' Swimming Pool in Solomon's Temple Most Wonderful "Tub" Ever Constructed.

How many persons ponder, while "tubbing" in the midst of modern conveniences, on how the rest of the world performs this same act of personal cleanliness? The stolen pleasures of the "old swimmin' hole," the wooden tub in the kitchen surrounded by questionable curtains of privacy—a sheet over the clothes horse—a real sea bath or swim in a "gym" pool have been the stepping stones of progress for most of us to the modern conveniences.

This bathing idea started with Bible folk, who built the most wonderful swimming pool the world has ever seen in Solomon's temple. This "molten sea" measured ten cubits from brim to brim, five cubits in height and was round in compass; the thickness was a hand's breadth, and the brim, shaped like that of a teacup, was carved with lilies and leaves. The immense basin was borne aloft by 12 carved oxen, three each facing north, south, east and west. The pool received and held 3,000 bathers at one time and was designed for and used by high priests, there being 20,000 baths of wine and the same number of oil provided for the laymen.—Indianapolis Star.

Beautiful St. Sophie.

St. Sophie's church at Constantinople is one of the most remarkable buildings in the world. In architectural features the structure has a 107-foot dome carried on four pillars, one at each corner, and composed of light pumice stone, with the apex 175 feet above the floor.

So extraordinary is the appearance of the church that the awe-stricken Sultan Mohammed is reported as having stopped at the door when the building was taken over by the Moslems and, seeing a soldier bawling at the door "For the faith," exclaimed, "ye have the whole city to pillage and enslave; leave ye me the buildings!"

The Mohammedans have never destroyed the treasures of art they found upon taking Constantinople, but have covered them up. They have preserved whole cisterns or cellars full of priceless manuscripts of Greek and Byzantine literature, and writings belonging to the early part of the Gospel age.

To Drill Holes in Glass.

By using a combination of turpentine and camphor, glass may be drilled with a common drill, says *Everyday Engineering*. When the point of the drill comes through the hole should be worked with the end of a three-cornered file, having edges ground sharp. Use the corners of the file to scrape rather than as a reamer. Great care must be taken not to crack the glass or flake off pieces of it while finishing. The mixture should be used freely, both while drilling and scraping. It may be used as well to drill hard cast iron and tempered steel.

Effective Remedy.

"Glibbing is beginning to talk bolshewism."

"Is there any cure for that sort of thing?"

"Certainly. Give Glibbing a tip that will enable him to pick up a few thousand in the stock market and the alledged woes of the proletariat will no longer mean anything to him."

As they were about to leave she noticed a long, white-papered box on the hall table and asked:

"What have you there, Alfred?"

His absent-mindedness still clung to him.

"Oh, that? You got me so excited I forgot it." With a quick gesture he tore off the paper. "They're just some flowers I bought for you at the florist's—some pinks. You used to be so fond of them, you know."

As they sat in the darkness of the theater, and the orchestra was playing "Hearts and Flowers," her husband became aware of suspicious sounds emanating from his wife.

"What are you crying about, dear?"

Her hand stole out until it found his.

"Oh, Alfred," she sniffling; "I—I'm so happy to know you are still the same old sweetheart. You did not forget, after all."

AN ANNIVERSARY

By MABEL E. BLIGH.

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Mrs. Crawford picked up her sewing and threw it down again in disgust. Her wrath was not unjustified. She surveyed her surroundings with profound indignation. The furniture seemed a kind of symbol of the dreary monotony of life. It expressed so clearly the relentless decay of youth and hope.

The rocker in which she sat, with all the defects of antiquity save its charm, was a summary of her married life. It had been intended for mere temporary use; it had been their pleasant companion that in a year or two they would replace it with something better—something that one could live with always. But Alfred's affluence had proved always just over the ridge of attainment.

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