

for Christmas, but without temperature. She pushed nearer the fire and then a stand where huge roses were gathered in her hands. You always chance to find perfect blossoms for me, the girl asked indistinctly, when in the recess. She raised for an answer, but the man moved into the fire. She moved nearer him. These close to us this evening, you thing they should be? you reprove me for being ill, as you always do? Or ready under the influence of and kindly disposed toward even me? You, Mr. Martha— I'll take it back if you will, she hastened to say, then in a tone of almost banter: "My dear, I wanted to know how can I talk Christmas are in such a solemn state? I'm thinking," answered Miles that perhaps you may have the roses—may perhaps have a way—may perhaps have stood them a little. He a few steps around the room began again with better courtship occurred to me after I had that as they would arrive you might not take them gift. I must tell you something has been troubling me for a while. Things are not quite the same between me and my father and me as they were when you met me. Perhaps you knew questioning infection in words. The girl's face had a smile, but just the faintest smile. Lips. She was gazing steadily at the rose jar, on which her hand, and she made no answer. Christmas came I did not realize in our prospects," he said. "Perhaps I did not think that, but if it does make me, why, then— I was looking straight into with an expression of infinite made a difference. Charles, I have been for weeks what you have said tonight solves the problem. There was a queer little voice, but she went on and I've decided sweetheart, you that which I think you of all"—her hand crept tremor to his—"myself." I was now, dear, how selfish I insist on being a June bride my mother and Nell had had in June. The family will be tomorrow, even Aunt Helton. Of course it would be a wedding, no fiery, no thought that now, when a trouble, you might need of that Miles was alive to glorious meaning of her, and, drawing her to him, red brokenly: "Oh, you can't understand!" Christmas chimes were ringing the house. A few moments she stood before the gas light in room. A half rueful smile on her lips. "I haven't even a new white dress will pass for a wedding dress," she murmured. "I crossed to a quaint chest of drawers and drew forth a bulky package with blue ribbons. From a paper she unwrapped a velvet set in the richest silks by piece she laid it forth on the table, breathing an sigh. "In the morning early I shall have change it for two scarfpins, for Bob and Crancer. Really, ought to be best man, if there a personage, tomorrow."

REFORM IN NEW YORK

MOVEMENT WELL ON ITS WAY IN METROPOLIS.

Tammany Machine Closely Watching Progress Made by New City Government.

New York letter: The reform movement here is now well on its way. The energetic campaign and hard-earned victory of the fusion forces seem to have caused the candle of virtue to shine more brightly with each succeeding day, until now its rays have penetrated and are felt even in the strongest of the Tammany strongholds. An infant yet, truly the possibilities of lasting benefit from the incoming administration are great, even though it does not wield the governing scepter until the New Year.

But Tammany leaders aver that the tighter the "virtue band," the tighter it will be for the opposing forces far off in the dim light of 1903. For Tammany is wise. One shower does not mean a deluge, nor does one defeat mean annihilation. Already have its leaders closed the pages on the past, and started to labor for the future. And in no way can the massive proportions and fabulous strength of this great political machine be better judged. A long campaign, and a bitter one; victory almost sure, and then defeat, a defeat by fusion and the usually silent vote. But yet it was the election that was lost, and not Tammany. And even now, in the crowded districts of the East and West sides, can be seen by the observant one Tammany's ever familiar methods of strengthening itself by cajoling, charity, promises and all that appeals to the lower class of our city vote.

The "tightened band of virtue" is to be the strong card of the district leaders. "All that we want," said one of the East side henchmen the other day, and he was but voicing the popular opinion, "is that the reform movement keeps up its present gait. Why the East side, taken as a whole, is closed up tighter today than it has been in years. The Tenderloin is practically the same; while as for the down-town districts and Harlem, well, they have been a little more easy. But the outlook is bad for even those sections, and before long, I say, look out for squalls. "I used the word 'bad' because that is what I wished to bring out. A closed city is a title that will never fit in New York. We have witnessed spasms of 'virtue' time and again, and have always seen things revert to their former easy and strictly normal, considering the people, standing. And when a party, or fusion of parties, attempts to make a model out of the second largest city of the world, they simply reckon without their hosts.

"I know there are brainy men in the new administration. But the question is, will they be wise enough to see what men who have studied the people and their wants for years have seen? Here is a mass of citizens of every nationality on the globe. They are ignorant; many can not even speak English, let alone read and write. They came to this country, first to make money; second, to live in freedom, apart from the restraints they had been under in their native country. These people I speak of form fully one-third of the voting population of the city, enough at any time when normal conditions prevail, to sway the tide of election victories. And these are the people to be considered, from the political standpoint.

"Of course, it can be said that this element was defeated last November. True, but the situation was clearly abnormal. Tammany had no party to contend with, but a combination of all parties. Our strength was unusual, but the fusion, together with the silent vote which made its unexpected appearance at the polls, and the feeling of dissatisfaction spread among the West side districts, brought forth a vote which in itself was remarkable. It had to be, for Tammany's figures had lost none from those of our previous victories.

"This 'illiterate' vote is the thing the new government has to look out for, and the worst thing they can do is to make a closed city here. The habits and customs of the people are peculiar. Take away the glass of beer in the early morning hours, or the petty gaming room when the 'illiterate' wages his nickels on the turn of the card, and you infringe on his liberty. And above all, the showy concert hall, where he buys his cheap drinks and listens for the evening, perhaps, to the rather risqué performance, is his one haven of respite from his toil; take it away, and you lose the man as a voting factor.

"This is just what the fusion government has started to do. The aim is a commendable one from the moral standpoint, but from a practical one, never. The population of this city cannot be changed, and so long as it remains as it is, and that it will be until time eternal, a long drawn out 'virtuous spasm' won't go. The people will not stand for the closed article, and that is all there is to it. The Fusionists seem to want to do the very thing that Tammany wants them to do. Good!"

"Yes, New York is slowly but surely coming to be the 'closed article.' Having the above remarks in mind, the writer made a midnight tour of the East and West sides, and a quieter condition of things could not be imagined. The far-famed Bowery was well-nigh deserted. Promptly at the midnight hour, the lights all down the long brilliant street flickered and grew 'dim.' The tinkling bells of the shooting galleries and cheap amusement halls, the hoarse howlings of the side-walk barkers, rose up in one agonizing blaze and dim and faded away to silence. Nothing

distinguished the virtuous of the time save the booming of a passing car or the hurrying of a belated pedestrian.

The writer stood in amazement. Could this be the Bowery, that turned night into day, resounded with merry voices and music through all the morning hours? It was dark and cold and deserted. Surely there was something behind.

Through the swinging doors of that notorious dive, McGurk's Saloon, he pushed his way. In the hall, grouping about the bar, sat a disconsolate few, women, toying with the glasses which were relegated at the one o'clock hour. There was no rag-time music emanating from the tineworn juke, and nothing but a mournful buzz of conversation told of life within the walls.

The contrast with the brilliancy and jollity of the previous half hour was too marked not to be understood. The edict had gone forth. In the Volks' Garden next door a concert hall of similar reputation, a like condition of things obtained. Gloom and disgust reigned the place of joke and revel. The notorious resorts, Flynn's, Chaney's, Old Sporting house and others, had all pulled down their shutters. The Atlantic Garden, whose attractions have been heralded in the civilized world by our jackets, and, perhaps, the most notable concert hall on the street, its colors at 12:30, and nothing was on tap but the "Chop Suey."

On Third avenue, in the crowded Fourteenth street, dark and deserted, the eye at the San concert hall of Max Hochstadt, recently sentenced Tammany to the Exchange, on Thirteenth street, Billy's hotel, and at the district, Allen street, all the "red light" district, was silent. Taken all together, the side had gone away from its former glory. The sleepy hollow of Irving seemed to be presented in its inhumanity, but without the innervations. It looked sad and angry.

The condition of things on the East side is similar to that on the West side. The "wide" Pool rooms closed, or so they say, the layman is shut out, and the pool put out of existence, and the "red light" district, is silent within the letter of the law. The fusionists have started to keep the fusion of the election in a clean city.

There can be no doubt that the actions taken are those of a strictly moral side. The effects are sure to be appreciated by those who rejoice in right living. A city free of vice, and the dream of all the world, a thing to be proud of as within the possible.

Yet even the most enthusiastic admit that to make an ideal city is a task beyond the present generation. This has been shown by the fusionists themselves, and advocated that half-way used. Even the clergy have recognized the necessary evils, and come forth with suggestions of palliation. The licensing of the prostitutes, and the Sunday concerts, are some of these. Under such a custom, they would be done away with, and with more lasting effect than if the of the present laws were enforced.

Bishop Potter and the Reformers are prominent among the liberal of the clergy. And clergy and politicians argue strain, surely much has been gained. The half-way measure, given to satisfy the general population of such a city as New York, will in the end meet with more success than the high-handed method of instant suppression, as well as attempt the awakening of the Sphinx from its bed of slumber.

But just what is intended is uncertain. The power of

forces, in this direction is perhaps now as strong as it ever will be, and it is being directed in the way of a "closed" city. In the light of Tammany's beliefs, which are founded upon solid rock, and in which many of the clergy and fusionists can see truth, will the crusade continue? Tammany wants it.

GEORGE MORROW.
NOTHING LIKE BAG PUNCHING.

It is the Ideal Exercise for Women in Cold Weather.

New York Sun: Tennis and rowing are over till next year and golf has been all but impossible for some weeks, so now the athletic instructors are advocating bag punching as the ideal exercise for women who have to solve the ever-present problem of how to grow thin.

A well known writer on athletics insists that by punching the bag for ten minutes a day for a week a woman can do more to reduce her weight and preserve a good figure than by observing a rigid diet for six months.

Bag punching develops the chest, neck and shoulders and reduces the waist. It exercises every muscle, gives thin women curves and makes stout women thin.

If a woman has a poor complexion the exercise will give her the tints of peaches and cream, if anything will. The object of all exercise is to make the blood circulate rapidly and well and bag-punching does that to perfection.

Unlike fencing, bag-punching requires no instructor, yet its advocates say it will make a woman just as graceful and as light on her feet as the other exercise. She will learn to poise and balance herself and this will give her a springy step and an easy and graceful carriage. Unlike fencing, too, no antagonist is required. That is another strong point in favor of bag-punching.

Last of all the outfit is inexpensive. Ten dollars will buy a first class light punching bag with framework support; a fairly good one can be had for even less.

The only other thing necessary is a pair of light weight boxing gloves, which may be bought for a dollar.

The exercise can be taken in any costume just as well as in the most up to date gymnasium garments. And a woman will derive almost as much benefit from awkward bag punching if she keeps at it as she will from the real scientific kind.

These are the rules of the punching contest as laid down by an authority: Suspend the bag on a level with the shoulders and strike straight out from the shoulder. This stroke brings into play a greater number of muscles than any other, tends to expand the chest and gives a good poise to the neck.

Always hit the bag, if possible, a trifle above the center and this will prevent a rebound and a bruised nose. This will be best understood with practice. Ten minutes a day is long enough for the average woman, but twenty minutes will be better if she wants to reduce weight rapidly. Punch the bag twenty-five times with the right arm swing, rest a few moments and then try 25 strokes with the left hand.

Strike with the greatest regularity possible. Then alternate one punch with the right and another with the left, but keep at it. Don't exercise an hour one day and then forget all about it for a week.

There are fancy strokes, and these may be learned in time, as, for instance, punching the bag with the right elbow, alternating with punches from the left fist, and vice versa. Another, a little more difficult, is the elbow punch with alternating upper arm and under arm thrusts with the fist.

Still other combinations will suggest themselves. Gradually the punches can be made faster and faster till the bag will beat a regular tattoo on the framework overhead.

Practice only makes perfect in bag-punching and a practiced puncher enjoys the exercise thoroughly. It is very different from handling dumb-bells, which to most folks, is a stupid business at best. Bag punching is exhilarating. It is almost like having an antagonist keeping the puncher constantly on the alert.

An Omaha grand jury has indicted 148 owners of slot machines. Omaha has some terrible spells of reform.



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AMONG the Cubans who were ready to receive the munitions of war as the steamer was backed in a little cave at midnight after successfully dodging the Spanish gunboats was the outcast. He was an American and, though in ragged uniform and having a disreputable look, was evidently much respected by the rebels. He was in charge of the party unloading the arms and had the energy of six ordinary men. When the boxes were safely ashore, he said to the five of us who had volunteered for the Cuban service:

"Now, boys, come ahead. If you had known what you were going into, you wouldn't be here. As it is, you'll have to make the best of it. The Cubans want help, but they won't give an outsider a fair show, and if any of you happens to be taken prisoner I'll guarantee that you won't live ten minutes. There's some little patriotism about it, enough to make you want to shoot straight, but the whole thing is a family row, and one can't say enough bad things about either side. My name's Chips, Just Chips, and I came over here simply to get shot."

Chips was a scout, a spy and a sharpshooter and had little to do with the rank and file. He could have given any Cuban general spades and cards on how to conduct a campaign. He was thoroughly disgusted with the style of fighting and the cruelty practiced on prisoners, but he offered no criticisms.

It was a month before I got his story. We had had two or three skirmishes with the Spanish and had been amazed at the reckless manner in which he exposed his life. He was a dead shot and perfectly indifferent to the enemy's bullets, and I honestly believe that in the year he was with the Cubans he inflicted at least half the loss suffered by the Spanish. I had heard him coughing at night in a way to make me wonder if consumption had not taken a firm hold on him, and I couldn't help but notice how thin he was and how little appetite he had. It was one day while we were scouting within a mile of the Spanish lines and were lying in a thicket, with the land crabs nipping at our clothing and the mosquitoes hovering about us in clouds, that he said:

"Yes, there's a story behind all this, but I don't care to rake it up. You can take it that I come from a good family, have had all the advantages of wealth and education, and that it's my fault that I'm here."

One of the two remaining Cubans was taken, and as he entered the house with a prayer on his lips Chips continued:

"Steady, now, and don't miss a word."

ammunition. Chips was looking gaunt and feeble, but he responded with alacrity. He realized the danger and perhaps intended to make it his last fight. It was entirely the fault of the Cuban colonel who commanded the detachment that we were led into a trap and the entire command made prisoners without having a chance to fire a gun. It was a neat stroke of business on the part of the Spanish, and they rejoiced over it for half an hour and then prepared to reap the fruits—that is, we were brought before a general who had no more feeling of mercy toward a rebel than for a rat in the gutter, and he proceeded to try us by court martial. He called in no other officer. There was a standing order on both sides to take no prisoners, and it was disobeyed only by accident. A court martial was merely the preface to being shot and was so understood by both sides.

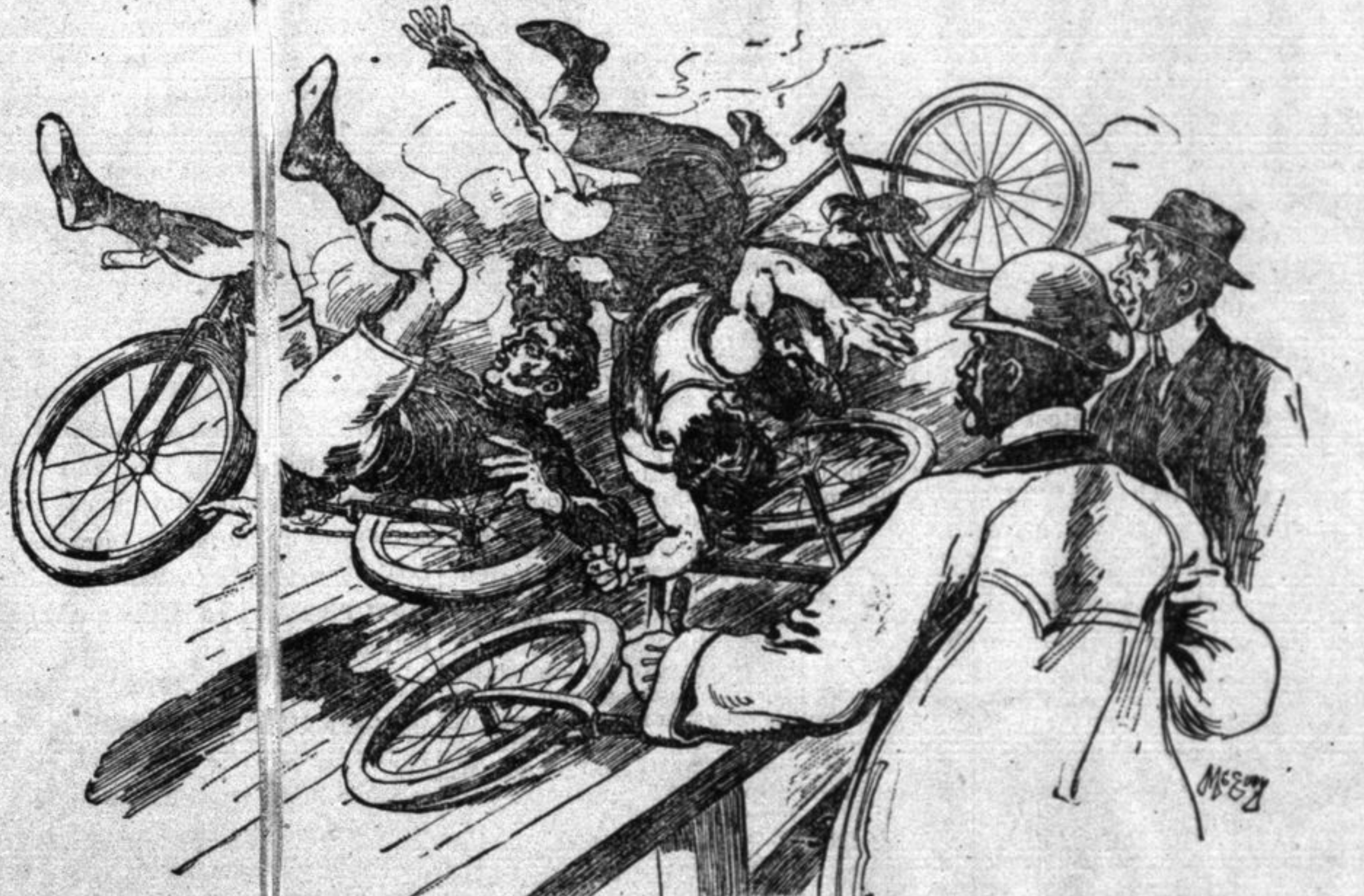
It was a beautiful morning as we were drawn up in line before an old sugar house which had been turned into a headquarters, and the Spanish general began business. We were disarmed, but not bound. The enemy were ten to one and hemmed us in on three sides. The first man on the right of our line was the first one called before the "court." Inside of thirty seconds he had been charged, tried, convicted, sentenced and led away to be shot. He was hardly out of our sight before he was a dead man. The general was no man to dally. He went through with it as he would a drill, and it was not long before our line had shortened up to ten men. The five Americans of us were on the left, elbows touching, and not a man of us had the slightest hope in his breast when Chips uttered his first word.

"Boys," said he in a low voice, but plainly audible to every one of us, "the general is sending souls to kingdom come by express, but I am going to interrupt his little game. Now, pay strict attention to what I say and make no comments or suggestions. As the last Cuban is called in I am going to make a dash for the captain directly in front of me. I'll reach him in three jumps, and before he can straighten up I'll have his sword and drive it through him. Then I'll put my back against that tree and die as I have been hoping to. I won't last long, of course, but I'll get two or three more of them."

One of the two remaining Cubans was taken, and as he entered the house with a prayer on his lips Chips continued:

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SPINS AND SPILLS IN CYCLE RACES



The big six day bicycle race that recently ended in New York was the prelude to a series of similar races about the country. Next to a record breaking spin such a spill as is pictured above attracts interested spectators and few races are without a fair share of both.