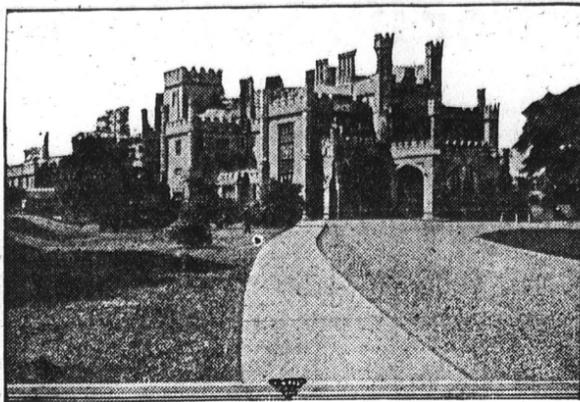


Where Heat Leads to Water



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SYDNEY

HEATS vary. It is hot in Durban till the Zulu rickasha man is too warm to prance between the shafts, and goes along with you at a jog trot. When that degree of heat arrives you wouldn't change places with him for a rubber mine. Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, has a breathless, white, staring summer heat that lasts for weeks at a time. It hurts the eyesight, as successive teams of English cricketers have found out to their cost, but is otherwise not unhealthy. One of the most uncomfortable places in the world on a really hot day is Melbourne. The sun blazes with an intolerable glare, and the "brickfielder" (a scorching north wind) sweeps along the city's wide streets thick with dust and the smoke of the distant bush fires it has brought down from the country, whence it whirled with the velocity of a hurricane that morning. The smoke gets into your eyes and makes them smart, and the dust and other refuse make your clothes filthy and get down your throat, into your ears, your nostrils, everywhere.

As to London Heat. London heat, writes Arthur J. Rees in the London Evening Standard, resembles the heat of Auckland, New Zealand's most northern city. It is humid, close, sticky, oppressive and, above all, dense. But Auckland has what London hasn't—a beautiful harbor that makes you cool to look at. The Maoris call the Auckland harbor *Waite-mata*, which means "glittering waters," and the sparkling blue of that volcano guarded bay holds you its lover while you are in Auckland—and ever afterward. It is the color of forget-me-not, and you never do forget it. You see the harbor from all parts of the city—from some spots the whole dazzling sheet of forget-me-not blue spreads out before you, at others just a patch of rippling violet glancing shyly up at you as you turn the corner of one of Auckland's winding streets.

Sydney harbor is beautiful—you will not praise Auckland harbor to Sydney people if you are a wise traveler—but it lacks the entrancing blue and the lights and shades of the Harbor of Glittering Waters. And Auckland's harbor is still nature's own—a 50-mile gulf whose cliffs and headlands are wrapped in a grand and gracious solitude.

The subject of heat brings us naturally to the subject of bathing. The Australians, particularly those living near the coast, are a bathing people. The children take to the water early and stay in late. An Australian boy will pass the whole of a long summer day in the baths, with alternate splashing and sand sprawling spells. All the state schools have swimming clubs for boys and girls, from the youngest classes up, where the children are taught to swim by good teachers.

The schools have a series of inter-club swimming matches during the summer, when rivalry is keen and excellent swimming results. As a natural consequence of this splendid system most of the Australian boys and girls in the large cities can swim well and drowning fatalities are rapidly declining.

Sea Baths Around Melbourne. They have plenty of sea baths around Melbourne, but no surf bathing such as Sydney people revel in. Melbourne's great bay, Port Phillip, is landlocked, so there are no breakers worth mentioning. There is also a further obstacle in the shape of periodical invasions of large sharks, which have a calming effect on the enthusiasm of those who advocate the charms of bathing in the open. Three or four miles from Melbourne is the fashionable suburb of St. Kilda, which has the finest swimming baths in Australia—half a dozen of them.

Bathing by night under the electric light is a favorite amusement of the Melbourne people. For those hardier souls who prefer the embrace of "the great sweet mother," untrammelled by the restrictions of a picket fence—even though the fence is sharkproof—there is Sandringham beach and Half Moon bay, a few miles farther along the coast. Here people have their bathing boxes and bathe in the open with a wary eye open for the appearance of the dorsal fin of a shark in the offing. A man who was fond of bathing off Sandringham assured me once, when I asked him if he wasn't frightened of sharks, that a shark would never tackle you in the

water if you splashed and kicked up a noise at its approach. But the great sight in the way of sea bathing in Australia is the summer surfing carnival at Sydney. It is a remarkable spectacle. If ever you go to Sydney do not miss a visit to Manly or Bondi or Coogee—the three places all within an hour's access of Sydney—where the surfers hold high revel and make the seascape glad with their merriment. I have seen people bathe from various lands in many tides, but I have never seen anything that resembled the joyous abandon, grace and gaiety of Sydney surf bathing.

Young people of both sexes—a dozen or more together—go down to the water hand in hand to swim out to meet the breakers. Mother Grundy is banished from these sea revels, which are conducted with a harmless unconviction and innocent freedom from artificial sex restraint charming to see and good to participate in. Everybody is welcome to the open sea, and if you bump into your lady neighbor as you are swept back to shore on the breakers she accepts your apologies as laughingly as you tender them. Nor are introductions necessary if you wish to enter into conversation. Something of the freedom of the sea takes possession of you for the moment.

The sport has more than a spark of danger, but that seems to add to its attractiveness for Sydney people. In surf bathing you swim out to the advancing billow and dive into it just as it breaks—to be swept ashore with a bewildering ecstatic rush amid the boom of the surf. But if you are caught in the powerful retreating undertow you will be swept out to sea, no matter how strong a swimmer you may be. If that happens, as it frequently does, the only thing is to lie still and try and float, and wait till a member of the life-saving club—there are always several on duty—is paid out to you on a life line.

Often the victim of the undercurrent is carried away too fast to be rescued, and the Sydney evening papers dismiss the tragedy in a few lines headed "Another Fatality at Surf Bathing." But the appalling list of deaths every season is no deterrent to the devotees of surf bathing. They go joyously on with their surf, in no wise checked by the thought that they are playing with death. From their point of view the sport is worth the risk.

Sydney surfing is marked by some peculiar features of its own. There is the cult of getting brown, for instance. The surfer who can display a skin of dark golden brown is a king of his kind. Young men put in a lot of time lying about in the scantiest bathing attire letting the sun dry, or tan, their bodies the requisite tint. They deplore the slowness of the process, and greatly envy the fortunate youth who has a night job of some sort which permits him to lie about the beach all day—getting brown. They bewail the golden hours they have to waste in work, and the moment they are free from the cares of office they dart by tram out to their beloved Bondi to get a little browned before the sun sets.

Sharks do not bother the surfer much. The shark in the open sea prefers to let the deadly undertow sweep his evening meal out to him. Inside the harbor he has to fend for himself. That is why there are so many more shark accidents inside the harbor than in the surf.

Aerial Mail Service. It is appropriate that the first official aerial mail service should start from Paris; for Paris was the scene of the early unofficial attempts to carry letters through the air. During the siege of Paris in 1870 the mail bags were successfully carried by balloons from the city to Tours and Metz, so successfully, in fact, that we ourselves made postal experiments with balloons at the Crystal Palace in the same year. Twenty years before that there had been talk of an aerial post, but nothing had come of it. Now we shall devise letter boxes in our roofs to save the postman's legs.—London Chronicle.

His Charms. They tell me the dog-faced man in the circus is married. Can you imagine a woman's loving such a face? "Oh, I suppose it looks as good to his wife as another woman's bridegroom's looks to her."

CORAL SURFACE COVERS SEA

Wonderful Composition of Strip of Sea Coast That Is Part of Yucatan.

That part of Yucatan known as Quintana Roo, belongs to Mexico, and it is doubtful if anywhere in the world is to be found such a strange and wonderful region. Having a coast line of 500 miles and an area of 25,000 square miles, it was once occupied by a race of people having a high state of civilization, as is evidenced by the ruins they left behind them. Owing to the fact that a savage race known as the Mayas still hold the interior almost all commercial, mining and other trades are necessarily confined to a narrow strip of the coast, which is composed almost wholly of coral. It is this strip which has been termed the "petrified sea," for almost anywhere a hole can be dug and salt water struck. In fact this coral surface of the coast country is nothing but the roof of a gigantic cavern in which there are subterranean waters. Through these holes cafish without eyes can be caught. This water is impregnated with copper and cannot be used even in steam boilers. The lack of soil on the surface of this coral prevents the raising of vegetables and the lack of these foods, owing to their high cost, is responsible for the many sicknesses and fevers to which the inhabitants are prone. The cost of living is extremely high in consequence. Ice brings as high as 25 cents a pound and other things are in proportion. Bacalar, a military town, having a population of a bare 500, was once 30,000, but in 1850 the entire city was wiped out by the savage Mayas.

About \$2,000,000 worth of dyewoods, chicle, cedar and mahogany, is brought out of this country every year by American companies and a railroad runs 60 miles, but no one has as yet dared to penetrate the interior, where the Mayas still hold sway. The climate is hot and tropical and the frequent rains supply the only drinking water. Fruits are abundant in the interior, and the hunting is good and many deer hides are shipped as well as some copper and sponges. Coal and oil abound, and the fact that the interior is full of copper is evident in the fact that the Rio Azul carries six per cent. of copper in solution, even in the dry season, and deposits crystals of it along its course, giving to the stream its name, River of Blue. When the Spaniards made their first visit to the country in the 15th century, they found the natives using implements of copper.

Famous Riddle.

The following ingenious riddle is attributed to Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, who during his life was bishop of Oxford, and afterwards of Winchester, England. It is known as the "Bishop of Oxford's Riddle":
I am a trunk with two lids, two caps, two musical instruments; a number of articles a carpenter could not dispense with; two lofty trees, two good fish and a number of shellfish; a fine stag and a number of animals of less noble breed; two playful animals; a number of weathercocks; two established measures; two implements of war; whips without handles; the steps of a hotel; result of a vote in the house of commons; fine flowers and fruit; two scholars; two places of worship; ten Spanish grandees to wait on you; a way out of difficulty; a poor bed; a desert place; a probable remark of Nebuchadnezzar when eating grass.

The answer to this puzzle is the human body. Here are the various parts indicated: Knee-caps, (ear) drums, nails, palms, soles and muscles, heart and hairs (hairs), calves, veins (vanes), feet, arms, lashes, in(n)steps, eyes and nose (eyes and nose), tulips (two lips) and apples, pupils, temples, tendons, cheek, palate (pallet), waist (waste), eyebrows (I browse).

Bridegrooms Do the Weeping. An Australian traveler, who has returned from a trip round the Torres Straits archipelago, found it was the correct thing for the bridegrooms among the Christianized natives of Badu, Mulgrave island, to weep at the altar.

"An indispensable condition for a wedding," Mr. Walker states, "is that the bridegroom must cry when the knot is tied. The tears flow copiously—quite a shower of them."

"It is extraordinary how the natives can produce tears just whenever they are wanted. The bride does not weep. She is full of mirth. It is her day out! Everybody grips her by the hand and says nice things, while her tear-stained partner stands apart, a picture of abject misery."

The natives of Badu, who earn their living by fishing for pearls, though nominally Christian are still immersed in superstition. Mr. Walker found them burying with their dead large quantities of food and drink, so that the spirits shall not be hungry in the next world.

Largest Novel.

The largest novel in the world has just been finished by a Japanese writer, Kiong Te Bakin. It was begun in 1852, and the author found a publisher willing to publish the novel in volumes as the writer finished them, the last volume being turned over to the publisher this year.

There are 106 volumes, each containing 1,000 pages, and each page has about 30 lines, each containing an average of ten words, so that the work consists of 106 volumes, 106,000 pages, 3,180,000 lines, and 38,100,000 words, and it weighs about 180 pounds. So far it has not been suggested that this work should be translated and published in England.

MADE DUEL A COMEDY

AMERICAN'S HUMOROUS "FIGHT" WITH FRENCHMAN.

In Addition to Fun He Had There Was Also a Little Bit of a Fee Coming to Him From the "Movies."

The French liner *La Touraine*, arriving recently from Havre, brought among its passengers John B. Miller, who formerly lived in Brooklyn, but who for a year has been living at Glay, France, with his wife. Mr. Miller fought a duel with an irate Frenchman, and that no blood was shed was due to his sense of humor.

Living in the same town, says the *New York Evening World*, was a Frenchman for whom he conceived a great dislike, and his feelings apparently were reciprocated. Mr. Miller didn't like the cut of the gentleman's coat nor the top hat he invariably wore. But, quite by accident he contended, he stepped on the Frenchman's foot. It was in a cafe, and his friend, the enemy, had one foot out in the aisle.

"Pig!" said the Frenchman. "What's that?" queried Miller, doubting the evidence of his senses. "Swine!" cried the other with disdain.

Miller swung on the gentleman's jaw and the latter yelled "Assassin!"

Gendarmes rushed in and Miller was arrested. "And believe me," said Mr. Miller, "I found that it was quite a different matter walloping a man in France than handing him one on this side. It was lucky that I had friends over there or I might have gone to jail for something like life. My friends told me that the proper thing over there was to cane a man; that it was not only unpardonable to strike a man with your hands, but it was criminal. Well, I got out of it, all right. Then I bought a stick with a lot of knots in it, and what I handed to that gentleman was plenty.

"Instead of an arrest this time I got a challenge to a duel. My wife's cousin was the second who brought me the challenge. I told him that I didn't want to fight any duel, and he said that there was no way out of it. Well, he was a good fellow, and I told him that I would get a second and that they could 'job' the blood-thirsty gentleman. He agreed to have the pistols loaded with black powder.

"There was a 'movie' man in town, and I asked him what it was worth to give him the exclusive privilege of taking pictures. He said 150 francs and I told him to go to it. We went out in the gray morning, and never a word was exchanged between us. My man and I backed up against each other and at the word walked ten paces, then turned and blazed away.

"The yell I let out of me could have been heard all over town, I think. I dropped to the ground and squirmed. That Frenchman's sense of honor was thoroughly satisfied. He beat it, and his second with him, and I think he's going yet, for I never saw him again. When he was gone I went to where the 'movie' fellows were grinding away with their camera, and got my fee. The manager of the concern grinned and said the performance was well worth the price."

Depending on Their Enemies.

An interesting story comes from a district in Asiatic Turkey. The American consul was investigating the effects of the Balkan wars on this region and found that the most constant and universal complaint was the loss of banking facilities. This seemed a rather strange result of war, but further inquiry made the matter clear.

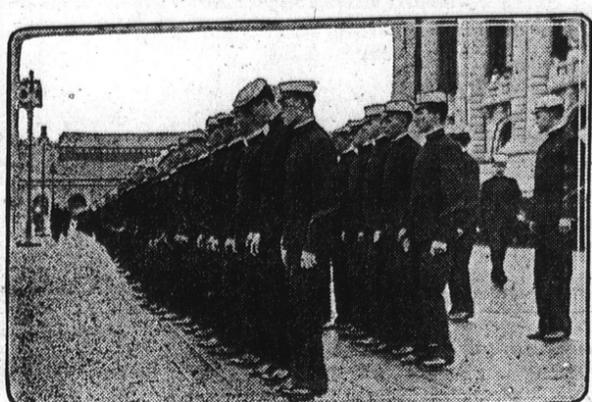
The only bank in that district was managed by Greeks, as a branch of the Bank of Athens. Naturally, this was closed when war broke out, for foreign cash is not very safe when within reach of a needy Turkish government. As a consequence, a considerable district, peopled almost wholly by Mohammedans, was deprived of money to move its crops, carry on its trade and conduct its business, because the "enemies" and "Christian dogs" who formerly performed these services were gone.

The story illustrates at once the interlocking of national interests in modern times and the peculiar dependence of Turkey on Christians in general and Greeks in particular for the conveniences of civilization.

Indians Have "Firewater."

When a brewery 600 miles from civilization was reported to the Canadian royal mounted police at Chipevayan station it seemed incredible, for it was said to exist in a country that even the map-makers had left blank. Sergeant Field was sent to the Ray river country to investigate, and (says the *Wide World Magazine*) he found a happy lot of Indians among whom "firewater" was quite as common as it used to be down in Kentucky. He found that nearly every "buck" was the proprietor of a "brewery," and that life south of the Great Slave lake was one long and joyous spree. A strange white man had sold the secret of making "firewater" to the Indians, and they were making a "brew" of potatoes, hops, sugar, and yeast, which, when allowed to ferment, was strong enough to cause intoxication. During the summer months the Indians raised potatoes for this brew, but in scarcely any instance can they be persuaded to grow anything for food.

Uncle Sam's Incipient Seamen



DINNER FORMATION

"BOOM! Boom!" sounds and resounds the reveille gun of the Naval academy at 6:30 a. m., and as it echoes and re-echoes along the shores of the Chesapeake and is answered by the drum and bugle corps of the Marine quarters, a mile north of Bancroft hall in a lively martial air, a stirring scene begins in the midshipman's halls. The bugle blows up and down the corridors and the captains of companies begin to call up the sleepers, who leap from their cots and commence active operations to dress, and put their rooms in order. Immediately, upon the bugle call, the inspecting officers begin the work of visiting the rooms of the midshipmen to see that they are out of bed. They must be up and stand at military attention when the officer enters. Then the midshipman dresses, opens the window, and turns down the bedding for an airing, and hurries below for the first formation and roll call of the day, which is at 7 a. m. At the bugle call, the roll begins, and up to the last second belated ones are hurrying down the steps and "falling in" just in time to save themselves from being reported "tardy!" and demerited. Here, demerits count.

Regular Routine.

Immediately after breakfast the chaplain reads the prayers of the day, and the brigade, that, when at its average complement, numbers between 800 and 900, make for their rooms, for these few minutes left them before recitations begin, are the only period for them to put their rooms in order for the daily inspection that begins at 10 a. m. At 8, study and recitation periods commence. They are of one hour each. If a midshipman has a recitation, he, with the other members of the section, somewhere in the neighborhood of 10, assemble at the proper place, and march off in military order to the section room where the instructor awaits them. All stand until he is seated. At the end of the recitation, the section march back to their quarters, are dismissed, and each midshipman goes to his room. In these marches to and fro the ranking midshipman takes command. This rank may be held by appointment as a cadet officer or may arise from being the leading scholar. If it should happen that only two are in the section, the ranking midshipman assumes command, marches his "company" and himself off and brings him back, halts the squad, brings his one man to attention, and announces: "Squad dismissed!" as though there were a hundred in his command. Everything is military here. When a midshipman usher, at chapel service, escorts a visitor to his or her pew, he halts at the place selected, turns on his military heel like a pivot, and assumes a martial "attention" until the guest is seated. The brigade comes into church in regular order, the superintendent has his appointed position, and no one leaves the chapel after service until the brigade was marched out, and none dare drop from the ranks until it has been regularly dismissed.

If a midshipman should have no recitation during any of the morning period, he must stay in his room, and it is a serious offense to visit, or receive visitors during study hours, or even to leave the floor to get a drink of water if none happens to be in the cooler on that floor. Yet midshipmen will risk demerits and run the gauntlet of detection. One day an officer of the department of discipline, that branch of the work of the academy that has the management of the midshipmen in charge, whose business is, said one of the officers, "to know at all times" where every midshipman is, and to be able to put your finger on him," made an inspection of one of the rooms. He saw by the manner of the two occupants of the apartment that something was wrong. He could not ask the midshipmen themselves what they were doing that was irregular, so he looked sharply around the room to see what was the matter. The next day the midshipmen in the secret were greatly amused to see on the morning report: "Midshipman A, shoes out of place." Those shoes were not Midshipman A's, but Midshipman C's feet. He was a visitor, and when he heard the inspecting officer coming, he had only time to run behind the wardrobe door, and as it was not long enough to cover him, his feet stuck below it. Another unawful visitor was not so successful. His face was to the door and his

host's not. He saw the inspecting officer coming and, making a desperate dash, hid completely behind the wardrobe; but his action, so unaccountable to the hosts, who had not seen the officer, made them look toward the spot where the visitor had hid, and this hint was enough for the keen-eyed officer to make him come out from cover.

"Hikes" in the Country. The responsibility for order in a room is fixed by the authorities requiring one man in each room to take a week's turn at a time, and no matter who is the evildoer, the authorities know where to lodge the charge.

Soon after 12 the morning period of study and recitation ceases and dinner formation and dinner follow. At 1:30 p. m. begin the afternoon periods of study and recitation, and at 4:30 practical exercises commence. The fourth class will have cutters in oars or sails; the upper classmen will have launches under steam, rifle-range practice, or great-gun practice on the Chesapeake in vessels under steam. These exercises are alternated in their seasons with artillery and infantry drills, and long "hikes" in the country under command of their proper officers.

At 5:30 p. m. the midshipman is free until 7 p. m. to do as he pleases, unless he belongs to some one of the athletic practice squads of the Naval academy. Then he is a slave to it, until the supper formation, after which there are two hours for study. At 9:30 p. m. gun fire relieves the midshipman from his studies and he has a half-hour to glance over the evening newspaper, write a letter, visit a friend tell a yarn, search up a "piebe" for a song or a dance, and then to bed by taps, 10 p. m., when the bugle sounds, and down the corridors echoes the call. "All lights out!" A few moments later the inspection begins, and should a midshipman have been tardy in disrobing, he jumps into bed, boots and all, and covers up to his chin, until the inspecting officer looks in and sees all hands accounted for, then the belated one rises and undresses at his leisure.

If he is behind in his studies, an ambitious midshipman will have secured the contraband lamp, and then he will rise, tack a gum blanket over his transom, light his lamp, burn his midnight oil and be ready for the next morning's recitation when it comes. Sometimes the authorities allow night-study parties to stay up until 11, and then they work and move by written rules in slippers feet so as not to arouse the faithful sleepers who have been more diligent and have justly earned the slumber they are getting.

CITY DWELLER UTTERS WAIL

Among Other Things, He Seems to Have a Grievance Against the "Fresh" Egg.

An unhatched crocodile, according to a learned journal, utters a cry from inside the egg. As we dwellers in this metropolis know to our cost, the egg of our acquaintance—the domestic breakfast variety, to wit—cries aloud after being placed under our noses. Eggs are usually regarded as a comic subject, and the late Dan Leno was wont to deliver a most diverting dissertation concerning them. Too long have we suffered, however, from that ghastly imposture, the "fresh" egg, which may go back to the days of good King George—the Fourth—for all we can tell. Eggs are far more uncertain than woman's love or horse races, and whenever I think of them I long to be in the country. For there the milkman brings them along in the morning and we have a guarantee that they will not revive memories of Methuselah. With all our boasted advancement we take remarkable risks where provisions are concerned. Some of the tinned products observable in huckster's windows I should be sorry to sample for a royal ransom. And I couldn't eat a winkle if you paid me \$50 down. It was Lizzie Coote who used to stang: "Did you ever catch a winkle asleep?" Most of us would plead "Not guilty." As for seeing an oyster walk upstairs, the chances are hopeless. The oyster is a swagger mollusc today and would insist on being taken up in a lift.—London Chronicle.

Second thoughts are best. God created man; woman was the after-thought.—Proverb.