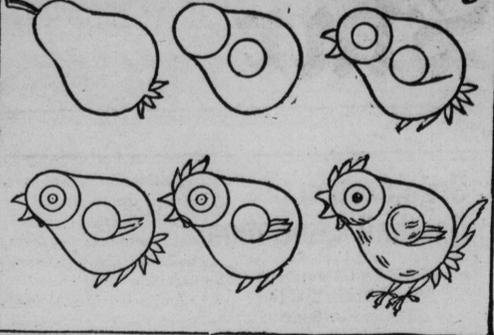


A nice New Det for Little Boy.



BIRD MADE FROM PEAR FOR LITTLE BOY: A DRAWING LESSON.

EQUALITY IN SENTENCE.

Reason Why the Guillotine Was Introduced Into France.

The titular author of the guillotine—an appliance recently again dragged a fate by no means uncommon. Regarded with horror, Dr. Joseph-Ignace Guillotin was in reality a philanthropist deserving of the highest respect, says the Westminster Gazette.

Born at Saintes in Poitou in 1738, of hard working, austere, middle class stock, and educated at the Jesuit College of Bordeaux, he began life as a professor under the same roof. Determining later to study medicine he brilliantly passed the necessary examinations in Paris, for a time practising at Reims, afterward with his wife returning to the capital. By Paris, indeed, he was named depute of the Tiers Etat on the outbreak of the Revolution, his first measures in the Assemblée Constituante being hygienic. He forthwith brought about the better ventilation and cleanliness of the building and,

when cold weather set in the installation of heating apparatus.

The doctor did not stop here. Horror-stricken at the slow tortures of the death penalty inflicted upon the non-privileged classes, decapitation being allowed only in the case of the noblesse, on December 1, 1789, he proposed the absolute equality of punishments. The motion was adopted, and breakings on the wheel and similar atrocities became things of the past. But the worthy Poitevin doctor did not invent the machine fastened to his name and four years later put to such fearful use.

In after years—he quietly practised his profession till 1814—the very step he had taken for humanity's sake haunted him like a nightmare.

REALISTIC.

Wang—"How long were you on the raft and without food?"

Bang—"Three days and nights."

Wang—"And how did you ever stand it?"

Bang—"Oh! all right! I made myself believe I was at home, that we had no maid and my wife was doing the cooking."

TREASURE CAVE IN ASIA

LARGE TEMPLE LIBRARY DISCOVERED BY DR. STEIN.

Crammed With Ancient Manuscripts, Paintings and Other Buddhist Remains.

Dr. M. A. Stein, the leader of the Indian Government mission to Central Asia, reached London recently, and described his expeditions in Central Asia, involving three years' travel, and the covering of 10,000 miles in some of the wildest and bleakest regions of the earth's surface. Discussing his work, the explorer said:—

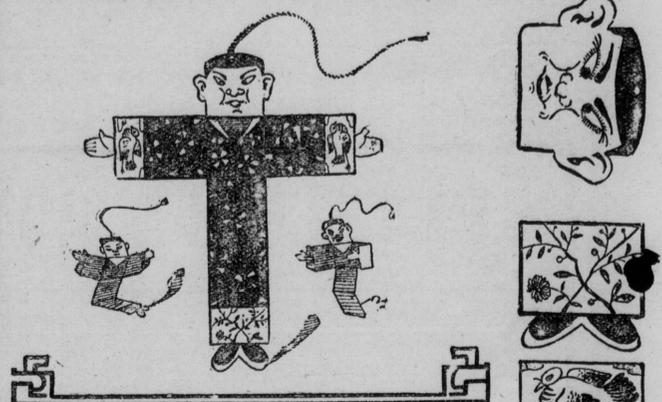
"As an example of the difficulties to be overcome, I may mention that, for the sake of exploring the region which lay on a long-abandoned ancient trade route from China to the north end of the Taklamakan, I had to keep fifty men for over three weeks at work at ruins which were situated eight long marches from the nearest drinkable water. This was a period of extreme hardship.

THE WIND WAS AWFUL almost beyond description, and the thermometer ranged down to 45 below freezing point. The traces of ancient river beds, which were marked by dead trees, and which we crossed again and again, gave striking proof of the desiccation which had overtaken the whole of the region. The finds of implements of the stone age in a region far removed from any water, fresh or salt, called up pictures of a life like that which might have been lived by lake dwellers in prehistoric periods.

One of our most profitable finds was the exploration of what has proved to be a treasure cave, literally crammed with ancient manuscripts, paintings, and other Buddhist remains. These had been deposited and hermetically sealed up in a side chapel of one great Buddhist sacred cave. Here I found the whole of a large temple library, with other valued relics,



Our Visitor From Tokio



MR. JAP, from Tokio, has come to visit us. An unfortunate accident while traveling, however, has caused Mr. Jap to reach us in pieces. But it will be a simple matter to put him together so that he will look as spick and span as he does in the picture above.

It must be admitted that Mr. Jap's lavishly decorated robe is built upon rather straight and narrow lines. Yet, after you have pasted the different parts of his body upon pasteboard, then cutting them out, and have joined these parts together with pieces of stout paper (the size shown above), you will find the Japanese gentleman to be not as stiff and dignified as might have been expected. For he will nod his head, seat himself, kneel, salute with his arms, and when you have placed a bit of cord through his hat, for a queue, he will dance in a most sprightly fashion. Mr. Jap, I might as well tell you, is a jumping-jack.



Fly Acrobats

ACCORDING to our way of thinking, flies would seem to be doing clever gymnastic "stunts" almost all the time. You remember the verse, beginning:

"Baby Bye, here's a fly;
Let us watch him, you and I."



That fly, when he simply walks across the ceiling, performed a trick that couldn't be done even by one of the best circus men. And now, in London, flies have proved that they can also juggle and balance objects, such as miniature dumbbells. The pictures give you an idea of some of the difficult feats these tiny insects are capable of.

The Contest of Endurance

"MAY the gods have pity on me! A coward am I. How I fear the contest on the narrow—sky—comrades despise me, my instructors cannot bear with me, and even my parents are ashamed of me—a weakling. Yet it must be that heroes are born heroes. I've tried—oh, how I have tried—yet fear and weakness are constantly with me."

Ever and anon the Spartan lad groaned to himself. For an hour he had freedom from the gymnasium, where he and his fellows were trained into hardness and strength. But the youth had not developed as had his companions. And now, with the thought of the grueling contest before him, he muttered his woes to mother earth as he lay upon the sword of the hillside.

All white and trembling was the boy as he took his place the next day before the altar in the Athenian Temple of Artemis Orthia. Indeed, so frightened did he seem that the nine other lads took additional courage at



RUINS OF ALTAR OF ARTEMIS ORTHIA

whispered one to the other: "We shall all surpass Lamertes in courage and endurance." Round about in the theater crowds of people assembled. Somewhere in

that the "contest for endurance" was about to take place—that ten Spartan lads would show the results of their rigorous training in order to prove themselves worthy of soon entering the soldier legions of Sparta. He who best bore the public whipping, without cry or protest, was to be awarded a prize of merit.

One after another the "contestants" submitted to the cutting lash. Savagely it descended upon their bodies, even cutting into the flesh.

"A hero! A little hero!" shouted the people, as each bore the punishment with fortitude. Some were overcome before others were; but none even so much as whimpered.

Nine of them had felt the scourge. Lamertes was reserved for the last. A murmur of disapproval ran through the crowd as they saw that the poor lad could hardly stand erect. Lamertes' parents hung their heads and frowned. Disgraced were they already by their son—a lad who was unworthy to be called a Spartan.

Once, twice, thrice the lash fell. Then, to the surprise of the multitude, the boy's quivering lips pressed themselves firmly together, he

straightened himself, his body became as rigid as iron. The expression of pain disappeared from his face, and, save that the eye gleamed, one would have imagined he was calmly playing a game.

Wondering comment grew, and then the crowd shouted wildly. This boy, whom they had thought a coward, had borne more punishment than any who had gone before. And still he composedly stood his ground.

Amid a tumult of applause the judge waved aside the lash and stepped forward to award the prize to Lamertes. In an instant the cheers were hushed. Something like a groan swept through the amphitheater, for the boy had fallen heavily to the ground. Soon to anxious, straining ears came the solemn announcement: "The winner is dead."

Over the cold, pallid form of Lamertes bent his father and mother. And both grief and pride were mingled in the father's voice as he muttered: "Our weakling has become the greatest hero. He was the truest Spartan of them all."

FIZZBOOMSKI, THE ANARCHIST--YES, AND TWO OTHERS

