

## NOTICE TO WOMEN WHO DON'T DO TATTING, FENCING WITH HATPINS OR GUM CHEWING

Your Wanted as a Gymnasium Instructor at West Park No. 1.

According to the West Park commission there is a scarcity of athletic girls in Chicago. The commission ought to know, for it held an examination for gymnasium instructors at West Park No. 1 yesterday. The examination was barren of results. There are not enough girls to fill the places open this month.

The examiner, after putting the girls through a quiz, was in despair. No wonder, for some of the questions and answers went something like this:

"Well, young lady, you want a position. What is your specialty?"

She was a blond, and a peach. She ought to have been accepted.

"In my line I am without a peer," she answered, unhesitatingly. "I am the champion gum chewer of my ward, and I can chew and talk at the same time. When it comes—"

"Indoor or outdoor champion?" queried the examiner, acting rather wriggly. This was a new one on him.

"Outdoor," was the answer.

"I am sorry, this is an indoor class. You'll have to learn another specialty."

The next candidate appeared very confident, and she just didn't see how she could lose. A cinch.

"Women must be able to protect themselves these days," she began. "Every man pushes them away from the car door, and when

they are lucky enough to get aboard they are stepped on."

"Quite true, quite true," soothed the examiner, "but this is not a suffrage meeting. Can you skin the cat?"

"The idea," indignantly. "I think that would be perfectly horrid. How do the poor things stand it. I am an instructor in hatpin fencing, and you would be surprised to see the respect I can inspire with a five-inch hat spike."

The examiner ducked under a desk. He was willing to take her word for it.

"Is she gone?" came in muffled tones from under the desk. "She won't do. We're not recruiting an Amazon army."

The interrogator emerged when he had been assured the lady had departed. He was still a little shaken, but the demure attitude of the next candidate reassured him.

"Please, sir, I am not an athlete. I am instructor in tatting. It is wonderful exercise."

The examiner looked blank. "Tatting? Tatting? Is that some kind of gossip? There is no need for instruction in that direction. Elucidate."

"Please, sir; you see, tatting is taking little strands of crochet silk, and making two holes grow where none grew before. It is too, too interesting."

"Two holes, where—" the quizzer was nonplussed. "Young