

Business Qualities

Girls that Lack Staying Power

By G. WELLESLEY BRABBIT

LOTS of girls have brilliant qualities—they know a good deal, and so they work well up to a certain point, but they lack staying power.

They can't stand by a proposition and see it through to the finish. They work well when things go smoothly, but they are fair-weather sailors. The least storm arising paralyzes their energies.

In the same office there were two girls who started work the same week. The first one was enthusiastically referred to by her employer as "a find." She was eager-eyed, buoyant and as quick to strive under approval as quicksilver to rise with a flame below it.

The click-click of the machines seemed to act as a stimulant to her. How novel and inspiring it all was—this great, new game of business! More absorbing than any drama. When others were around to tell her what to do and watch her she put through her work with zest and ability.

But one day the boss staid away; there was no one to approve and commend her, and the work simply didn't get done. Neglected tasks piled up—as they have a way of doing. Then along came a crowded rush week when the whole office was asked to stay overtime. But Miss Quicksilver had other plans and could not think of breaking them.

The other girl, who took up her work and finished it that night, was just a quiet, little mouse. The manager had barely noticed her before that occasion. She did her work quietly and with no effervescence of brilliancy, but with a certain bulldog persistency. When her work was finally done and the report in the manager's hands he was looking at her with a new interest. For he had learned that among all his girls there was one who wasn't a wonder, but who had staying power.

That girl is now his private secretary, handling the most important correspondence. Miss Quicksilver is still copying form letters in the outer office at \$8 a week and likely to stay at that figure. She wonders why at times and speaks bitterly of "pull," but she will never recognize herself if she reads this, and nobody is likely to tell her.



Citing as a fact that many of the foremen of our New England mills and factories are of European training, it is asked, "What is wrong with American technical training, and what are its most serious defects?" The condition is mainly due to the fact that until the Lowell textile school was established and developed there was no provision here for complete, scientific technical training for the superintendencies of our mills.

An act authorizing the incorporation of the trustees of the Lowell textile school was secured and the school opened to pupils February 1, 1897. The corps of instructors was drawn mainly from the graduates of our higher polytechnic schools—largely from the Massachusetts institute—and these were familiar with instruction methods which we could hardly expect to improve upon. With these were associated some experts from the mills and shops. The school is a business school and not an eleemosynary institute.

These great institutions should have more liberal annual provision from the state treasury for maintenance. A boarding house or hotel could not depend for its menu on the supplies sent in by its friends. Grants to such institutions should be regarded as investments, to be returned many fold to the commonwealth, and not as expenditures.

Wafayette Blair

Little Tots Sent to School Too Soon

By DR. LEONARD B. NILAND

Instead of sending little tots of six years to school, as is the custom all over this country, it were far better to never let them darken the door of a place of learning until the age of eight.

The child at six is entirely too young to undertake the systematic curriculum of the public schools, it matters not how short the hours of attendance.

I have been studying this matter for years and have come to what I deem the sure conclusion that if the beginning of scholastic life is delayed until the boy or girl has reached eight years the results are

far better. When they are started at such a tender age there is bound to be physical harm done, nor is there enough intellectual gain to warrant the other course.

A bright boy who does not begin school until he is eight, by the time he is 10 will be fully the mental equal of the comrade who made his start at six, while in point of health the one whose schooling was deferred should be far in the lead.

Loath to Think Them Thieves

By CAPT. THOMAS R. BRACKEN
Chicago Detective

Of all baffling things in the world thefts committed in a household where no outsider could have entered take the lead.

I have often been summoned in such cases and they present big difficulties.

First and foremost, the one who has had his property purloined is loath to suspect that his own son or brother or other near relative might have taken it, and usually the loser is ready to fight the detective who insinuates such a solution.

I have more than once had the unpleasant duty of proving to such people that those near to them by blood ties were in-

deed the culprits. A man whose brother-in-law robbed him of \$1,500 could not be convinced until the thief was made to confess his rascality.

Such affairs are more numerous than one would imagine, but the pride of the party despoiled usually operates to prevent notoriety and prosecution in the courts.

BOYS AND GIRLS

CONUNDRUMS.

What burns to keep a secret? Sealing wax.

When is a ship like a tailor? When sheering off.

What is that of which the common sort is the best? Sense.

What animal would you like to be on a cold day? A little 'otter.

Why are hay and straw like spectacles? Because they are for-eyes.

What is that which is full of holes and yet holds water? A sponge.

When does a farmer bend his sheep without hurting them? When he folds them.

When is the soup likely to run out of the saucepan? When there's a leak in it.

What is that from which the whole may be taken, and yet some will remain? The word wholesome.

Which is easier to spell—fiddle-dee-dee or fiddle-de-dum? The former, because it is spelled with more e's.

What is that which is black, white and red all over, which shows some people to be green, and makes others look blue? A newspaper.

What is the best advice to give a justice of the peace? Peace.

Who commits the greatest abominations? Nations.

Who is the greatest terrifier? Fire.

What is the best way of making a coat last? Make the trousers and waistcoat first.

If you drive a nail in a board and clinch it on the other side, why is it like a sick man? Because it is in firm.

Why is a game of tennis like a party of children? There is always a racket.

What sweetmeat is like a person proposed for some office? The candied date (candidate).

Why is the printer like the postman? Because he distributes letters.

What is the difference between a sun-bonnet and a Sunday bonnet? A day's difference.

Why are an artist's colors, used in painting, like a piece of pork being sent home for dinner? It is pigment for the palate.

Why is a sword like the moon? Because it is the knight's chief ornament and glory.

Why is coal the most curious article known in commerce? Because when purchased, instead of going to the buyer, it goes to the cellar.

IS WATER REALLY POROUS?

Experiment Tends to Show That Two Portions of Matter Occupy Same Space at Same Time.

Is water porous? Our belief that two portions of matter cannot occupy the same space at the same time is almost shaken by this experiment.

If we introduce slowly some fine powdered sugar into a tumblerful of

warm water a considerable quantity may be dissolved in the water without increasing its bulk.

It is thought that the atoms of the water are so disposed as to receive the sugar between them, as a scuttle filled with coal might accommodate a quantity of sand.

"Sit" and "Set."

Some one who believes in teaching by example has concocted a lesson in the use of two little words which have been a source of mortification and trouble to many well-meaning persons.

A man, or woman either, can set a hen, although they cannot sit her; neither can they set on her, although the hen might sit on them by the hour, if they would allow it.

A man cannot set on the wash-bench, but he could set the basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarians would object.

He could sit on the dog's tail, if the dog were willing, or he might set his foot on it. But if he should set on the aforesaid tail, or sit his foot here, the grammarians as well as the dog would howl—metaphorically at least.

And yet the man might set the tail aside and sit down, and be assailed neither by the dog nor by the grammarians.

Christmas in Norway.

One of the prettiest of Christmas customs is the practice, in Norway, of inviting a Christmas dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning every atway, gable or barn-door is decorated with a sheaf of corn, fixed upon the top of a tall pole, from which it is intended that the birds should make their Christmas dinner.

CIRCULARITIES.



The Circle Children's Circle Cat is very nice and good. She never quarrels, but behaves exactly as she should.

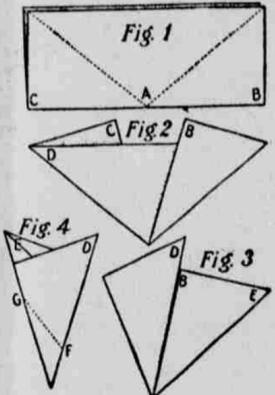
And with the Circle dog and pig she plays for days and days. And shows her Cir-cular-i-ty in very many ways.

BETSY ROSS PAPER TRICK

Cutting Five-Pointed Star of Freedom with One Clip of a Pair of Scissors—Best Way of Solving.

As the Betsy Ross trick of cutting a five-pointed star with one clip of a pair of scissors has never been intelligently presented, I will endeavor to show how it was explained to me in my early youth, says a writer in People's Home Journal. I wish it to be known that I was born in close proximity to that little house on Arch street in Philadelphia where Betsy Ross showed George Washington and Robert Morris how to design the five-pointed star of freedom.

There are several ways of performing the feat, but I consider the following to be the best and most easily



Betsy Ross Trick.

described. Take a rectangular piece of paper, say five by three and a half inches, and first fold it double as shown in Fig. 1. Then fold on a line from the center A to the two corners, folding the corner marked B forward and the corner C backward, as shown in Fig. 2. Now fold the paper on a line from C to the center point A, so as to bring the edge D parallel with the line B as shown in Fig. 3. Then fold the end E backward, bending it on the line from B to the center point A so the paper will be folded as shown in Fig. 4. Now cutting a straight clip from F to G, it will produce a five-pointed star when unfolded.

QUAINT STORY WITH MORAL

Wise Pupil Who Profits by Instruction is Delight of the Master—Unique Test.

The far east abounds in quaint little stories, each leading up to one of those moral epigrams which seem so to delight the hearts of all races. Here is the story of the "Two Pupils," whose moral, which you will read again when you have finished the story, is, "A wise pupil who profits by instruction is the delight of the master."

In a certain great city there dwelt an aged philosopher who had two favorite pupils. The day came at last when he was to part with them, for, as young men will, they were determined to travel and see something of the world. In order to settle a doubt in his mind as to which had most profited under his instruction, the sage gave to each youth a sum of money.

"Go buy with this money something that shall fill a whole room," he said. One pupil hied him to the market, where he purchased a quantity of straw. This he had taken to his room, which it nearly filled. Next morning, he invited his master to call and see what he had done.

"Not had! Not had!" commented the wise man, when he had glanced in at the door. Then, turning to the other pupil, who had accompanied him, he asked:

"And what have you bought with your money?"

"Master, if it please you, I have got only a small lamp and some oil. The light of this lamp, however, will fill the room in the dark evening hours. By this means we may continue our studies after the day is done, when we wish to do so."

"Bravo! Bravo!" cried the delighted sage. "Now, indeed, art thou fit to go into the world!"

And he judged that the purchase of the second pupil was the wiser.

Flower Tells Church Time.

Flowers are frequently put to fanciful and pretty uses, but one of the prettiest is to be found in the Fiji islands, where a flower tells the people when to go to church.

Try to imagine a sweetly smelling blossom (it is called the Bauhinia), which expands its petals in the early morning, whilst it is cool and pleasant, before the sun's rays become powerful.

The missionary watches this flower, and just as it opens, instead of ringing a bell he beats a wooden drum, and presently by twos and threes and in quiet groups the islanders are seen coming to church.

Midnight's Mistletoe Bough

By Delta Marteen Eugones

GOOD maw'nin', Mist' Robert! Fine Christmas weather, sah! Fine Chris—fine—"
Cameron blunty ignored the cheerful greeting and the newspaper which Midnight, the colored newsboy, held out for him, and walked on briskly down the street, his gaze directed toward the pavement.

Midnight tumbled back against his news-stand, a queer expression of bewilderment and sadness spreading over his face.

"Dat's de firs' time dat Mist' Cam'ron evah done buy a papah from somebody else," he soliloquized, a lump gathering in his throat. "Dat's de firs' time he evah pass mah place widout sayin' 'Good maw'nin'.' He ain't nevah got no kick an' no complaint t' make t' me. Dat's de firs' time Ah evah see him go bustin' like dat an' so cogitatin' he ain't lookin' whar he gwine. Dah am sholy somethin' de mattah."

All the rest of the day Midnight was in a sort of a trance. He watched the elevated stairway from early afternoon for the return of Cameron. His liful vigil was rewarded when the young lawyer walked wearily down the steps. Midnight watched his every move jealously to see whether he purchased an afternoon paper from his rivals. Cameron stopped at the little negro's stand.

"Good evening, Midright," he said, languidly.

"Merry Christmas, Mist' Cam'ron. De world am treatin' me fine as silk, an' Ah ain't got no complaint t' make t' no one," returned the boy, bravely,



Half Unconsciously the Two Young Persons Reached for the Bough.

concealing the anxiety that had been overshadowing him all day.

"Yas, sah," said the lad aloud to himself after Cameron had passed on toward his home, "dah am sholy somethin' de mattah—but it ain't me!"

Midnight closed his shop that night in a happy frame of mind and wandered off toward his home, whistling. He was around bright and early the next day, and when Cameron came along on his way to his office made it a particular point to see that he was not overlooked.

Hours later, when the flying snow was painting the dusk a speckled black, Cameron came back along the sidewalk more slowly and uncertainly than ever. It was Christmas eve, and Midnight felt at peace with all the world. People were flying past, their arms laden with presents, and all anxious to be home. As he stood in a sheltered corner of his booth, counting up his profits of the day, he called to Cameron:

"Mist' Cam'ron, Ah got a Chris'mus present fo' yo' motha. Ah wan't t' ax you fo' you will come 'roun' in de maw'nin' an' be de firs' pussen t' buy a Chris'mas paper—it's good luck fo' me, you know. Why, Mist' Cam'ron!"

suddenly exclaimed the lad as the young man came under the light, "am you sick? Yo' face am white as a ghos' an' you wa'k like you done git dis grip what ev'ryone ta'kin' bout."

Mist' Brown, 'cross de street hyar, he git it; Mist' Simpkins, up at de corner, Lordy, he git de misery so he stay in de house an' dat lobely Miss Willoughby—you know de one Ah mean—Miss Helen Willoughby—not dat sister—she come 'long dis ebenin' an' dough she smillin' an' happy like, Ah know she mus' git it, too—dat mus' be why she ain't wa'k down de street wid you t'day an' yes-tiddy."

"Yes—I—I—I—guess she must be feelin' a little under the weather," said Cameron, as he turned away.

"Merry Christmas, Midright!" exclaimed a musical voice.

"Why—why—good ebenin', Miss Willoughby. Merry Christmas. Skuse

me fo' not seein' you, but ah done fo'got my mannahs. Ah guess, fo' de time bein', Ah was jus' thinkin' 'bout de fo'ks ob mah family.

"Why, Midnight, you never told us about your folks as long as you have been serving papers at our house. Are your folks alive?"

"Jus' mah ole gran'mamma, an' she lib wid some ole fr'ens ob de family, an' Ah sen's her de money dat she need t' lib on. Ah ain't had no daddy an' no mammy fo' de longes' time, 'cause dey bofe froze t' def in de bluz-zard what come 'long 'bout six year ago."

"How did you ever happen to come here?"

"Mist' Cam'ron done brought me hyar. You see, mah mammy been a cook an' mah mammy's sister a nurse in Mist' Cam'ron's fambly fo' near 30 year, an' when Mist' Cam'ron come hyar mammy ax him t' git me a job some day an' den he sen' fo' me. He try me fo' a cook, but Ah guess Ah'm a pretty bad cook—ennyway Mist' Cam'ron he say one day why not stah a news-stan' an' he give me de money—an' dat's all de hist'ry what is 'bout me—but, Miss Willoughby, Ah'm glad you come long to-night, 'cause Ah got a Christmas present fo' you—some mistletoe, a fine big branch what mah granmammy sen's up from Marylan'—git it offen de trees right in de swamp back o' de shanty. Ah wan's t' ax you ef yo' will please be so good an' kin' as t' come 'roun' in de maw'nin' an' buy de firs' paper, 'nude it means good luck, you know."

Hardly had the Christmas horns blown their first greetings of the day when Midnight saw two figures coming down the street from different directions. One was Cameron, walking slowly along the main thoroughfare, and the other was Miss Willoughby.

"Merry Christmas!" called Midnight, even before the young lawyer had reached the stand. "Ah hopes you is feelin' bettah dis maw'nin'."

"Thank you, Midnight; I feel all right. Here, hurry up with that mistletoe and give me that first paper you wanted me to buy," he added,

quickly, as he glanced up the street and saw Miss Willoughby approaching briskly.

"Ah—Ah—Ah—doan know jes' wha' Ah did wid dat mistletoe—ah'm Ahone fool niggah? Ah put it right hyar, under dis shelf jes' two minutes ago, but Ah can't find it," he replied, rummaging nervously among a pile of papers underneath the top shelf.

"Merry Christmas!" called another voice, and Midnight raised his head and smiled into the face of Miss Willoughby, who stood at the other end of the stand, taking great pains not to see Cameron, who was striving equally to avoid her.

"Where is that mistletoe you wanted me to have, Midnight? You see, I got up very early to be the first one here, and you know you promised it to me."

"Well, ef dat ain' de funnies' thing," replied Midnight, laughing mischievously. "Ah sholy had two fine pieces ob dat mistletoe right hyar, but Ah can't find 'em t' save mah soul. Ah done promise dis t' you, Miss Willoughby, an' deed Ah done promise it t' you, Mist' Cam'ron, fo' yo' motha, an' Ah sholy doan know what t' do 'bout it. Ah can't bus' it in two."

Half unconsciously the two young persons reached for the bough, then hesitated.

"Why, of course, let Mr. Cameron have it for his mother," spoke up Miss Willoughby.

"Give it to Miss Willoughby," said Cameron. "Perhaps you will find the other piece after awhile."

"Ah'll give it t' Miss Willoughby ef Mist' Cam'ron'll tote it home fo' de lady."

The girl glanced at Cameron, and in another moment the young couple were walking away from the stand carrying the bunch of mistletoe between them. Midnight grinned as he leaned against his stand and commented:

"Ah guess Ah'll take dis otha piece right straight up t' Mrs. Cam'ron mah-self, 'cause Ah know dat piece ob mistletoe ain't nevah gwine t' leave Miss Willoughby's house ef Mist' Cam'ron kin he'p it."