

No woman has ever really thought the photographer succeeded in doing her justice.

Gustave Dore's "Hell" is to be staged. This seems to be getting pretty low down.

Marion Crawford has decided to dramatize one of his novels. If it takes well, he will arrange to dramatize the other 94,728.

Mary MacLane received 100 offers of marriage while she was in the East. No wonder Mary thinks the East is "a crazy old place."

Some ministers are eliminating the word "obey" from the marriage ceremony. It's of no consequence, since the world is meaningless, anyway.

The strike has not been without its benefits. It has led to a more general recognition of the fact that "anthracite" is a noun and means "hard coal."

While there is nothing so exciting as a church fight, it is generally agreed that it is much better to pray for our brother than to bat him with a verbal ax.

The United States and Great Britain landed marines in Samoa and ended a revolution. The international arbitrator has decided against them. Blessed be the peacemakers!

Speaking of the surgical operation of gastrectomy, or cutting out the stomach, a writer in the Lancet says he "does not look upon the operation as a favorite one." Still he must acknowledge that it is very interesting.

A man who attempted to present a paper to the sultan of Turkey was swooped down upon by bashi-bazouks and cast into prison. He was released after when it was discovered that the document was not a bill, but a petition for a government job.

We are feeling much relieved since Herr von Brand, burgomaster of Bamberg, Bavaria, has declared that the selling of the United States arms over the American consulate was the "wanton act of an individual." We therefore ignore the act, which were impossible if it had been an official insult.

"Our Lady of the Beeches" is the title of a novel that is just out. If for "Beeches" one could read "Breeches" the romance would have a strong interest for various and diverse husbands who are subdued and dejected when the partners of their joys and sorrows are in the vicinity.

H. N. Pillsbury, the champion American chess-player, has announced that he will play no more championship matches, but will devote himself to the practice of the law. The temptation to make a profession of a sport or a game in which one is expert is strong upon many young men, but most of those who yield to it soon become uninterested for anything else. Mr. Pillsbury sets a good example.

American women seem to be holding their own in diplomacy as well as elsewhere. The new British Ambassador to the United States married an American; the wife of the new French Ambassador is also an American, and the Belgian minister married his wife on this side of the ocean. But proof that the women of this country can successfully meet the competition of the world was not needed. Every American type of beauty is unsurpassed, and every American lover would challenge the world to produce the equal of the girl he likes best.

Why should old age be so dreaded? One would think, by the way some people trick themselves out and try to avoid showing the marks of time, that old age was a crime. Yet old age may be one of the most beautiful times of life. Over and over again we hear it remarked how good looking Mrs. So-and-So has become, and that her white hair has softened her face and given her a beauty she never had before. That her wrinkles, too, seem to add to her charms, for they are unobtrusive wrinkles, and seem to be a sort of reflection of bygone smiles and kindly, gentle impulses and thoughts. Old age is really never hideous unless it be vicious; so why so many people should desire to hide it is a mystery to many. Every right-thinking person respects old age, and sees nothing repulsive or ludicrous in it unless it masquerades as youth.

In spite of the continued assertion that enthusiasm for historical fiction is on the wane the number of new publications continues about the same, and reports of others on the way still come in. At the meetings of the New England History Teachers' Association in Boston Professor Richard Burton had an intelligent word to say on the subject of historical novels. He believes an immense interest has been aroused in the past generally, but especially in our own national and colonial past. He thinks historical fiction aids immensely the study of history, especially with the young, and that its scope will continue. At the same time he says publishers are very careful at present about accepting this kind of fiction unless written in the best style. Professor Burton is in a position well fitted to speak on the question. His

close connection with a leading publishing house enables him to look at the question from a commercial point of view, while his former position as instructor in a large university has given him experience enabling him to judge of the value of historical fiction upon the minds of the young. Whether the historical novel is cause or effect of the present interest in the past or whether each is cause and each is effect is hard to say. One thing, however, is certain—the amount of poor stuff that has passed current in the guise of history has had its day. The public is already discerning between good and poor work in this line, and only the fittest is to have a chance to exist.

The question what we shall eat continues to be an absorbing one to the human race. There are moments in the life of many a woman when the world seems to her nothing but a vast market, from which she must snatch such food as she may, and spend her whole force in preparing it, only to see it disappear from her tired hands before the greedy demands of appetite. Against the depression of this mood there are a few remedies. One is found in the determination of the housewife that in her home the food shall be so cooked and served as to remove the meal as far as possible from the mere process of feeding, and ally it with the satisfaction of those appetites that we call the higher. The meal swallowed hastily in a hot, untidy room, from a table heaped rather than spread, is a degradation alike to cook and to eater. On the other hand, a meal served with accessories so gorgeous as to dazzle all the senses is no less vulgar. A meal, be it humble or rich, set forth with the dignity and seamliness which come from clean linen, well-ordered dishes, and plenty without surfeit, becomes a function as worthy of a high spirit as the reading of a good book or the hearing of music. There are two kinds of good cooking. One of them is represented by the work of the accomplished French chef. His sauces are "creations," and his omelette is worth the price of a week's food for a family. The other kind is as simple as it is inexpensive. A dish of green peas prepared by a New England farmer's wife; a bowl of "hasty pudding" eaten in the kitchen where it was cooked; a plate of macaroni from the hand of an Italian peasant woman—these may be truly triumphs in the art of cookery. The conclusion of the whole matter—healthful for the tired housekeeper and for the overfed millionaire—is that food is a means to life, not life itself; and that whoever overvalues or undervalues it falls to live fully and richly.

Did Pelee Rob Oil Wells? Speaking of the decrease or almost total disappearance of the gas pressure which was so long one of the great peculiarities of the Beaumont field, there is a novel theory advanced. Some men who study such things say that just about the time of the eruption of Mont Pelee and the destruction of St. Pierre the gas pressure began to lessen and in a short while almost entirely disappeared. The theory is that the gas which was under the ground at Beaumont extended laterally under the earth all the way down through the Caribbean Sea and when it accumulated in large quantities under Mont Pelee the explosion came and the supply was exhausted there. In support of this wonderful theory attention is called to the fact that the famous oil pool in the Gulf of Mexico, south of Beaumont many miles, and which has been the wonder of mariners for years and years, is on a direct line between Beaumont and Mont Pelee. So the people who deal in syndicates and monoclines and anticlines, says the New Orleans Playmate, find comfort in believing that the eruption of the volcano is what has caused all the damage at Beaumont.

The Genuine Article. A certain lady of title recovered from a rather severe illness. An adept with the brush, and a regular exhibitor of water colors in connection with the local art gallery, it was supposed she had overworked herself. When the doctor was called in an old nurse, who had been in the family many years, bored the medical man with her opinions as to the cause of the attack. "It's them long hours an' hard work of the paintin' what's done it," she remarked directly she saw him. The doctor was preoccupied and scarcely heard the remark. "Has her ladyship exhibited any traces of hysteria?" he suddenly demanded, turning to the talkative nurse. "Oh, no, sir," was the unexpected reply; "they was water colors, all on 'em—real beauties, too!" — Detroit News-Tribune.

Bridget as a Mrs. Malaprop. Bridget, who came to this country last year, has a limited vocabulary, and while she is learning fast, some of the words and expressions that she has acquired do not always fit, her ear not having been accurate in getting the right term. Thus the other day she said to her mistress: "Mam, shall I fix that Kansas back duck for dinner?" Again, Bridget was telling a tale of a missing friend in this city, when she exclaimed: "Do you know I believe when Katie turns up she'll be found in the Potash Field!" While at work on Friday a tremendous blast near by in the subway rattled the dishes in the kitchen and the girl cried out: "There goes that rapid transom again."

Little Demand for Cigar and Cigarette Cases and Holders. "Yes," said a prominent Washington dealer in smoker's articles, "there has been a steady decrease year by year for the last decade in the sale of cigars and cigarette holders, also in cases for both, as well as match safes. In fact, the trade is not what it used to be ten or fifteen years back. The only reason I can give is to say that each of these things was a fad and had its day. I do not mean to say that there are no men who still use holders. We still occasionally sell cigarette and cigar holders, as well as cases to carry them in, but the sales are more rare. There are but few fine goods disposed of now, except on special occasions for gifts. Men no longer seem to think a holder indispensable to the enjoyment of a cigar or cigarette. Some have always claimed that a smoke was enhanced by not using a holder. The goods we do sell now are mostly of cherry wood or the German Weischel. I have some customers, elderly men, who like a weischel cigar holder. Though holders are no longer the 'fad,' we have to have them in stock. A store of this sort would not be complete without them. "Twelve or fifteen years ago almost every young man, especially if he went the proper gait and had social aspirations, felt that his outfit was incomplete without a fancy cigarette holder. Some of the latter were exceedingly pretty and when of amber alone or of amber and meerschaum they were costly. Some had gold bands around the center or at the end of the cigarette fitted in. Others were embellished and ornamented with silver or gold bugs, the latter being often set with jewels. There were some very pretty combinations made in these goods. I have sold a three-inch amber cigarette holder for \$15. But then a portion of it was increased with precious

stones. There were many bogus articles palmed off in those days and many grades of meerschaum were on the market. My fall and winter stock of meerschaum and amber goods when these 'fads' were vigorous amounted to \$2,000 or more. Now \$25 worth of the same goods will run me two or three years.

Dogs as Foster Parents. Cats have been known to "mother" chickens, but it is somewhat rare to find a dog displaying similar tendencies. Eriz, an intelligent terrier belonging to a Philadelphia gentleman, was observed to adopt a half-grown brood of chickens that had been left to scratch for themselves by the mother hen. Another interesting case is reported from Pittsburg. A resident of that notable town recently exhibited a "happy family" consisting of a dog and three half-grown fox cubs. The mother fox had been traced to her den and killed when the cubs were found, and they were so small that they did not have their eyes open. At the same time the dog was rearing puppies, and the fox cubs were taken home and given to her. The dog took the little orphans into her own family, and they have become inseparable.

The Omnibus. In the newly issued "double part" of the New English Dictionary, Dr. Murray gives two quotations under the word "omnibus" which neatly tell the birth-story of the vehicle. In a memorandum to the chairman of the Board of Stamps, dated April 3, 1829, Mr. Shillibeer stated: "I am . . . engaged in building two vehicles after the manner of the recently established French Omnibus, which when completed I propose starting on the Paddington Road." Mr. Shillibeer was as good as his word. In Saunders' News Letter of July 4 appeared the paragraph: "The new vehicle, called the omnibus, commenced running this morning from Paddington to the city."

It takes the average man as long to straighten up after paying for a daughter's wedding as if a cyclone had struck him without insurance. When a man squeezes a woman's hand, it doesn't mean anything unless she squeezes back. Every man's love affairs play a bigger part in his history than any man would be willing to admit.

EDITORIALS

OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

The Value of Self-Confidence.

THE man who is sure of himself is safe in any company. Self-confidence is of inestimable service to a man throughout life, for it gives him initiative and enterprise, which are at the bottom of all great success. Timidity, distrust of one's own powers, the thought of failure, are unmanly. The man who is bashful when walking into a parlor will appear more like a clown than a gentleman. The man whose knees knock together and whose voice shakes when he addresses a convention will be heard with some measure of contempt. The man who goes into any project as into a tub of cold water, one toe at a time, with many graces and withdrawals, will never make it go. But the man who first having weighed a project well and studied it from all sides, plunges boldly into it, as a strong swimmer into the flood tide, and makes straight for his goal without hesitation or looking back is the man who, ten chances to one, will succeed.

Fortune has no favors for the coward or the backward. Fortune requires that she be courted and that her suitors come forward boldly and declare their intentions. The man who fears to propose to a woman lest she dismiss him will wait an hour and hang around until a readier fellow puts it to the touch to win or lose it all, and wins, most likely, thereby cutting out his procrastinating rival. Women like boldness in a lover. They forgive a man more easily for going too far than for not using all the rope they are willing to give him. They like a masterful man, and the masterful man is the successful man in love as in war, politics, business, society and all the affairs of life.

Go ahead, do what you wish to do, do it boldly, and if you make a mistake your very self-confidence will repair it and smooth it over. Don't make a habit of apologizing, for most people do not know of your fault until you bog pardon for it. Don't efface yourself. Demand your rights and a little more. Never sit in a dark corner. Never let other people manage an affair in which you are interested. And never let another man usurp the credit for your work. Above all, be positive. Do something rather than nothing. Don't wait for honors and rewards to drop into your lap while you are sitting down.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Can Poor Men Save?

CAN a Poor Man Save? There are no new and impossible obstacles to thrift that did not exist when our fathers and grandfathers practiced that virtue. Poor men who wish to save will save as they have done before. Abernethy saved though he had to live upon bread and apples in order to do so. He was none the worse doctor for having passed through the hard school of poverty. The problem is not so much our inability to save as our inability to sufficiently wish to do so. It is a wish that we shall have to cultivate, and we hope that the discussion in our columns will do something to increase the practice of thrift. We do not wish to suggest that that virtue is dead or dying. On the contrary, all the facts at our command—the enormous development of savings banks, the increasing attention given to insurance, the progress of co-operation, the large proportion of the working classes who now live in their own houses, a proportion which in some Lancashire towns especially is surprisingly large, and so on—all go to show that the world is more and more disposed to accept the rascally Iago's advice and put money in its purse. But there is still much room for improvement, and our answer to those who insist that it is impossible to save in these days is that in the main the bare cost of living, apart from rent, must be less than when our ancestors were accounted "passing rich on forty pounds a year." Income has enormously increased, while the cost of necessities has in many instances substantially declined. The best of all luxuries, such as books, are also cheaper than they were in other days. If we are tempted to part with our superfluity in exchange for the hundred worthless gewgaws of Vanity Fair, so much the worse for us. But the fact has no bearing on the question, "Can Poor Men Save?" —London Daily News.

Better Stick to the Farm.

IT is said that the annual increase of Chicago's population is from 60,000 to 70,000, and among the new comers every year are young men from the country who are victims of the notion that opportunity awaits them in the cities alone. Under this delusion they condemn themselves very probably to the disappointments of an overcrowded labor market. If they get work it is at small wages or salary; they must live in cheap boarding houses, pass from them to cheap tenements if they have the courage to marry, find more and more that their position is one of anxious dependence, and that the imaginary charms of city life disappear to leave nothing but the depressing reality of buildings jammed together to the exclusion of light and air, of an all-pervading noise and dirt, of a routine which gives little but a bare subsistence in the present and holds out no promise for the future.

In the vast majority of cases such must be the result, and while country life may have some serious drawbacks, it is plain to consider the question of opportunity through an ignorant contempt of their familiar surroundings. If instead of indulging in dreams of fortune building in the city they were to master thoroughly all the work of a farm, cultivate an interest in it, add a new intelligence to it, take over the lands of their

SOME FADS OF SMOKERS.

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fathers, or acquire others by purchase, put into this life all the ambition of their dreams, they would do better in the end than 50 per cent of the city people, have a greater intellectual stimulus in their employment, get a greater enjoyment out of living, and attain to an enviable independence.

The opportunity is close at hand if they will only see it, and it adds to the anomaly of the situation that while they are neglecting their natural advantage, disillusioned city men past the prime of life are "retiring" to farms, where they waste their substance in foolish experiments owing to a belief that any one can be a farmer. But these poor competitors do not count, and if the farm boy will stick to the farm and make a science of agriculture his success is assured.—American Farmer.

Motormen and Engineers.

WE venture to assert without fear of contradiction that the driving of a motor car at a moderate speed in a crowded city, or at the higher speeds that obtain in suburban service, calls for closer watchfulness and quicker judgment than the driving of a fast passenger locomotive on a steam railroad. A few considerations will show this. In the first place, the steam locomotive runs on a fenced-in right of way, and has the exclusive use of its own pair of steel rails; its movements are controlled by an elaborate system of signals, which is so arranged that the engineer, except in cases of extraordinary emergency, finds every provision made to assist him in controlling his train and maintaining it in its proper position relative to other trains; there are no cross streets at every 200 or 300 feet, through which other trains may come unheralded to cross his track; nor is there a mass of vehicular or pedestrian traffic that may quickly gather and surge over the track in front of him, necessitating exquisite judgment as to pace and distance if he would avoid continual arrest on the charge of culpable homicide.

The motorman, on the other hand, runs his car on a public thoroughfare; he has no signals to warn him of obstructions; no carefully marked-off distances; no home and distance signals; no clearly painted sign boards giving him the pitch of the hills, or even in some cases the curvature of the line; he has to depend on his own judgment as to speed and distance; and at any time, when he is speeding his car in the effort to keep up with the company's schedule, he is liable to find the track ahead of him obstructed by a lumbering wagon or some unsuspecting or bewildered pedestrian. We venture to repeat that of the two men the motorman holds the more difficult and responsible position; and yet we find that while in the case of the steam railroad, engineers are subjected to an apprenticeship of many years before they graduate to the throttle, and by that time are a highly intelligent and well-paid body of men, the average trolley car motorman, on the other hand, is rushed into his job with absurdly inadequate preparation; that his pay is barely half as much as that of the locomotive engineer; and that in point of intelligence, training and reliability, he does not compare with the men who, as a matter of fact, have the less difficult and exacting work to do.—Scientific American.

Value Created by Labor.

THE relative efficiency of capital and labor in the production of wealth is difficult to determine, and probably no two economists would agree if they attempted to state it in precise terms. It is commonly held that capital and labor are equally indispensable, that they are independent and that either one is helpless without the other. Under existing conditions that may be true in some degree, but it is conceivable that labor should produce wealth without capital, while it is inconceivable that capital should produce anything without labor. Capital is the unconsumed product of labor, stored to enable labor to live while engaged in producing more wealth.

There was no wage fund until labor created capital. Labor is not helpless alone, but capital is inert and dead without labor. All the gold in the world cannot make a blade of grass grow.

How labor creates value is shown strikingly in iron manufactures. Labor takes a bit of iron ore from the earth, imparting to it a value of seventy-five cents, for example. Turned into bar iron by more expenditure of labor, the bit of ore becomes worth \$5. Made into horseshoes it is worth \$10, but if made into needles it is worth \$1,800. Put more labor into the iron, convert it into hair springs for watches, and its value jumps to \$400,000.—Philadelphia North American.

Becoming Too Scientific.

ONE of the evils of the day is thoroughness as applied to sports and recreations. There is no game, however difficult or however simple, but it is hedged about by difficulties which actually turn pleasure into pain. Time was when a game at whist, for example, was a genuine diversion; now it has become so scientific that it is distinctly hard work to play a good game. So as to bicycling, golf, ping-pong—everything, in a word. We have so got into the habit of taking our pleasures seriously that those pleasures are no longer recreations, or at least not the recreations they might be, were perfection not so persistently insisted upon. Oh, for a game that cannot be made scientific, that will forever escape a literary organ, and which will always and forever be just good fun and nothing more!—Boston Transcript.

To Meet an Interesting Demand.

In response to an ever increasing demand for skilled woman labor, New York is soon to open a trade school for girls. Besides getting half pay pupils will have a chance to learn more than one trade, and thereby become practically independent of the fluctuations of fashion in the industrial world. For example, girls who declare a preference for the machine room will, if they stay long enough, be taught almost every variety of work which can be done by a machine, from lace to leather, while candidates for the pasting room may become equally proficient in the manufacture of millinery's opera fan and bonnet box, of lamp shades and bookbindings. Thus, if bonnet boxes become a fad on the market or fans go out of fashion, a girl who learned to make them at the trade school will be able to turn, without loss of time or money, to making lamp shades and to book-binding.

What He Was Doing.

The other day the proprietor of a large hotel advertised for a cellerman. The next day an Irishman applied for the vacancy. As it happened, the landlord knew him to be a man from the town, and also to be the biggest drinker in the place. Being pressed for a man, owing to the busy season, the landlord engaged him, on the condition that Pat was to keep on whistling when working in the cellar. The next day Pat started on his new job, and he hadn't been in the cellar more than five minutes when he stopped whistling. The landlord, suspecting that his man was drinking, shouted out to him from the bar: "Pat, what are you doing now?" The reply came back at the top of Pat's voice: "Changing my tune, sor."

ROYAL SKIN BARED TO TATTOO MAN'S NEEDLE.



The proudest sovereigns of the world are not proof against the tattoo germ. Most of the rulers of Europe have succumbed to the fad and the number is growing. Even sedate Queen Alexandra, of Great Britain, can show her mark. It is a spray of forget-me-nots, done in green and blue, on her right forearm.

A fire engine drawn by three prancing horses is indelibly frescoed on the left shoulder of Princess Waldemar, of Denmark. She is an enthusiast on fire fighting and honorary member of a Copenhagen fire company.

When Queen Olga, of Greece, was made admiral of the fleet, she had an anchor tattooed in blue on her right arm. Prince George, of Greece, has a hideous dragon, twenty inches long, tattooed across his chest.

Prince Henry of Prussia, also a recent American visitor, has admiral's shoulder knots tattooed on his shoulders. King Oscar, of Sweden, and most of the German Princes can show their parti-colored badges of courage.

Grand Duke Alexis, of Russia, could pose as a tattooed wild man in a circus.

Women all over Europe are submitting themselves to the tattooing needle.

GIVING THE RED BIRETTA.

In the last consistory three red hats were bestowed on three cardinals who were last year elected to the purple. One of these is Archbishop Skrbensky of Prague, who is the youngest member of the sacred college, being only 38—a most exceptional age to be thus honored.

The see of Prague has, together with one or two others, a special privilege—that of wearing the red biretta from the moment he is created. The usual rule is that a cardinal, although enjoying all the privileges of his position and ranking with his colleagues, is not allowed to wear his red hat until it is actually bestowed, which is often quite a year after.

Many years ago Prince Swarzenberg, cardinal and archbishop of Prague, says the Rome correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette, happened to be in Rome when the consistory took place, so was invited by Gregory XVI. to come and receive his hat from him personally. The cardinals to be thus honored all gathered, black birettas in hand, which made the red one held by Prince Swarzenberg most conspicuous. The prelates of the chamber remonstrated, saying he had made a mistake and must exchange for a black one, but he insisted that it was his privilege and that he intended to go thus into the papal presence. Things were becoming most strained and heated, as neither side would give way, when a clever person dexterously suppressed the red apple of discord and thus forced the cardinal to go into the presence empty-handed. As to whether he was within his rights or not has never, I believe, been decided.

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