

fiber or "sliver," in paralld rows, races into the spinning machine, it is caught between two little V-shaped nippers, corresponding to the tips of the fingers of a hand engaged in spinning the old-fashioned way. The peculiarity of those nippers is that they can be adjusted to give just enough twist to the twine and no more. If by any chance they are worked at too great a tension, they will put too many twists to the foot, and forever after that twine will "kink," which, as we all know, is a bad thing in twine or rope. A kink in a piece of binding twine may cause the farmer to stop in the middle of his field, get down and try to adjust the great harvester when, after all, it is really the fault of that little piece of twine. Hence, although there are from 1600 to 1800 spindels making twine in the factories of which we speak, it is necessary to tag every bobbin of spun twine as it comes from the spindles so as to make it possible to locate the source of any defect that may be found.

\* \* \*

Having been spun the twine is drawn off from the spindles on big machines, not unlike, in general shape, the bobbins on a sewing machine. Each bobbin is weighed, and then a whole truck load of bobbins is taken to a balling room. Here many young women are at work, each placing a bobbin on a steel rod of a machine, and wrapping one end of the twine around another steel rod beneath it. Then a busy apparatus called a "flyer" proceeds to wrap the twine around this latter steel rod faster than the eye can follow, until like magic, the ball of twine begins to make its appearance, getting larger and more square-shouldered every second. When it has reached the right weight—five or eight pounds as the case may be—suddenly the machine stops of its own accord, and the task is accomplished.

In the factories where binder twine is made one may witness on a trial platform similar to that of the harvester, a bundle of grain bound just as it is done in the field. What one sees is a big sickle-shaped needle coming up and around the bundle of loose grain, compressing it, and at the same time putting a line of twine about it. Underneath the bundle, and operating in just the right relation to the needle, is a sort of mechanical hand, between the two fingers and the thumb of which the twine is taken and tied into a knot, as neatly as ever any woman put a knot in her thread. This is the famous Appleby knotter and the knot it makes is finished with a little loop, and then cut off with a quick snap, so that the bundle of grain may be promptly thrown out on the ground. One can readily see why all the operations which have been previously described are necessary, so that nothing may break or impede the action of this knotter and hinder the twine as it completes the great final act of harvesting the grain.

**Confidentially.** Madam—What do you think of mud as a beautifier?

Maid—Well, it hasn't done much for the turtle.

## LUCK OR FORESIGHT—WHICH?

**WE ARE** taught the experience of others. Personal experience seasons our knowledge into wisdom. Almost the entire scope of modern education is devoted to teaching the past and present experiences of others.

Such is its essential form.

Too little attention is given to training the mind to use facts of the past and present to estimate probabilities of the future. Few have any appreciable degree of analytical foresight, that is to say, judgement formed by closely observing past experiences.

Of course, it is not difficult to develop foresight or precaution through a severe personal experience, such for instance as placing the hand on a hot stove, but that development is limited to matters of personal safety or comfort.

We occasionally note a person of outstanding success and attribute the cause to luck, "good guessing," or something of that sort, which may be right in many instances.

As a rule, however, the cause lies deeper, especially if the individual shows consistent and continued success, and not merely a single flash.

That person who displays outstanding and consistent achievement is one who studies the probable effect of the events of yesterday and today upon tomorrow. By careful observation and analysis, he or she has cultivated to a high degree that indescribable quality or sense of foresight or judgement on future probabilities, which you or I may be unable to appreciate and are apt, through lack of understanding, to term luck or good guessing.

Such a person may not seem to work, or may not work, as hard as you or I; but is one who has learned to study and profit much by the experiences of others, and does not brush them aside through mere pride of personal experience.

The consistently successful person weighs probabilities as carefully as a merchant weighs sugar, and is right the majority of times. The odds fall his way—he succeeds. "Lucky fellow—good guesser," we say. Many times—more times than we would think—our answer is wrong.

A great man once said: "Men are not so much the victims of circumstances, as circumstances are the victims of men."

That is the philosophy of success.

## The Art of "Being Well Dressed"

By Mazie M. Weiher

**THE ART** of "being well dressed" does not necessarily mean being dressed "up to the minute," or up to the latest "whim" or "fad," but rather being dressed becomingly. If every girl I know or with whom I associate has her hair bobbed, and wears her dresses to her knees, or touching the ground, as the fashion may deem correct, still if I believe that my hair is more becoming to remain the same as it was before the day of the bob and that my skirt should

be the same length they have been for the last three years, I am going to be fair enough to myself to dress in the most becoming way.

This is not a talk against bobbed hair, or dressing "up to the minute,"—not a bit of it,—because I feel that a woman to whom bobbed hair and latest fashion of dress are very becoming, could not appear so charming with long hair or any other style of dress. But, alas, a few months later the same woman—by slavishly following fashion and disregarding individual appropriateness,—may look ridiculous, although she may be dressed "up to the minute." Everyone has individuality for dress. Study your type, decide upon your style, avoiding extremes, and then stick to it.

If you are the type that can wear filmy, ruffled clothes,—wear them! If you wish to make yourself appear taller than you are, don't wear stripes going around, but wear stripes going up and down; don't wear ruffles; wear long straight-line frocks. Study your own particular type, and if you do not know and cannot decide just what you need to obtain the correct "optical illusion," the next time you purchase a dress, tell the saleslady what effect you wish to obtain, and ask her to help you in the selection of the garment. She will be pleased to do this and if she thinks you know what you want, she will be even more painstaking than if you go into the shop and say, "I would like to see your dresses, but I don't know what I want." Try this plan the next time you purchase a garment.

If sport clothes are being worn by every one of your friends and you do not look well in them, wear the clothes that are really becoming to your particular type regardless of the extreme demands of Dame Fashion, and just see how many compliments you receive. If you have well shaped limbs, you may wear your dresses short as the present style with added grace, but if your limbs are not well shaped do not sacrifice your individual appearance just to be in style, for good common sense should keep you from putting yourself to disadvantage in personal appearance.

Did you ever notice that women on the stage follow the styles only so far as to enhance their particular type of beauty, and that they strive to disguise those features which are not so good?

**Not seriously, at least.** A young man, springing into an overcrowded train, trod on the toes of an old gentleman in a corner seat.

"I'm very sorry," said the young man. Old Gentleman (hand behind ear). "Eh?"

Young Man (more loudly)—"I beg your pardon."

Old Gentleman—"Eh-h-h!"

Young Man (shouting)—"I trod on your foot! It was an accident—an accident."

Old Gentleman (catching last word only)—"An accident? You don't say so! Anybody hurt?"