

A woman forgets she has a headache when she is wearing a new hat.

Fate is what man calls it when he gets in trouble for doing what he shouldn't do.

Master Your Trade

We have heard many boys make the remark that they do not intend to follow the trade they are now working at, and then they go to work with an indifference with which they intend to emphasize their statement.

When we hear a boy make such a statement our heart goes out in pity for him, because we realize that he is of the age in which he neither thinks nor cares seriously for what the future may bring forth.

Boys, whether you will or not, you must work for living at some profession. Thus while learning a trade it is a duty you owe yourself to strive to learn all you can. You may never in truth be called upon to follow the trade at which you worked in youth, but you have a trade to fall back on should your future craft be dashed to pieces on the breakers of life's storm. Suppose you enter a profession when you reach the road where you choose; suppose in course of time you are left with nothing but a profession, your patronage gone (for many such cases occur.) What will you be if you have no trade to fall back on?

A common laborer will be your lot, or you must begin over again, accepting the wages of an apprentice. Unused by the former, how tired you will be at nightfall, how your bones will ache, and only for a pittance; as an apprentice your proud spirit will secretly rebel at a thought of being compelled to work for boy's wages. How different with a

young man who has learned a trade in youth! If his chosen business fails him he can still demand a decent salary as a master workman at the trade of his boyhood.

We should always urge our boys to aim high and try to reach the highest pinnacle. At the same time we urge them to learn well the lesser duties that they may more fully understand how to do greater. Put forth your best efforts now, boys, to master the intricacies of the trade at which you are working.—Ex

Eskimo Characteristics

The Eskimos, who form the bulk of the native population of Alaska, inhabit a broad belt of coast line bordering on Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean, besides the more southern settlements along the Pacific shores. They are particularly interesting for their natural intelligence ingenuity, and their extreme docility. History is replete with their hospitality and kindness to Americans. Hardly a season passes but that some whaler is crushed in the ice, abandoned, or stranded, and the crew, escaping to the shore, are succored, fed, and clothed from their scanty stores through the long Arctic winter—the season of least abundance—when actual living is a problem difficult to solve for themselves.—Ex.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. held a short meeting Wednesday evening in their usual room. After a few songs and prayers the association was dismissed and the baseball teams between the two parties, the reds and the blues, were organized. The game is to be played tomorrow afternoon at 2:30, and everybody is cordially invited to attend.