

TAILOR SHOP SIDELIGHTS.

The most important topic of the tailor shop is graduating suits, and we are pleased to report that the entire order is now ready to try on. The first stage of the task is finished and to complete the order is the next step. This annual task is a very pleasant feature in the life of a tailor shop apprentice, as it affords the ambitious and progressive youth an opportunity of exercising his knowledge and putting into practice whatever original ideas he may possess, as the cutting trimming and making, including the try on, is entirely in the hands of the more experienced apprentices. During that period of filling this order the boy has an excellent chance to learn how to handle work on short order, as the time for completing the suits is limited.

So far Gideon Hanbury and Nick Hatch are responsible for the production (cutting, etc.), assisted by Roy Van Pelt and Earl Nuckolls, who at present represent the p. m. detail. The morning is taken up with issues, repairs, and the school demands. In point of excellence the boys of the 1912 graduating class should be the best dressed class, as the degree of skill attained to the tailor shop apprentices warrants this declaration.

We have received the undivided attention of the superintendent, assisted by Mr. Mudge, our genial temporary blacksmith, with the pleasing result of a new tailor's furnace for heating irons being installed. This new stove has dissolved all tailor's troubles forever and we feel safe in saying that we are one class of people without trouble, thanks to Mr. Mudge and his trowel. He who doubts let him look to find the stove that once was broken. No more is

seen that worn-out wing but in its place a pretty thing, we owe no grudge to Mr. Mudge but a vote of thanks—we will be true and hereby extend to you.—
TAILOR SHOP.

A PARABLE ON LABOR.

Two men stood watching a steam shovel at work. With a clatter and a roar the shovel bit into a steep bank, closed on a carload of earth and dumped it onto a waiting freight train.

"It drives me wild," said the first onlooker, "to see that monster taking the bread out of good men's mouths. Look at it. Why, it's filling up those flat cars faster than a hundred men with pick and shovels could do it."

But the other onlooker shook his head and answered:

"See here, mister, if it would be better to employ a hundred men with picks and shovels on this job, wouldn't it be better still, by your way of thinking, to employ a thousand men with forks and tablespoons?"—Ex.

THE REAR GUARD.

There is a lot of humor—real humor—to be found on battlefields," said General Nelson A. Miles at a dinner one evening, according to the Popular Magazine. "I remember the case of a retreat which was really a rout.

"In this retreat the commanding general, as he galloped along like the wind, turned to an aid, who was urging his horse to the limit, and asked:

"Who are our rear guard?"

"The aid, without the slightest hesitation, replied:

"Those who have the worst horses, sir."