

MANUAL TRAINING FADS.

By Rev. R. A. White.



Does education fit a man to get on, to make money, to run a store? are popular questions about education. Now the utilities of education have their place. An education which does not fit a man or woman to live successfully in our present industrial life fails at an important point. But in our zeal for education as a utility we are losing sight of the value of education as a pleasure. Life has as much right to joy as it has to food and raiment. Ed-

ucation ought so to be administered REV. R. A. WHITE. and so conceived that it is a joy giver. The introduction of the so-called fads into elementary grades has been from a variety of motives. The utilitarian sees in them a means of fitting a man to use a saw or a woman to cook a good meal. Others see in them a subtle educational value, a means of self-expression.

Manual training has made school work interesting. The child naturally wants to construct, to make things, to project his ideas into form. However you approach the question of fads, they are of greatest value in an educational system. Those who talk of a return to the three R's savor of medievalism. There is an odor of the middle ages about DIVORCE INCREASE IS WELCOME. such assertions. The man or woman who attacks the socalled fads simply reveals his or her complete ignorance of the educational value of fads.

MILLIONAIRES OWNED BY THEIR MILLIONS.

By Andrew Carnegie. Men do not own millions. It is the millions



that own the men. When you have education this is different. When you gain knowledge it doesn't possess you, but you possess it, and have a treasure. No matter whether you die worth millions or not, you have something that is denied the man who is immersed in the accumulation of wealth. Stock gambling is not a business; it is a mere parasite on business. If I had a son I

should prefer to have him enter upon a professional career than any other. I have been looking largely into small colleges of late, and I have entered into the college business as I not long ago entered into the library business. I think a young man who goes to a small college receives a better education than at a large one. I like to see men not excelling in football or things pertaining to the foot, but excelling in head expansion. Sport is too generally taking the place of valuable knowledge at the big colleges.

THE "ORDINARY" WORKMAN.



By O H. Oyen. While it may be true that there is little or o chance for the ordinary machinist, or man of kindred trade, to work himself up through his cocation, it is equally true that there is plenty of opportunity for the worker in these lines who is ot ordinary for the "extra-ordinary" worker, The ordinary worker and the man who succeeds through his work are separate and distinct types. One has but to enter the workshop of any large concern where a hundred or more men are employed at the

same kind of work. Even the most untrained observer, if he tries, can pick out the "extra-ordinary" men from the others

A DR AM CRUISE.

My prayers I say and lay me down; The lights of Starland gleam afar, My trundle bed is Sleepy Town, My window is the harbor bar.

the work allotted to him with such degree of efficiency as to hold his position. This is all. He never progresses, never learns anything about the line he is in except his own little stunt, never tries for anything better than a place at his bench or lathe, never reaches out. He does what his employers consider a fair day's work, never more, and he does this only because he knows that just so soon as he fails to do it he will be out of a position. This is the "ordinary" worker, the man of the class included in the labor leader's sweeping statement.

The worker who amounts to something-the extra-ordinary worker-may not exert himself physically as much as does his companion who stays at his work until the end, but while he works he keeps his eyes open and learns something besides his own job. This is the difference. He sees that it is not in the performance of the one job before him that success is to be won, but in the things that he masters from the vantage point of the good workman. If he is a machinist he learns his machine and the things he makes. He sees them go through his hands day after day and if there is any possibility of improvement he is sure to find it out. Then, if he is of the right kind he begins to study ways and means to make the needed improvement. Employers begin to reckon seriously with the men under them as soon as they see they have ideas of their own that are worth something.

By Rev. Minot J. Savage. Law does not make marriages. The church does not make marriages. Men and women, if they ever are married, marry themselves. All the law can do is to recognize and try to consecrate a fact which already exists. If there is no marriage, then it is desecration to keep up the sham.

One of the distinguished characteristics of modern times is the growth of divorce. Many persons are frightened and think this one of the deplorable fruits of the wider freedom granted to women. I believe that on the whole most of the divorces of the present time are altogether to be welcomed. They are almost always in the interest of oppressed women, giving them another opportunity for a free, sweet, wholesome life.

There are cases where the divorce laws are abused, but they are not nearly so many as frightened ministers in many of our churches seem to imagine. These cases are exploited in the papers until folk imagine society is extremely corrupt.

A SQUARE DEAL IN FOOD PRODUCTS.

By Dr. H. W. wiley. This is the era of the "square deal,"

and it ought to include a square deal in food products. There is considerable misunderstanding of the purpose of the Agricultural Department in seeking food legislation. It is not to restrict trade, but to help it. The primary purpose is to have all foodstuffs sold under truthful labels and to be what they are represented to be. The same thing should be true of other products. It has been maintained by some per-

DR. H. W. WILEY, sons that in food products "deception is the life of trade." Statistics have proved that where food laws have been enforced there has been an increase of business, not a diminution. This is due to the increase in the buyers' confidence that when they The ordinary workman is a cog in a machine. He does pu use foodstuffs they are getting what they ask for.

> pect to be told why you've honored you play all by yourself in the dayuse with a visit to the city during time?" "Well, yes, I suppose I do."

> "Do you keep your toys in those big chair opposite to me, quite unconscious | tin boxes?" "Well, they're not toys like those in

departed and the blue eyes could scarcely keep open, she persisted that she wasn't a bit tired, "on'y hungry." That was a subterfuge she was always guilty of at bedtime.

185. It is value at

Next day I saw Kathleen in the park and we discussed the party.

"You were a funny man," she said. I was glad to know that I had given satisfaction in this direction.

"Did you learn all those storles from pitsher books, or were they just make believe?"

"Both," I said.

"And you didn't cry when you had Courier-Journal. to go home like little Charlie did, did you?

I assured her I was able to refrain from weeping.

"And you liked me the best of all the little girls there?"

"Of course I did." "Quite sure?" she said, coaxingly.

"Quite sure," I repeated.

"Then mummle was wrong," she sald, triumphantly.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Well, when mummle and Aunt Merva came in to say 'Good-night,' I heard auntie say how fond you were of me, ous I was when I proposed. Sisterand mummie said, 'Yes, and I know You can't think how nervous she was some one else he's very fond of, too, or would be, if she'd let him,' and auntle went quite funny, and said: much time and money on dress? Nell 'Don't be ridiklus, Daisy'-Daisy's (candidly)-To interest the men and what daddie calls mummle-but mum- worry other girls.-Philadelphia Press. mie only laughed and said: 'I don't think you're always kind to him."

Kathleen stopped to take breath engagement a secret. Clara told me after this long recital, and then went on: "So after mummle went downsweetle 'fore I fell 'sleep, i asked if it was true if she liked some little girl oysters." "Yes, sir." "And they don't stairs, and auntle brought me a

then I asked her if she wasn't always kind to you. Auntle said, 'Perhaps Cleveland Lender. not, sometimes,' Then I said she ought Nell-Mr. Kammerer is so kind. He

your own like my daddy had. Then whose picture did you take, dear?she stooped down to kiss me, and her Philadelphia Ledger. cheek was quite wet, just as if she'd

Merva cry before."

leen's blue eyes, "What made Auntie Merva cry, do

you th'nk?" she asked, quite dis- Don't you think my hats are more betressed.

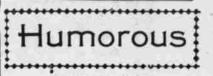
"I think I can guess," I said, and with a full heart I kissed the little upturned face.

Kathleen had told me something I wanted to know-something that I have been grateful to her for telling I told him, dontcherknow, it was me all my life,-Baltimore Evening Herald. 141

A GRUESOME MEMENTO.

Volume of Autographs Which Relate to a Dreadful Crime.

character, including a volume of autographs the genuineness of which is beyond all doubt, and many other curios, all in a more or less degree connected with American history, in possession of a well known resident years has been engaged in gathering such things, the most gruesome of the



He-So your father asked you what you saw in me to admire? She-Oh, no. He asked me what I imagined I saw.-Life.

Gracye-Maude asked George to kiss her. Gladys-Well, I like her cheek! Gracye-So did George.-Louisville

"Don't know her? Why, she lives in the same square with you." "Yes, but she's not in the same circle."-Cleveland Leader.

Miss Pert-Which half is it that doesn't know how the other half lives? Miss Caustique-The better half .--Philadelphia Record.

Judge-I'll give you thirty days in jail. Prisoner-Good! My wife will be through cleaning house when I get out.-Kansas City Times.

Brother-You can't think how nervuntil you dld .-- Town and Country.

Jack-Why do you girls spend so

She-Freddle and Clara are engaged, but they have decided to keep their so, He-Yes, I know. Freddie told me.-Plck-Me-Up.

better'n me. Auntie said 'No,' and appeal to be very fresh, either," "Then it's lucky they're small, aint it, sir?"-

to love you like I did, 'cos you were said I took a very pretty and very lonely and had no nice little girl of artistic picture. Belle-Indeed? And

"Don't you ever go to school, Jimbeen crying. I've never seen Auntie mie?" "Well, yer see, it's dis way, kid-ma gives me a nickel a week ter There was a serious look in Kath- go to school an' de teacher gives me a dime ter stay away .-- Judge.

> She-I have a new milliner, Jack. coming than they used to be? He-Yes; and your bills are becoming more than they used to be .- New York Mail, "Charles, have you ever considered going into any business?" "Naw. The governor wanted me to last yeah, but enough to have one tradesman in the family."-Puck,

The Boss-I'm afraid you are not qualified for the position; you don't know anything about my business. The Applicant-Don't I, though? I Among the collections of a manifold keep company with your typewriter. -Chicago Journal.

Stage manager (interviewing children with the idea of engaging them for a new play)-Has this child been on the stage? Proud mother-No; of this city who for more than fifty but he's been on an inquest, and he speaks up fine!--Funch.

Physician (looking into his anteroom, lot is a series of memorials (if to al- where a number of his patients are low them such a title can be proper) waiting)-Who has been waiting the connected with one of the trio of great longest?" Tailor-(who has called to crimes that bereft the American peo- present his bill)-I have, doctor; I deple of the nation's chief magistrate, livered the clothes to ou inree years ago.-Glasgow Evening Times. Mrs. Brickrow-How do you mantrial, conviction and execution of age to persuade your husband to buy Guiteau, the assassin whose awful you such expensive bonnets? Mrs. crime resulted in the death of Presi- Topflatte-I take him shopping with dent Garfield. Not only does this me, walk him around until he can't gloomy memento include the auto- stand, and then wind up in a bonnet graphs and portraits of each member store. He'll buy anything to get home. -New York Weekly. Lecturer on the French Revolutionwho presided in the case, those of the It is impossible to imagine the chaos that reigned-confusion and anarchy and their photographs; also the sign everywhere. In our more peaceful conmanual of Guiteau himself and the ditions we cannot even imagine such Jack Ketch who pulled the cord that a state of things. Man at the back of the hall-Yes, we can, mister. Come up to our house; we're movin' .-- Pick-



Beyond the curtained patch of blue There lies a fair and wondrous sea; My dream ship feels the flowing tide, I hear my sailors calling me.

A shallop skims across the blue, And Jackies touch their hats, polite, "Come, get aboard, dear captain, do, The bells are sounding candle light,"

The lullaby my mother croons Grows fainter and still fainter grows The bos'n pipes his merry tunes And dances on his timber toes.

Heigh-ho! a merry crew, I ween, For some are wood, and some are dough. And some before in books I've seen,

And some are dolls I used to know.

Now, where away, oh, captain, where? I'd sail me swift, I'd sail me far, The evening winds are blowing fair, We'll head her for the Morning Star. -Toledo Times.

**** LITTLE AMBASSADRESS ****

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SOME in!"

My office door opened very 6 gently, and a little face I knew well peeped round. In sheer astonishment I dropped my pen.

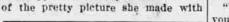
"Kathleen!" I said, "How in the world did you get down here? You're not by yourself, surely?"

"Oh, no; course, nursie's with me," ment. I wondered if the rest of the and the blue eyes smiled at me so family shared the same view. I hoped not, because I was, as a rule, particusweetly; "but she's gone shopping. larly serious after Kathleen had gone I'm not to go till she comes for me." to bed. "But what will mother and auntie

say? They'll think you're lost." "I'm too growed-up to get lost," she said, with a dignified little air.

I could not help smiling.

"Now, you little rogue," I said, Then she made a tour of the room, "when I've helped you off with that came back and resumed her seat, and pretty blue coat and hat I shall ex- asked me seriously: "Is this where



She settled herself sedately in a

"THEY'LL THINK YOU'RE LOST."

her mass of fair hair and her sweet

"It's a most 'portant visit," she said

'I've come to ask you to my party

"Indeed? I shall be delighted to

come. So that's what brought you

I had heard great tales about this

"Shall I be expected to do anything

"You'll have to make believe all the

This was certainly a candid state-

"Aunt Merva will be there, of

"'Course she will," replied Kath-

course," I ventured to suggest.

time, like you always do at our house."

was evidently her surprise for me.

little face.

leen.

next We'n'sday.'

down here, is it?"

in particular?" I asked.

business hours."

your nursery."

"Do you sit here all by yourself, then?" 1 nodded.

"And never feel lonely?"

"Sometimes," I said, smiling in spite of myself at the serious little face. "I heard mummle tell daddy one day you were a lonely man."

"Oh!"

I was certainly hearing some home truths.

"But you won't be lonely when you come to my party, will you?"

"No, dear. I like to come as often as I can to your house," and I spoke the truth.

By this time Kathleen's nurse had returned-I expect she had been waiting outside all the time-and with strict injunctions "not to forget the party next Wednesday," my little visitor kissed me good-by, and I tried to settle down to work again.

But a pair of blue eyes would keep dancing in front of me on my blotting pad. Sometimes I thought they were Kathleen's and sometimes I thought they were-some one else's. Kathleen's eyes and her Aunt Merva's were strangely alike. I had noticed it before.

The room seemed quite cheerless now that she had gone.

In the intervening days the postman left strange notes for me.

Sometimes the missives were stuck together with jujubes, but, I had no auncuity in deciphering the signs. They read: "Don't forget the party next We'n'sday." As to the crosseswell, the most ignorant person knows what those mean in a letter.

"We'n'sday" came at last, and, of course, I went to the party. It was a great success. The house was turned upside down by a merry crowd of little folks who kept the fun going until long after they ought to have been in bed.

tily, and after the last little guest had buildog's performance.

says the Washington Star.

This particular one concerns the of the jury with one exception, it also

contains the autographs of the judge lawyers who participated in the event launched the wretch into eternity.

This is not all, however, that is shown in this chapter of the dreadful Me-Up. tragedy. The details are augmented in their completeness by a lock of the murderer's hair, by a part of the black cap that covered his face when he was hanged and a plece of the rope that was fastened around his neck when, so far as earthly explation went, he suffered for his crime,

Curious Fay Windows

There is a house in Bridgeport, Conn., that has two of the most curious bay windows ever seen. They are made of halves of old horse cars. looked at the cloth for a minute, mean-Holes were cut in the front of the house just the size of the cars, and one he said disgustedly, "Dick must have of the discarded vehicles was cut in sold both ends of this: yes, I'm sure two lengthwise. The halves were put he did." And with that he pushed in position and pow the front rooms his shears across the piece, and from have added light and window sents the end thus made sold the quantity

once, Brother Dickey said: "Sometimes ole Satan gits tired waitin' fer sinners, en blazes de way ter 'em."-Atlanta Constitution.

"Yes," said he, letting her out another notch beyond the speed limit, "the automobile has come to stay." Then the machine slowed down, gave a shudder or two and a dry, rasping cough, and stopped. "You were right," said his guest a few hours later as they trudged wearily into town.→ Houston Post.

A Western paper tells of a confused clerk who, asked by a young lady for a certain number of yards of muslin, while fumbling for the end. 'Finally desired.

One day in a crowded street car, Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, got up to Commenting on the dispatch about give his seat to a woman. Much lightning striking three churches at to the Jewish divine's disgust a young man scrambled into it before the lady could take it. For some moments the rabbi glared at the offender in silence. Finally the rude young man, growing restless, said: "Wot are you staring When a buildog chews up a little at me for? You look as if you would dog, the owner appears to be indig- like to eat me!" "I'm forbidden to do Kathleen queened it all very pret- nant, but he is really proud of the that," answered Hirsch. "I'm a Jew." -Ex.

that used in times gone by to accommodate the riding public of the city. Sat n's Impatience.