



Even the most constant readers of newspapers scarcely realize the revolution being brought about by the increasing employment of women in all industries. Within a short time, the Young Women's Christian Association of New York City found places for 4,000 girls and young women in offices, about one-third of whom replaced male clerks.

The New York Life Insurance Company, which a few years ago employed only men in its New York office, has replaced one-half of the men with women.

Managers claim that women are smarter and more trustworthy than men. It also appears that women employed are content with considerable less wages than men employes.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, of New York, employs 1,700 women in its offices and 800 men. The same thing is largely true in business offices all over the United States.

In factories, a similar change has been brought about. In many industries, men are only employed as fore-

men. Women work for lower wages and they are better adapted for light industry.

Is this process of substitution a good or bad thing for the workers themselves and for the country? If men, who generally require higher pay, because, as a rule, they have to bring up a family, are crowded out of work by women, who take lower wages, because so long as they work they remain unmarried, and because, in many instances they receive free from their parents some part of their cost of living, the result would be anything but good.

It may be wondered if this is not a leading cause of so-called race suicide. The male portion of the population is less able to marry, because not earning enough to maintain a family, while women with comfortable and adequate earnings of their own have less desire to accept marriage.

In the city of Dundee, Scotland, the substitution of female for male labor has reached a climax. Dundee makes cheap goods for export, in competition with Chinese and Japanese labor. Only

the lowest wages are paid and practically only women are employed. As a result, the men of Dundee are being reduced to the position of parasites. A great many cases are found in which men who should be workers subsist upon the wages of their wives.

It may be that there is compensation for the apparent evil of this change in the greater independence given women by their wider employment, and that they, by reason of this independence, exercise more careful choice when they do marry and are able to exact a higher standard of morals and behavior in men.

Whatever we may think about it, it is certain that the employment of women increases at a tremendous rate. In this, as in other tendencies of our civilization, no reversal is to be looked for. The revolution must be accepted and mankind must find some way to benefit by the change.

But look at the number of advertisements in the papers by men who want situations and ask yourself what can be done with the superfluous male.—Indianapolis Sun.

SAVED BY A BABY.

In 1895 the difficulties between the Chinese and Japanese made the lot of missionaries in China extremely dangerous. They recognized the serious consequences of a general uprising of the Chinese. In "The Tragedy of Pao-tungfu" there is a letter from an American woman telling how a party of Chinese soldiers were checked when they came rushing toward her house:

A week ago a great crowd of Chinese soldiers came to the compound, about fifteen rods from here. They caused great disturbance among the Chinese servants and others. The racket about the place was something terrible.

Mr. Roberts did what he could to keep them quiet. Dr. Noble soon came, and they two worked all the afternoon, trying to entertain these men by answering their questions and showing them round. They broke into the cellars, but did not break into the houses, although they pushed on the doors and wanted to get in badly; but the gentlemen told them there was only a woman inside, and it was not proper for them to go in. To this they finally agreed, for the Chinese are very particular about such things.

I soon saw them coming toward the house like a lot of hounds on the track of some prey. They came to the windows and began looking in, but did not try the doors.

I saw some faces at one window which did not look very bad, so I sat down at the window with Baby Paul. He immediately reached out his little arms to them and laughed, delighted to see so many faces. They began to smile and ask questions. I asked them where they were from, and they answered me. They thought Paul would be cold, dressed in white. So I showed them that he had flannel on under, etc., and they seemed satisfied.

They finally left. You can imagine my relief.

THE REAL GAUTEMALA.

It is a Country of Great Undeveloped Possibilities.

Guatemala is a country of great undeveloped possibilities. Twenty years ago the first railroad was opened connecting the capital with the Pacific port of San Jose, a distance of seventy-five miles, says Nevin O. Winter in the Pilgrim. From Escuintla, a favorite watering place, a branch extended to Mazatenango, and there connects with another line to the port of Champerico. On the gulf side, a road, the Guatemala Northern, is built from Puerto Barrios to Rancho San Augustin, a distance of 129 miles. With the completion of the seventy miles intervening between this point and Guatemala City, there will be a continuous line between the gulf and the Pacific.

The latter road was well constructed and opened to traffic ten years ago. However, it is a difficult matter to keep a road in repair in these tropical countries because of excessive rain and the action of the elements and insects upon the ties. In the 129 miles of track there are 230 bridges, and many of them are over streams which, in the rainy season, are raging torrents. In that season many of the streams change their course or widen their beds and wash out the track. One who has never visited tropical countries cannot appreciate the difficulties of railroad construction there.

For the last few years the road has been practically abandoned for freight purposes because of washouts and the destruction of a bridge across the Montague river. Now it has been financed again and construction crews are at work all along the line, a new bridge is being built and crossties laid down. At the present time only one train a week is being run to carry the mail and any passengers who may want to go. This train requires two days to run the 129 miles. The passengers do not urge greater speed, for in some places there are scarcely two ties to each rail that will hold a spike. This road and all the others are narrow gauge. Considerable work has been and is being done on the extension to the capital, and it is hoped to have it all completed within two years.

The greatest problem with the railroad, as well as with other enterprises, is labor. The Indians will only work spasmodically. Sometimes the political governors will compel them to work, but this cannot exceed fourteen days. Then they draw their pay and leave. The plantation owners overcome this by advancing the Indians a certain amount of money and the law compels them to work until the debt is paid. Each plantation has an alcalde, or mayor, who has the power to enforce the laws, and he can put the recreant laborer in the stocks or in jail if he refuses to work, or can summon the soldiers to hunt up and bring him back if he attempts to escape. Another mozo is often taken as security for the one employed.

A man's idea of an angel is a woman who doesn't talk about her neighbors.

THE OLD-MONK-CURE



St. Jacobs Oil

has traveled round the world, and everywhere human

Aches and Pains

have welcomed it and blessed it for a cure.

Price, 25c. and 50c.

Professional Jealousy.

"Mr. Dustin Stax says he isn't going to endow any more libraries."

"But I thought he was devoted to literature. He has written books himself."

"That's the trouble. The people let the dust lie on his books and stand in line to get 'Mazie's Wooling' and 'When True Love Was in Bloom' and works of that character."—Washington Star.

Controlling Nature.

Everybody knows that of late years natural forces have been wonderfully subjected to man's need. We are dazzled by the spectacular achievements in steam and electricity, but are likely to forget the less noisy but no less marvelous conquest of animal and plant life. Horses are swifter, cattle heavier, cows give more milk and sheep have finer fleeces than in days gone by. In plants the transformation is even more marked. People now living can remember when the number of edible fruits and vegetables was far less than at present and even those that could be grown were vastly inferior to what we now have. For example, our parents knew nothing of the tomato, except as a curious ornament in the garden. Sweet corn was hardly better than the commonest field sorts. All oranges had seeds. Celery was little known and poor in quality. In the flower bed the magnificent pansy has replaced the insignificant heart's ease from which it was developed, and the sweet pea in all its dainty splendor traces its origin to the common garden vegetable.

This progress has been made in spite of the great tendency manifested in all plants and animals to go back to the original type. It is indeed a battle to keep strains pure and up to the standard they have already attained, let alone any improvement. The practical results are accomplished by men operating largely for love of the work, like Luther Burbank, in California, and Eckford in England, as well as by the great seed merchants, D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Mich., who are not only eternally vigilant to hold what ground has been gained, but have a corps of trained specialists, backed by ample means, to conduct new experiments. The results of their experiences can be found in their 1906 Seed Annual, which they will send free to all applicants.

Self-Supporting Park.

Following the example of many European cities, Los Angeles, Cal., will turn Griffith Park, with an area of 3,000 acres of brush land, into a commercial forest. Four experts, with a view to converting this practically waste piece of land into a productive forest, made a comprehensive planting place for the trees, which will not only pay for its cultivation and care through the sale of mature timber, but will prove a constant source of pleasure and recreation for the citizens of Los Angeles. Los Angeles is the first American city to adopt this plan, but it is predicted that other municipalities in this country will soon follow in its footsteps.

Value of Elephants.

An African elephant is of value only for its ivory, of which a full-grown animal yields from \$250 to \$300 worth. On the other hand, a working Indian elephant cannot be bought for less than \$2,500 to \$3,500.

Just the Man He Wanted.

"I sent for you, sir," said Mr. Phamley, "to fix a key in my daughter's piano."

"But," protested the artisan, "I'm not a piano tuner, I'm a locksmith."

"Exactly; I want you to fix the blooming thing so I can lock it up when I feel like it."—Philadelphia Press.

If a man could have half his wishes he would double his trouble.—Poor Richard.

One-half the world doesn't care how the other half dies.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

When you hear of good in people—tell it;  
When you hear a tale of evil—quell it.  
Let the goodness have the light,  
Put the evil out of sight,  
Make the world we live in bright,  
Like the heaven above.

You must have a work to do—pursue it,  
If a failure, try again—renew it.  
Failure spurs us to success,  
Failures come, but come to bless,  
Fitting us for righteousness  
In the heaven above.  
—John Sterling.

ONE FIFTEENTH.

LOOK here, Grace, when am I to see that famous chum of yours?"

"Famous? O, she isn't that, Fred! She's just sweet and lovely and dear and—"

"Well, well; I'm not particular. That's enough for me. Where is she, anyhow?"

Fred Liddon was calling on his favorite cousin, Grace Sherwin, who was a member of the senior class. Her room was that of a typical college girl. The walls were adorned with knick-knacks of all sorts, including both Harvard and Yale banners.

"I don't see what you want that blue thing up there for," continued Liddon (Harvard, '90), sauntering idly about the room and pausing before a silk flag, with a large Y on a blue ground. "I know, it's for Arthur Stapleton—a Yale man!"

Grace laughed. "Celia put that up. I didn't. He was rather attentive to her at their last senior prom."

"What does she look like?"

"O, her picture's there on my desk. You can see for yourself."

Fred glanced over the half dozen pretty faces that adorned the girl's desk. Suddenly he paused and abruptly picked up one of the photographs.

"This must be Miss Colburn. Well, she is a darling, that's a fact."

"You wouldn't dare tell her that to her face!"

"Wouldn't I? Just tell me where and when I can meet her."

Grace glanced up at the photograph he held in his hand. She opened her lips to say something hastily—then closed them tightly again and turned away to stifle a laugh.

"She—she'll be at the reception next

Wednesday evening. I'm sorry she's out to-day. Won't you come, Fred?"

"Indeed I will. What a bewitching face the girl has! A sort of dreamy, poetical look about the eyes—hair tossed up anyway—but it's that little lock that hangs down on her forehead that—confound that Yale man!"

Fred had recently begun the practice of law, and he had a hard point to study up that "next Wednesday evening;" but he was on hand at the college reception, notwithstanding. As he left the dressing room and stood for a moment in the hall, immaculate in his evening suit, he heard a merry peal of girlish laughter from an adjoining room. Immediately afterward a door opened and his cousin peeped out.

"Oh, Fred, I'm so glad you've come!" said she, closing the door behind her quickly. "I was afraid some horrid law case would keep you."

Fred looked her over reprovingly. "You're stunning, dear, in that white dress," said he. "Yes, I ought to have stayed at Lome—I may lose my first

me run in and prepare her for the honor, and then I'll take you in."

"Oh, say—" began Fred again; but his saucy cousin had already whisked into the room, and from behind the closed door he caught a sound which was suspiciously like stifled laughter. He began to feel awkward and wish himself well out of it. Then he grew vexed, and that did him good. When Grace came for him a moment later he was his cool, imperturbable self once more.

"Allow me," said his cousin, throwing open the door, as he stepped forward, "to present you to—the original of the photograph!"

Fred halted on the threshold in something very like dismay. There stood, in a semi-circle, no less than fourteen girls, in various stages of merriment, but each apparently striving to attain the conventional amount of demureness on the occasion of a formal presentation.

"What—what do you mean?" he stammered, gazing hopelessly at Grace. "It is a composite," she shrieked, in a perfect gale of laughter. "It's a photograph of our Phi Delta society. Girls, attention! Once more, Mr. Liddon, let me present you—"

Fred with a mighty effort recovered himself and made a sweeping bow. "Happy to meet you!" he exclaimed, resolved to make the best of the joke.

The fifteen courtesied as one girl. It was plain that they had practiced. Fred knew he would be the hero of a good college story through many classes to come.

"This likeness was an excellent one," he declared with a laugh. "I recognize the dreamy eye, the artistically careless hair, the—Grace, may I beg the honor of a special and individual introduction to the—the fifteenth of your society, who stands on your extreme right, and who, unless I am mistaken, was the final fraction to be photographed in the composite picture?"

Grace clapped her hands. "You know her?" she exclaimed, as she performed the ceremony willingly enough. "You must have seen Celia before to-day!"

"No," laughed Fred, contentedly, as he led his blushing partner into the corridor. "It is a scientific fact that the last impression is the strongest, and the picture is far more like you, Miss Colburn, than any of your classmates. Besides, I recognize the stray lock of hair!"—Housekeeper.

A woman who never travels and never expects to recently bought a book of a book agent, entitled, "How to Behave When on a Sleeping Car."

"She is right in that room. Just let



GRACE GLANCED UP.