WHAT A WOMAN FINDS TO BUY IN PORTLAND

Friday Not an Unlucky Day for the Bargain Seeker--How Can the Clerks Smile So Complacently Amid So Much Carnage--What Man Regards as Great Ordeal is a Festive Occasion

By Helen Hope.

THE stupid world may regard Friday as the blackest, most forbidding day of the week, but to the Portland feminine shopper, it is the one day of real delights. For it is on Friday that the local department stores bring out their most irresistible bits of loveliness, marked in a beguiling array of cut prices, all figured down to odd cents. Now, it's in these very odd cents that the true bargain hunter finds her thrill. No matter whether the price is 98c or $1.98, that delicious little thrill gets in its deadly work just the same.

So on joyous Friday, Betty and I, like the rest of normal womankind, found ourselves fighting our way through acres of bargains, where over-enthusiastic purchasers were clawing madly for the c[illegible]rate prizes.

"Betty," I managed to gasp, when at last we reached a little breathing oasis, "how do you suppose these girl clerks can smile so calmly amid all this carnage? A few hours of this sort of thing would make me want to fly straight through the roof!"

"Well," said practical Betty, "I opine that it's a case of 'smile or kiss yourself goodbye,' with these department-store girls. That's right, too, for a smile, like mercy, blesses alike the smilee and the smilor."

"Betty," I remonstrated, "please don't paraphrase Shakespeare. It's beastly taste!"

My reproof fell on deaf ears, for Betty was absorbed in watching the flushed and struggling mass of femininity at a counter near-by where the fight seemed to rage the thickest.

"Have you ever noticed the difference between the methods of men and women when shopping in one of these manless emporiums?" asked Betty.

I was about to elucidate my "ideas" on the subject, but she beat me out.

"A man always regards this festive occasion as a great ordeal. That still, small voice within warns him that his little show of brief authority is about to silently steal away. So knowing his helpless condition, he holds a full-dress rehearsal of his lines beforehand in the naive hope that he may prove equal to the situation. He may naturally be as frisky and carefree as a secret society goat, but the moment he pokes his luckless head into a department store, he's all to the sackcloth. His lodge of sorrow is in full swing."

Just then we sighted a "Mere Man," enveloped in a crushed look, laboriously making his way toward the exit. He was carrying a small parcel as uncomfortably as if it were a hot brick. To reach the door it became necessary for the "Mere Man" to make a center rush through the apparently solid bank of shoppers. When about half through the crowd he stopped suddenly, while a look of pain shot across his face.

"Pardon, madam, but you're on my foot!" he gasped.

"Well?" The woman stared at him loftily as she calmly maintained her position. "Where do you think you are? This is the bargain counter!" She turned away haughtily, and the "Mere Man" limped out into the street at such a pace that the sympathy of the onlookers was all that saved him from arrest for exceeding the speed limit.

Betty gave me one of her characteristic nudges.

"Poor misguided man," she sighed. "Of course, he bought the first thing he saw, and didn't take time to ask the price. But I'm sure that now he's outside amid familiar scenes again, he feels exuberant enough to hit the pipeline with his deadliest foe."

"On the other hand," continued Betty, warming up to her subject, "that woman who camped so serenely on his cornpatch may be the weaker vessel in a figurative scene, but she's a tower of strength in a department store. A real shopper, you know, can stroll hour after hour up and down the aisles of her kingdom, with alabaster brow unclouded. She becomes so enthralled by the witchery of her surroundings, that she eats in the luncheon department for fear she might miss something. When she is ready to leave she has bought everything she needs, and a whole lot more that she doesn't need."

"Betty mine, are you speaking from experience?"

"Oh, I may as well confess," she admitted ruefully, "that I have enough 'white elephants' stored away among my effects to excite the envy of the viceroy of India."

There seemed to be something unusual about to occur at a long table in the center aisle. This table was entirely empty, but around it was packed a revised edition of the gallant Six Hundred, valiantly holding the point of cantage against all late comers.

"What's the game over there?" Betty asked a floorwalker. "Looks like a case of 'button, button, who's got the button'"?

"We are having hourly sales today," he replied, looking at his watch. "In about two minutes that table will be covered with neckwear, and then the game begins."

Betty and I moved a little nearer, as the salesgirls loaded down with the most exquisite lingerie neckwear imaginable, laid it upon the table. Instantly dozens of hands were tossing the fragile dainties about; smartly gloved hands, brown summergirl hands, white-fingered jeweled hands, large hands, small hands, hands of varying degrees of servitude and luxury, were all burrowing under and through this heap of loveliness, until it looked like an ant hill on its busy day.

An elaborately gowned woman picked up one after another of the coveted collars, turned them over, shook them round and about as a cat would a mouse, then flung them over her arm and began scrabbling for more.

"Shall I send those in for you, lady?" asked a clerk.

"Oh, dear, no," answered the shopper, cheerfully. "I don't want to buy any of these. I'm just looking around."

Betty turned from the scene of conflict, to the floorwalker.

"Have you a hospital department where, if necessary, you can render first aid to the injured?"

"Well, we've never felt the need of such a department yet," laughed the floorwalker, "though I remember that one day during a big rush, a woman came up to me holding a handkerchief over one eye, while from the other flowed a stream of tears. Between her sobs she told me that she wore a glass eye, which someway in the scrimmage became dislodged and fell on the floor. Before she could get it, an unfeeling woman had stepped on the eye and smashed it, and she thought we should stand the loss."

Betty and I slowly made out way out of the store, and as we loitered by the ribbon counter, one of Portland's best known young society women passed down the aisle. She smiled brightly at several of the tired girls, whose faces instantly reflected her own good will.

"That lady is a perfect angel!" asserted one of the girls, enthusiastically.

"That's what she is," chimed in another. "She's rich and has the grandest kind of clothes, and so she shops an awful lot, but when we're rushed she's always willing to patiently wait her turn. She usually comes in the morning because it makes it easier for us. You'd really think we were all her sisters, she's so perfectly sweet and thoughtful."

The other girls were hastily stowing away the rolls of ribbon from the tops of the counters, in readiness for the 6 o'clock gong to end their day's work. But this girl was on her favorite topic, and wanted to see it through.

"And do you know," she went on, "that lady has just hundreds of friends and so many social duties that it makes me dizzy to think of them, but she knows every one of us girls by name, and on Christmas she sends each of us a remembrance, because she says we're so good to her."

"Like to know how we could help being good to her," put in the first girl again, "for she's certainly an angel."

Betty and I, like real chronic shoppers, forgot to buy anything, but we scuttled out into the street with the lively hope that Friday bargain days, like Tennyson's brook, may go on forever.

PERTINENT FACTS ABOUT PRISONS

Some Problems That Have Long Been Cause for Life-Study for Students of Sociology--Statistical Disclosures

WHAT is our prison population? How many inmates of prisons are released every year? And what becomes of them? How many of them drift back into a career of crime? What proportion ceases violating the law? In brief, what is the corrective effect of our penal institutions? Do they serve their intended purpose?

These are questions which for many years have puzzled penologists very much. Singular as it seems, there have been hitherto no reliable statistics of any kind bearing on the prison population of the United States. Isolated groups of statistics have been gathered, but these dealt with particular prisons only. In some of the states, there are prison associations which, as a sort of quasi-public institution, keep a watch on the prisons of the states in which they are incorporated. But they have no power over the prisons of other states. Consequently the only facts that they are able to collect upon their own initiative are those of the prisons under their immediate supervision. Many states have no prison associations and give only the most meager attention to the inhabitants of their prisons, what crimes brought them there, and what becomes of them after they are released. Even if the authorities of any one state are alive to this important problem and keep a fairly accurate record, they have no power or means of investigating federal prisons or prisoners. The whole subject, therefore, has been until now clouded in obscurity.

A special and exhaustive census report, however, has recently been issued which, for the first time in the history of the United States, gives something of an accurate comprehension of the entire prison system of this country. Just as our forms of government are multiple, so the prison system comes under various jurisdictions. It cannot be called a system; it is merely an aggregate of prisons, under different and distinct authorities. Some are federal, some state, others are county, and still others municipal penal institutions. According to this report, there is a total of 1,337 of these. Not counting the federal military prisons, the United States government has four civil prisons. There are 67 state prisons and state and county penitentiaries, 1,181 county jails and workhouses, 71 municipal prisons and workhouses, and 14 reformatories for adults.

Government Figures.

When the government collected its statistics these prisons altogether contained 81,772 inmates. These figures revealed the first positive knowledge of just how many prisoners were in the prisons of the United States, not embracing, of course, the Philippines or our other insular possessions. Before this inquiry into prison conditions, any statement was nothing more than conjecture. It should not be assumed that the number of prisoners classified in this army of 81,772 bears any relation to the immense multitude of arrests. Large numbers of prisoners are arrested every year who are either acquitted or whose sentence is suspended, or whose cases are not pressed. A still larger number is arrested to be let off with a fine. No one knows what the total number of arrests in the United States annually amounts to. There are no general statistics on this aspect. It is probably 10 times greater than the number of those serving time in prisons. In New York alone, for instance, there are about 112,000 persons every year who are arrested and either let off or committed for a short time, while the population of New York state's prisons is not more than 12,000.

The 81,772 prisoners dealt with in the special census monograph are those who have been convicted of crime and sentenced to a term in some kind or other of the various penal institutions. They do not include the swarms of vagrants or those who have committed slight misdemeanors. Virtually all of them were sentenced to incarceration for some sort of felony, arson, burglary, larceny, forgery, fraud, counterfeiting, embezzlement, assault and robbery. Many were consigned to long terms for homicide. The 81,772 also do not represent the entire number of prisoners at the present time. The statistics were gathered before the panic set in. Penologists everywhere admit that the hard times of last winter were directly responsible for a sudden and extraordinary increase both in crime and in vagrancy. In fact, panics and increase of crime go together if the experience of trained observers counts for anything. When large numbers of men are thrown out of work the alternative is presented to them of starving or stealing; a few submissively starve many, arguing that the law of self-preservation compels them, unhesitatingly resort to theft. They did not do so because they are criminals, but to get the wherewith to exist. Still other batches of jobless men roam the countryside looking for work. Not being able to get it in many instances they develop into aimless vagrants and are arrested and thrown into jail. Reports from all parts of the country indicate that along every railroad line and in almost every city, town and village, streams of tramping men are to be seen passing despairingly from one place to another and thence on without cessation.

Some Startling Facts.

The census report discloses some astonishing facts. It overthrows the idea so widely disseminated that our foreign population contributes the greater part of the prevalence of crime. No idea has been more industriously insisted upon, and none is more erroneous, if we are to believe the report. Of fully 77,260 white prisoners in the federal and state prisons alone whose records were investigated, 42,000 were natives and the comparatively small number of about 13,000 were foreign born. These facts would certainly seem to be enough to dissipate the charge of extreme lawlessness against our foreign influx. On the face of the investigation the negro population would appear to have run crime mad. Not less than 26,078 were in prison.

In fact, however, the situation among the negroes is not nearly as bad as it seems superficially. One reason for the imprisonment of so large a number of that race is, so the report declares, the absence of reformatories for men and women in the southern states. Where there are no reformatories, transgressors of the law, even for slight offenses, are sent to prison. In turn, this practice gives rise to the charge, although it is a groundless one, that proportionately there is more crime in the south than in the north. This is one of those apparent truths that is not truth at all. In the north extensive systems of county workhouses are in force. These greatly help to diminish the population which otherwise would overcrowd the state prisons. Many writers, who have hastily jumped at conclusions and have based them upon surface facts, have entirely ignored this important factor.

The report brings out other striking facts. One of those is that there are much fewer women in prison than formerly. That the relative number of women prisoners throughout the United States is constantly decreasing seems to be an established fact. The report admits its inability to say whether there has been a proportionate decrease in criminal offenses by women, or whether imprisonment as a penalty for their crimes is less frequently inflicted. Most of the women in prison are colored. Very few are whites. It would seem that the state of public opinion is constantly growing more lenient toward women offenders, even to those who commit homicide. The treatment of women convicted of crime 20 years ago was harsh in comparison with that at present. Most juries regard a woman prisoner with very different eyes from that of men prisoners, and few judges find the heart to enforce the strict letter of the law. The report sets forth that of 172 women convicted of murder not one was executed. All received life sentences. In the same period 133 men were judicially put to death for the same crime. And of a total of 462 women in prison who were sentenced for homicide none was condemned to death. Imprisonment for life had been meted out to more than 150, while 303 escaped with lesser penalties.

Despite the general impression the great majority of prisoners in the United States are not sentenced to long terms. There are 5,026 prisoners undergoing life sentences. In the indeterminate class, which embraces sentences of all the way from one to 15 or 20 years, are about 13,000 convicts. The one year prisoners number nearly 44,000, and those for less than a year 20,083.

What was the nature of their crimes? The repoht divides the quality of their offenses into four classes. In the first group are classed such crimes against society comprising such felonies as bigamy and kindred malefactions, perjury, and counterfeiting. For these crimes 17,739 convicts were serving various sentences. The second group is described as crimes against the person. In this category of offenses are included homicide, assault and robbery—mainly, however, the last two crimes. The investigation found that 26,017 prisoners were paying the penalty for having committed one or more of these. The third group is by far the most numerous. It embraces crimes against property. Some of these violations of the law are arson, burglary, forgery, larceny, embezzlement, fraud and trespass. Not less than 37,166 persons were occupying prison cells for having broken some law or other against property rights. Then there is a fourth group, although a very small one, applying to prisoners who have committed double crimes—both against the person and against the property. The quota of convicts in this classification numbered 126.

Is crime increasing? This is a much debated phase of the subject, and startling assertions have been made to prove that it is. No one can really say, however, except to admit that it has increased as a result of the panic. For the most part, statistics are very vague, and even when positive statistics are given they do not mean anything.

For instance, the prison returns show that crime has increased tremendously in Wyoming; very notably in Kansas and West Virginia, and considerably in West Virginia, Florida and the state of Washington. From the bald census figures one might form some terrifying deductions. The plain fact is that these census figures tell only a part of the tale, and not a very trustworthy part at htat. Local causes have a great deal to do with alleged increases or decreases of crime. Many communities, as the report points out, with a large number of prisoners in proportion to their population, may be far more law-abiding and orderly than one with a low ratio. It is not so much a matter of how the laws are enforced, but what standards the courts follow in imposing penalties, and what facilities are provided for confining a considerable number of prisoners. In some states practically all misdemeanors, whether first or second offenses, are punished by fines, while in others a term sentence is commonly imposed. Certain offenses also, such as drunkenness and ordinary assault, generally go unpunished in some states, while in others they are severely dealt with and help very materially to swell the prison population.

Is Crime-Increasing?

"If," said Eugene Smith, president of the Prison association of New York, "we possessed complete statistics showing the number of persons actually convicted and sentenced for crime from year to year, it would be possible to gain knowledge of whether crime is increasing or diminishing. But the statistics of the United States afford no convincing evidence upon this question. The population of a prison is constantly varying. The sentences vary from a few days to twenty years and upward; a very considerable number of them are for sentences for life. A large fraction of the prison population is composed of inmates convicted many years ago. On the other hand, the short-term prisoners are constantly coming and going in irregular numbers.

"From these causes the population of a prison is continually largely shifting in size from month to month and even from day to day. If we knew the average daily prison population throughout the year we might fairly compare one year with another. But we do not know this. Arrests, of course, are no indication of the increase or decrease of crime. When a crime is brought to the attention of the authorities several arrests are made in most cases of suspected persons. Further investigation and changed detective theories may lead to a new set of arrests, and so it may happen that five, ten, or twenty persons may undergo arrest for a single known crime and yet none of them be found guilty. Many arrests are made of suspicious characters, who are detained without reference to any particular crime known to have been committed.

"All of these and other circumstances result in the fact that generally only one person out of a number arrested is actually convicted. Add to this fact the consideration that many crimes are not brought to the attention of the public authorities at all, and it becomes apparent that the number of arrests not only forms no measure of the volume of crime, but really throws absolutely no light on the situation."

As nearly as can be ascertained, about 25,000 prisoners are released from the penal institutions of the United States every year. Every one knows, so to speak, what they do when in prison; the all-important fact is what becomes of them after they leave. How many of them resume a life of crime? How many of them had it drilled into them that it is better to observe the law than to break it?

IN PRAISE *of* QUIET

By J. Quigley.

IN THIS strenuous age of ours one is apt to be carried away by the mania for hurry-scurry. We need to be reminded that the secret of success lies in quiescence as well as in activity, and that leisure is essential to sustained success. We must receive as well as give out. The great workers of the world have always realized this truth and have economized their energy with due thought, instead of frittering it in every direction. And all who wish to work effectually know that moments or hours spent in quiet thought repay themselves with interest.

Therefore, a word in favor of quiet may well find a place in a magazine that aims to enrich and strengthen life. More especially is this reminder necessary for people in cramped surroundings. So often the members of a family in poor circumstances have no chance of solitude. Not only is the house small and money scarce, and work always waiting to be done, but the parents do not always recognize that their children are entitled to individual rights, and that it is good for every human being to be at rest and alone, if only for a short time daily. They are apt to think that quiet study or musing is waste of time. How often one hears complaint of this kind: "John is always dreaming," or "Mabel wastes all her time over books." Certainly, John and Mabel must not be encouraged to shirk their share in household duties, or neglect the business for which they are being paid. Individual culture that makes one dishonest in that way is mere self-indulgence, which gives no peace of mind, and cannot lead to true success. But even at the risk of being misunderstood, one must protest against that unintelligent view of life which advocates ceaseless activity.

Even people who ought to know better share that view. "The new head does nothing; just sits there and gazes at her desk," once said an experienced clerk to the writer. But the new head was planning big schemes for the advancement of the society that had just nominated her—schemes that have since borne fruit. The clerk, in spite of long training and experience, had not grasped the fact that quiet thought is essential in all work that involves organization. Her one idea of work was something that involved manual labor—some outward sign of activity, such as writing letters, copying documents, etc.

As most people know in these strenuous days, there is a form of nervous breakdown, during which rest becomes impossible to the sufferer. Therefore, over-activity may be a sign of disease rather than of health and the "gospel of idleness" becomes essential to recovery. Idlers are still to be found in every community, thriftless ones who cumber the ground and will only labor under stress of circumstances, but idlers of this kind are in the minority. As long as the world endures the truth will hold good, viz., that every man must bear his own burden, work out his own salvation, and do his utmost with the talents entrusted to him. There is absolutely no escape from individual responsibility. Our lives and characters are influenced by heredity and environment, but each of us must "follow the gleam" that leads onwards and upwards. This gleam comes when least expected and may proceed from our own conscience or from the lips of another. It may flash out upon us from a good book or from the beauty of nature.

There are innumerable influences at work to help the individual, but these influences, which are intended for our help and are not due to chance, might as well be non-existent if our minds are closed against them. The message they carry will not reach us unless we cut ourselves adrift from the noise of life, and await it in silence expectant, respective. No one who wishes to get the full value of orchestral music chooses to sit near the powerful brass instruments. He prefers to sit at a distance, whence may be heard to perfection the nicely-adjusted sounds and the principal motif led perhaps by the violin or by a beautiful voice. So it is in life: we listen for the main theme, that sweet melody which often seems drowned by the noise of our conflicting duties. Sometimes we catch a word—a stanza—but not enough to make the whole meaning intelligible, and we are perhaps too tired or too impatient, to listen carefully. Our thoughts, as well as our work, seem to lack concentration.

But we must not be disheartened because our thoughts wander. A great philosopher has said that concentrated thought is the most difficult thing in the world. We must try to train our restless, preoccupied minds into quiet habits. Often we feel out of touch with nature, and unless art has acquired some meaning for us we are content to glance briefly at the best pictures. And thus we go on, never rising above the commonplace. But it is useless to force one's thoughts. We shall learn at least something from a picture by sitting quietly before it with a restful mind, from which all other thoughts have been banished for the moment. It is astonishing how pictures add to our enjoyment, and how easily—if looked at with loving eyes—they yield some message which the artist strove to put on canvas. We were all meant to enjoy beauty. The love of goodness and beauty is latent in us all. It only waits to be developed.

And to enjoy nature we must try as in the case of pictures, to put aside worrying thoughts, and look at her beauties with a quiet mind. As our minds grow harmonious thoughts will come of themselves—for beauty is God's gift, meant to teach us more of the divine nature than we could know otherwise. By and by we shall grasp some of the meaning, even if we never become real lovers of nature. Some of us can never get away from the influence of towns. Perchance we were bred in the busy town and feel more at home there than in solitary places. Those who really love nature are indeed to be envied. They imbibe her restfulness and confide to her their sorrows. "Deep calleth unto deep" is for them a phrase full of special meaning.

Not the least advantage to be derived from calm thought is that it helps one to acquire the power of fair judgment. If only for a few moments at a time, we can withdraw from some form of activity that we imagine must be done by ourselves, and think or study, our minds will grow deeper. It is sometimes a good thing to "look" on at life, to think of even every-day subjects as they really are and not as they affect oneself. Putting our own work and our own self-interest aside, we shall learn to see good motives where we had imputed base ones. We shall become more tolerant. We may even learn to see that, in working feverishly, the claims of those at home have been overlooked. About the noise of the orchestra of life the main melody may be heard. But we must listen for it, in a quiet place, apart.

Beauty and truth and all that these contain,
Drop not like ripened fruit about our feet;
We climb to them through years of sweat and pain,
Without long struggle none did e'er attain
The downward look from Quiet's blissful seat.
—Lowell.

Coating Steel With Copper.

J. Ferreol Monnot, a French metallurgist, has solved the problem of coating steel with copper. After many partial failures to accomplish this desired result, he finally achieved success by first cleaning a steel billet six inches in diameter and 36 inches long and then welding upon this at high temperature a thick coating of soft copper. The copper can be of any desired thickness to suit it to various commercial purposes. After receiving its copper coat the billet is reheated and put through ordinary rolls such as are used in steel mills for rolling down steel or iron rods from large billets. The resultant wire, three eighths of an inch in diameter, is then sent to the drawing mills and drawn into wire of any size. The copper and steel draw down equally, and in the final product the copper coating is relatively the same as in the original billet, so that it is easy to determine beforehand the precise proportion that the copper will bear to the steel and the actual thickness of the coat. The thickness is the same throughout the length of the wire, and is also perfectly intact.

The wire thus produced has great tensile strength and durability, and is especially valuable in the electrical transmission of energy by the overhead system. Many other applications of the metal can be made. Copper covered steel wire nails can be driven into the planking and trimming of boats without first boring holes for them. Carriage and automobile springs made by this process will not rust between the leaves and the leaves will slide more freely upon one another.

NEARING THE END

THANK GOODNESS IT IS NEARLY ALL OVER

LITTLE BLACK DISCS ARE THE MISSIONARIES OF MUSIC

By Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

I READ in the Philadelphia papers recently that the Victor talking machine people had got out some new records for October, and being mighty fond of music and interested in these magic machines that defy time, distance and lack of talent or advantages, I stepped in to hear how they go.

"Number 64,092, please," I said after looking over the list.

The man took a 10-inch disc, shiny and black, from a red paper envelope and fastened it under the lid of a mahogany case somewhat higher than my dictionary stand.

He turned a crank three or four times and all of a sudden a glorious voice sought entrance to my soul with the simple words of that heaveniest hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light."

It was Evan Williams, the famous tenor, and it was as if he stood near at hand.

There was no "encircling gloom"—the gilded room betokened only the "garish day"—but the sweet, smooth tones which seemed to come from a heart as well as a throat wove a spell for me and bore me away on a journey.

I peeped into many homes of a Sunday evening—some of them lonely and set far from the nearest neighbor, and others crowded together in city streets.

I saw little groups of people sitting together in these houses and looking way, way off into the Yonder.

In some of these groups were sweet-faced women whose heads were white with the frost of years, and their thin hands were folded in strong, firm fingers, and I could see smiles of great love shining softly through rain-clouds of remembrance.

The eyes of many were blinded with tears, but that did not matter, for the voice of the singer was praying:

"Keep thou my feet! I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

There were tears for some who had taken the one step that bridges time and eternity, and for some who were near to taking it. And here and there were thoughts of saintly Newman, fog-bound in an orange boat, and in his outburst of sublime faith freighting that boat with heart words for a world!

And here and there thoughts of a martyred chief who left us, his people, a heritage of hope that we, too, may be rightly led until the night is gone.

I do not know what old Nurse Death does with the children she lulls into dreamless sleep, but I often fancy I really see

"those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

And I fancy a great many of us see them when this hymn is sung, and that this vision makes more strong the chains that moor our souls to the morning of the last tomorrow, and keeps up firmer-footed in the fight and surer in the struggle!

But I was back from my journey, and the man was asking me what I would like to hear next.

You may think it strange I chose Harry Lauder's telling of "The Wedding of Sandy McNab," but it is not strange when you think a second time how divine a thing is humor—how good fun helps along as well as high faith.

It's a wonderful thing, isn't it—this stored up song and word!

I think we little more than half appreciate it yet, for most of those who have thus far intrusted their treasures to this safe deposit of song and sayings are still here, and there is so little difference between hearing them in fact and hearing them this way that we can't be expected to realize the extent of our riches.

Not until Melba and Caruso and the whole crew of great choristers have gone from us shall we realize the true worth of this marvelous invention. Then it shall no longer be: "You should have heard so-and-so!"—for you shall be hearing so-and-so, and all the great of this day shall be heard forever.

And now my eye marks a favorite in the list, the splendid finale to the second act of Verdi's "Traviata." You remember it is where Alfred, having caused Violetta to swoon by publicly denouncing her, is so exquisitely reproached by the reviving girl in these words:

"Oh, Alfred, alas! thou knowest not
How true and tenderly this heart hath lov'd thee;
But time will show thee, alas! too surely,
How thou hast wrong'd one who lov'd thee purely!"

My seat is in a shop in Philadelphia mark you, but I am listening to opera in what might be called the home of its perfection—in the great La Scala of Milan.

I hear Giuseppina Huguet, a soprano, whose voice is crystal-clear and vibrant with passion's white flame, and Pini-Corsi and Badini, two men singers of great merit. I am part of the big audience which sits breathless through the plea of the misjudged Violetta—the Italians live the things they see and hear in opera!—and my whole being is stirred by the full sweep of melody from principals, chorus and orchestra, which ends the sad scene.

My hands are fixed to commend and I my lips frame a "Bravo!" but no one else applauds! It seems wrong that such a triumph of song should go unrewarded, and it is so unlike La Scala—but, there!—what was I thinking about?

La Scala is over seas, thousands of miles from this spot, and such applause as might demolish its walls would not reach this big town.

Don't laugh at me, for you'd do the same thing, like as not!

If there were time I could hear Calve sing "Love's Delight," and Eames two French ballads. Al Wilson would yodel me a lullaby and Harold Jarvis would do "The Death of Nelson." And Pryor's band, which charmed the thousands at Willow Grove this summer, would beat and blow a brave march, and a Spanish dance on the violin might make my toes twitch.

These and a varied score of other pieces complete this October offering.

But if I were Mr. Victor, they wouldn't be called "records."

They'd be called musical missionaries, for that's just what they are. And they're spreading happiness and refinement in such heaps that the world's a lot better because of them.

Sheet Glass Made by Machinery.

Irving W. Colburn of Franklin, Pa., has perfected a machine which makes glass without blowing it, turns it out in a continuous sheet and enables one man and two boys efficiently to perform the work of 13 skilled mechanics. Up to the present practically all the world's window glass has been made by the cylinder process.

Mr. Colburn has for 10 years been attacking the problem of making flat window glass by mechanical means. At last he has perfected an apparatus for drawing sheet glass of any reasonable width and of any desired thickness, surface and polish, without the aid of gatherers, blowers, snappers or flatteners. Molten glass is run between rollers rotating in opposite directions. The combined action of the drawing of the sheet and the movement of the rollers is a constant skimming of the molten glass lying between the two rollers, so that a fresh portion or a new surface is constantly being exposed to the cooling effect of the atmosphere, which has not time to form wave lines on its surface before it has passed into the drawn sheet or over the revolving rollers. The sheet travels upward from the melting pot for about five feet and then passes to carrying and cutting tables. The machine is 120 feet in length, and it is a most wonderful sight, according to a writer in the Technical World Magazine, to see a continuous sheet of glass over 100 feet long, the end of which is cut off sheet by sheet in lengths of about six feet as it emerges upon the rotary cutting table.

Ten Years Hence.

Three young men were discussing that awful thing called the future.

"I'll be content," said one, "if in 10 years from now, I have $1,000,000."

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the second, "you want too much. If I have $100,000 10 years from now I'll be happy."

The third was a solemn, slow-mannered youth, seldom aroused to excitement. Now, however, he abandoned his recumbent position on a bed and sat upright.

"Fellows," he drawled, "we'll all be lucky if, 10 years from now, we have the price of a schooner of beer."

Which entirely broke up the serious nature of the discussion.