

THE STORY OF A RAZOR.



YOUNG Mr. Johnson had already several razors when he bought a set of seven, each marked with a day of the week and arranged in order in a case. His beard was not heavy—indeed, his mustache was pale and wispy—but he was extremely neat, and he insisted on shaving himself. He argued that it was necessary to have many razors to have one always ready. There were the razors that his father had used before him, they were of French make, a handle with several extremely thin blades; there was a fat razor of boarding school days that was included in a swap of a sled for a banjo; there were razors of English and American make; but young Mr. Johnson's favorite was white-handled, and it was to him as the apple of his eye.

Mr. Johnson married when he was about 25 years old a pretty girl of 20. She danced, and played waltzes on the piano, and she was sweet and amiable. They were happy, especially Sunday mornings when Mr. Johnson did not leave the house. They breakfasted late, and it was one of the wife's amusements to watch her husband shaving at his leisure. Those days he chose his white-handled razor. She would laugh at him when his face was covered with lather; she would keep saying, "Don't cut yourself, dear," and when his chin and cheeks appeared, smooth and shining, she would throw her arms about him, and cuddle against his breast, and say, "I never could love you if you had a beard," and then she would kiss him in the neck. And Mr. Johnson, holding the razor in the air above his head, would smile complacently.

They were happy in this foolish fashion for a year or so.

One morning Mr. Johnson did not leave the house, although the day was Tuesday, not Sunday. He did not shave himself; in fact, he had not shaved himself for two or three days. The next week a barber came and brought his favorite razor, and Mr. Johnson was clean and smooth for his coffin.

At first Mrs. Johnson insisted that her husband's things should remain just where he left them. And so in the bath-room the straps and the hones and the brushes and the soaps were ready to be used, and the razors were in order. The white-handled one was nearest the glass, and the others acknowledged its claim.

Mrs. Johnson would look at these things, and tears would come to her eyes. For the first month she kissed the white-handled razor daily. Her sister Maria, who had come to live with her—"until I die," said Lucy, "for I know I shall follow Harry soon"—discouraged her in "such nonsense." And gradually Mrs. Johnson began to find pleasure in life. One night when Mr. Mortimer called she was persuaded to play a waltz, and she even sang a pretty song, entitled, "Love for Eternity."

Mr. Mortimer's calls were frequent. He was a thick-set fellow, with a bushy black beard. His vitality in a room stirred the pictures on the wall; chairs



YOUNG MR. JOHNSON.

and sofas were uneasy until he had made a wise choice. He was prosperous in business and fond of farce-comedy. When he was dressed for a call or a dinner he smelled of musk. Mrs. Johnson became accustomed to him, and at the end of a year and a half she was Mrs. Mortimer.

The wedding was quiet, and even the bridegroom was comparatively quiet. There was a journey; New York and Washington hotels entertained "Mr. Mortimer and lady," and the routine of daily life began in the flat in which young Mr. Johnson had resigned.

Sunday came, and Mr. Mortimer

dressed leisurely. After he had had his bath he strolled about in the bathrobe. He glanced at the newspaper, he cleaned a pipe, and then proceeded to bring out fresh underclothes and linen. Lucy in morning gown following him from room to room. Mr. Mortimer was putting on a boot. "Hallo!" he exclaimed; "I forgot to trim my corn!" He went into the bath-room, took the white-handled razor, and, stooping over, began operations. Lucy laughed and kept saying, "Look out, dear; don't cut yourself." And when he had pared almost to the quick, she said: "If I were you I'd keep that old razor for your corn. Perhaps you might sell the others. You'll never need them. I don't see how a woman can marry a



"DON'T CUT YOURSELF, DEAR."

man without a beard—he isn't a man." And she cuddled against his breast and kissed him below the right ear. A discreet maid coughed near the door and said: "Breakfast is served."—Boston Journal.

On His Native Nerve.

"That was a strange experience," admitted the traveling man when some one had recalled the incident to him. "I'll tell you on the level that it converted me to the theory that there is a destiny that shapes our end and that the fellow who is willing to drift is not such a chump after all.

"As the boys say, I was on my uppers. No one questioned my ability on the road. I could sell goods to men who had no real use for them, and you'll admit that to be the supreme test of a drummer. If I had one forte above another, it was that of selling stoves. I could get rid of a hard-coal burner in a soft-coal district, and I could place a consignment of wood stoves in the middle of a prairie district.

"One morning I waked up in the modern Troy of New York, without a cent and without a job. To most men the situation would have been as cold as a polar expedition, but, as intimated, I'm a fatalist. After jollying the bartender for a patriotic cocktail and the barber for a shave, I went to the nearest stove factory. The clock struck 12 just as I entered the place. Before the handsome young man at the desk could say a word I had told him that I was on time. I think the remark was the inspiration of an extremity.

"We'll not stop to discuss terms at this time," he said. "You have an hour in which to catch a train. Here's your expense money. It is a new route, but it will serve to try you out." I was knocked daffy, but I took the money, caught the train, and sold stoves right and left. In a week I had a letter from the house asking who in the world I was and where I came from. The other fellow, for whom I was mistaken, had shown up and claimed the job. But they told me to fire away, and they raised my salary. I'm with 'em yet."—Detroit Free Press.

Slightly Inconsistent.

Some of the cheap novel writers are in a hurry to get their pay, otherwise they would revise their work, and not allow such startling statements as the following to appear in type:

"I grew up to manhood without ever knowing what the love of a parent really was, as my mother died when my eldest brother was born."

Hard Luck Story from Kansas.

When the Kirby bank failed in Abilene a Santa Fe conductor had in it \$2,000, which represented the savings of many years. In the course of time he received \$1,000 in dividends from the bank receiver, and this sum he deposited in the Cross bank at Emporia, which in turn failed.

The woman who always wears a smile is faultlessly dressed.

THE MAKING OF A SHOE.

Inventive Genius Has Made Wonderful Improvements in the Operation.

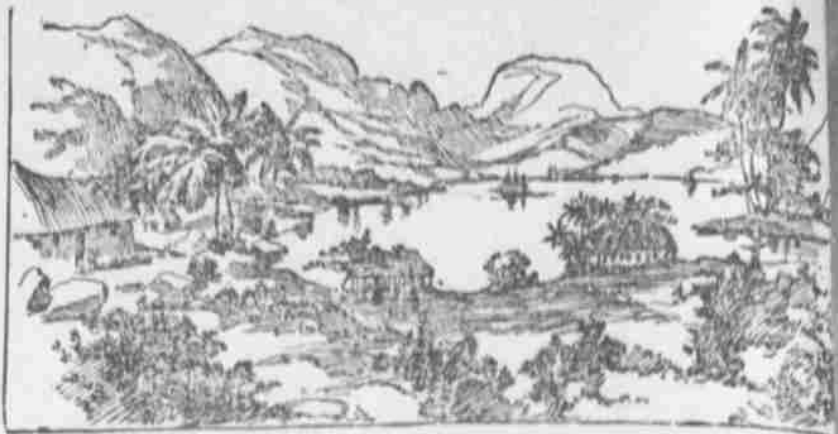
It is a far cry from the cobbler of fifty years ago, sitting on his little bench pegging away at the pair of shoes for his neighbor, which must be done on the morrow, to the modern methods and machines for shoe manufacture. Notwithstanding the fact that science has made tremendous advances and invention has done mighty things in almost every branch of industrial life, somehow or other, most people still keep in their minds the vision of the shoemaker of old, bending over his task and patiently boring and stitching, now and then stopping to wax over his thread. But far different is it now. Machines, with the most astonishing accomplishments, pound and hammer and stitch in place of the human hands which lent themselves to this work in the former time. And yet it seems to one watching the processes, as if human hands were somewhere concealed in these cases of iron, so deft and wonderful are the parts. Fancy a machine which can cut and sew 3,500 button holes a day and then revolve in your mind the long and weary toiling of the tired fingers which might have the same amount of work to do. In some cases a pair of shoes goes through 130 distinct processes in the course of its manufacture. A pair of shoes has been turned out in twenty-eight minutes, but that is exceptional, and the manufacturers like better to take time for the goods to rest a bit after some of the processes. A trip by a Free Press was made through one of Detroit's big factories the other day, and some interesting things were noted. The factory has a capacity of 4,000 pairs a day, although this limit has never been reached, and 3,000 a day, or six pairs a minute, is keeping the hands pretty busy.

The hides and skins come in with ragged edges, some with holes here and there, others with unbroken surfaces. It is necessary in some way to get at the quantity of leather in these pieces, a puzzling job. But brains have solved the problem, and there stands a machine for doing the entire work. The skin is put into the machine as into a planer and the number of square feet and inches in its surface is indicated on a dial. The amount of labor saved on account of the irregular edges of the leather can be imagined.

Making the Patterns.

It seems as if the theoretical side of the manufacture of a pair of shoes should begin with the making of the patterns, at which one to five men are kept constantly working. These are cut out of stiff pasteboard, and are smoothly edged with tin. Each part of the shoe must have its pattern. Some of these seem to have very little resemblance to anything an ordinary observer might see in a pair of shoes. For instance, the pattern for the upper looks like a large horse-shoe magnet in shape. With these patterns in hand,

COALING STATION FOR THE UNITED STATES IN THE FAR EAST.



PAGO-PAGO HARBOR, SAMOA, WHERE THE GOVERNMENT WILL BUILD A COALING STATION.

through with. The heels and soles are cut by hand with dies. Before each worker is an immense section of a tree trunk, on the top of which the hide is laid. The sharp edged die is placed on the hide and the worker with a fell swoop of his hammer throws out what is to be ere long the sole or the heel of a shoe. The process is exactly like that which mother used in making cookies, with the addition of the extra strength necessary. In an ordinary heel there are six pieces instead of the one which is apparent to the person who examines a finished pair of shoes. These pieces are put together in a machine, nail holes are bored and enough nails are put in to hold the heel together, all with a single motion of the machine. Another machine cuts the rough piece which has been hewn out of the sole into the exact shape and size needed for the shoe desired. This is done by a pattern of the sole in question governing the cutter of the machine. Another machine cuts what is known as a "channel" in the top of the in-sole and around the edge and it is this channel to which the upper is to be sewed. Other machines cut out the pieces of the sole between the heel and the ball of the foot.

Wonderful Machines.

In the next department most of the lighter sewing is done, as well as the pasting together of the linings and the uppers. Scores of girls are busy at the sewing machines, fastening the different parts of the upper together. Here, too, are the button-hole machines which do their work with lightning rapidity. Another sort of machine, with a din and hubbub, cuts the holes for the eyelets and the hooks of faced shoes, and stamps them in securely with marvelous quickness, and the sound of a Gatling gun. Still another sort sews on the buttons, fastening the buttons on as many as 1,000 pairs a day. Beside these is the newest invention, a machine for riveting the buttons on. Seventy-five pairs an hour can be finished on this machine.

Thus, far, the uppers and the heels and soles have been making their way separately through the processes, but

the thread inserted with the next, the heel is still to be fastened to the and this is done by a ponderous lacing machine which drives all the in at one time.

Other Processes.

There are still dozens of processes to be gone through—the trimming down the heels, which is done by a machine driving a curved cutter, trimming the edges of the sole, sand-papering the heels and soles, burnishing and coloring the edges, and so on. No detailed description of the processes could be attempted. Suffice it to say that the workings of iron and steel in a factory would astonish the wisest man who has not seen them every day. Improvements are constantly being made and machines which last week were considered marvels are next week thrown out for old iron, as useless comparison with the new invention. Detroit man has just invented a jobbed last which is said to excel anything else for the ease with which it can be inserted and taken out of a shoe. When once inside the shoe, it can be straightened out and thus made much larger than before. Throughout the processes, men's and women's shoes are kept separate and different workers make them, so that in one respect shoemakers are not unlike the Quakers. Of course there is an inspector who looks over the finished product thoroughly and throws out any that may be imperfect. Then there is a complete box factory where paste-board shoe boxes are turned out in large quantities.



A soft answer turneth away divorce. A woman's logic is far above a man's morals.

With most women belief is better than proof.

The longest way home is the shortest way to trouble.

A husband doesn't know a good thing when he hasn't got it.

Husbands are necessary only once a month—when the bills come in.

It makes a woman shudder to think how happy she could have made you.

The devil shows you the worst side first. The rest makes it seem better.

If women's good intentions were jewels they wouldn't wear anything else.

Love is divided into quarters—one quarter vanity, three-quarters jealousy.

Eve wanted to put on clothes merely to be able to have a hat to go with them.

When a woman is convicted she acquits herself by saying she has been misjudged.

Goodness wouldn't seem half so uninteresting to women if it didn't wear such plain clothes.

When a woman likes a man her idea of having him happy is not having him belong to some other woman.

Every married woman would like to see you happy with some other woman, and they'd scratch out her eyes if you were.

Any woman who thinks about it will admit that Adam deserved to fall because he did not increase Eve's allowance for pin money.

Aptly Criticised.

One of the best criticisms of Scott's novels was given by an Irish cobbler, as related in the biography of "William Stokes."

Doctor Stokes had often loaned the cobbler odd volumes of Scott to read. Walking beside him one day on the road, the doctor said:

"Well, Denny, what did you think of the last book I lent you?"

"It's a great book, intirely, docther, an' Sir Walter Scott's a thrue historian."

"I'm inclined to agree with you," replied Doctor Stokes. "But what do you mean exactly by calling him a true historian?"

"I mane, your honor, he's a thrue historian because he makes you love your kind."

It would be easier to forgive a fool if he were original; but all are fools in the same old ways.



BUSY SCENES IN A MODERN SHOE MANUFACTORY.

the real manufacturer of the shoe is about to begin. From skins of the proper kind and patterns of the proper shape the cutters start the work. Laying the patterns down on the skins they quickly cut the skins the shape of the outlines of the patterns, their knives being razor-edged. The cutters, as well as all the other workers throughout the factory, are guided in their labors by a system of cards issued from the office. When an order comes into the house one of these cards is made out for each kind of shoe wanted, showing the number, kind, the size, the last, the finish, and so on, giving every detail about the shoe which is to be turned out. This card follows that lot of shoes wherever it goes in its wanderings through the factory. So that the cutter knows just what patterns they are to use. When all the necessary parts of the upper portion of the shoe have been cut, including the linings and the fancy tips and tidbits, the lot is sent on to the bottoming department. Here are cut the heels, in-soles and out-soles and various other strange operations are gone

they are soon to come together. And now the "last" is to come into play. This is put inside the upper, with the in-sole; the edges of the upper are turned over the edges and tacked down on the sole. Then the out-sole is tacked on by machinery with a few nails, the noise resembling the report of musketry in the distance. Each of the nails in this machine as well as in all the others is made from wire as it is needed, the nails being made and driven at the same instant. But there are still more wonderful machines to be seen. Here, for instance, is one which sews the in-sole onto the upper. This is the welt machine and does 400 pairs a day, whereas a man's work was formerly twelve pairs. Not less wonderful is the stitching machine which punctures the heavy out-soles and sews them at the same time to the upper and in-sole, tying a knot in the most human fashion at every stitch. The awl which makes the punctures, and the needle which does the sewing are curved, and together form almost a semi-circle, the hole being made with one stroke and