

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

A society has been organized under the name of "The Association for Educational Reform of the City of New York," the object of which is to promote needed reforms in the public school system.

In London, lately, a school examiner asked the class before him the meaning of "eternity." Straightway the smallest of the pupils held up a little white hand and exclaimed: "Please, sir, God's life."

By the way, when you take your vacation, don't forget to take your Christianity along with you. If you leave it at home you may not recognize it, or it may not recognize you, when you return.—Interior.

The essential difference between a good and bad education is this, that the former draws on the child to make it learn by making it sweet to him; the latter drives the child to learn by making it sour to him if he does not.—Charles Buxton.

It is in vain to preach to people unless you also love them—Christianity love them. It is not the smallest use to try to make people good, unless you try at the same time, and they feel that you are trying, to make them happy. And you rarely can make another happy unless you are happy yourself.—Mrs. Craik.

A Christian said to a minister of his acquaintance: "I am told you are against the perseverance of the saints." "Not I, indeed," he replied. "It is the perseverance of sinners that I oppose." "But do you not think that a child of God can fall very low, and yet be restored?" "I think it would be very dangerous to make the experiment."

Beware of making your moral staple consist of the negative virtues. It is good to abstain, and teach others to abstain, from all that is sinful or hurtful. By making a business of it leads to emancipation of character, unless one feeds largely also on the more nutritious diet of active, sympathetic benevolence.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Six things are requisite to make a home. Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all, as protecting glory and canopy, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.—Hamilton.

Very few persons recognize the large possibilities of good which conversation is freighted. It can infuse intelligence, spread knowledge, inspire new ideas, animate the drooping spirit, move the feelings, kindle the affections, stimulate the activities. These possibilities may be gradually made realities by every one who will constantly and patiently put in practice the two essential parts of good conversation—to seek for the best in others and to give the best that is in oneself. No large fund of information, no years of culture, no powers of eloquence are necessary in order to do this.—Church Union.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Small faults indulged in are little thieves that let in greater.

If there was only a law against killing time there wouldn't be a loafer left in the country.—Smithville News.

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.—George Elliot.

A man in the hands of his friends may be safe from his enemies; but there are none to save him from his friends.—N. O. Peayune.

Upon the shoulders of each man in the community, there rests a great responsibility. He has not only his own reputation to take care of, but he has the reputation of his race.—J. G. Holland.

A blind boy was once asked the meaning of forgiveness. After thinking a few moments he replied: "It is the odor which the trampled flower gives out to bless the foot that crushes it."—Arkansas Traveler.

Servility and civility are as opposite as the poles. One is despicable, while the other is in the highest degree desirable. That style of manners which combines self-respect with respect for the rights and feelings of others, is a quality to be cultivated with extreme diligence.

Deacon (to divinity student)—"If you were called now, what would you do?" Student (showing absent-mindedness)—"Why, show down my hand, of course—I—I—that is—Y—Deacon—"That's right; always show down your hand. Don't pull a gun. The other fellow might get a drop on you."—Philadelphia Call.

Mrs. Matchmaker—"Edith, if you ever expect to catch Mr. Richley, you must say fewer sharp things. Skirmishing drives the men away. A little more tact and a little less tactics, my dear." Edith—"You good mamma! your tact is so much better than your tactics. Don't you know that every engagement is preceded by a skirmish?"—The Idea.

FRONTIER JOURNALISM.

Extracts from the Columns of the Lively "Arizona Kicker."

A LIE NAILED.

Old Mose Taylor—that exorcism on the face of humanity, who had been licked, rail-ridden, jailed and bounced from every town in the East—is reporting around town that we let up on George the Gouger because he subscribed for the Kicker. As there may be some one fool enough to believe in the old hyena's yarn, we will explain that George, who keeps the checkered-front saloon, was falsely misrepresented to us by a rival in business, who hoped to drive him out of town. We did wade into him for a spell, and even tried to get him lynched, but we were in error. While he has shot three men, they were all trying to get the drop on him. George has subscribed for the Kicker because he likes it, and we have let up on him because he is an enterprising citizen who means to do what is O. K.

We return our thanks for a bottle of port, sent in yesterday. As for old Mose, we've bought the rope which will hang him within a week if he doesn't leave town.

A BAD, BAD MAN.

If there is a meaner and more contemptible coyote on the face of this footstool than "Major" Jackson Doty, the old skinflint grocer on the corner of Sitting Bull avenue and Cheyenne street, we'll give fifty dollars for his address. We object to personalities in a newspaper, but we must say that of all the low-down, doggoned old grumbles in this Territory, he takes the cake. He'd cheat a blind woman out of her dead baby's coffin, and he'd lie if offered \$100 to tell the truth.

LATER.

Major Doty has come in and subscribed for the Kicker since the above was in type, and has also contracted for \$60 worth of advertising. We take pleasure in informing our readers that he is a business man of the old school, honest, reliable and truthful, and that as a citizen his record is above reproach. Long may he wave.

A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER.

That old, superannuated wind-bag who runs the Weekly Star and calls himself an editor and publisher, has again been criticising the political course of the Kicker. We invite and can stand criticism from men of sense, but the idea of an old jail-bird breaking the bars in Illinois, robbing a farmer of his hogs, and coming West to start a paper with the proceeds and criticise his superiors from week to week, is a little too catsh.

For the benefit of the officers of the law we would say that this old kuss, who goes by the name of Daniels, is about fifty years old, yellow-faced, long-nosed, several warts on his chin and has a game leg. He can, no doubt, be tried for a dozen different crimes. We did think once of shooting him, but the cost of the shot and powder figured more than his carcass is worth.

RETRACTIO.

Last week we stated that Blue-Nosed Pete, the shoemaker on Apache avenue, was about to wed Aunt Sal Jackson, the cook in the Red Cloud restaurant. We gave Pete away as an escaped convict from the Ohio penitentiary, and also threw in a hint that Aunt Sal had done time at Joliet for shoplifting.

It affords us great pleasure this week to announce that Peter was for many years a banker in Boston, and was always noted for his general worth. He has not only subscribed for the Kicker, but presented us with a new pair of boots. As to Aunt Sally, we are pleased to know that she came West as a missionary, and is cooking simply for recreation. She graduated at a famous seminary, has been married twice and has always had the reputation of being a lady. She has also subscribed for the Kicker, and we take great pleasure in setting her right before the public. We shall probably retract some more next week—in case the subscriptions come in.—Detroit Free Press.

An Item from Boston.

"Marion, I rejected Mr. Darringer last evening."

"Why, Kate?"

"He was entirely too profuse."

"Impossible! A lover couldn't be."

"And he was as gushing as he was voluminous. He praised my eyes, hair and complexion. He—"

"Oh, Kate, that was just lovely."

"But his grammar, Marion. That was the hidden reef which wrecked him. He said 'Your eyes is,' and all that. Goodness! I expected to hear him say 'Your nose are!' I love him, and it makes my heart ache to think about it—but I can never marry him. No—never."—Detroit Free Press.

His Lung Trouble.

Brown—You don't look well lately, Robinson.

Robinson—No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble.

Brown—Nonsense! Your lungs are all right!

Robinson—Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the baby's.—Life.

MODERN SHOE-MAKING.

How Foot-Wear is Constructed by Newly Arranged Machinery.

Nearly all the shoes manufactured at the present time are constructed by machinery. As in other mechanical industries, the old-time method, by which each workman put together a boot from the cutting of the sole to the stitching of the upper leather, has been abandoned for the system that gives to every person employed some small part only of the task to be performed. Perchance it will not be uninteresting to review in detail the process by which a pair of men's foot-coverings is evolved from the original leather. The material employed may be calf-skin, buff leather, grain or split. Buff leather is ordinary cow skin, with the rough outside ground off it by a buffing wheel. Frequently he hide is sliced with a knife into two layers, the outer one next to the hair being called the grain and the inner one the split. The latter makes an excellent quality of leather, while the former has the great advantage of being water proof.

First, the operator in the cutting-room places the thickest of cowhides—previously chopped into long strips, of width just equal to the length of the sole desired—on a table beneath a steel die, which descends at brief intervals and cuts out a series of perfect soles, as the material is shoved along by the practiced hand of the workman. Another man chops out in like manner the various pieces for the "upper," using for this purpose dies that are manipulated by hand, with mallets to strike hem with. But all really fine goods are cut out by hand entirely, the expert employing brass-edged patterns around which he runs a keen knife-blade. The upper is almost invariably in three pieces, instead of six, as formerly. In his scrappy condition the former of the contemplated boot is sent to the stitching department, where it is put together by girls with sewing-machines of massive construction, especially adapted to this sort of work. The making of buttons and button-holes, lining, etc., all comes under the head of stitching. This performed, the shoe that is to be goes to the laster, whose part of the task is perhaps more important to success than that allotted to any one else. In big factories the laster is lone by a "team" of men. Number one takes the wooden last and tacks the in-sole upon it, passing it over hereupon to number two, who stretches the upper over the last and tacks it so as to hold. Number three lays the outer sole over the in-sole, and secures it with lasting tacks. The shoe, thus fixed temporarily in shape, is next sewn together by machine, and the sole is finally attached with pegs or screws. It is a wonderful thing to see the mechanical contrivance devised for this purpose go over the bottom of a boot with an endless wire screw in its jaws, putting in metallic pegs wherever needed, never too long and never too short, until one shoe is completed and thrown aside for another, the whole operation being gone through from beginning to end automatically. Now the job is taken up by the heeler, who affixes the heel already prepared by a machine jammer, while a knife is whirled round almost simultaneously and cuts the new attachment cleanly to the proper shape. This done, the product, now nearly finished, goes to a person who blacks the edges of the sole and heel. The final touches are added by an artist who burnishes the same parts with an oscillating wheel, and the shoes are ready for the market. Such is the process by which nearly all the shoes made in New England are turned out. It is a curious fact, by the way, that the shoes made for selling in this part of the country have much lower insteps than those sent to the South, people here possessing feet by slightly arched—a symptom of physical degeneration, it is said. The manufacturer is obliged, in fact, to produce a boot of special shape for every small section of a country supplied by him, and it is quite the usual thing to send orders to the retailers, to secure the measurements of the local pedal extremities in such and such a township, from which a general average is figured out and lasts designed accordingly.—Boston Cor. Chicago Tribune.

"I am always for the builders who bring some addition to our knowledge, or at least some new thing to our thoughts. The finders of faults, the confuters and the pullers-down, do not only erect a barren and useless triumph upon human ignorance, but advance us nothing in the acquisition of truth.—Locke.

A man full of warm, speculative benevolence, may wish society otherwise constituted than as he finds it; but a good patriot and a true politician always considers how he shall make the most of the existing materials of his country. A disposition to preserve, and an ability to improve, taken together, would be my standard of a statesman. Every thing else is vulgar in the conception, perilous in the execution.—Edmund Burke.

AN EGYPTIAN DINNER.

A Meal of Many Courses Served in a Peculiar Fashion.

Colonel Harrington informed us he had received by wire an invitation for us to dine with a rich native in a Turk at Girgeh, where we would tie up for the night. Unfortunately we went plump upon a sand-bar in sight of the town and were detained over three hours, getting into port at nearly midnight. But we found our host and some servants with lanterns ready to conduct us to his hospitable mansion. It was furnished after European style, with fine carpets, curtains and brilliant chandeliers. After cigarettes we were invited into the dining-room, where a table was loaded with bottles of wine and cordials, but with no plates. In the center of the table was a large bowl containing a kind of soup. There were seven of us. Each had a spoon and a piece of bread with seed worked into the crust. I was placed at the host's right, and informed in tolerably fair French that the house was ours, and the repast begun. Receiving a hint from the Colonel, I commenced my soup from the bowl. Each followed suit, dipping his spoon into the common tureen. When we had sufficiently partaken of the fluid, still instructed by my military friend, I motioned the servants to remove it. There followed a large roast, apparently a whole lamb stuffed. Seeing the company all looked toward me I guessed that as the main guest it was my duty to open the ball. This I did by pulling off a piece of lamb with my fingers. There were still no knives or forks. The better informed followed my example, but went further and pulled out the inside stuffing with their fists. Getting dry and no one offering wine, I felt I was again at fault, so I took a bottle of claret and directed the servants to draw the cork. The host then got up and poured our glasses full. There were small plates of sweet meats of several kinds near each guest. Between courses we ate of these and drank champagne. A large platter full of stuffed vegetable marrow, whole roasted stuffed onions and artichokes and some smaller vegetables, was the second course. These found their way to our mouths without spoons or forks. Talk was gay. The host apologized for having the feast served native fashion, with the statement that it had been the Colonel's request. Roast turkey came next; afterward followed pigeons, sausages, etc., with vegetables intervening. When the fourteenth course was reached one of the boys was forced to loosen up his waistband, and Maurice Bey declared he was a good feeder, but his father and mother had not intended him for a barrel. I cried halt. We were, however, forced to attack the fifteenth course, consisting of nicely-stuffed quails. With several more courses in sight in a side room, I arose, when all followed. In the parlor were served delicious coffee and cigarettes. The host regretted that he had not known sooner that we would honor him, so that he could have made a better preparation. He was a wealthy Copt, but drank very lightly. He accompanied us to the little boat, where we found our ship-berths fitted closer than they had done the night before.—Carter H. Harrison, in Chicago Mail.

THE COCOANUT TREE.

A Few of the Many Uses to Which It is Put in Tropical Countries.

"A full-grown cocoanut tree will mature, from sixty to a hundred nuts annually," said a Washington Market dealer to a reporter. "In reality the cocoanut tree is one of the most valuable trees in the world, nearly every part of it being useful to man. The natives eat the young roots, and also weave them into baskets. The tender leaves are cooked like cabbage, and the old leaves are made into cloth, hats, baskets, fans, lanterns, etc. It is also used for bedding, for thatching roofs, for fishing nets, even for writing paper. The magnificent trunk of the tree furnishes canoes, house posts and fences. The ribs of the leaves are so strong that they make excellent paddles for boats, arrows, combs, torches and no end of other useful things. When the wood is burned it makes the very best potash for soap. By a peculiar process of fermentation, good vinegar can be obtained from it, and also a kind of sugar. The name of the fruit is derived from the Portuguese word cocoa and the English word 'coo' means 'an ugly mask,' and is said to have been given because the end of a cocoanut looks like a monkey's face. Last year 380,000 cocoanuts were brought to this market, the average wholesale price being four cents apiece. It is expected that the figures this season will be nearly half a million."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

In civilized society, external advantages make us more respected. A man with a good coat upon his back meets with a better reception than he who has a bad one. You may analyze this and say, what is there in it? But that will avail you nothing, for it is a part of the general system.

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

Strange Changes in the Fashions Within Five Centuries.

The youngster who looks upon the recent rebellion against the style of starched shirt he was brought up in, as an evidence of something new in the world, has much to learn of the past. The plain linen front, glossy and stiff, to which he had been accustomed as a part of every gentleman's attire, is no monument of the usages of centuries as he may imagine. It is really a result of the conventional law prescribing the stern simplicity of the evening dress. This itself is the result of civilization, every color and extraneous ornament which formerly adorned the exquisite having been discarded and lines of rigid severity being adopted as the extreme effort of elegance.

It is not many years—only about twenty-five—since it became common for men to have their shirts made up away from home. Until then the women of every economical household made the shirts for the men, and it may be said parenthetically, a well-fitting shirt was in those days a curiosity. The taste and fancy of the fair seamstress had every opportunity for display in the way of variety, and the result was a surprising variety. Ruffles had at that time nearly gone out of use, but plaits, tucks and gathered fronts were common enough. The tendency toward simplicity brought a reduction in the number of these plaits, until three broad plaits, the last touch of fancy work that was allowed, gave way to the plain front that has been the style for a dozen or more of years. This last is the only thing that really harmonizes with the "dress suit," so-called, or evening dress.

It is not surprising that the fashion should begin to change, and that new materials should take the place, as they are now taking it, of linen and muslin for day wear and for negligé garments. The very decided movement toward white flannel that began last summer is likely to be stronger this summer, but every other available kind of woven goods is now employed. Silken, woollen, cotton and linen cloths of numerous kinds find a place, and the taste that finds expression in colors, and even embroidery, is no longer considered out of place.

These changes, however, are trifling compared with those that have taken place since five hundred years ago when the shirt became a thing of common use. Before that men had not developed the undergarment plan of dressing, and wore their clothes in very different fashion from that now in vogue. A writer recently sketched in outline the various radical changes that have been introduced since the birth of the shirt. Habits of personal cleanliness, he intimates, were not as rigid in the fourteenth century as in the nineteenth, and for a long time the shirt was worn like the modern undershirt, in concealment, partly because it was seldom in a condition to bear inspection. Its length varied in different periods according to the fashion of the outer garments, but it was kept hidden, until at length an ornamented band, the precursor of the modern collar, began to show the neck. Then a display was in vogue of the lower part, between the doublet and the long hose. Then portions of the sleeve were exposed through slashes in the doublet sleeves.

In the seventeenth century the collar was all that was generally shown, and this assumed, at some periods, enormous proportions and fantastic shapes. From 1700 to 1800 A. D. there seemed to be a general desire to display as much as possible of the useful garment. The waistcoat, worn over it, was only caught together by loops at the waist, and showed more than modern observers would consider decorous. The reaction from this was the closing up of the waistcoat and the growth of the cravat, which latter, at first as big as a shawl, gradually subsided to the "stock" of our grandfathers and then to the modern tie.

The various changes, narrated carefully and in detail, would fill a volume, but these few outlines show the general character of the change. How soon another revolution in dress may come it is impossible to guess, but that it will come some time is certain, and that the starched shirt will suffer change with the other garments admits of no question.—N. Y. Graphic.

"When I grow up I will be a man, won't I?" asked a little Texas boy of his mother. "Yes, my son. If you want to be a man, you must be industrious at school, and learn how to behave yourself. 'Why, ma, do lady boys turn out to be women when they grow up?'"—Texas Siftings.

Elderly spinster—"I can't see why you young girls should be so absurdly timid. You can't walk a block after dark without being in an agony of fear, thinking that somebody may be following you." "Do you never look back to see if some man is following you?" "No. What's the use? It wouldn't be my luck."—Lincoln Journal.