

INDIRECTION.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer; Rare is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer; Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter, And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter.

Never a daisy that grows but a mystery guideth the growing; Never a river that flows, but a majesty seepers the flowing; Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he did enfold him, Nor ever a prophet foretold, but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden; Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is hidden; Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling; Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater; Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator; Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift stands the giving; Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing; The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing; And up from the pit where these shiver, and up from the heights where these shine, Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine. —Washington Star.

A GAME OF BLUFF.

"A RAG and a bone and a hank of hair," cynically quoted Marion. The next moment he repented his words, when he noted the hurt look, accompanied by the flash of resentment, in Warren's eyes.

Marion meant to be sympathetic, after the manner of men, by uttering philosophical platitudes as a balm for sentimental heart troubles, but he quickly realized that the case before him was too genuine and severe to be cured by such superficial ointment as quotations from cynical Kipling. So he took another tack.

"Of course, old man, there are women and women. Some can be had for the asking, while others play for all the line they can get. It's just like fishing"—his metaphor suggesting an illustration from out his sporting proclivities—"a hornpout will bite at almost anything, but a gamy trout insists on a nice fly for an attraction, and even after you've got one really hooked you've got to play it until your patience is almost gone. Now, you'd rather have a girl with some spirit, one who'd stand you off for a time, than one who was all the time throwing herself at your head, wouldn't you?"

Warren vouchsafed a weak, doubtful "Yes."

"By the way, have you asked her?" "No. That's the difficulty. I don't really get a chance. Just as I get myself spurred up to the mark some confounded interruption interferes, or she switches me off on a sidetrack with some remark or other."

"You think the girl really cares for you?" asked Marion, dropping his rallery and becoming serious. "I think she does," frankly answered Warren, "although sometimes I feel as if I didn't know whether she did or not," he continued, somewhat dubiously.

"Well, there's only one way to find out," remarked Marion, "and that is to—say, I have a plan," breaking abruptly into his sentence. "I have a plan," he slowly repeated, "and I believe it will work if you follow my advice. Put yourself in my hands," he continued, his face brightening as his plan was unfolded to his mind, "and I'll bet dollars to doughnuts that you'll win out." Then he buttonholed Warren, pulled him into a corner, and addressed him in a low, earnest tone, interspersing his remarks with emphatic gestures. When he had finished Warren still looked dubious, but somewhat more hopeful.

"Oh, good evening, Mr. Warren. I'm so glad to see you. We're just packing up, getting ready to go to the mountains."

"Indeed! Lovely weather. Hope you'll have a pleasant time." But he might have been a phonograph, or a Punch-and-Judy operator, for all the expression he put into his words.

"Oh, I've no doubt we will," he answered, with a toss of her head. "There's so much going on there all the time, and so many interesting people to meet," she continued, with a bored air, as if her immediate surroundings were productive of nothing but ennui.

"Yes," he assented, in a listless monotone, which might mean anything or nothing.

She pretended not to notice his abstracted manner, and rattled on.

"My friends write me there are ever so many nice people there, and with golf and driving and dancing there'll be no end of fun."

"Yes."

Again that tone of polite indifference.

"Well, I'm going for a trip myself," he added, raising himself from his lethargy, and almost blurring out his remark.

"Indeed! Where?"

"This was her turn, and she countered forcibly in the matter of polite indifference.

"To Hongkong?"

"To Hongkong?"

"This time she was interested, in spite of herself. She repeated his remark, with distinct emphasis on the words, and a rising inflection on the end of

each. "Oh, come, now, you're joking. You're—"

"No, really," he asserted; "there's an opening there in our house. They want a young man to take charge of their branch banking-house there, and I can have the place. It looks like a good opening, and I thought I'd take it. Of course, it means—clearing his throat—"tearing one's self away from one's friends, but then, I probably will not be greatly missed."

"Oh, Mr. Warren," broke in the girl, reproachfully.

The coquettish manner was gone. The genuine woman was speaking.

"Well, for a day or two a few may remark my absence, and then—"

He finished the sentence with a careless wave of his hand, to denote the ephemeral nature of the friendship he conceived was felt for him.

"But there are no nice girls there," she remarked, mischievously.

She was trying to get back to the coquette again. But her eyes were moist.

"That isn't a consideration," he answered, gloomily. "There's only one girl in this world for whose smile I'd give the hopes I entertain for my business future, and I'm afraid that in her eyes I'm but as all the rest of the world."

"Who is the young lady, may I ask; do I know her?" she queried, with an attempt at gaiety. Warren glanced at her, but she wasn't looking at him. She seemed to be manifesting an extraordinary interest in picking at the end of a ribbon on her dress.

"I've just been reading the Social Gossip," wrote Marion, who had gone West for a month on a business trip, "and I congratulate you. But why in the name of all that's absurd did you hesitate to call for a show of hands, when you held a flush? One of these fine days you will want a crest. How would this suggestion meet your approval: 'A bold bluff painted on a field of blue?'"

And he underscored two words in the last sentence.—Boston Herald.

"Natural History" section with illustrations of insects and animals.

No bird can fly backward without turning. The dragon fly, however, can accomplish this feat and outstrip any swallow.

Oysters, after they have been brought away from the sea, know by instinct the exact hour when the tide is rising and approaching their beds and so, of their own accord, open their shells to receive their food from the sea, as if they were still at home.

The tongues of the cat family are covered with recurring spines. In the common domestic cat these are small, but sufficiently well developed to give the tongue a feeling of roughness. But in the lion and tiger the spines are strong enough to enable the animal to tear away the skin of a man's hand merely by licking it.

There are several species of fish, reptiles and insects which never sleep during their stay in this world. Among fish it is now positively known that pike, salmon and goldfish never sleep at all. Also that there are several others of the fish family that never sleep more than a few minutes during a month. There are dozens of species of flies which never indulge in slumber and from three to five species of serpents which the naturalists have never yet been able to catch napping.

Tagged and Forwarded. In charge of the conductor, children often travel on the cars, but on a recent trip the Cunard steamship Campania carried ten boys and girls who were taking long journeys alone.

A girl of 14 was going to her aunt in Chicago; another, aged 11, to her stepfather in North Dakota. A boy of 10 and a girl of 9 were consigned to two small towns in Massachusetts. A 9-year-old boy was going to his aunt in Chicago; an 11-year-old girl to her sister in Boston, and four children, ranging in age from 5 to 11, were seeking their father in Calumet, Mich.

It was the largest party of unattended children that ever landed at New York. All were "tagged" with directions, asking those with whom they came in contact to see that they were sent on their way.

Counting the ocean voyage and the long land journeys, several of these little travelers covered more than 5,000 miles—alone, except for the thoughtful and kindly persons who may have noticed and helped them.

The Power of His Eye. It has been told of Van Amburgh, the great lion tamer, that on one occasion when in a bar-room he was asked how he gained his wonderful power over animals, he said:

"It is by showing them that I am not in the least afraid of them, and by keeping my eye steadily on theirs. I'll give you an example of the power of my eye."

"You see that fellow? He's a regular clown. I'll make him come across the room to me, and I won't say one word to him."

Sitting down, he fixed his keen, steady eye on the man. Presently the fellow straightened himself up, rose from his seat and came slowly across to the lion tamer. When he was close enough he drew back his arm and struck Van Amburgh a tremendous blow over the chin, knocking him clean over the chair, with the remark: "You'll stare at me like that again, won't you?"

Love and coins are sometimes tested by the ring.

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 loag 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,

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 laced 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 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 MAKING OF A SHOE.

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 flaps, the lot is sent on to the bottling department. Here are cut the heels, in-soles and out-soles and various other strange operations are gone 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 the long 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 appended to the person who examines the finished pair of shoes. These pieces

COALING STATION FOR THE UNITED STATES IN THE FAR EAST.



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

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Other Processes.

There are still dozens of processes to be gone through—the trimming down of 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 shoe 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 in comparison with the new invention. A Detroit man has just invented a jointed 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 many

Aptly Criticized.

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."

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.

Ever 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 misunderstood.

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.

Young Shafter's Lesson.

The Cleveland Leader gives the recipe by which General Shafter learned self-reliance, saying that the story is told in the officer's own words.

Once, when I was a boy at school, our teacher called up the class in mental arithmetic, and began putting questions, beginning with the pupil at the head. I stood somewhere near the middle, and next below me was a boy who was three years older, and considerably ahead of me in our various studies.

"How many are thirteen and nine and eight?" asked the teacher.

One after another the boys and girls guessed and failed; meantime I thought it out. The question had just got to me, when I heard the big boy, who stood next, whispering, apparently to himself:

"Twenty-nine, twenty-nine, twenty-nine."

"Well, Willie," said the teacher, "let us see if you know. Come, now, be prompt." I cocked my head on one side, and said, triumphantly, "Twenty-nine."

"Next! How many are thirteen and nine and eight?"

"Thirty," said the big boy below.

That was just what I had figured it to be, myself; and I made up my mind, then and there, to depend on my own judgment for the future. Ever since when I have had anything to do, and have figured out what I thought to be the best way of doing it, I have gone ahead, remembering, when people criticized, or tried to throw me off the track, how that big boy made a fool of me in the mental arithmetic class.

British Marquis Captures a Thief.

The Marquis of Waterford has proved himself a first-rate amateur detective. A robber had broken into the Marquis' house at Curraghmore and was at once pursued by him and followed to a public house four miles off. There the robber had seated himself among a number of men who were drinking and smoking and not one of them would betray him. The Marquis, however, insisted upon feeling all their hearts, and as he was their landlord and the great man of the county no one dared to refuse. The man whose heart was still beating quickly was the robber, who had just ceased running.

Experience teaches people a lot of things they would rather not know.

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ENGLAND'S NEXT QUEEN.

Stories Bearing on the Personality of the Princess of Wales.

Queen Victoria recently admitted that of all the members of her royal family, excepting only her youngest daughter, the Princess Beatrix, she has most love for her probable successor, the beautiful Princess of Wales.

Alexandra, the next Queen of England, will enjoy in a way all the power wielded by her husband and will have the full social prestige now belonging to her mother-in-law. For this reason and perhaps because she likes to keep herself young enough to enjoy this the Princess of Wales devotes a portion of her time to athletics. She exercises constantly, and one room at Marlborough House is filled with automatic side saddles, stationary bicycles and all sorts of athletic aids. She rides horseback—indoors and outdoors



THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

—two hours every day, and weighs herself frequently to be sure that she is not gaining.

The Princess of Wales has never concerned herself with state matters, although she must know what is going on. She has always been absolutely indifferent to such things, unless swayed to one side or the other by personal favoritism. The Queen, who knows every line of the possibilities of her statesmen, has ever been a politician, looking for improved service, civil and military, but Alexandra has never worked along political lines, and never will; she is not that kind of a woman.

Alexandra has her little weaknesses—all womanly ones. She is fond of novels, a thing the Queen despises, unless of the classic sort. She dislikes famous people, such as authors and artists, for she is timid in the face of genius, while the Queen will have nothing to do with any other. Alexandra loves fancy work and can outline a worsted dog to perfection, while the Queen never takes a stitch. Alexandra notes the hang of the skirt and the cut of the sleeve. Victoria is calmly oblivious to everything except court dress.

Britishers will have something to do to get used to their new Queen, for they will have to reconstruct all their ideas of royalty. Court dresses and jewels will shine in the dull old rooms and music and laughter will be heard where now only the echoes startle the shadowy figures of former gaiety. Alexandra has been preserving herself to have her royal "fling," and she is woman enough to insist upon it.

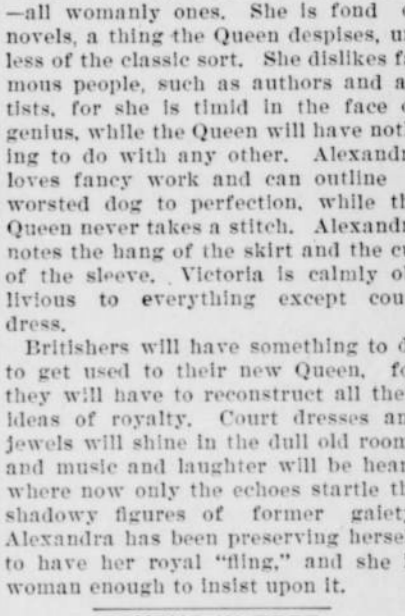
SCYTHE IN THE TREE.

Unique Oddity on the Land of a Massachusetts Man.

The scythe seen in the singular position depicted in this picture has a unique history. The tree itself is located in the town of Warwick, Mass.

Early in the civil war a certain James Bliss, while mowing in the fields, suddenly decided to enlist. Hanging his scythe over the limb of a small pine

tree, and requesting it to be left there until his return, he went to Athol (about eight miles) and joined a regiment that was sent South. Unfortunately, he succumbed to fever, and the scythe was never removed, with the result that the tree has grown entirely around the blade. Bliss' father still lives in the town.



THE SCYTHE IN THE TREE.

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