

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In all Africa there are 727 white missionaries, 1,096 native preachers, 776,960 adult native Christians and 225,000 school children, a grand total of 1,041,788 Christians.

An Ohio judge has just refused a divorce to a woman whose complaint against her husband was that he "objected to building the morning fire, and did refuse, without love or just cause, to take her to the World's Fair."

WISCONSIN ought to be in a happy frame of mind. Her debt is wholly owed to trust funds for the benefit of various institutions, her property of various kinds amounts to more than \$15,000,000, the assessed value of taxable property is \$654,000,000, and she had in the treasury in the last week of February nearly \$2,000,000.

FOURTEEN women known as the Grey Ladies of London have dedicated their lives to working among the poor of Blackheath. The population of this district amounts to over 70,000, and the Grey Ladies, so called from the habit they wear, visit the sick and try to educate the well. They have one day a week for rest, but with that exception devote themselves entirely to the people around them.

ACCORDING to a recent issue of The London and China Telegraph, the cotton interest in Japan is going ahead in a most remarkable way. In 1888 the production of cotton yarns in Japan was less than 1,000,000 pounds weight. In 1892 it had risen to more than 64,000,000 pounds. This result is due, of course, to the cheapness of labor in Japan, which renders the cost of production even less than in India.

At a recent conference in Edinburgh, Miss Morley, of London, touched on the life and work of a barmaid. The number of women in licensed houses in London was estimated at 120,000, the hours being 15½, 16½, and 18½ per day, 7 to 9 on Sunday, and only one Sunday off per month. The women suffered much from varicose veins, resulting from the constant standing, and were also largely subject to alcoholic poisoning.

AMONG the numerous talismans which the Shah of Persia carries with him on his travels is a circle of amber which fell from heaven in Mahomet's time and renders the wearer invulnerable, a casket of gold which makes him invisible at will, and a star which is potent to make conspirators instantly confess their crimes. But that talisman of good health and morals, the bath-tub, the Shah does not carry about. In place thereof he has vials of Araby odors with which he perfumes his royal carcass.

CHARLES W. SCUFFINS, of Breathedsville, in western Maryland, was induced by a recruiting officer at Booneville to enlist in the United States army. The new soldier reappeared two weeks later at Breathedsville, and a despatch from Washington, whether he had gone after enlistment, asked for his arrest as a deserter. Three citizens arrested him and held him prisoner over night, when there came a second despatch from Washington to say that he was not a deserter. Scuffins then brought suit for damages against the chief of his captors, and the court has just awarded him \$850.

A GOVERNMENT publication pictures two Alaskan families of Eskimos, one civilized, the other uncivilized. The latter are clad in skins and have sullen, incurious faces, while the former appear in rather ill-fitting civilized garments and were evidently alive to the presence of the photographer. Perhaps the most striking contrast, however, lies in the eyes. Those of the civilized Eskimos are well opened, while those of the others are mere slits. Doubtless this difference tells the story of differing household conditions. The uncivilized Eskimo dwells in a dim, smoky hut; his civilized fellow has learned to live in the light.

THE Atlantic coast below the mouth of Delaware Bay, and at least as far south as the Sea Islands that fringe the shore line of South Carolina and Georgia, has many shooting lodges and club houses belonging to wealthy Northerners. The land in its usually wild state, save where it is suitable for cotton growing, fetches very low prices, and a great domain may be had at trifling outlay. The chief expense is for building and maintenance. It is said that Northern sportsmen have invested \$1,000,000 in Currituck county, North Carolina, alone, and there are many thousands of dollars in such investments from that point northward to Cape Henlopen.

A LARGE pasture will be fenced in on the reservation north of the Cheyenne River this summer by Fred Dupree, an old Frenchman, who is known as the "Cattle King," for his herd of buffalo. He secured permission from the Government to fence in all the Government land that he required and it has also offered him any other assistance he may need in preserving the herd. This is the largest herd of buffalo in the world at present, and the preservation and increasing of it are very essential to prevent the breed from becoming extinct in a few years. He now puts the buffalo in a corral each night, and is getting them tame, so they are now much like domestic stock.

ONE of the peculiarities of railroad construction is found in San Pete County, Utah. It is that of the San Pete valley, a little narrow-gauge line extending from Nephi, where it connects with the Union Pacific to Manti, the county seat of San Pete

County. The little road is forty-four miles in length, and parallels the Rio Grande Western for almost half the distance. This narrow gauge is owned and operated by an English syndicate, independent of the Union Pacific system. It cost something near \$1,000,000, with one engine, a combination coach and a few freight cars in operation. The road has been sold or bargained twice to the Union Pacific and once to the Rio Grande Western for prices ranging from \$100,000 to \$250,000. A sixteen-mile extension has just been completed at a cost of \$250,000. Since the line was completed to its present terminus all passenger and freight traffic has been absolutely free over the entire line. This is done for the purpose of freezing out the Rio Grande Western or probably to force that company to purchase the little road.

IN A PEANUT FACTORY.

How the Peanuts are Prepared for the Market at Norfolk.

When the peanuts arrive at the factory, they are rough and earth-stained, and of all sizes and qualities, jumbled together, says the Blue and Gray Magazine in describing the preparations of peanuts at Norfolk, Va., for the Northern market. The bags are first taken up by iron arms projecting from an endless chain to the fifth story of the factory. Here they are weighed and emptied into large bins. From these bins they fall to the next story into large cylinders, fourteen feet long, which revolve rapidly, and by friction the nuts are cleansed from the earth which clings to them, and polished, so that they come out white and glistening.

From this story, the nuts fall through shoots to the third and most interesting floor. Imagine rows of long narrow tables, each divided lengthwise into three sections by thin, inch-high strips of wood. These strips also surround the edge of the table. Each of these sections is floored with a strip of heavy white canvas, which moves incessantly from the mouth of a shoot to an opening leading down below at the further end of the table. These slowly-moving canvas bands, about a foot wide, are called the "picking aprons."

Upon the outer aprons of each table, dribbles down from the shoot a slender stream of peanuts, and on each side of the table, so close together as scarcely to have "elbow room," stand rows of negro girls and women, picking out the inferior peanuts as they pass and throwing them into the central section. So fast do their hands move at this work that one cannot see what they are doing till they cast a handful of nuts into the middle division. By the time a nut has passed the sharp eyes and quick hands of eight or ten pickers one may be quite certain that it is a first-class article, fit for the final plunge down two stories into a bag which shall presently be marked with a brand which will command for it the highest market price.

The peanuts from the central aprons fall only to the second story, where they undergo yet another picking on similar tables, the best of these forming the second grade. The third grade of peanuts, or what remains after the second picking, is then turned into a machine which crushes the shells and separates them from the kernels. These are sold to the manufacturers of candy, while the shells are ground up and used for horse bedding. So no part of this little fruit, vegetable or nut, whichever it may turn out to be, is finally wasted, but all serves some useful purpose.

Curiosities About Cats.

The ancient Egyptians worshipped the Goddess Sechet, a creature with a human body and a cat's head. Sechet's shrine was at the once famous city of Bubastis. Hither an average of 700,000 devotees resorted annually, each district delegation taking all the dead cats which had "quitted the sphere of action" in their respective localities during the year. These dead cats, all of which were carefully wrapped and embalmed, were buried at the celebrated "Cat Cemetery," on the plains of Zakazik, that being the place where the image of Sechet was set up. One of the greatest curiosities of present-day Egypt is the catacombs, where the remains of these countless thousands of cats are to be seen; each wrapped in linen and sealed up in a red earthenware jar.

The domestic cat of Europe and America is believed to be a descendant of the Egyptian cat that was so blindly worshipped by the ancients. One of the chief men in a Mohammedan caravan making a Mecca pilgrimage is the "Cat Sheikh," or "Father of Cats," an individual who rides a camel carrying dozens of baskets filled with cats of all ages, sizes and colors.

According to an old British law (passed in the year 938), a person found guilty of stealing a cat was to forfeit "a milch ewe, with her fleece and her lamb."—[St. Louis Republic.]

Squelching the Barrel-Organs.

It is told of Verdi, the eminent composer, that when he was spending a summer at Moncalieri a friend found him occupying a small room for eating, sleeping and receiving his friends, and Verdi observed that he had two large rooms, but he had filled them with certain articles he had hired. And he opened a door and showed him ninety-five barrel-organs. "When I came here," said the composer, "all these played, 'Rigoletto,' 'Il Trovatore' and similar rubbish from morning to night. I hired them for the season for 1,500 lire, and am at present

CURIOUS INDIAN GAMES.

Aboriginal Sports Described by an Educated Sioux Indian.

We had some quiet plays which we alternated with the more severe and warlike ones. Among them were throwing wands and snow-arrows. In the winter we coasted much. We had no "double-rippers" nor toboggans, but six or seven of the long ribs of a buffalo, fastened together at the larger end, answered all practical purposes. Sometimes a strip of bass-wood bark, four feet long and half a foot wide, was used with much skill. We stood on one end and held the other, using the inside of the bark for the outside, and thus coasted down long hills with remarkable speed.

Sometimes we played "Medicine Dance." This to us was almost what "playing church" is among white children. Our people seemed to think it an act of irreverence to imitate these dances, but we children thought otherwise; therefore we quite frequently enjoyed in secret one of these performances. We used to observe all the important ceremonies and customs attending it, and it required something of an actor to reproduce the dramatic features of the dance. The real dances usually occupied a day and a night, and the program was long and varied, so that it was not easy to execute all the details perfectly; but the Indian children are born imitators.

I was often selected as choir-master on these occasions, for I had happened to learn many of the medicine songs, and was quite an apt mimic. My grandmother, who was a noted medicine woman, on hearing of these sacrilegious acts (as she called them), warned me that if any of the medicine men should learn of my conduct they would punish me terribly by shriveling my limbs with slow disease.

Occasionally we also played "white man." Our knowledge of the pale-face was limited, but we had learned that he brought goods whenever he came, and that our people exchanged furs for his merchandise. We also knew, somehow, that his complexion was white, that he wore short hair on his head and long hair on his face, and that he had coat, trousers and hat, and did not patronize blankets in the daytime. This was the picture we had formed of the white man. So we painted two or three of our number with white clay, and put on them birchen hats, which we sewed up for the occasion, fastened a piece of fur to their chins for a beard, and altered their costume as much as lay within our power. The white of the birch-bark was made to answer for their white shirts. Their merchandise consisted of sand for sugar, wild beans for coffee, dried leaves for tea, pulverized earth for gunpowder, pebbles for bullets, and clear water for dangerous "fire-water." We traded for these goods with skins of squirrels, rabbits and small birds.—[Dr. Eastman, in St. Nicholas.]

Uses of Aluminum.

Aluminum or aluminium is a metallic element never found free in nature. It exists in combination in nearly 200 different minerals, among which are included most of the precious stones. Its value as a metal has long been known, and is due to its beautiful bluish white lustre, its lightness, its resistance to oxidation, and, in the manufacture of bells, its fine sonorous quality. The suit of complete armor in which Jean de Reszke appears as Lohengrin, has all the appearance of being made entirely of silver, but, being really made of aluminum, is no heavier than an ordinary suit of winter clothing, including underwear, besides being more durable than if it were of silver. While aluminum will take a polish equal to that of silver, it neither rusts nor blackens, nor is it easily affected by sulphuric acid, and its weight is only about one-fourth that of an equal volume of silver. The difficulties in obtaining it are chemical ones, and have for years stood in the way of its general employment in manufacture. Within the past few years there have from time to time been promises of various methods by which the metal might be produced from common clay at a cost sufficiently low to warrant its manufacture on a large scale. The commercial results, however, appear to be still inconsiderable, little aluminum being found in manufactured articles other than jewelry.—[Courier Journal.]

The Obelisk of Orsotasen.

The Obelisk of Orsotasen, one of the earliest and finest of the Egyptian obelisks, is still standing at Heliopolis. It is inscribed with the name of Orsotasen, one of the greatest rulers of the twelfth dynasty. It is sixty-seven feet four inches in height, without the pyramidion which crowns it, and is a splendid block of granite, weighing 217 tons. It must have required immense skill to quarry it, to transport it from Syene, and finally, after finishing it, to erect it where it now stands and has stood for 4500 years.—[Boston Cultivator.]

Genesis of Chimneys in England.

Prior to the year 1,200 A. D. there was scarcely a score of chimneys in all England. A queer law which regulated the matter allowed but one in each religious house visited on the Sabbath by over 500 people, and one in each great hall of Lord or Duke. In the houses of all others the smoke escaped through holes cut in the roofs for that purpose.—[St. Louis Republic.]

PETS OF LIONS.

THE KING OF BEASTS FRIENDLY WITH TINY CREATURES.

Professor Darling's Story of Leo's Fondness for a Rat—Other Peculiar Things About Lions.

The way lions treat the tiny creatures of animal life is a study. It may be that there is some animal language, and that the legend of the little mouse which saved the lion's life by gnawing the net has become known to the denizens of the jungle and handed down as animal folklore, or it may be that the king of beasts has a positive contempt for anything extremely small, but it is nevertheless a fact that lions will not attack tiny animals when they are put together. Professor Edward Darling, now playing at Hagenbeck's, than whom there is no more profound student of a lion's life and character in the country, has made many curious experiments with his five big beasts.

"I never saw a lion kill a rat or a mouse," said Professor Darling, "and I have had many of them put in the cage with my five lions. My attention was first drawn to this when I was on my way from London to Batavia, in Java, on the ship Rotundo. I had my five lions with me, and in the quarter of the ship in which they were housed were many rats. One day I saw Leo, my favorite lion, lying down and holding between his paws very loosely a monster ship rat. I thought perhaps that the cat instinct in the lion had made him catch it, and that he would probably play with it a while, then eat it, and so I watched. Imagine, however, my surprise when I saw him loosen the rat, and the rat make no attempt to get away, but run up and over his gigantic paws and play with him.

"We were a long time making a trip, and every day this ship rat went into Leo's cage, and the two played together as gently as two little children. I made several attempts to capture the rat, hoping that perhaps I might take it ashore with me, but I could not succeed, and I promise you that old Leo did not like at all my attempting to interfere with his pet. When we got to Java we had to take the lions out, and Leo had to lose his pet. He could have killed the rat a thousand times, but he never did it.

"There was another instance subsequent to this where Leo had a pet rat, which makes me believe that the lion has a real fondness for the rodent. It was in 1881 in Calcutta. We were playing at the Maidan, one of those gigantic places in far India, and when I went in to see my pets one morning, I saw that Leo had found another rat for a pet. My five lions were all together, but this rat would only play with Leo. There were many other rats in the place, but the other lions would not look at them. It seems to me to be a fact that the lions consider these little animals too small to be touched. I have known of rats being found dead in a lion's cage, but I believe that they were simply killed by the lion rolling on them or stepping on them through carelessness, but lions never eat them.

"In Hamburg once I knew a case of a sick tiger to whom it was deemed necessary to give some fresh, warm blood to tone up his system, and to further this end a live rabbit was put in the cage with the tiger. One would naturally suppose that the tiger would have killed it instantly, but such, however, was not the case. The tiger played with the rabbit for days before he would touch it. He finally killed and ate it.

"Now, my theory is this: a lion or a tiger, or, in fact, any wild animal kept alone grows very lonesome. In their natural state wild beasts always run in pairs. They love companionship, and when put alone they become so lonesome that when another animal, even though it is a rabbit, is put in the same cage with them, they refrain from killing it so as to have its companionship. We have heard of many instances of men, being alone shipwrecked, if you like, making strange friends. Why not a lion? It always made me feel rather bad to think of this tiger in Hamburg killing his little friend; still even men at times turn on their friends.

"Now, there is another peculiar thing about lions," added Professor Darling, "and that is that they will not eat the flesh of a fowl. You might tempt them with a canvasback duck or the daintiest quab, but they will refuse it. This is a scientific fact. I have tried it many times. I remember once having a swan which had broken its wing. We killed it, dressed it carefully and threw it into the cage of the lions, but they would not touch it, and it finally had to be taken out and thrown away. I have repeatedly put pigeons alive into the cage, just to see what they would do. I have thrown grain down among the lions, and the pigeons have actually got down and hopped around the big brotes, even hopping on their backs, the lions making no attempt to disturb them, even seeming to enjoy their companionship.

"Now, there is something strange about this which is rather difficult to explain. To my mind, it argues that a lion is not brutal in his instincts. Savage, he undoubtedly is. Fierce at all times, but fierce with justice. I believe every one of my lions has a conscience; I know every one of them knows the difference between right and wrong; they know their wondrous power, and are charitable. They would never attempt to injure something which in no way could do them harm. The study of a lion's habits, character and capabilities is one of the most interesting I know. It offers a field as yet comparatively unknown, but the more one goes into

it, the more time one takes to find out just what a lion is, the more he is convinced that he has rightly been named the king of beasts."—[New York Tribune.]

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.

The Bad Boy Planted Corn in His Sister's Herbarium.

"Seems to me I ain't ever goin' to be able to sit down again with real solid comfort," said the small boy as he lowered himself cautiously into a chair.

"Gosh! There is some folks as can never take a joke nohow. You see, my mother 'n sister took it on their heads to start a herberryum, guess that's what they called it. As enny rate they got a big box and had it painted all up bright and then they filled it with dirt and planted seeds.

"Well, I tho't I'd put in a few seeds too. So I got an ear of corn and shelled it and planted six of the kernels in the herberryum along with the other seeds.

"Bynby, after the ferns and pansies and that sort of stuff had begun to grow, one day the six green shoots poked their way up thro' the dirt, and when my sister she seen them—my! wasn't she astonished! She was tickled, too, as could be, an' she went an' called mother to come and look.

"Well, they wuz both so tickled that they used to watch them shoots every day and wonder what made them grow so fast. They was pleased, too, as anything, cause they said they must be something rare. Mother said it must be some queer kind of a fern, because it grew so, and sister she thought it was some kind of grass.

"Well, when I seen that the shoots was a growin' to look like cornstalks I began to get scared, 'cause I knew they couldn't be pulled out without tearing up everythin' else in the box, and I knew that if they were left there to grow they would crowd everythin' out. So every time ma 'n sister went to look at 'em I just lit out.

"Well, a few nights ago we had a party, and ma was showing her herberryum to everybody and was awful proud of it and wanted everybody to notice particularly the six splendid big grasses that neither she nor my sister had planted, an' telling 'em all as how they must be some rare plants.

"I was a-feelin' uneasy all the time, tho' I tho't I'd die a-laffin. Bimeby ma she comes along with old Mr. Atkins, who owns a big farm out in Jersey, 'an she says to him that she hadn't planted them, neither sister nor she, and that they must be something uncommon. Old Mr. Atkins, he gave one look, and then he commenced to laff, and he laffed and laffed till he liked to die.

"Ma got red in the face, too, an' I could see she was mad as anything. 'Rare!' sez old Mr. Atkins, as soon as he could speak. 'Uncommon!' You just cum over to Jersey to my farm next summer,' sez he, 'and I'll show you acres of them rare grasses. It's corn,' sez he, and then he nearly had a fit.

"Ma 'n sister were just crazy, and p'raps I didn't catch it—oh, no! But the worst of it was that it went all over the neighborhood how they had been growin' corn in their herberryum, and when ma learned of that, why I caught it again.

"But they had to pull the corn up and plant the herberryum over again, that's one comfort, and the small boy went and sat down in a snow bank and whistled shrilly.—[New York Herald.]

The Decline of Beards.

"I have been noticing the number of smooth-shaved men who have entered the hotel during the past two hours," said L. R. Morgan, of New York. "Nearly one-half of them have worn no beards. The beard is rapidly going out of fashion. It is more noticeable in the east than in any other section of the country, but it can be seen in the west also. It was formerly against the law to wear a beard, except for soldiers, who were allowed the privilege in order to protect themselves from the cold. Then there came a revolution in custom and everybody wore beards, and the fashion declined again, so that in the early days of the existence of the United States it will be seen by looking at the pictures of the prominent men of the day, beards were worn principally by the middle and lower classes. Forty years ago, however, they began to come in fashion, and during the civil war the wearing of beards became almost universal. The custom is on the decline again, and men of all pursuits and callings are beginning to appear smooth-shaven."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Buried in His Boots.

One of the characters of Birmingham, Ala., died the other day. He was an old colored man named Ralph Stern. He was ninety-eight years old and had never been twenty miles from his birthplace, nor ever ridden on a railroad train. In 1855 his master gave him a pair of boots, of which he was very proud, and which he has worn to church every Sunday since. His dying request was that he might be buried with those boots on, and it is needless to say that he had his wish. He scorned the freedom which the war brought him, and continued to live with the family to which he had belonged to the day of his death. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of the best people of the neighborhood.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

Mantua makers with skill and experience can make \$2 per week in Bavaria.

WOES OF CATTLEMEN.

In Old Days the Buffalo Stampede Was One of the Chief Dangers.

It was not always human agencies that made life on the prairie a burden to the cattlemen, says the Globe-Democrat. Roping over the prairies were great herds of buffalo, and the driver with his cattle stretched out in a line a mile or more in length might consider himself fortunate if none of the shaggy-coated beasts came near him on the way from ranch to shipping station. The coming of a herd of buffalo was usually foretold by the sound of thousands of hoofs, like the sound of rattling thunder. At the alarm every effort was made to consolidate the herd into the closest possible compass. The herders then waited on the edge of the herd and endeavored to keep the animals quiet. It was useless to attempt to move out of the way of the buffalo, for if the wild creatures were on a stampede nothing could stop and nothing evade them. The course was likely to zig-zag, and only good fortune could prevent a collision. First would appear above some knoll a long black line of shaggy heads, then behind these a solid black mass that made the whole prairie seem alive with the tremendous beasts. The plains trembled with their tread and the bellowing of the bulls made a noise that was particularly exciting to the cattle. Good luck if the wild procession went by without touching the stock. But many a poor fellow's all was swept out of existence by such a charge. No force could withstand it and all that remained of the cattle representing so much hard work and so many months of waiting were trampled carcasses and perhaps an animal here and there lingering in misery.

There were other dangers. Spanish fever might be contracted from a herd that had preceded the one on route on the trail. Swollen rivers poured their muddy flood so swiftly that sometimes a fourth of a herd would be lost in the crossing. Beautiful a sight as the crossing of a river in its normal condition was, the riverless battling with a tempestuous stream when it was on a rampage was correspondingly fearful. To see the line of horns and frightened faces (about all that remained above water) bending farther and farther down stream until perhaps it broke and one after another of the usually self-reliant creatures, seeing that further struggle was useless, gave up the fight and floated away down the turbid current drowned, was pitiful.

With the opening of the trail from the Red river to Kansas things grew better. The well beaten path was in such constant use that raids were practically impossible, and during the height of the drive there could be heard at evening the bellowing of the herds along the track for a dozen miles, each within hearing of the one preceding and the one following. Fords were improved also, and there was less danger from stampedes. Nowadays the ranchman knows nothing of such dangers. His thousands of acres are surrounded by barbed wire fences. Great corrals receive the herds at branding time, and he is indeed poorly located if a railroad is not within a mile or two of the ranch somewhere, if indeed it does not run through it. The cattle are not the deer-like creatures of earlier days. Then the feeblest horse was necessary in herding, and only the combination of horse and rider was safe in the vicinity of the steers. For that century-looking union they had great respect, but man or horse alone would be hooked to death. The modern cattle ranch is conducted on as regular business principles and almost as safely as a dry goods store. Its managers would not know how to cope with the troubles of their precursors and may congratulate themselves upon living in a milder age.

A Blood-Colored Rose.

The so-called "blood rose" is believed to be indigenous to a small area of country in Jefferson county, Florida. The original bush, which grows on the Grant homestead, near the Aucilla river, in the county and State mentioned above, is stiff strong and vigorous, and has leaves of a light glossy green. The petals of the flower curve slightly inward, and are of the exact color of bright, healthy human blood. The odor of the flower is said to be pungent and sickening in a marked degree. One of the most peculiar facts concerning the flower is that the dew which drops from it is of a bright pink color, a characteristic unknown in other flowers, no odds how brilliant the colors.

In Jefferson county it is known as the "Grant rose," and its origin is one of the mysteries of nature. Its entire habitat is only in an area of five miles in diameter.—[St. Louis Republic.]

Cost of a Pair of Shoes.

A Haverhill, Mass., shoemaker reasons it out that "a pair of lady's medium kid boots costs, as they leave the factory, about \$1. After passing through the hands of the middlemen, jobbers, wholesalers, retailers, and other corners and grabbers, the man or woman at the other end of the line buys them at \$2; the consumer thus pays \$2 for a commodity worth \$1. The labor cost of these shoes is about twenty-five cents; the other seventy-five cents represents stock, profit, risk, insurance, superintendence, etc., so that the \$1 which the manufacturer gets, covers the whole cost, except the expense of passing the shoes along to the wearer."—[Detroit Free Press.]