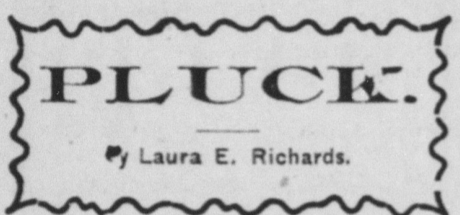


## WHEN AT THE LAST.

When at the last I lay me down to sleep,  
And of the morrow's dawning reckon not,  
When night no more, no more may vigil keep,  
And love's brief noon is but a dream forgot,—  
Back to the Past, its sad and variant ways,  
Be Thou the warder of my yesterdays.  
Amid the paths long lost, or sought too late,  
Where waywardness hath wandered, love been blind,  
If there be one that lieth clear and straight—  
Unseen, perchance forgot—Thou mayest find  
Even in that perverse, perplexing maze  
The white thread shining 'mid my yesterdays.

So oft have love's torch wavered, love's feet failed,  
Were the vain reckoning mine 'twere but to weep;  
Blind Thou the sight by memory assailed,  
When at the last I lay me down to sleep,  
And through Time's deep and labyrinthian ways  
Crowd Thou some moment in my yesterdays.—Harper's Bazar.



"Yes," said the ironmaster, "first honesty, and then pluck—those are the things needful. Speaking of pluck—" He stopped to answer the summons of the telephone, said "Yes," and "No," by turns for five minutes, and then resumed:

"Speaking of pluck, as you were doing just now, reminds me of a story, the beginning and end of which is that one word."

We settled ourselves in our chairs. We were sitting in the office of the iron-works, and the air was full of the sound of great hammers, crashing and pounding; of the sharp hiss of molten metal, and the clear ring of smitten steel.

"I was sitting here in this very chair," the ironmaster began, "one day about seven years ago, or maybe eight. Time goes so fast, I hardly try to keep count of it in these days. At any rate, here I was sitting, reading the newspaper, when there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," I said; and in walked a stranger. He was a young man, about twenty-five years old, dressed like a gentleman, though his clothes had seen a good deal of service. Tall, with his head held up, and gray eyes that met mine fair and square.

"Always look first at a man's eyes, my boy! If he looks you in the eye, he is worth trying. If his eyes shift about here and there, as if they did not know where to look, or were afraid of seeing something they didn't like—have nothing to do with him! That's my experience!"

"Well, this young man came up to my desk, and spoke without waiting for me; yet it was no want of manners, for his manners were good.

"Good morning, sir," he said; and his voice had a clear ring to it that I liked. "I want work. Can you give me any?"

"I shook my head. We never took strangers in that way, and I don't recommend the practice at any time.

"No, sir," I said. "We have no work here. Sorry I can't accommodate you." I took up my paper again, and looked to see him go out without more words; but he stood still. "I must have work," he said. "I would try to give you satisfaction, sir, and I tell you I must have it!"

"He spoke as if I had the work in my coat pocket, and as if he was determined to get it from me at any cost; yet perfectly respectful, you understand, with nothing I could take hold of and get angry about.

"My good sir," I said, putting the paper down, "there is no vacancy in the place. If you will give me your name and your references, I will make a note of them, and some day when we do have a job to dispose of, I will remember you. That is the best I can do for you to-day."

"The young man shook his head. "That won't do," he said. "Think again, sir. Surely in this great place, there must be something a strong, willing man can do. It is useless to talk of waiting till a vacancy occurs. I must have work now, to-day! It is absolutely necessary!"

"It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him that it was absolutely necessary for him to leave that office and shut the door after him; but I looked at him again, and didn't say it.

"I saw that he was telling the truth, and that he must have work. It wasn't that he looked shabby, or that there was any suspicion of whining or sniveling about him. If there had been, out he would have gone in pretty quick time. But there was a look in his eyes—well, I hardly know how to describe it, but the man was desperate, and had some reason for being so.

"What kind of work do you want?" I said, putting down the paper again.

"Any kind."

"You mean that?"

"I do. Anything that will put

bread in the mouths of—" he choked a little, and stopped. Then, "I came from Canada two days ago, with my wife and three children, and was robbed in the train of my wallet. I have not a penny!"

"Come with me!" I said. And he followed me out of the works. His story might be true, or it might not, but I had thought of a way to test the metal of which he was made.

"The Stark Mill, in which I had some interest, had been partly burned a few days before, and I had a gang at work clearing away the rubbish. A dirty job it was; the men were up to their waists half the time in mud and water, and the whole place was a muddle of rusty iron and burnt timbers and what not—looked like the end of the world, and the wrong end at that.

"The gang I had on were mostly Italians—it was too dirty work for a Yankee to touch, and even the Irish were shy of it. They were little, dark, monkey-looking fellows, working away, and chattering in their unearthly gibberish. I glanced from them to my gentleman, with his clear white skin, and hands which showed that, whatever trade he had worked at, clearing away wreckage hadn't been part of it—though he looked like one who might have taken a good deal of exercise in athletic sports.

"Here is a job!" I said. "The only one I know of. How do you like it?"

"Well enough," he said, as cool as possible.

"You'll get a dollar and a half a day," I told him. "You'll get your death, too, probably. When will you go to work?"

"In an hour," he said. Well, off he long "pig-tails" of the Celestials are went, and I hardly expected to see him again. But before the hour was out he was back again, in a flannel undershirt and a pair of old trousers. He took his pickaxe, and down he went into that hole as if it was an evening party, sir.

"Well, I went back to the office. I couldn't be hanging round watching the men, or the boss would have been making trouble; but my new hand stayed on my mind, somehow, and I strolled round by the wreck two or three times in the afternoon, making some errand, you understand, in that direction.

"That man was working, sir, like a—like a house afire. The Italians are good workers, none better, as a rule—but his pick went in and out three times for their twice, and there was no chattering in his corner of the hole. He had little breath to talk, if he had wanted to, for though he was a muscular fellow, you could see with half an eye that he had never done such work in his life before.

"The sweat poured down his face like rain, but he never stopped, never looked up, or knew that I or any one else was near—just plodded away, swinging that pick as if there were nothing else in the world.

"That's pluck!" said I to myself. "If he doesn't die he'll do!"

"For all that, I thought he would give out after the first day—didn't think his strength would last. When he came in for his pay at night, he was shaky and pretty tired-looking; but he said never a word; just took his pay with the rest, and thanked me, and went off.

"The next morning I was very busy, and although I thought of my gentleman once or twice, I didn't manage to get down to the wreck till noon, soon after the whistle had blown for knocking off work.

"When I got there, I saw the Italians lying round on the ground or squatting on the fences, eating their black bread and sausage, and chattering away as usual; but no sight of my gentleman in the flannel shirt.

"Oho!" said I to myself. "One day was enough for him, was it? And I thought it would have been enough for me, too. When you are not used to the swing of a pick, the way it takes you in the back is something beyond belief. I turned to come away, and lo! there he was, sitting off in a corner by himself, all crouched up, with a great bunch of bread in one hand and a book in the other.

"I strolled up behind him and looked over his shoulder at the book. It was an Italian grammar, sir!

"My shadow falling on the book startled him, and he looked up. I suppose I must have looked as astonished as I felt, for he smiled, and said, 'I couldn't afford to lose such an opportunity! The boss is very friendly, and I have learned several phrases. Buon giorno, signore!'"

"Are you a schoolmaster," I asked, "and working down in that hole?"

"No," he said, quietly. "I am a bookkeeper. It is a great advantage for a bookkeeper to be able to read and answer foreign letters, and although I have some knowledge of French, it has never come in my way to hear Italian spoken. So now is my chance. I got this grammar for fifteen cents," he added, turning it over, with a smile,—the book was pretty ragged and one cover was gone,—and I am getting on pretty well."

"Why in the name of everything foolish didn't you apply for a position as bookkeeper?" I asked, "instead of this kind of thing?"

"Nobody will take a bookkeeper without references. I shouldn't think much of a firm that did, I suppose," he said, flushing a little. "My references were in my wallet that was stolen, and it will be a week and more before I get new ones, as my native town is off the main lines, and letters take a good while to get there. I've always been fond of open air and exercise," he added, with a quizzical

look at the hole where he had been digging, "and now I am getting lots of it."

"Back stiff?" I suggested.

"So, so! I'll manage, though—often been worse after a day's rowing—and this is just as good bread as any other," and he took a bite out of his hunch, and looked at his book, as much as to say he had talked enough, and wanted to be back at his grammar.

"I walked off, and didn't see him again till he came for his pay in the evening, shaky again, but smiling as if he had had an excursion down the harbor. So it went on till the fourth day. Every day I looked to see him give out; but his pluck kept him up, and it's my belief he would have worked in that hole and got stronger and stronger—if something hadn't turned up.

"The fourth day I was sitting in the office, when the door opened, and in came Green, from the boiler-works over the way. 'Morning,' he said. 'Do you know of a bookkeeper? Our poor fellow, who's been sick for so long, died yesterday. I have to think about getting another.'

"I shook my head, but an idea came to me.

"Will you take a man on trial?"

"What kind of a man?" asked Green.

"Well, I hardly know," said I. "I think he's a pretty good kind, but I've only known him four days. I can answer for his power of work," and I told the man's story.

"Green went out with me, saw the young fellow, liked his looks, and engaged him on the spot. He finished his day's work, came out of his hole in the mud, shook hands with me, and the next day found a home for the rest of his life.

"That is seven or eight years ago, and he has been at the boiler-works ever since. If he's not to be made a partner soon, I've been misinformed to-day—and that is what put him into my head when you were talking about pluck just now. That man, sir, had the real article; and when a man has the real article, and is honest to boot, don't talk to me about his not succeeding in life. Going? Well, good morning! Good luck to you in your new venture, and let your watchword be—'Pluck!'—Youth's Companion."

## BIG RENTS IN LONDON.

Fabulous Prices Paid for Domiciles in Aristocratic Quarters.

Pretty nearly everybody understands, of course, that house rents are very considerably greater in London than they are in provincial towns and that in the metropolis they vary greatly and are very stiff in the regions where society hovers. But a writer in Tit-Bits ventures to think that even few Londoners have much idea of the enormous figures paid for the rentals of fashionable houses in Belgravia and Mayfair or realize how few square yards of the west end it takes to produce a million sterling in this way.

Now, take, to start with, Park lane, that highly fashionable thoroughfare. It is rather staggering to learn that \$50,000 a year is really not at all a very extravagant rent to pay for a good house in this quarter. The plain, simple fact of the matter is, however, that you cannot get a decent house here for less than \$15,000, and even such a one would only have three or four bedrooms and, generally speaking, would not have greater accommodation than a house at \$250 or \$300 a year in the suburbs or at half that price in a provincial town.

Grosvenor square and Berkeley square are renowned headquarters of society, which pays astonishingly for its residence there.

Consider the former first. The whole square comprises fewer than sixty houses, but it is a fact that their combined annual rental is about \$750,000. Big as the rents are, getting a house here is a matter of great difficulty, and seldom is there one to let for long. Nothing can be got for less than \$5,000 a year, and from this figure an intending tenant may go up to \$30,000 a year.

Berkeley square is likewise difficult to get into. It is rather old-fashioned and severe, and the average man or woman from the country might not be able to see anything about the houses which would justify a heavy drain being made upon a tenant's pocket. But, all the same, houses here are always at a premium, and you will not get much of a residence for \$2,500 a year, nor yet, so far as that goes, is the accommodation very astonishing if \$10,000 a year is paid.

St. James square is another ultra fashionable quarter which a millionaire might have to wait years to get into if he desired to live there—\$15,000 or \$20,000 a year is quite a moderate rent for a house so situated—while Norfolk House, where the Duke of Norfolk resides, and such others as Lord Derby's residence, at 33, would easily realize \$50,000 a year in rent.

Carlton House terrace, where statesmen and ambassadors live, also costs its tenants dearly. At least \$20,000 a year must be paid for anything good in this particular neighborhood, and Mr. Astor gave more than \$300,000 when he purchased one of the houses in the terrace, formerly occupied by Lord Granville. Yet the ordinary man would remark that the houses are not even semidetached and that outwardly, at all events, they are far from imposing.

No receptacle made has sufficient strength to resist bursting power of frozen water.

## A STURGEON IN HARNESS AND BELLS.

Caught in Deschenes Lake and Had on a Lost Harness Which the Owner Identified.

From Aylmer, a pretty little resort on the Ottawa River, a few miles above the Canadian capital, where the stream broadens into the beautiful Deschenes Lake, comes a story about a lake sturgeon, carrying a portion of a lost harness and bells, the owner of which has identified them.

On July 19 two Aylmer fishermen, Joseph Lavolette and Timothy Ducharme, crossed the lake in a small steam yacht and began fishing with rod and line between Coghlan's Creek and Corgett's Island. After angling for two hours they had only taken three or four small sunfish about as long as a man's hand, and they began to think it was time they hooked on to some of the larger finny denizens of Lake Deschenes.

To prevent the loss of any large fish, they might hook on to, the men attached two gaff hooks to the end of a stout night line and baited them with chunks of bologna sausage and cast them overboard from the stern of the craft. Steam was turned on and the yacht was slowly steered among the shoals of Shirley's Bay. Suddenly a smart tug at the line told Ducharme, who was holding it, that "big fellow" had swallowed the bait. At the same time the fishermen were startled by a peculiar sound, which resembled the tinkling of bells. Lavolette, as is his usual custom, when pulling in a big fish, improvised a winch by attaching the fishline to the propeller shaft and by putting on a little extra steam soon dragged the fish alongside.

The catch proved to be a fairly well-grown sturgeon, such as are commonly caught in the lake on night lines; but what surprised the fishermen was to see that it had a harness on, with a string of sleigh bells fastened to the saddle, the latter accounting for the peculiar tinkling sound already referred to. The collar and hames of the harness were fixed about the gills of the fish, while the dorsal fin was firmly embedded in the saddle, thus holding the harness in its proper position, while the trace chains were dangling toward the tail. The men were amazed, of course, but they forgot in their excitement to harness the fish to the steam yacht and take a trip about the lake under "fish power."

When the men got back to the landing with their strange catch, they met a man named Proctor, a resident of Aylmer, and a citizen of incorruptible integrity. When Mr. Proctor had heard the story and had taken a look at the harness, he immediately recognized it as a set worn by one of his horses that had been drowned ten years ago last March by breaking through the ice while drawing sand from Corbett's Island across the lake to Aylmer. How the fish ever got inside the harness is a mystery.—New York Sun.

## Three Patriotic Societies.

There are three distinct societies—the Daughters of the American Revolution, Daughters of the Revolution, and United States Daughters, 1812. The first was organized at Washington in 1890. A member must have reached eighteen, and be descended from an ancestor who "with unflinching loyalty rendered material aid to the cause of independence as a recognized patriot, as soldier or sailor, or as civil officer in one of the several colonies or States, or of the United colonies or States." The second society was organized in 1891. Eligibility is restricted to those of and above eighteen who are "lineal descendants of an ancestor who was a military or naval or marine officer, soldier, sailor, or marine in actual service under the authority of any of the thirteen colonies or States, or of the Continental Congress, and remained always loyal to such authority, or descendants of one who signed the Declaration of Independence, or of one who was a member of the Continental Congress or of the Congress of any of the colonies or States, or as an officer appointed by or under the authority of any such representative bodies, actually assisted in the establishment of American independence by service rendered during the war of the Revolution, becoming thereby liable to conviction of treason against the government of Great Britain, but remaining always loyal to the colonies or States." In the third society membership is restricted to lineal descendants over eighteen of ancestors who rendered civil, military, or naval service during the war of 1812, or the period of the causes which led to the war, subsequent to the war of the Revolution. The initiation fee is one dollar.—Harper's Bazar.

## Looks Like a Fresh-Water Swordfish.

The queerest looking fish ever captured in Lake Sunapee was caught one day recently by P. E. Lynch, of Boston, with an ordinary hook and line. To all appearances it is a freshwater swordfish, and there have been many conjectures among the summer residents and old fishermen as to the species to which the fish actually belongs. It was nearly two feet long and weighed about six pounds. It had a serrated "bill" over seven inches long that resembled very much the saw of a sawfish. The fish bore the marks of a salmon, but had no scales and was tapered like an eel. It has been sent to Boston to be stuffed and placed on exhibition.

## The Death of a Remarkable Man.

John Lockard, one of the most remarkable men in West Virginia, died recently at Wadesville, aged 103 years and 10 months. Until Friday he never knew a day's sickness. He never took medicine, never used glasses and never rode when he could walk. He could dance an Irish jig as well as any one and only a few months ago walked eighteen miles to Parkersburg in preference to riding. He was born in Ireland, but after knocking out a local champion in a fight he fled to America and has lived here for seventy-five years. He was the strongest man in the county.—Baltimore Sun.

## Practical Strawberry Culture.

The strawberry varies from year to year, causes largely due to the season. The surest way to success is to plant on a soil that suits them and risk the results. The best soils for the strawberry are clay loam and sandy or gravelly soil. Some growers prefer the former, others the latter, both have advantages. The sandy soil is the best for early truckers, as the fruit matures earlier. For general use the clay soil is the best, as it gives a heavier yield. In a dry season the clay soil will give the best results unless the patch is irrigated. The soil should be very rich and well underdrained. If not, the plants will be drowned out in a wet season. Two or three years previous to setting the patch, the ground should be sowed to clover. The next or the

second year break up the clover sod just before the plants bloom and plant the ground to some hoed crop. The following spring set the strawberry plants and give the ground a liberal application of barnyard manure. Fifty two-horse loads per acre would be about right.

Break the ground early in the spring, having it ready two or three days before planting time. Harrow and drag two or three times, as the ground cannot be in too good condition. We use a float made out of inch plant nailed on two poles, lapping them like shingles. We use a corn marker which makes rows three and one-half feet apart. Now as to setting. I would set the plants as quickly as possible after the ground has been prepared. Have one person to drop the plants and two to set them out. We can set the plants quicker than we can dig and fix them ready to set. We always dip the roots in water before setting, and by not letting the roots become dry, the plants are no harder to make live than cabbage. We spread the roots out fan shape and set the crown of the plant even with the surface of the soil. This is very important, for if it is below the surface the crown will die, and if it is above the plant will die.

We begin to cultivate the plants four or five days after setting and continue once a week until fall. Unless the ground is very free from weeds the patch will need to be hand hoed two or three times during the season. Some growers say to cut off the first runners until the first of August. I do not exactly accept that advice, as from my own observation the best plants are made from the first runners, and the best berries are on the strongest plants. I leave all the runners, turn them into the row and raise a large crop. Thorough cultivation is the only sure way to success.—E. E. Beats, in Orange Judd Farmer.

## Making Boots Under War Conditions.

A short time ago the Prussian war department made a very interesting experiment in the rapid manufacture of boots under war conditions. An army of 1,200 bootmakers was collected in Berlin from the eighteen army corps, and commenced a course of four weeks work under the supervision of a number of commissioned officers.

The men were divided into two sections, one section working from 2 a. m. to 2 p. m., and the other taking up the work from 2 p. m. to 2 a. m., with two intervals of half an hour each in each period of twelve hours. The men worked, ate and slept in the barracks of the First Field Artillery Regiment of the Prussian Guards. In the four weeks the men made no fewer than 60,000 pairs of boots, each man thus completing fifty pairs within the month.

## This Dog Died Heartbroken.

"Toots," the beautiful black collie dog, whose young master, Albert Serle Johan, ended his life three weeks ago, at Evansville, Ind., because he thought his sweetheart had jilted him, is dead of a broken heart. After the young man's body had been buried the dog was kept closely at home, and when allowed to leave would dejectedly make the rounds of the haunts of his master when alive. Charles Johan, the dead boy's father, tried to carry out his son's last request to "be good to Toots," but the collie became more listless each day, until one day last week he went out in the back yard, where he used to romp with his master, and turning his sharp muzzle skyward, he gave vent to a weird, dismal half-bark and half-cry, and dropped over dead in the grass.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

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## Algy's Forget-Me-Not.

Through patient waiting and the use of chivalrous diplomacy Algernon Brown, nine floor, made the acquaintance of a good-looking typewriter girl of the eleventh floor, and, wishing to show his good will in the matter, he one day expressed the hope that she would accept some nice little plants from him that grew in his garden. The flower was the forget-me-not, and she had said she dearly loved forget-me-nots.

So, in the heat of one morning, Algernon, true to his word, dug from his garden enough of the tender slips to make a presentable showing, packed them in a paste-board box and had them presented through the eminently dignified service of the elevator boy. He was thanked. She said she was, indeed, indebted to him, and he was quite well pleased with himself.

Algernon could see her setting out with her little hands the forget-me-nots. He saw them a lasting reminder of his admiration, his sincerity, and what else; and a quite pardonable interest to hear something from her own lips about it led him one day shortly after to inquire as to the condition of the plants in their new home.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "oh, yes! They are getting along all right. Grandmother is so interested in flowers, and she is looking after them. Isn't it hot?"—Bangor Commercial.

## How Horses Are Shod in Japan.

They are always doing things in an odd way in Japan, so we are not surprised to learn that the Japanese put hats and shoes of straw on the few horses they have. Even the clumsy old dray horses stumble along in shoes of straw. This odd footwear is tied around the ankles with straw rope, and the shoes are made of ordinary rice straw so braided that each foot is protected by a sole about half an inch thick. The soles cost about one cent each pair, and each cart is supplied with a stock of new shoes, which are put on whenever the old ones wear out. One pair of shoes will last for about eight miles of travel, and so it has become the custom to measure distances by shoes, one Japanese saying to another such and such a place is so many sets of shoes away. This sort of direction is understood.

## The Whistling Buoy.

A very interesting contrivance is whistling buoy. They are clumsy affairs of steel, ranging in length from twenty-five to thirty-five feet, with a tank nine feet in diameter and ten feet tall. Beneath the tank, which in fact is an air tank, floating the buoy and furnishing it with power for the whistle, is a pipe about twenty feet long and eighteen inches in diameter. When the buoy is in the water the action of the sea causes a volume of water to rise and fall in it. Air is taken from the top of the tank, and the pressure of water in expelling it blows the whistle. These whistles are of the twelve-inch sort and are identical with those in use on land. The pitch of a whistle is adjusted so that a locality may be known by the quality of the sounds that marks it.

## Held Up Far Down.

While William Heffner was at work in the pump house of Girard colliery, Mt. Carmel, Penn., 300 feet under the ground a few nights ago, three masked highwaymen, armed with revolvers, robbed him of \$50, his monthly pay. He drew the money last Saturday and hid the money in a hole in the rock. The robbers waited at the door of the pump house until he bent over the machinery to oil it, when they crept into the small enclosure, and, closing the door, surrounded the pump man and informed him if he moved or said a word he would be shot. Heffner, realizing that he had desperate men to deal with, handed the money over.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## What the Sultan Spends.

The yearly expenses of the Sultan have been estimated at no less a sum than \$6,000,000. Of this a million and a half alone is spent on the clothing of the women, and \$80,000 on the Sultan's own wardrobe. Nearly another million and a half is swallowed up by presents, a million goes for pocket money, and still another million for the table. It seems incredible that so much money can possibly be spent in a year by one man, but when it is remembered that some 1,500 people live within the palace walls, live luxuriously and dress expensively at the cost of the civil list, it appears a little more comprehensible.—London Answers.

## Yale's Yum-Yum.

Among the graduates from Yale this year was Miss Selichi Yamaguchi, of Tokio, Japan, who won the degree of bachelor of arts. The dark little woman received her diploma bareheaded and in her native costume, her black hair lying smooth and shiny, fastened by a colossal stickpin, while her shawl and broad sash, stung gracefully about her plump little figure, made her look like some small "Yum-Yum" just out of school.

## One for Every Class.

In Paris a journal is published for theatre physicians. Nearly every special branch of medical service now has its own particular organ.

There are 933,249 Scandinavians in the United States.