

Her Profession.

ALBERT BRITT, IN THE COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

"DON'T seem glad to see me, and I thought that you'd meet me with open arms." Miss Alice Martin—Claydes Forbes it was on the billboards—made up a most delectable point as she shook hands with Austin on the station platform. Austin tried to summon up a light smile and ended by glaring fiercely at the trunks and apparatus of "The Lost Girl" company that were dumped from the baggage car.

"I am glad to see you, very glad, but the sight of all that makes me hot," and he waved his hand comprehensively to include not only the unoffending baggage but the company group, and the perspiring and voluble manager.

"All that? Do you know, sir, that you are insulting my bread and butter? Do you realize that as the leading lady of the only company possessing the exclusive dramatic rights to the great American drama, 'The Lost Girl,' I am entitled to some consideration, professional if not personal?" and she swept him a mocking courtesy. The man recognized the bit of oratory with a very brief smile.

"Come, my cousin, do not bend your brows so fiercely upon me. You were not wont to treat me so in the old days. Time was when you were merry as a summer's day and danced down the boulevards as lightly as the aspen leaf fluttering in the sunlight. But now your face is dark and stern and your look holds a brooding menace. Do you think it right to treat your long lost cousin so?" And she made a gay pretence of begging for mercy while her eyes danced with laughter.

"For Heaven's sake, Alice—"

"For my sake" would be more like the gay cavalier I used to know," interrupted his tormentor.

"Drop that blank verse style of speech, Alice. You sound like a historical novel. Forget the stage for a few minutes, if you can, and listen to me."

"Another lecture?" the girl heaved a deep sigh of sham resignation. "You might at least be taking me in the direction of my hotel. I've no call to be wasting all my time on you."

"Alice, you impudent little wretch, I'd like to shake you."

"You can't, at least not till you get me to my hotel. I don't know my way about your town, so you're free to insult me to your heart's content for the next fifteen minutes, but you may get the manager to thrash you for me."

"I beg your pardon, little girl. I didn't mean to hurt you, but I suppose it did sound rude. But Alice, I want only your own good."

"Oh, yes," she cried impatiently. "My own good? How many times have I heard that in my life. My nurse used to say it when she gave me rhubarb and castor oil. My governess said it when she set me long French exercises to write because I preferred the open air and the sunshine to the stuffy schoolroom and the stupid books. When papa died, and my heart was nearly broken, the minister told me that my sorrow was all for the chastening of my spirit. And now you tell me that you insult me and my profession in order that you may prove to me how ardently you desire my highest happiness." There was no mistaking the indignation that shone in the blue eyes. Every feature of her and every line of her figure were eloquent of injured womanhood and indignation.

"Do you mean that they are idiots to applaud me?" Her tone was calm, but dangerous.

"Saints forbid! They'd be raving lunatics and paralytics to boot if they didn't. But I don't like the thought of the whole business. You were made for things so infinitely better than this."

"Yes, starving, for instance. How would you like the thought of that? Consider it for a moment. A lonely garret, a pallet of straw in the corner on which lies a pallid, emaciated girl, hearing faint traces of her early freshness and beauty, the cold moon peeping in at the window—I wonder why the moon is always cold when it peeps through garret windows—a fireless grate—fancy a grate in a garret—and so on, and so on, and so on, and an infinitum of miseries."

"Come, Alice, be serious. I may not see you again for a long time."

"Therefore you must be as rude as possible in the shortest space of time. Are editors always rude? Is it a habit they acquire from their playful bouts with the editorial controversy in the next block or the next county or the next somewhere else?"

"But to think of having to earn your living—"

"Don't think of it, then, if it causes you so much pain. This very sharply. 'I'm sure I never asked you to. You are not only insulting but unjust as well as very silly. Why shouldn't I earn my own living? Am I any less, or poorer, than human? I must live and, therefore, I must work. Papa left me nothing but his blessing and the memory of the happiest, most carefree childhood that ever was lived in this dull old world. When I found that I must work I took stock of my few poor talents. I might have taken to scribbling or gone out washing, or the thought of my poor hands red and swollen filled me with dismay. How would you like to see me with my hands in a wash-tub?"

Austin was calmer and more nearly master of himself than before. "Depend on whose tub it was."

Miss Alice scented danger and diverted the attack. "A friend of papa's knew Mr. Crafts, the manager, and got me a little part—such a little part. I had to dust the parlor furniture and say 'Yes' and 'No' and then carry in a way that threatened to dislocate my spinal column and run out. But I persevered and I studied and I got a better part. It was dreadfully hard work. I cried myself to sleep more times than I shall ever confess, but labor vinet omnia, or something of that sort, and here I am. Not rich, not very successful, but making enough to

buy my gowns and now and then a hat."

"But Alice, don't you ever get tired of it? Don't you want—it's a mighty hard life for a girl knocking about the country?"

"They were very near the golden egg for us. But this is my profession. I'm beginning to know it and I'm proud of it—yes, proud of it. Why shouldn't I be? And will you please tell me what else I am to do? Will you give me a piece of your own paper? Will you teach me to write editorials? Or perhaps you would like me to draw the fashion plates. I'm sure it wouldn't matter how I drew them for no woman ever looked or dressed like those creatures, even on the stage."

"They were very near the hotel and Austin felt that he must have appeared anything but impressive to this tantalizing bit of femininity at his side. He spoke quickly lest she should escape him before he had said what was in his heart. "There is a place I have to offer you, Alice, but it isn't in my office. It's in my home. You must know, surely you know how I feel."

The girl stopped and drew back from him a pace. "So? That is why you have spoken so disparagingly of my work. You thought to make it seem small in my eyes; to show me how little it was worth to myself or to anyone else." Austin lifted his hand appealingly and stepped forward. She drew back a pace.

"You speak to me. Don't look at me." She laughed in a quick, angry fashion. "How you must have been praising yourself as we came along for your charity and your sublime self-sacrifices. Well, you have failed. I love my work and I shall keep it in spite of your thoughtful pity. If I ever marry any man, Mr. James Austin, it will be because he comes to me in some other guise than as a home for incompetent and discouraged actresses."

"You expected to find a man who would be as good as a man, and instead you found a man who is lively and disgustingly healthy. Are you disappointed?"

"Don't, Jim, please. I can't bear to hear to joke about it—I think about it. It was too horrible. I thought I should die." He looked at her curiously. "A new light dawning in your eyes? A clean copy. Experimenting with different bars of trees, he finally fixed his choice on the avocado, the bark of which is easily reducible to pulp."

"The avocado is a wild shrub, with short branches of an average thickness of four to five inches in diameter and nine to twelve feet in height, the leaf resembling very much a bay leaf. It is not with everywhere on the coast and in the interior of the district, and the bark can be utilized at any season of the year."

"The making of the outer skin, which is of the grayish tint peculiar to trees in general, the inner part, perfectly white and somewhat sticky, is removed and formed into a big ball, which is placed in running water to soak. This ball is plucked in pieces, little by little, and the pieces thus separated are washed and placed in a large pot with a certain quantity of ashes, followed by a second layer of bark, again covered with ashes, and so on till the pot is nearly full. The lot put on, and the whole boiled for two or three days without interruption, care being taken to add clean water from time to time to replace the loss by evaporation, always throwing in a handful of ash."

"On the morning of the third day the bark, completely reduced by cooking, looks like a thick batter, which is then passed through a sieve and washed in fresh water. It is then beaten, briskly and under the pressure of the fingers is transformed into soft dough which is spread, still damp, on the green leaves of the traveler's tree with a special tool, consisting of two rods about eighteen inches long, joined by slats of rattan wood, the only wood, apparently, that grows in the island will not stick. This is the most delicate part of the whole operation."

"With the flat of the hand, moistened, the required thickness is given to the sheet; it is then pressed, leveled, smoothed and put in the sun."

"The finished sheet is glazed with weak rice water, spread with the hand, like starch on linen. The sheet, still in a damp state, is then, as it were, ironed out by the hand or a polished pebble. It is finally dried, peeled off from the green leaf, and the water is finished. Each sheet thus obtained is worth from 1 to 2 cents; it measures 20 to 25 inches long and 10 inches wide. It is finally trimmed for binding."

"Perhaps, then, you have sprained your ankle, sir?"

With a natural slowness, the old man lifted his pet leg in both hands, set it carefully down upon the floor, rose slowly from his chair, and, looking down upon the unfortunate youth with mingled pity and wrath, burst forth in the sublimity of rage.

"Go and read the history of your country, you unfounded young puppy!"

"Where he always is!" Was their business of life then so urgent that it could not stand still for one short hour while they paid a small tribute of care and attention to him? She climbed the stairs with trembling limbs and a heart that seemed as cold and dead in her bosom as his that the murderer's bullet had stifled forever. The door at the top marked "Managing Editor" stood partly open and from within came the sound of loud voices and a laugh. For a moment her grief was overcome by her indignation—was it here in there? She, at least, could sorrow for him.

She pushed the door back and stood on the threshold, and saw—Jim, alive and sound as ever sitting at his desk and looking carefully to a graying, touzled man whose face and hands bore evidences of much contact with ink and gold. The blood rushed to her heart and the lights danced around her in a daze, as had happened when she had first met him to find support, and then Jim saw her.

"Why, Alice, what is it? Why are you here?" The grimy man looked and grinned. Jim hurried forward and grasped her hands. At the sound of his voice and the sight of his hands the warm blood swarmed to her face, and she gasped at the heat that filled her.

"Oh, Jim!" And she clutched his hands tighter. "I thought—I said—you were dead! That some one had shot you!"

He laughed a great laugh of comprehension. "So you heard that, did you? Why, little girl, he never touched me. Some crazy fool did take a shot at me through the window, but it was just by way of an emphatic reply to one of my editorials. All the harm he did was to smash a pane of glass and let all the cold in the ceiling. He's cooling his heels in the lock-up now." She sat down suddenly in the chair at her elbow. Human nerves are like engines—apt to run wild when the load is suddenly taken off. Her heart was beating like a triphammer and her brain was in a whirl.

"What must you think of me? I was so frightened, and I expected to find you dead!" she broke off with a shudder and shut her eyes.

"You expected to find a mangled corpse, and instead you found a lively and disgustingly healthy. Are you disappointed?"

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ROOSEVELT A DISCIPLINARIAN.

How He Distributed Tactics to the Rough Rider Recruits.

"The Personality of President Roosevelt is analyzed in the December Century by one who knows him well. He is a kind-hearted man, yet a rigid disciplinarian, and will demand a faithful and efficient discharge of his duties by public officials. I happened to be present when graduates of Harvard and other universities, and Western military engineers, to the number of thirty or forty, collected in the office of the assistant secretary of the navy to be enlisted in the 'Rough Rider' regiment. Mr. Roosevelt stood in front of his desk, while these earnest, manly young fellows stood ranged around three sides of his office. Addressing them in his peculiarly quick, earnest manner, he turned to the first of the volunteers and said, 'You must not underestimate the dangers of difficulties they would encounter, he told them that it would probably be the roughest experience that they ever had, and he wished them to understand that after once being sworn in they must take whatever came in their way. 'Positively, gentlemen,' said he, 'I will have no squealing,' and he urged them, if any of them thought they could not endure the greatest hardships, to withdraw before it was too late. The turning of a pile of volumes of mounted military tactics, he said: 'I will remain behind a few days and hurry forward the equipments. You, gentlemen, hurry to San Antonio, and if you do your part to get setting the men in order and looking them into shape, I promise to get you into the fight. There are not enough tactics to go around, but I will distribute these, and you must read and study them on the cars.' Calling out their names, he handed the books at the men so fast that several would be in the air at once. He then turned to the next man and said, 'I could see in their faces that every one of them was ready to follow him to the death.'"

Out of the clouds of misconception and the false impressions thrown about the picturesque figure by the cartoonists and the paragraphs, more interested in sensationalism than in reality, there suddenly emerges this intensely earnest, forceful, brave, patriotic, humanity-loving, broad-minded, non-sectional American, this practical idealist to become the youngest ruler of the greatest country in the world.

TEACHING RESPECT.

How the Colonel Regarded His Slight Scratch in Defense of Country.

From the Register.

In a certain skirmish an officer got a slight scratch on the leg. The wound was a matter of great glory to him, and he nursed it through after days, growing lazier with every fear that the memory of his bravery might pass out of mind.

One day, late in life, as he sat nursing his leg and pondering the glorious past, a young man visiting the family for the first time approached, and sympathetically remarked:

"Lame, colonel?"

"Yes, sir," after a pause, and with inexpressible solemnity, "I am lame."

"Been riding, sir?"

"No," with rebuking sternness, "I have not been riding."

"A slip down on the pavement?"

"No, sir," with actual ferocity,

MANUAL TRAINING.

Correcting the Impression That It Trains Boys for Carpenters, Etc.

From the New York Times.

The school principal, too much concerned to be correct, the impression that the manual training in our public schools is based on a desire to give the boys a start at the trade of carpenter or cabinet-maker. A recent writer on the subject distinguishes a training for a trade from the manual training of the schools in this way: "Manual training of the hand means the learning of a trade, while manual training by the hand is distinctly educational."

It is a well-established fact, the principal points out, that the training of the hand so as to make it automatic and therefore of service in a trade has little influence on the brain, but much upon the muscles. Automatic hand or muscle movements neither require nor cause extensive brain activity.

The brain must have material to work on. These materials cannot be supplied except through the sense-sensations observation through all manner of manual activity. The hand acts as a sort of a dragnet for the brain; supplies it with innumerable sense-sensations, and these make the basis of an education.

Man differs from the lower animals in that he uses his feet for locomotion and his hands for other things. Imagine the effect of eliminating the use of the hands from our daily activities. Keeping the hands idle while the brain is active with the alphabet has a strong tendency to strengthen the memory at the expense of the judgment centers of this wonderful piece of mechanism. Manual training by