

"ADS"—AFTER KIPLING.

What makes the printer's heart faint? What makes the comps perspire? It isn't "flimsy" brought by hand, nor news by private wire; But it's the everlasting sweating at an everlasting ad That breaks your heart to set it up, and when it's done it's bad.

O, the ads! Oh, the ads! Oh, the beastly tiresome ads! With the constant "alteration" and "revise" that cost a mint. The men who write them can not write—they're always full of fads, And if they send a block along, the block will never print.

What makes the foreman "rip" and "bust," and tear his inkly hair? With the constant "alteration" and "revise" that cost a mint. It's six-inch ads with words enough to fill a quarter-page, And arrangements typographical that fill the heart with rage.

Oh, the ads! Oh, the ads! Oh, the frightful, frantic ads! With their adjectives exploded like a Yankee circus bill, With adverbs always coming loose and dropping out the brads, And grammar so illiterate it makes the reader ill.

They will not use a font of type except the blackest face. They chop and change, and skimp and pare—they grudge an inch of space; Then when they've packed it good and tight they think it needs a border, And if you say there isn't room they take away the order.

Oh, the ads! Oh, the ads! Oh, the man who writes the ad! With his fancies hypercritical that make you want to laugh, He always seems to think for sure he's going to be had, And if a letter doesn't print he cuts the price in half.

And when at length the proof is passed, the paper "put to bed," And everybody's going home as soon as he has fed, And all the papers printed off and half is on the train, You hear "That advertiser's on the telephone again."

Oh, the ads! Oh, the ads! Oh, the everlasting ad! What is it makes the phone vibrate with this insistent shout? Oh—the advertiser says he finds that trade is rather bad; He doesn't want the ad put in: we'd better leave it out! —T. R., in Advertising, London.



—CURTIS' ORANGE CROP—

By PRISCILLA LEONARD.



"I'm not a farmer," said Mr. Roberts, leaning back in his chair on the wide veranda and looking out meditatively toward the orange groves over which Curtis Everett had taken so much trouble; "but I can tell you, there's only one road to success, in farming as in everything else, my boy. Aim for the top. For instance, a friend of mine found first-rate cider apples in his new orchard. Did he make cider out of them, like every other farmer round? Not he; he made the very best cider vinegar instead, by careful chemical processes, and then he took some of it down to New York. He went to the retailers direct, not to the commission men—there's a trick for you to learn, Curtis—and he got ten dollars a barrel for it. Same way with his butter and cheese—always the best, always attractively put up, always at top prices. The result is that Jennings is making a farm pay, and pay well. It all depends upon the way you do it. Now this orange grove of yours—"

"But, Mr. Roberts," interrupted Curtis, "my oranges are first-rate, and two hundred barrels of them. It isn't my fault that I can't get more than three dollars a barrel for them here, or from the New York commission men. And I can't afford to go to New York myself to sell them. You see, it's the old proverb again: 'The destruction of the poor is their poverty.'"

Mr. Roberts shook his head. "It's the poor boys that make millionaires in the end, nevertheless, Curtis; you can't get round that fact. Suppose I give you an object-lesson in money-making—if you're willing, that is. I can teach you, for instance, how to sell those oranges at from five to seven dollars a barrel."

Curtis Everett looked at his shrewd, spare, well-dressed companion in amazement. Mr. Roberts was certainly in earnest, and everybody knew that Mr. Roberts could do very wonderful things in the way of making money. He was a wealthy railroad man, and Curtis and his mother always welcomed the days when he stopped at their little home among the orange groves, as he came and went along the line.

Mr. Roberts had been a lifelong friend of Curtis' father, and after Mr. Everett's death had helped to settle the small estate; and altogether Curtis, who was only eighteen years old, regarded him as one of the kindest, and wisest of men. But this cool remark of his oracle fairly took away his breath. Seven dollars a barrel for oranges! Why, one might as well say a hundred, and be done with it!

Mr. Roberts rather enjoyed his young friend's incredulous look. "Well, to begin with," he said, "we'll go outside of your orange grove. Do you know that the crop, up and down the States, is not as good as it might be? I've noticed that, and you ought to know it better than I, for it's part, a large part, of your business. Then most of the packers about here are lazy and careless, and they pack as you do, in barrels. I would advise you to begin, and you might as well do it to-day, by picking over your two hundred barrels of oranges and sorting out only the finest and most perfect ones. Wrap each orange neatly in paper, and pack them in boxes, with your name and address plainly lettered on each box. Your fruit is first-rate, you say?"

"No better oranges in Florida," said Curtis, proud of his crop. And he was not boasting, for when the first box was brought up for Mr. Roberts' inspection, the most fastidious connoisseur in fruit would have been satisfied with the great golden globes, juicy and firm, that filled the soft paper wrappers.

"They'll do. Not a cent less than seven dollars for these," was Mr. Roberts' comment, as the box was nailed up. "How many like this do you think you will get out of the two hundred barrels, my boy?"

"At least two hundred boxes," re-

plied Curtis, "and perhaps more. Of course I can sell the second grade ones for something, too."

"Sell them round here, then," advised Mr. Roberts, "and don't put your name anywhere about them, as you do on these selected ones. What you want is to have your name mean A No. 1 to every dealer who sees it anywhere. Do you understand?" And Curtis, as he assented, felt that the mysteries of business were, after all, based on common sense.

The boxes went off to New York in due season, two hundred and seventeen of them. Curtis had dealt the year before with a commission firm, Holt & Wynne, who did a good business in that part of Florida. "Never heard of them," said Mr. Roberts, "but if you must go to a commission man, one is about the same as another. I'm afraid you won't get more than five dollars among those sharks, but that's better than three, at any rate, eh?"

"Nearly twice as good!" cried Curtis, hopefully. "I'd be quite satisfied with five, myself. Holt & Wynne know I'm a beginner, and they probably won't do as much for me as for older growers."

"Never be satisfied with anything but the highest price in the market, if your goods are first-class," said his mentor, oracularly. "That's another thing you want to learn. If you sell the best article that comes, there's no sense or justice in letting some one else make the profit off its value. You ought to be getting a good round check from Holt & Wynne soon."

But, alas! The mail that brought Curtis a letter from New York brought also a staggering blow to these rosy theories. Holt & Wynne wrote briefly that the consignment of oranges had reached them, but in bad condition, the fruit being considerably bruised; the market was dull, and altogether three dollars a box was all that they could give for them. They trusted that this would be satisfactory, and remained respectfully, and so forth.

Curtis read the letter over once or twice. He felt dazed. With the hopefulness of youth he had believed in his predicted good fortune, even while he had disclaimed any hopes whatever. How lucky it was, he thought, that he had not told his mother anything about it, wishing to surprise her with the big check. It was small enough, after all. He put letter and check moodily in his pocket, and calculated how much he had lost on the material and labor for the boxes—and also how little even the most shrewd man of business can know about farming. Poor Curtis!

When Mr. Roberts came back that evening, after a trip down the State which had taken him most of that week, he found a disappointed-looking pupil, who, without a word, handed him Holt & Wynne's fateful epistle.

Mr. Roberts read the letter slowly. Then he read it again, and then sat and drummed the fingers of one hand thoughtfully upon the arm of his chair. Finally he handed the letter back to Curtis with the quiet remark: "Don't cash that check, Curtis."

You'll have to go to New York, after all."

"I don't see, even if I did cash it, that three dollars a box would guarantee my traveling expenses," said Curtis. He tried to say it lightly, and did not mean that his voice should sound reproachful, but Mr. Roberts smiled under his gray mustache.

"I'll guarantee them, then," he said. "We'll go together, Curtis, and we'll start to-night, for I have to be in New York this week at any rate. Pack up your things and come along. I mean what I say—I'll guarantee your expenses. Only be sure and bring that letter along, for I mean business."

"But what—" stammered Curtis.

"I'll tell you on the train," said Mr. Roberts. "We leave at seven o'clock, so we have no time to talk now. But I have a little plan to unfold on the way to New York that I think will interest you, my boy."

Two days later three gentlemen, two middle-aged, one very young, strolled into the offices of Holt & Wynne. Mr. Holt knew Colonel Irving, the most elderly of the three, very well, for he was a business man of much prominence. The other two were strangers. Colonel Irving did not introduce them, except by remarking that as they were friends of his who wanted to buy oranges, he had brought them to Mr. Holt. He would answer for their business standing.

"What is the market price per box?" asked one of them, as Mr. Holt led them to some sample boxes.

"The usual rate is from three to five dollars," said Mr. Holt. "That is, for average fruit. The finer grades are higher, of course."

"We want the best you have," said the younger stranger. Mr. Holt considered mentally that from his manner and his evident youth, this buyer was likely to be a ready customer, and not one to stick at prices.

"We have a consignment of extra fine oranges from Florida, but we hold them pretty high," he said, smoothly. "You see, the season has been rather unfavorable, and first-rate fruit is getting scarcer every day. We ask eight dollars per box for these, but we consider them worth it."

He had a box upon his hand as he spoke. On its side stood out in bold letters, "Curtis Everett," and the younger man gave a distinct start, which, however, escaped Mr. Holt's notice. The merchant opened the lid and took out a paper-wrapped orange, packed, he said, turning to Colonel Irving. "Each one perfect—never have handled a better lot of fruit. The consignor, Mr. Everett, is a young man, but he understands fruit-growing and fruit-packing thoroughly, and his name is a guarantee that the oranges are first-class."

"Humph!" here put in the elder stranger. "None of them bruised, eh?"

"Bruised!" said Mr. Holt, in an injured tone. "How could they be, with such packing as that? No, sir; we can guarantee that every one of the two hundred and seventeen boxes is in A No. 1 condition, and the fruit first-class in every respect."

"Two hundred and seventeen—is that all?" asked the younger visitor. "I should have been glad to have three hundred."

"Well, we can fill the rest of your order with very fair fruit at six or seven dollars," said the commission merchant, "but we have no more like these in stock at present. They are really an unusual lot, and cheap at the price."

"I think so," said the young man, decisively. "I will take the two hundred and seventeen, and I will pay half down now, to bind the bargain, if you will give me a receipt."

Mr. Holt rubbed his hands with pleasure. "Just step in here with me, into our private office," he said, "and I will take your check and give you a receipt, Mr. —?" he paused, inquiringly.

"Everett," replied the young man, with great distinctness. "Curtis Everett."

Mr. Holt's jaw dropped. "I beg pardon," he said, closing the door of the private office sharply, as soon as they were well inside, "but what name did I understand you—"

"Curtis Everett," repeated his customer. "Of Florida, Mr. Holt. A young man, as you kindly remarked, but one who understands fruit-growing and fruit-packing. Until to-day, however, he did not thoroughly understand fruit-selling, perhaps."

"Hum—ah—yes!" remarked Mr. Holt, in a tone of choked embarrassment. "Well, Mr. Everett, here he cleared his throat, and faced toward Curtis for the first time, "perhaps my partner, Mr. Wynne, and I had better come round and see you to-night about this."

"Perhaps you had," said Curtis. "I am staying at the house of my friend,

Mr. Roberts, at No. — Madison avenue."

The commission merchant put as good a face upon the matter as possible when he went back with Curtis to Colonel Irving and Mr. Roberts, although he smiled rather a sickly smile as he bade the three good-bye.

That evening, when the door of Mr. Roberts' library had closed behind Messrs. Holt & Wynne, who, after a very uncomfortable half hour, had finally left their check for one thousand five hundred and nineteen dollars, drawn to the order of Curtis Everett, Mr. Roberts beamed genially upon his pupil in the paths of trade.

"How is that for your orange crop, Curtis? Seven dollars a box—the price that they acknowledged should have been paid the planter—besides Mr. Holt's heartfelt testimonial to your merits as a fruit-grower, made when he didn't even know who you were! Isn't that better than three dollars a barrel? And now, to-morrow, we'll go about and meet some of the people who really buy oranges and pay honest prices for them, so that next year you won't have the trouble of coming to New York again, since you dislike it so much."

"I think I could stand coming every week on these terms!" cried Curtis, laughing. "Only I'm glad I shall never have to consign any more oranges to Holt & Wynne. I felt almost sorry for Mr. Wynne, though, when he vowed he knew nothing about it, and begged us not to let this story be known."

"You were quite right, though, my boy, when you refused to promise silence," said the elder man. "It will do no harm for every grower in your neighborhood to hear about the matter, and to consign his crops to a more honest firm. For my part, I expect to tell the story whenever I feel like it—for it's a pretty neat example of poetic justice."

And that is how the story came to me—for it is a true one—and my only regret is that I cannot tell it as well as Mr. Roberts does.—Youth's Companion.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

New York City.—The chemisette that is made with a separate chemisette is an exceedingly useful and practical one. Here is a model which includes that feature and which is finished



with the fashionable and becoming Dutch collar. In the illustration it is made of embroidered batiste and the collar and trimming are of Irish

Straps For Slippers.
The newest slippers have straps that cross on the instep and button high up on the side.

Color on White.
Color embroidery on white, black, cream and ecru will be much used, as well as white on color. Most of the embroidery seen now in the shops is machine made.

Outing Hats.
Some of the outing hats are made of the sort of canvas that looks like matting. They are edged with colored straw braid and trimmed with a band and bow of ribbon of the same color.

Shirt Waist or Blouse.
The tailored shirt waist is always needed. It fills a place that no other garment supplies. This one is tucked most becomingly and is adapted to flannel, moire and pongee as well as to linen and cotton waistings. In the illustration it is made of butcher's linen and is finished with simple tailor stitching. If a fancy or more dainty waist were wanted, it could be made of embroidered pique or of fancy muslin with the tucks sewed by hand. It can be utilized for the shirt waist gown, too, made from cashmere or other simple seasonable material. The waist consists of fronts and back. It is finished with the regulation box pleat at the front and the sleeves are in regulation shirt waist style, with over-laps and straight cuffs. The turned-over collar is adjusted over the neck-band. The quantity of material required

Nature and Science

Telephone cables are about to be laid under the English Channel by the British Government. This is expected to greatly facilitate business between London and Paris.

The latest improved life preserver is a hollow belt of rubber, to which is attached a cylinder filled with liquid carbon dioxide. On turning a tap the liquefied gas escapes into the belt, volatilizes, and inflates it to its fullest capacity, twenty-seven and one-half quarts, which makes it superior to any cork belt.

An extraordinary surgical operation is reported from Paris. It appears that Dr. Doyen, who is well known in connection with cancer research, successfully transplanted a vein of a live sheep to the leg of a man suffering from arterial aneurism, with the result that the circulation was restored. The patient has now completely recovered. The vein transferred was over ten inches in length. Numerous grafting operations have been performed in modern surgery, but this is the first time that an organism from a lower animal has been transferred to man.

The energy stored up in ordinary matter on the electron theory is enormous. Assuming that each atom of hydrogen contained only one corpuscle—and the probable number is several hundred—then one grain of it would contain as much energy as that produced by burning five tons of coal. And all ordinary matter contains this vast store of energy kept fast bound by the corpuscles. If any appreciable fraction of this were at any time to escape it is pointed out that the earth would explode and become a gaseous nebula.

In some interesting notes in the Zoologist, Dr. James Clark points out the nowhere, probably, in Great Britain are the conditions so favorable for abundance and variety of crustacean life as on the coast of Cornwall. And among the numerous species there found none, perhaps, are of greater interest than those which appear from time to time as waifs and strays from other parts. Among those casual visitors Dr. Clark notes the curious little gulf-weed crab (*Planus minutus*). This species has its headquarters and breeds among the drift weed of the Sargasso Sea. The Gulf Stream occasionally carries it to our shores. It is usually found on drift timber covered with barnacles. Such casual drifting illustrates how a species may extend its geographical range, but it does not appear that the Cornish waters are suitable for the gulf-weed crab.



crochet, while the chemisette is of tuck muslin. Every seasonable material is appropriate, however, and pongee and foulard are being utilized for separate blouses as well as for entire gowns while they suit the model admirably well, muslins are handsome and attractive and there are also many sturdier printed inexpensive wash fabrics that are equally appropriate, for trimming can be varied to suit the needs of the special material. The chemisette being separate, can be made of anything in contrast, and pongee in the natural color with chemisette either of lawn or net, makes an exceedingly serviceable, practical and smart blouse. If the long, close sleeves are not liked, those in three-quarter length with rolled-over cuffs can be substituted.

The blouse is made with fronts and back, which are tucked becomingly. It is finished with hems at the front edges and with a Dutch collar at the neck edge. The sleeves are made in one-piece each, whatever their length. The chemisette is separate and closed at the back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-four, three yards thirty-two or two and three-eighths yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard eighteen inches wide for the chemisette, five-eighth yard of banding.

Narrow Sleeves.
Some of the newest frocks are made with narrow sleeves, sloping shoulders and scarcely any fullness in the bodice. They have turned down collars, round waists and merely a little embroidery as trimming.

Harmony in Costume.
Never was the vogue so great for harmony of the whole costume, and the most stylish women appear with gown, tie shoes and accessories of the same hue.



Leather Watch Fobs.
There is a fad for watch fobs of leather, whether in the shape of a bracelet for the wrist, or fastened to the lapel of the smart tailored coat, or worn suspended from the belt of the shirt waist girl.

White Serge.
For coat and tailored suits, no matter for what occasion, white serge has no rival, for it may be worn at almost any hour, from breakfast until midnight.

AND this is not remarkable with regard to the body; for mind is one thing, body another. If I therefore with joy remember some past pain of body, it is not so wonderful; but here is the marvel, in that memory itself is mind, for when we are bidding one to hold anything in memory, we say, "See that you keep it in mind;" and when we forget, we say, "It was not in my mind," or, "It slipped out of my mind," calling the memory itself the mind. Since then this is so, how is it, that when with joy I remember my past sorrow, the mind hath joy, and the memory sorrow; but the mind has joy by reason of the gladness in it, while the memory is not sad by reason of the sorrow that is in it? Does the memory perchance not belong to the mind? Who will say so? The memory then is a sort of belly of the mind, and joy and sadness a kind of food, sweet or bitter; when these are entrusted to the memory, they are passed into a kind of belly; and there they can be stored, but can no longer have a flavor. Ridiculous is it to imagine these to be alike; and yet are they not utterly unlike!—Saint Augustine, "Confessions" (Autobiography).