MAKING WAX FIGURES

ARTISTIC SIDE OF A CURIOUS BUT GROWING BUSINESS.

A Sculptor Employed, with Artists' Models to Pose for Him—How Plaster Casts Are Made.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

The business of making wax figures has in the last few years grown to considerable proportions. One of several manufacturering places is in a downtown side street.

"Are wax figures modeled from life?" was asked.

"Good ones are. But there is custom work and shoddy work in this line, as in every other. A reputable concern has a regular sculptor and artists' models to pose for him. We are at work now on a woman's figure upstairs. You may see how it's done if you'll go up."

On a revolving platform a heavy wire frame was standing, and two assistants bent it according to the outlines of the model's form. Then they began to fill it in solidly with wet clay, which the artist molded as nearly like her body as was possible, from eye and caliper measurements.

"This clay model is taken only up to the bust line, you understand," the proprietor said. "There is a different process gone through for obtaining a cast of the arms, when they are to be of wax; and the head is always obtained from a photograph. Now, when this clay figure has been molded to suit the sculptor in every detail, it is set aside to harden. Then the boys pour a coat of plaster of paris over it, several inches thick. It sets quickly and retains every line and curve of the clay form. This plaster cast must be removed and serve as the shell inside of which the papier mache figure is made. Of course it is impossible to break it off as a perfect shell. It comes off in fragments and has to be pieced together again and tied up until it hardens. We usually make the cast in four parts from the bust to the feet, for it is easier to line it in that shape with papier mache. Come downstairs and see how the lining is done.

IN THE FIRST STAGE.

Half a score of men were at work in the papier mache department, and figures in every stage of construction were scattered about the room. The men were tearing off strips of papier mache and pressing them inside the quartered plaster cases. "When these are all lined they will stand for a day and a half in the drying room," said the proprietor. "By that time the papier mache will be unbreakable, and the plaster casts will be taken off. The figures are ready then to be fastened together over a light steel skeleton, and have on their jersey underwear. If they are for the best trade their feet will be of papier mache, and they will wear regular stockings and shoes. Cheaper figures have weighted iron feet. But they are still headless and armless, you see. Now, here is the figure of a man. His arms will never be bared, and he will always wear gloves. Over there is a pile of jointed wooden arms and hands. If he has jointed fingers he can hold his own umbrella or walking stick. Therefore he shall have them. But the women and children have useless wax hands. Notice these bodies. Over the papier mache is a thick padding of curled hair, so their figures have the plumpness necessary; and now, look. They are adjustable at every joint, and bend at the waist and neck. You can make them assume any position you please," and he put a papier mache figure through all sorts of acrobatic feats. "These holes in the body and limbs are for locking them in position. Now for the face and arms. Figures for the display of evening gowns and of corsets demand wax busts and arms. Of course, the only way to get a figure exactly is to take a direct cast from the body. But the sensation of being inclosed in a plaster of paris cast is not pleasant, and it hurts to have it removed; so we can seldom find a model who will submit to it. The hands are always from direct casts, however, and the rest of the body has to be approximated in clay."

FORTITUDE REQUIRED.

In an adjoining small room where direct casts were being made a modeller was rubbing cottolene into a girl's hands and wrists. He placed her fingers in position and supported her arm.

"Be careful not to move now when I pour the plaster over your hands or you'll lose the pose entirely," he said. A layer of plaster was dipped on with a large ladle, and a piece of string was laid around the tips of the girl's fingers, and on her wrist. "That string," said the modeller, "is to be pulled out before the plaster hardens, and cut the cast in two." More plaster of paris was poured over her hand, and the man watched it closely. The girl wiggled.

"It burns," she said. "That's the lime and salt, and it'll have to burn more before I take it off. Now we'll pull out the string." The string came out easily and cut the shell in two parts, but the cast showed no sign of loosening on her hand. The assistant brought a chisel and they chipped the plaster off down to the skin, keeping the pieces. It hurt sometimes. The girl's fingers caught in the plaster and they had to twist themselves free. At last the cast was all off and the modeller set the pieces together and tied them up.

"In half an hour it will be ready for the wax," he said. The wax was melting in two large kettles over a gas blaze, and when the cast of the girl's hand was hard they poured the hot wax inside of it. In a few moments it had "frozen" a quarter of an inch thick, and the surplus was poured out of the shell. They broke the plaster of Paris of the wax hand and threw it aside.

"We have no further use for that," the assistant said: "The finisher will work out all the imperfections in the wax hand now and take a cast of it. This will be the final model for the hand.

MAKING THE HEAD.

"How do you get the cast for the head of a wax figure?" was asked.

"From a photograph first. Then it is modeled in clay. A plaster cast is taken from the clay and the wax is poured into the plaster shell just as it was for the hand. The whole art in making wax faces lies in the finishing. Whenever it is possible we copy the lines of expression from the face of the original whose photograph we are using. We are more particular in details such as these than the European manufacturers, and that is why our wax figures are better than theirs. The glass eyes that are used are of the best quality and are set very carefully, though occasionally a cross-eyed woman is returned to the factory for an operation."

"Do you use human hair?" was the next question.

"Yes," was the reply, "it is all from the heads of the rustic maidens of Spain and Austria. They are shorn of their locks at the hair markets there and we buy them from dealers on this side." At a table in the rear of the room the hair inserters were at work. The hair is set deeply in the wax heads. The girls who do this work need steady nerves. They hold a tuft of hair in one hand and catch each individual hair in the slit eye of a needle. This is inserted in the head and the wax is pressed back into the pores.

"A good figure will last about ten years," the proprietor went on, "though in that time it may be returned for repairs. The complexion needs frequent brushing up, and sometimes new hair is inserted in the head. Every season, too, women carry their bodies with a new pose, and we make over the wax ladies to conform to the style. Our work is far superior to the European, and the demand for their wax figures is almost at an end in this country. We keep abreast of the times and they do not. Our figures can do everything but talk. Notice our new wax women in the stores in the shopping district. Aren't they right in the mode? They are all ready to swing into the military walk. The imported figures are distressingly out of date. They carry their bodies unnaturally and haven't a bit of style.

Frontier Ethics.

Owen Wister, in Everybody's Magazine.

Two men were playing cards. They had a discussion which appeared (to one of them) to be amicably ended. This one rose to go, the game being finished and the evening late. As he walked away toward the door the other from behind fired at him. The bullet plowed a parting in his hair, but it was little more than skin deep. I saw it when it was practically healed. And now comes the significant part of the story. The wounded man asked me was there a way to escape being a witness when you were subpoenaed. His assailant had been duly arrested and the trial was imminent. My friend had been summoned to testify and did not wish to. Why? Well, you could never guess, and his reason will be full of freshness to you, unless you know the various workings of the frontier mind better than I did at the time this conversation took place. It seems the wounded man had been carried to bed in a room near by. Next morning, before breakfast, before anything, the other man had come to inquire for him.

"And he blamed himself that thorough, and apologized in such a spirit," said my friend, "that I couldn't feel myself a gentleman if I harbored any feelings."

For a while I suspected him of trifling with my innocence; what game equals the tenderfoot? But he seriously meant what he said, and grieved at learning there was no legal escape from his subpoena. "Damned lawyers" was his final expression.

THE WOMAN IN BUSINESS.

A View of Her as the Most Remarkable of Recent Developments.

Julian Ralph, in New York Mail and Express.

What seems the most remarkable new development of American life to a man who has been away for a few years? Is it the great fortunes of the few, surpassing any fortunes of which history tells? No; they were in process of accumulation years and years ago and were foreseen.

Is it the sudden creation of huge combinations of capital, which overlord the industrial interests of the entire earth? No; they are very wonderful, but a Frenchman named Fourier foresaw them and described them ninety years ago. Moreover, he told us then what an exalted part they are yet to play in the government and politics of Christendom.

It is a wonder to me that no one has taken the trouble to read Fourier's account of how each trust is to represent an industry, is to send its shrewdest member as a delegate to a congress of all the leaders of industry, and how such a congress in each progressive land is to make the laws and rule the ways of the people.

Fourier said ninety years ago that there was no way to legislate against trusts. What is it that strikes us as most remarkable and important? Is it the sudden transformation of New York from a promising town to a great world's capital? It is certain that this city is now truly one of earth's master towns, and that it is more busy than London, more brilliant than Paris, more cosmopolitan than even Cairo. But that is not the thing; other cities have come and gone, and many cities have been first in their time.

No, the most extraordinary change, or evolution, or development is what has grown out of the employment of women in business. In the offices, factories and the big and little wholesale and retail shops women have become familiar objects, fellow wage earners with the men, independent, self-supporting, skilled and confident. All make some sort of wages and some make very good wages. Most of them work for less than the men used to demand for the same services, but some are earning as much as the men they have displaced.

The change began peculiarly. At first the majority of the girls who went into offices, factories and wholesale shops were undoubtedly of that stripe of women who liked to be with and among men. They were of the type of women whom men like, but do not marry, and whom women greet pleasantly, but have their doubts about; doubts without good basis seven times out of ten. These were the pioneers, but when they let down the bars the whole sex began to swarm into the new fields of work, until to-day all sorts of women are there.

They look just like other women. They dress as their sisters do. They are gentle and soft voiced, graceful and comely. Externally there seems to be no difference between them and the women who live at home—no difference except that business has necessitated their asserting themselves in speech and action, and thus required them to look men straight in the eyes, as men look at them, but as women never do.

In a word, business has compelled these women to leave a few ornamental airs and graces at home, but has not radically altered or injured its new devotees.

This is how we analyze the business woman externally, but when we come to study her mind and her ways, we see such a change in her that we are amazed. The breath of our understanding leaves us and we gasp in wonder as to what she is coming to.

She no longer makes marriage her one object and aim.

She has become as critical and deliberate in love as the hardest-shelled bachelor of thirty-five who has lived alone until he is too dead in love with himself to ever love any one else.

She no longer sighs for a mate or melts at the first offer of a partner hand, and she has grown up as calculating as a rich man in church who sees the plate coming and feels the silver in his pocket to find the smallest piece.

Take these three letters that have been sent to a girl secretary in Wall street who had written to several girl friends asking them why they are not married:

No. 1—Dear Helen—I was dreadfully in love, as you know. My fiance was a porter in a dry goods house and got $15 a week. He has had the same salary since I first knew him, and he has to live very poorly. He will never get any higher wages. When I got engaged to him I got $7 a week, but now I am earning $18. I have told him frankly that I will not marry a man who cannot take better care of me than I can take of myself.

No. 2—Dear Helen—I am not married because I am earning $20 a week. I have it all to myself, and I don't see why I should share it with somebody else.

No. 3—My Dear Helen—I suppose I am very selfish and horrid, but I have broken off with Tom because I earn $10 a week more than he does, and I told him that in asking me to marry him he was asking me to give up my $25 a week after a very little while and come down to sharing his $15. I never shall marry. Most girls I know who work for a living feel the same way. The man who gets me must earn $60 or $75 a week to be able to give me as much as I get now.

Here we see what competition with men and emancipation from woman's former restrictions is doing in the minds of the emancipated. They have learned what money is and what it is worth—lessons which the average home-loving girl and wife have never mastered.

They have learned what money can do for them by actual experience—which experience girls of their grade never had a chance to get in the past.

They have become what they call independent. They can dress well, pamper themselves with knick-knacks, take themselves to the theaters, enjoy vacations at fairly good resorts—can even make flying trips to Europe once in three or four years. Instead of yielding to what we call the dictates of nature and flying into matrimony, they have come to shun it in any guise in which it is likely to be offered to them. They have come to regard it as a disastrous ending of their careers. No one short of the proprietor, or his son, or his manager, can hope to get a hearing for an offer of a heart and hand in marriage.

This situation produces three conditions absolutely new to the world.

First, it suggests that women may be masters of their own fates.

Second, it introduces reason and logic into matrimonial ventures.

Third, it takes no account of the force of nature.

Can these working girls, as a class, persist in avoiding matrimony. If you believe that you believe that we are producing a class of amazons—commercial amazons instead of the military ones of ancient fictions.

That state of affairs seems out of the question. Nature has always conquered even us higher animals, and she will not submit to this new stifling process. Then what is the way out for the calculating girl, who earns money and means to enjoy its full benefits without being interfered with by marriage? What form will nature's rebellion take?

Those work girls who succeed in getting $25 to $40 a week and even more are really superior women. They have not only the brains of extra-intelligent women, but their brains are developed and strengthened by exercise. They are good as well as shrewd, and they are thrifty and careful with money. We see that they will not throw themselves away on inferior men. But will men of the rich and leisure classes seek them in preference to the expensive, exacting women they mate with to-day?

No; it is more likely that marriages between employers and girl secretaries will grow more frequent. Think how close to a business man is his private secretary; how well she knows and understands him; how very much she knows of his business. Employers and managers and highly paid heads of departments will be the husbands of these girls, for they must marry, and they are determined not to lose by doing so. So nature will conquer, and the divinities that shape our ends will laugh.

What the hard-working men of the same station in life will do for wives is another matter.

I want to live a hundred years, to see how it will come out.

WITH THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS.

Experience Meeting in One of Their New York Churches.

New York Evening Sun.

Any one in search of entertainment has only to attend a Christian Science experience meeting, held every Wednesday evening in the new edifice on Central Park West. Few theaters or music halls can vie with these meetings as "an attraction." The edifice itself, indeed, is a kind of cross between a church and a theater. The seats are regular orchestra chairs, folding up when not in use. Across the back of each seat is a cord to hang your coat upon—just as in many playhouses. The lights go up when the first reader appears upon the stage—beg pardon, pulpit—they go down at appropriate occasions, but never is a "dim, religious light" suggested any more than it is upon the stage. The first reader of this church is Mrs. Lathrop, and at last night's experience meeting she was attired in a stunning tailor-made, white gloves and a gray "front." This last inspired some one to say that if all Christian Science was as false as Mrs. Eddy's teeth, this local branch was as true as Mrs. Lathrop's front. Mrs. Lathrop's son, a beardless boy of nineteen or thereabouts, is the second reader of this church, and he sat all alone on the front row last night and tried very hard to look his part. As a matter of fact, he didn't succeed, but the "Scientists," among whom this youth is evidently a great pet—the successor of Carol Norton, probably—were particular to point him out to all unbelievers so that there would be no mistake. One unbeliever had him pointed out to her no less than seven times by different enthusiasts—all young girls.

Of course the interest at any "experience meeting" centers in the personal testimony offered. The scientists are wary. They don't spring these interesting things on you right at the start, but gradually work up to them by means of several hymns and prayers and selections read turn and turn about from the Bible and "Science and Health." Then the cranks are turned loose and one after another arises and tells how he was cured of this, that and the other, all the doctors having given him up (this last indispensable), by Christian Science. One man last night had cancer of the nose and every doctor had said he could never, never be cured. But one night the man, the instigator of "scientist" friends, put a copy of "Science and Health" under his pillow before he went to sleep. He woke in the morning a well man. A teacher told how different the Christian Science children in her classes were from the other kind—so easy to teach and so open to discipline and so altogether good boys and girls. All the black marks and keepings-in went to children that were not "of the faith." It was when this teacher arose that some apparently earnest believers (they took part in the service enthusiastically and later one of them got up and related his own experience) remarked, "Now we'll have some fun; she's always a circus." A scientist doesn't have any too much honor, even among scientists, it would seem. A woman said that she knew of a case in Minneapolis where the little boy of the family "went out in the rain and got chilled through and came in with what is known as—er—what some persons call, I believe—er—a cold." The mother, well up in "scientific" first aid to the injured lore, didn't change the child's clothes nor order him off to bed with a hot drink nor send for the doctor. Not she. She sat straight down and read "Science and Health" just as hard as she could, and presently the child felt better and later that night after he had gone to bed and she still reading busily the child called her. "Mamma," he said, "I'm all well now." In spite of this theatrical atmosphere no applause is heard in the Christian Science church. If it were allowed this story would have brought down the house. To the believers evidently it was the star testimony of the evening.

The coughing and throat-clearing that went up from all parts of the audience were a wonder to the unbelievers. It was hardly likely that other unbelievers were responsible for all of it. Any one who thinks Christian Science is largely supported by women makes a big mistake. One sex was as well represented last night as the other. Indeed, the men supplied the greater part of the testimony. There was no need to coax the audience to rise to the occasion. Before one witness had fairly begun to speak another would be on her feet pre-empting the floor for next time, as it were. Personal testimony was somewhat sidetracked and curtailed by the agitation every scientist felt over many recent comments upon them by the newspapers. Mrs. Lathrop was so worked up over it that she speechified about it all by herself for fully twenty minutes. She felt particularly hurt, she said, that one minister should say that "all Christian Science leaders were deceivers." "Why, I used to play with that minister when I was a little girl," she said. "I'm the daughter of a minister myself and that minister knows it." These facts seemed to console Mrs. Lathrop mightily, however irrelevant they might seem to unbelievers.

THE SOCIAL SECRETARY.

A Useful Functionary Found in Some Big Department Stores.

Youth's Companion.

It is depressing to feel oneself only one of five hundred employes—and not an important one. It is natural that such a feeling should foster a notion that one is being slighted or overburdened, or possibly persecuted. When imagination goes to this length, work suffers as well as the worker. To save them both some of the great department stores have engaged discreet and tactful women whom they call "social secretaries."

The social secretary is an intermediary between the employer and the saleswoman, and her duty is to keep them both from making mistakes. She is not expected to overlook wrong-doing, but neither is she desired to remain silent when she thinks an employe is unjustly treated. She has authority to send a delicate girl home early on a stormy day. She can recommend a clever girl for promotion. She is qualified to "mother" the sick and encourage the sensitive, and she must be brave enough, if occasion arises, to tell her employers unpalatable but wholesome truths.

We hear of one social secretary who organized among the saleswomen an insurance club, a mutual benefit association, and a social club that arranges for summer outings and winter parties. Another hunted up a quiet farmhouse home for girls who were tired or ill, and sent them there, and kept them there until they regained health. But the social secretary's best work is done in meeting the little needs of every day and advising her associates for their physical intellectual and moral good. "The firm" may seem remote and inaccessible, but this just and sympathetic woman stands very near.

Wherever the experiment has been made, apparently, the social secretary has became a fixture. Efforts like hers profit the employer as well as the employes, because they directly promote that spirit of willing service which adds so much to a worker's value. Once convinced that she is not held in disdain or viewed as simply a part of a money-making machine—that she is the object of good-will and kindly remembrance—the girl in the department store solves her personal "labor problem," as we all may solve our own, by doing her best work and doing it cheerfully.

A SLEEPWALKER'S FEAT.

Guided His Watchful Companions Over Perilous Paths in Safety.

"An interesting case of somnambulism is reported by M. Badaire, director of the Normal School at Blois, France. It is accredited by Dr. Dufay and printed in 'The Proceedings of the Society of Psychical Research,'" writes Dr. R. Osgood Mason, in the May Ladies' Home Journal: "Theophile Janicaud was a pupil at the Normal School, and in the month of July of his second year he commenced to walk in his sleep. On one occasion he got up in the night determined to go fishing. His brother-in-law, M. Simonet, decided to accompany him, but before starting he succeeded in inducing him to alter his plans and go and visit a relative instead. Accordingly this was done, Janicaud remaining fast asleep and undisturbed by the barking dogs or the fatigue of a long walk. Finally he was ready to return, and on the way, coming to a narrow and dangerous path close to the river, his brother-in-law cautioned him to go carefully in the darkness. Janicaud, with some scorn, declared that he could see the better of the two, and to prove it asked Simonet if he could see the match under his foot. Simonet felt under his foot, and sure enough there was a match. It was a dark night, and besides Janicaud was some thirty feet ahead of him and had his nightcap drawn closely over his face."

Farewell to Aaron.

Atlanta Constitution.

This obituary notice from a rural exchange:

"Aaron has crossed the river
And climbed the hills so high;
He's warm, but we're left to shiver—
Good-bye, Aaron, good-bye!"

A NATIONAL HABIT.

Whistling Is Peculiar to Americans—Possible Result.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"The whistling habit is peculiarly American," said an observant citizen who has recently toured Europe, "and, after having watched the people of other countries with reference to the habit, I have concluded that it is not only distinctive in its Americanism, but that it is a positively dominant characteristic. When the American has nothing else to do he whistles. We are a race of whistlers. The puckered mouth is an American institution. Men whistle, boys whistle and women whistle. There is whistling on the highways and the byways, whistling in the homes, whistling everywhere and on all occasions. Some men whistle while they work. I know a bookkeeper who whistles a jerky sort of tune whenever he adds a column of figures, and he seems to beat a sort of time for the mental processes through which he passes. I have observed many instances of life, unconscious whistling when the mind was set on the performance of some task; but the habit is probably more noticeable in the public streets than elsewhere. Take New Orleans, or any other American city, and it is almost impossible to get beyond the whistler's range. He is on every corner and traversing every street. The gray-haired bank president, busying himself with discounts and percentages, whistles idly as he walks down the street. The dignified lawyer whistles over his pleas and procedendos, and the urchin strikes a ragtime with his puckered mouth as he darts around the corner. Butcher, baker and candlestick maker all whistle, and the time always varies with the bent of the whistler, striking all the moods in music from the dirge to the quickstep. It is a curious habit, and I have often wondered what relation it bears to the really fundamental things in the American nature. Of course, it is a manifestation of nervousness in some instances. In others it is probably an acquired habit or a case of unconscious imitation, very much like the responsiveness of the violin to the notes of a piano. One man whistles a certain tune. The scale is photographed, as it were, in another man's mind, and unconsciously he imitates the sound, and the scale is handed to the next most impressionable person, and thus it passes on, with its mouth-puckering tendency, from one person to another. In the case of the more popular and more catchy airs we find an unbroken chain of effects in the jerky, syncopated ragtime echoes that are thus transmitted from one mind to another.

"I have often wondered," continued the observant citizen, "if there was anything peculiar to American life that would afford a rational explanation of this almost universal habit. In Germany it is a rare thing to hear a man, or even a boy, whistling in a public street. The streets of Berlin are practically free from the sound. The Germans are great singers, and the beer gardens literally ring with the crooning melodies of the fatherland as mein herr munches his pretzel and sips his beer. But they never whistle in Berlin unless some fellow happens to have a strong percentage of American blood coursing in his veins. In London I observed practically the same condition. The Englishman does not possess that morose austerity of the Teutonic type, but he is nevertheless opposed to the whistling habit as a rule, and the indulgence is rare. In France the practice is indulged in to some extent, but even in Paris, supposedly the very heart of all that is frivolous and fickle, and where men and women are always believed to be strung up to a high nervous tension, the whistling is nothing when compared to the extent of the habit in America. Occasionally a boulevardier will whistle a bar from the opera comique in a moment of mental idleness and personal disassociation, but the social instinct is so strongly intrenched in the French nature that he soon recovers from his musical reverie and begins to indulge in polite vocations peculiar to his countrymen. So I have concluded that whistling is not altogether the result of a highly-tensioned nervous energy. Races of a nervous temperament whistle more than races that are less nervous in their nature. But there are certain other manifestations of nervousness that are common to all countries, and all highly-developed people, such as the practice of thumping the fingers against a desk or a table, the habit of walking the floor, fumbling with a watch chain, an inordinate use of the handkerchief, the practice of pulling the hat down over the eyes and then shoving it back on the head, a shuffling of the feet or a stroke of the face with the hand and countless other things of this character which tend to indicate nervousness of temperament. But with the whistling habit it is different, and the practice seems to be peculiarly American. It does not argue that the Americans are more nervous than the peoples of other countries. It does not mean that they are less dignified or that they are mental loafers. They are simply Americans. That's all. The American is not discriminative in his whistling, for he whistles when he pleases and what he pleases. He will whistle a 'Te Deum Laudamas' one minute and a 'possum a la' or 'googoo eyes' the next without the fear of public criticism and without much respect for his fellows who are forced to listen.

"But the main point," he continued, "is in the probable effects of the practice on the whistler. The practice of puckering the mouth may not only strain the muscles of the face and alter to some extent the contour and mar the harmony and symmetry of the facial ligaments, but it may tend to aggravate the naturally nervous condition of the whistler. The reactionary forces may jar the nervous energies until the impress takes a degree of permanency that would make transmission to other generations possible, and thus the whistling habit and the puckered mouth might be handed down as an inheritance to future generations. This may be speculation, but if a child can inherit blinking eyes and other similar nervous abnormalities that manifest themselves in muscular movements I do not see why a child may not inherit a puckered mouth and a tendency to whistle. At any rate, we are a race of whistlers, and I will leave the probable effect of the practice on future generations to the specialist who is fonder of dreaming over remote contingencies."

HAS A NEW DIGNITY.

Nelson's Old Flagship to Be Used as a Signaling School.

London Mail.

Nelson's famous old Victory has attained a new dignity. For many years she was simply a carefully preserved relic of Trafalgar. Then she was given a sort of general utility function, doing duty as port admiral's flagship, naval police court and show ship. For some time past she has again borne the dignity of a properly commissioned ship and has housed a signal class; but now the Victory is to be made the depot for all signal ratings in her division. That means that she will be the headquarters for naval signal instruction at Portsmouth, just as the Vernon is for torpedo work and the Excellent for gunnery.

There is a peculiar appropriateness in thus utilizing as a school for training the important art of naval signaling the ship from whose stout masts flew the most famous battle signal ever made. Despite her new dignity the Victory will remain open to visitors, but instead of wandering all over the ship they will have to confine themselves to inspecting the Nelson relics in the new museum on her upper deck, diving into the gloomy cockpit to see the spot where the great admiral died and walking along the quarter deck to see the little brass tablet which marks the place where he fell. Presumably, too, the marine guide's famous formula will remain unchanged. It runs: "Here is where Nelson was killed (pointing at the quarter deck tablet.) Follow me down the ladder, and I'll show you the place where he died."

Health in Old Age.

Youth's Companion.

Infancy and old age are frequently referred to as analogous states. In point of fact they are much more nearly opposites. Infancy is the expanding, rapidly developing period, while old age is a time when the tissues shrink, as it were, to accommodate the lessening vital forces. It cannot be said that all persons reach old age at seventy, although by that time the majority of people find it necessary to curtail their activities.

The signals which indicate a need for lightening the load upon the vital forces as old age comes on are usually unmistakable. There is a decreased capacity for work. The heart-beats are weaker, the muscles and joints less flexible. Acute diseases are more to be feared. It is not uncommon for the aged to recover from serious injuries and from severe attacks of illness, but such recoveries are not the rule.

One of the important questions connected with the hygiene of old age relates to the degree to which one should modify one's previous habits of life. It may be said positively that all sudden or directly reversionary changes are to be shunned. For example, one who has always walked as a daily habit would be unwise to give up the custom completely because of having passed a certain birthday. In the same way it is seldom advisable to abandon even the cares of business entirely, lest the seeking for something else with which to fill the gap thus created should be unsuccessful.

Extremes of all sorts are so many dangers to be avoided. A certain elasticity of muscle, bone and blood vessel is lacking, and as a result the system is unfitted for sudden strain. A strenuous life can no longer be pursued with safety. Severe trials of muscular and mental energy, even severe trials of temper, are out of place.

Nature's suggestion in regard to food must be heeded. A simple, easily digested diet should be the rule. To say that the aged require less food than at former periods would be unnecessary, only that a diminished appetite in old persons is sometimes regarded by them as a serious symptom, and one to be struggled against.

Not infrequently it is found advantageous in later life to take food in small amounts and at short intervals. It will be observed, also, that a lowered vitality calls for more sleep as a means of preserving the brighter qualities of the mind.

While heavy cares are properly shifted from the shoulders of the aged, it must be remembered that interest in life is largely maintained by virtue of a helpful attitude toward others, and that to insist that the aged member of the household shall do nothing is a mistaken kindness.

While the amount of work which may be done is curtailed by advanced age, instances are not lacking to show that the quality of mental labor performed is not necessarily lowered.

THE SPOILED PARENT.

Manifestations of Selfishness That Are Common, but Monstrous.

Wilbur Larremore, in Forum.

In dramas and novels of American and English life, where instances of filial imbalation occur, the moral atmosphere embodies the conventional undemocratic standard. The point of view is indulgent and apologetic. Parental egotism and exactingness are treated as moral matters of course, although much milder manifestations of selfishness on the part of children would be viewed by the writer and his readers alike as monstrous. A serious social reform to be accomplished by the further evolution of democracy is the setting right, according to justice and common sense—and without subverting real affection and respect—of the sentimental relations of parents and children.

The writer is acquainted with a woman now in middle life whose present appearance would indicate that in youth she had a very fair share of physical attractiveness. She has never married. She is philanthropic in instinct and affectionate in such friendships as she has been able to form. In moments stolen from filial drudgery she has managed to read a considerable amount of good literature which has been well assimilated. Considering the seclusion in which she has passed the greater part of her days, she manifests a surprising culture and social aplomb. She has suffered an eccentric and whimsical mother to absorb almost her every thought and almost her entire physical energy. She has never passed a week away from her mother and probably does not average more than one waking hour of the twenty-four out of her mother's presence. Not only does the mother require physical offices of the daughter in preference to those of a servant or nurse, but she insists upon practically perpetual companionship. There is no reason or excuse for the daughter's lot, as the family is wealthy and lives in luxury.

Too many persons who are acquainted with the circumstances are disposed to extenuate even this extreme instance of parental vampirism by ascribing it to an unusually absorbing parental affection. On the contrary, it results from monumental and wicked selfishness. Some measure of personal attachment undoubtedly exists, but it should rank in moral grade about on a par with the tenacity of habit which causes a cat to cleave to a garret. Sentimental ideals should be, and in time doubtless will be, so readjusted that a parent would not dare to go to such lengths of unconscionable self-indulgence, and a child would feel that, though generosity prompted her to yield to every exaction, duty compelled her to refuse, in like manner as it constrains a parent to withhold from children the indulgence that spoils and makes vicious.

Served on No More Committees.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"I have long since quit serving on committees," said a man from Arkansas, who is now living in New Orleans, "and under no circumstances would I accept a position on any kind of a committee. I had the committee habit once, and I had a thoroughly developed case of it, too. I was living in Little Rock at the time, and no committee was complete without my name. There was, on one occasion, a big function at the capital, and I was placed on an important committee. The hall was jammed with spectators and guests. We had every available band in that section of the country, including the bands which had been organized in private and public institutions. One of my duties was to look after the bands, so the music could be kept going. Another member of the committee had scattered the bands around in the hall, and he had placed one band up in the gallery portion of the hall. 'I wish you would signal in the band in the gallery to strike up,' he said to me, and I made my way down the aisle until I got to a point where the band was placed in the gallery. I made the signal. The members of the band paid no attention to me whatever. I got excited and a bit angry, and my signaling became more violent and I went through a series of absurd arm movements and my face was burning up with embarrassment. I felt a man pulling at my coattail, and when I turned around he said: 'Excuse me, you are you waving at that band in the gallery?' 'They are the biggest lot of blockheads I ever saw,' I said in reply. 'Excuse me,' he said, softly, 'that is the band from the blind Asylum.' I have not served on a committee since that time, and I believe I am completely cured of the committee habit."

What Next?

The New Yorker.

A fashionable young woman was recently very ill with that fashionable malady appendicitis and attended by a fashionable physician. In the midst of her illness, which was a very severe one, the doctor declared that the wall-paper of her room was monotonous, and that it must be changed then and there for a different pattern. The family was aghast—have paper-hangers come in at such a time? But the doctor was firm about it; he knew his patient's needs. What is more, he went to the decorator's himself, selected the patern and had the rolls sent to the house and ordered the paper-hangers straightway. In the stress of illness, with trained nurses and the house kept as quiet as possible for the patient, the wall-paper was changed and the doctor was satisfied. This is a fact. The doctor has a young nephew in the decorating business.

Would Believe Anything.

Washington Post.

"Credulous?" said the girl in the tan coat, "Credulous! why, mamma actually believes the epitaphs on tombstones."

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