LARGE REWARDS ON THE ROAD

THE TRAVELLING SALESWOMAN'S CHANCES GOOD.

Success Likely for the Right Woman But She Must Think of Business, Not Sentiment Queer Superstitions of Men A Climb Up to an Income of $5,000.

"Five thousand dollars a year is not an unusual amount for a travelling saleswoman to make, and she earns it too."

The speaker was a woman still on the sunny side of 40, who for the last ten years has been representing a wholesale millinery house on the road.

"I took it up to support myself and rear my two children," she went on. "When I married my husband he was earning only a small salary and we hadn't had time to lay by very much when he died.

"At first I went as a saleswoman in a department store. Because I had no experience they put me in the book department. Then I was shifted to the millinery. While working there I met a young woman who was selling to the trade, representing the same firm which now employs me. She advised me to go on the road and took me down and introduced me to the head of her firm.

"The offer they made me was not very flattering, but it was better than I was doing in that department store. There was, however, one objection that then appeared to me insurmountable. That was leaving my children. We were then living in two small rooms, and out of the pittance I was earning I paid one of my neighbors who lived just across the hall $1 a week to look after them afternoons when they returned from school and before I got back from the store.

"That young woman drummer was business down to her finger tips and she had been out in the world long enough to make her advice worth listening to. She advised me to put my little girl, who was the younger of my two children, in a boarding school and take the boy along with me until he was old enough to be put to school. It was a hard thing to do, to break up my home, poor though it was, but that girl figured things down so fine that I felt I would be missing an opportunity both for myself and my children if I didn't accept the offer made by her firm.

"I think I can truthfully say that I earned my salary from the first, but it wasn't until the fourth month that I began to earn an extra percentage. The fourth and fifth months I did so well that I was beginning to feel myself repaid for all my sacrifice in giving up my little home and leaving my little daughter among strangers. About the middle of the sixth month I had the surprise of my life. The firm offered me the place of the young woman who had been the means of getting me in with them.

"They explained that she was to be married and they had asked her to hold on until they could get some woman to take her job. Not being in any hurry to replace her they took their time until she realized what they were doing and took the matter into her own hands, picked me out and trained me.

"Since then it has been a steady climb. From getting $1,200 the first year I have been pushing up, getting a little more each year. It took me seven years to reach the $5,000 mark, but think how long I would have had to work at anything else before I made as much. Why, I don't believe there are half a dozen fields open to women where I could have earned as much money in twice the length of time.

"Though I don't work a bit harder than I did as a shopgirl I have much more responsibility, have to use more judgment and tact. I took my son with me on every trip until he was 8, then put him in the school with his sister. Though in different schools now, they are both in the same town and see each other constantly, while I make that place my headquarters. A few more years and they will both be in college, and then in a few more years if our plans don't fall through I will retire from business to make them a home while they do the bread winning.

"The majority of the women who consult me about the business ask about the way the men drummers have treated me. If they have made any difference between me and their male competitors it has been in my favor.

"Once a travelling salesman in the same line as myself gave me misinformation about trains. Fortunately I was on the alert and did not follow his advice. Later I learned that it was his habit to play just such little tricks on drummers in his line. He looked upon it as good business and it made no difference whether it was a man or a woman he was trying to get ahead of.

"But take them all I am sure it would be hard to find a pleasanter lot of business associates, men and women, than the people travelling for the trade. I have met hundreds, and the vast majority of them I would be glad to meet again if I have an opportunity of knowing more intimately.

"Though I believe in the value of travelling saleswomen in many lines of business, I am convinced there are many women who would fail at the work. One of the types that I believe to be doomed to failure is the silly woman, the woman who looks at the attentions of men from a sentimental point of view. As a rule such women are so foolish they wouldn't be on the road a week. They would be too easily flattered and excited to be worth sending out.

"A woman who goes on the road must stick to business, she must realize that any attention the men may show her comes more from curiosity than admiration. While she need not be a prude, she must be even more careful not to be too free and easy or allow familiarity, however well meant, from the men in the business.

"The most successful saleswomen on the road to-day are those with whom the men never think of being what is known as hail fellow well met. Though men drummers who know them talk to them and consult them on business questions they treat them always with courtesy. I don't mean they go out of their way to do little unimportant things for the women, but they never attempt any familiarity.

"It would be hard for me to imagine a line of work in which you could get a better opportunity to study human nature. If you have an idea that all the superstitious people on the earth are women just become a drummer. Of all the queer ideas I ever ran across the queerest were held by men.

"On one occasion I went to Portland, Ore., with a salesman from a rival millinery firm. We had never met before but in the long trip struck up an acquaintance. It was my first visit to Portland and I was going with explicit instructions to do all in my power to cut the prices which he represented out of certain customers. The first on the list was a man we will call Mr. Smith.

"By good management that drummer slipped me and reached Mr. Smith first. When I arrived and found him on the ground knowing he was a first class salesman representing a first class house I thought the matter was all up so far as getting an order of any consequence was concerned. But I went in and accepted Mr. Smith's invitation to take a seat by his fire.

"Never in my life have I had any one show as much anxiety about my feet being warm as Mr. Smith did. He not only suggested but almost implored me to put my feet on the front of his stove for the sake of getting them warm. Though my feet were perfectly comfortable, I finally put them up.

"Within five minutes that drummer was leaving the room without having received an order. The door had hardly closed behind him before Mr. Smith informed me it was one of the rules of his life never to do business with any one who wore his shoes on the inside at the toe. He had noticed the shoes of that man drummer and then determined to see how I wore my shoes. Fortunately I had on new boots so he wasn't able to discover any worn place on the inside of the toe.

"Another incident of the same sort concerned a man in Indiana. He had virtually dismissed me, explaining that he always did business with a certain wholesale house in Chicago. He had given his orders through a certain drummer for years and never expected to change. While I was in the act of going that particular drummer made his appearance. Imagine my surprise when the man informed him he had come too late, as he had promised to order all he needed of me.

"When the drummer retired the man announced that nobody but a scoundrel would wear mutton chop whiskers. That drummer had grown a full crop since his former trip. No amount of reasoning could have changed those men. They had those prejudices or superstitions fixed in their heads until there was no getting rid of them.

"As I represented a wholesale millinery house I always felt it was good business to wear a hat above criticism. I invariably took two hats with me, one to travel in and the other to solicit business in. There were four requirements about all my hats. They must be becoming, appropriate in style and of the very best materials.

"My suits were always made by the best tailors of the best materials, my linen immaculate and my shoes in keeping. When I stepped into a millinery store I always aimed to appear as perfect as though I had stepped from a bandbox and as good style as if I had come direct from Paris. I assure you my appearance has secured me many important customers. When I assured a customer that materials were the best and of the latest style he was convinced that I knew what I was talking about.

"The most successful travelling saleswomen in this country put me on to that point. She told me that dressing her part had put as much money into her pocket as either tact or energy. I look upon selling to the trade as one of the largest fields open to women, and the right woman can earn large rewards in it."

THE EXPRESSMAN'S BUSY TIME.

Telephone Conversation You Can Hear at Any Baggage Transfer Office.

Busy times these in the offices of the baggage transfer companies. If you want your trunks to go with you at this time of year you have to give the notice the day before, or maybe the day before that, and you have to pack and have the trunks ready well in advance.

Clerk behind the counter, lips at the phone, receiver in one hand, pencil in the other, ready to speak, to listen and to jot down.

"Yes, ma'am, what's the name?"

"All right, three trunks; the man will be there between 2 and 4 to-morrow afternoon."

"Sorry, but the man can't come later. We're very busy, that's the best we can do; the men have to take them as they come on their routes, that's the only way we can get through. Man will have to come between 2 and 4."

The clerk hangs up the receiver, completes the memorandum, and turns to somebody standing waiting in front of the counter and goes through just the same thing with him. Everybody wants as long a time as he can have to pack in, or in other words everybody wants his trunks to be the last called for, a thing manifestly impossible, as the clerk explains many times a day. In fact before he's through with this customer at the counter the telephone bell rings again and in a moment he has at his ear the receiver and in speaking into the phone and listening to what comes over the wire to him we hear the same thing all over again.

"Yes, ma'am, what's the name?"

"All right, two trunks, the man will be there between 8 and 10 to-morrow morning."

"Sorry, but the man can't come later. We're very busy, that's the best we can do; the men have to take them as they come on their routes, that's the only way we can get through. Man will have to come between 8 and 10."

Then the clerk hangs up the receiver and completes the memorandum and turns to some newcomer waiting to see him right there, to take up the telephone again in answer to another call the next minute, and so it's going in the baggage transfer offices from morning till night. The men who collect the trunks work now till midnight to clean up the day's collections and they start out again at 6 o'clock in the morning so as not to let the stuff get ahead of them.

OBITUARY GEMS.

Some Early Colonial Strains From the Mourning Lyre.

When the Rev. Samuel Stone of Hartford died a couple of centuries ago an admiring friend produced the following epitaph in which the name of the deceased gentleman is made to perform a pyrotechnical part:

A stone more than the Ebenezer fam'd
Stone, splendent diamond, right orient named
A cordial stone, that often cheered hearts
With pleasant wit, with Gospel rich imparts
Whetstone, that edgify'd th' obtusest mind
Loadstone that drew the iron heart unaind
A pond'rous stone, that would the bottom sound
Of Scripture depths, and bring out Arcan's found
A stone for kingly David's use so fit
As would not fail Goliath's front to hit

When John Sherman of New Haven preacher, mathematician, almanac maker and father of twenty-six children, heard of the death of his good friend Jonathan Mitchell, a Harvard pastor, he exclaimed after due thought and many poetic pangs:

Here lies the darling of his time,
Mitchell expired in his prime.
Who to threescore short of forty-seven
Was found full ripe and plucked for heaven.

When Thomas Dudley, father of the first American poetess, Anne Bradstreet, came to his deathbed, says the *South Atlantic Quarterly*, he showed where his daughter had received her surprising gift, by composing such farewell lines as:

Dim eyes, deaf ears, cold stomach shew
My dissolution is in view.
Eleven times seven near lived have I,
And now God calls. I willing die.

Woman Angler at 94.

From the London Standard.

Mrs. Frances Dyer of Beverley road, Driffield, aged 94, while staying at a summer residence of her son at Filey, determined to go sea fishing, a sport she used much to enjoy in her younger years. She was taken in a bath chair to the beach and then lifted on board a cobble, which was rowed out into the bay, where in the course of two hours she caught twelve high-fifty fish of various kinds.

The venerable lady so much enjoyed the excitement of the sport that she has been out again since.

A FIELD NEGLECTED BY WOMEN

MRS. WARBURG KNOWS NO OTHER WATCHMAKER OF HER SEX.

She Learned the Business of Her Father and It Furnished Her a Living When She Was Left a Widow and Poor The Trade Well Adapted to Women.

"If there is another woman in the country who makes watches and mends clocks I have never heard of her," declared Mrs. Tulu Warburg, who a few days ago passed through New York on her way to visit her old home in Norway. "I am a native of Norway, but my father was a Swiss. He was a watchmaker.

"All my life I had been playing around him as he worked. I don't know how old I was when I learned the different parts of a watch and a clock. It seems to me now that I always knew something about the business.

"With my father's help I had pieced up several old clocks for my own amusement when I was 8. I made them from parts of old clocks that I picked up around the shop, and he gave the final touches that set them going. As I got older I became of real assistance to him. When he opened his shop in the West I became his assistant, working regularly after school hours. I married after we had been in this country about ten years, and my father always said that within one month after I left him his business fell off one-half.

"Ten years later my husband died, and I had less than $300 after all debts were paid. I was glad enough then that I had kept the contents of my father's little shop. Though they weren't very valuable they came in handy enough to give me a start.

"Only a month before my husband's death our baby had entered the kindergarten, and when the care of the family fell on my shoulders the one thing I made up my mind to was to keep all my children at school. The first step in that direction was renting out the upper floor of my house and arranging the three rooms on the lower floor for our occupancy.

"The front room I fixed up as a shop with a table on the far side where my children sat and studied their lessons while I worked on the watches and clocks of my customers. A few of my father's old customers brought me work within a day or so after I opened my shop. But as the town had grown larger and three jewelry stores, all with repair departments, had been opened I knew I would have to do something more than sit down and wait for work to come to me. After thinking the matter over I decided I had best start out mending clocks, in that way people would get to know me and in time give me higher class work.

"Each morning after getting my children off to school I would start out with a small satchel packed with the necessary tools. Going from house to house I would ring the bell and offer to mend any clock or watch needing repairs.

"I recall that on my first day I made just 25 cents. This didn't discourage me, however, as I knew enough about business to know it couldn't be built up in a day. Each week my earnings crawled up a few cents higher, each week I got more work to do at home.

"At first the work I carried home was done nights, my children studying at one table, with me working at another. Yes, I did all my own household work with the assistance of my children. Oh, children are a lot of assistance provided they are properly trained.

"After their father's death I called my children together and told them my plans, told them just how much money we had to begin with, how much was owing on the house and how much rent we would get for the upper floor if we rented it out. They understood that they would have to give up their bedrooms and have to come down and make themselves comfortable in the dining room and parlor and would have to use a washtub instead of a bathtub. We talked the matter over thoroughly and made our plans.

"Every morning and afternoon each child had his duties just as I had mine. Besides I had managed my own house long enough to know how to systematize the work. That means just as much in running a house as in managing a business.

"We kept this up for the best part of two years, my children and I going out each weekday, excepting Saturdays and doing the work evenings and before the school hour in the mornings. Saturdays were devoted to washing, ironing and scrubbing and getting in the week's supplies. At first we had to live very close, but gradually my business increased, a better class of work came my way and my time brought in more money.

"Toward the end of the second year I was getting so much work to do at home that I decided to try going out only twice a week. My earnings fell off considerably, but as my eldest boy had begun to earn $2 a week by delivering parcels for our butcher afternoons I determined to stick at the two days a week for a few months longer. I felt sure people would send their work to me once they were convinced I wouldn't go to their homes to do it. It took six months for my earnings to get back to the former figures.

"Since then I have been kept pretty busy. Though I can't claim to have made a fortune I managed to finish paying the mortgage on our home and to keep my children at school. The eldest boy is now at work and the eldest girl will be graduated from the high school next summer. We haven't rented rooms for three years now, not since the last instalment on the mortgage was paid.

"If any of my children follows in my footsteps repairing watches and clocks I fancy it will be my youngest daughter. She often helps me in my work, though I don't think she is as fond of it as I was when a child.

"There are two questions that are always being asked of me. The first is, 'Which do you think is the best, an American watch or a Swiss watch?' The other is, 'Do you think repairing watches and clocks a suitable business for women?' To the first I always answer, 'American,' and I mean it. When it comes to answering the second question, though, I may not speak as positively, I feel just as much so.

"I never have seen why repairing watches and clocks was not just the sort of work for any woman having a turn that way. There are a good many women engaged in the business in all European countries, I have been told. Here in America where women have had so many occupations to choose from, it has been left to men. But when you consider that almost no strength is required, no special bearing in any direction, except a knowledge of the works of the clock and the watch, it seems to me more a woman's work than a man's.

"The only drawback that I can see in such a business for women is that they usually go into everything with a rush. Now, mending watches is trying to the eyes and can be pushed through always without danger of injuring your sight. That was the first real lesson my father ever gave me in the work. After completing one delicate piece of work I was to lay the article aside and go to something that was less of a tax on the eyes. I often have as many as fifty articles incomplete and many people find it impossible to understand why I don't finish one thing at a time.

"The second is, or is that it is sedentary work. Women as a rule are not inclined to take exercise unless it comes in their regular daily routine. A man takes a walk after knocking off work every evening, and on Sundays he likes to spend the day in the open air. That is one reason I got on so well when I first went back to mending watches and clocks.

"Although I had to work hard there was a variety in the work. I was tramping in the open air and doing repairs in people's houses, while in the mornings and afternoons my housework kept me in my feet. If I hadn't had these outside duties I probably would have ruined both my health and strength.

"Where a woman is fond of such delicate work, I don't know of anything that will pay her better."

A CONTRAST IN SCHOONERS.

A Big Five Master and a Little Two Sticker Meet in the East River.

There is to be seen plenty of striking contrasts among craft on the waters hereabout, as, for example, between the big ocean liner and the good ocean steamer. But you could scarcely expect to see any more curious than this between two schooners.

One of the schooners was a little two master working her way under her own sail up the East River, the other coming down under tow. It was a giant five master, with spars so lofty that they had to send her topmasts down to let her come under the bridge. These two vessels passed each other just below.

One was a vessel of perhaps 150 tons, the other of 3,000 tons or more, bigger by far than most of the old time clipper ships which once used to tie up along South street, a big vessel, this five masted schooner, so big that she could have come pretty near to hoisting the little schooner up at her stern davits for a yawl.

HARLEM'S LEMONADE TRADE.

Fewer Amateur Street Sellers Now and More Professional Vendors.

Although the weather has been highly propitious for it, said a Harlem resident, "I note a distinct falling off in the strictly local street lemonade trade as compared with the business done in this line in my locality last year.

"At first I thought this falling off is hard to account for. The weather has been ideal, even in the highest degree favorable, and it would seem as if the conditions for a big lemonade trade had been arranged by some fairy godmother.

"But I soon found out that there was a good reason for it. The street lemonade trade is now in the hands of professionals, and they don't like competition.

"For a street stand the long rubber hose, long, long from the nearest house where their folks trade, and they don't lend them, the needed ice, water and gives them the ice and lemons and sugar and very likely passes the lemonade. All the children have to do is to select a spot on the sidewalk for the stand box and set the pail of lemonade on it and then stand by it and resent at intervals to the passersby. Ice could be made a feature of and wait for customers.

"Two boys usually run a business of this sort, sometimes there is a girl partner, and so we may see two girls with such a lemonade business, and last year such stands in Harlem streets were numerous, while this year they are far fewer. Why is this?

"The reason probably lies in the fact that there isn't much in it. For most of those trades there was for per cent profit, but even at that rate of profit there isn't much real cash unless you can sell something, and these youthful traders don't sell very much. It was fun to be peddlers and stand up and holler for people around a glass of lemonade, but unless you could do business with far more than you did in the lemonade stand you couldn't.

"That is, it was fun that the novelty of it, some more and some less, and in the case of some it was a real business, and they made money, but the novelty wore off and the business became a bore, and so it happened that the sellers of lemonade gave up the business, and it was taken up by professionals, who have the advantage of experience, and who can afford to pay for the privilege of selling in the street, and who can do business on a much smaller scale than the amateurs.

"That is, after that profitable experience in great numbers of the boys and girls who had been lemonade sellers in the previous years, they didn't care to go into the business on a much smaller scale, and so it happened that the lemonade business in Harlem streets was left to the professionals.

"Of course, there is a good deal of fun in the business, and it is a good thing for the boys and girls who have the chance to make it, but it is not a money making business, and it is not a business for people who want to make money."

TEACHING CHILDREN BY MEANS OF PLAY AND TABLEAUX.

Novel Methods Devised by an English Woman. Geography, Literature, History and Arithmetic Among the Subjects Thus Taught. Exercises That Impress Facts on the Minds of Pupils.

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

A LESSON IN HISTORY. TRIAL OF CHARLES I. COKE IS READING THE CHARGE; BRADSHAW, THE JUDGE, WEARS HIS FAMOUS HAT. COURT LADIES THRONG THE GALLERY OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

A CLASS IN GEOGRAPHY. NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST. MEAL TIME. ENGLISH SETTLERS IN BACKGROUND WITH HOME MADE PLOUGH.

Photo by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

ARITHMETIC DANCE. ARITHMETIC IS TAUGHT WHILE DANCING. THE PUPILS BEAR EACH A NUMBER AND THEY HAVE TO PAIR UP WITH THE CHILD BEARING THE NUMBER WHICH ADDED TO THEIR OWN WILL MAKE THE SUM DECIDED UPON.

A BIRDING CLASS OF SEVEN

EARLY MORNING NATURE STUDIES IN THE WOODS.

Chance Given to a Young College Woman by the Latest Outdoor Fad. Acquaintance With a Baltimore Oriole. Quest of the Scarlet Tanager. The Class.

"Thirty dollars a week and your board is not so bad for the summer months, and even if it is only a fad my employment rides me over the warm months and gives me something toward my expenses while finishing my studies next winter," a young college woman who is working her way to a profession told the reporter. "I have a class of seven women whom I take birding every weekday morning. Birding is the new fad of fashionable nature lovers.

"Since I was a wee bit of a girl I have had a passion for birds, for spying on them and studying their habits. This led to my receiving an offer to take charge of a birding class of seven members. Six of them pay me $5 a week, and for convenience sake the seventh doesn't pay any tuition, but instead I live at her house at the summer resort.

"For birding it is absolutely necessary for you to get your class into the woods soon after daylight. We usually get to the appointed spot around 5 o'clock these days, and sometimes even earlier. Birds are never more interesting than in the early morning hours when they are looking about for their breakfast.

"Yes, we often go to the same locality several days in succession. We do it because we want to find out more about certain birds than can be learned by observing them one morning. Only last week we devoted five days to watching a Baltimore oriole.

"We only glimpsed it the first day. A member of the class saw it and described it with enthusiasm. You know orioles are not as plentiful as they used to be, not in New England at least. I told her what I thought it was and gave the class a little talk about that particular bird and its habits. The result was that all of them were wild to see it.

"We had the very best of luck, for the next day when we returned to the spot one of the very first birds I saw was that oriole. We followed it for hours; indeed it was almost noon when we finally gave up the chase. The demand to return the next day was unanimous.

"It rained in the night, and although the woods were not particularly attractive, being both dark and damp, every member of the class was out. It was well after 7 o'clock before we discovered the bird we were after. There he was cuddled up beside the trunk of a maple, looking as uncomfortable as it was possible for him to feel. However, he was still, so we took several snapshots of him which were satisfactory to the class though not flattering to the bird.

"We followed him around until the sun began to slip out, soon after which I heard a familiar note. It was what I had been listening and hoping for. His mate was answering him.

"We didn't see either her or their nest that day. They are too timid for that. The click of the camera had put him on his guard. The next day, however, our perseverance was rewarded. We found the nest, with Lady Baltimore seated upon it.

"From then on of course it was easy to keep our eyes on the pair and watch them at their housekeeping. We have taken ever so many photographs of them and their family in all stages of development and in all positions. Members of my class were at one time under the impression that both the birds knew us and treated us with particular friendliness, but never once have I seen any evidence of their lessening their vigilance.

"Besides getting on the ground early there is one other essential for members of a birding class. They must learn silence, which means not only refraining from talking but learning how to move through the woods silently. Some people say it only takes practice, but I believe it is a gift.

"Most of the nature lovers that I have known have been persons with quiet, silent ways of doing things. The only member of my class who has given us any great trouble in the way of making noise is a girl who soon got tired, and now, though she keeps her membership and talks learnedly about birds and their habits, seldom puts in an appearance. She was always falling down at just the wrong moment, making exclamations, talking in a stage whisper; in short doing everything that wasn't silent.

"As to dress it seems to me that any inconspicuous walking costume is appropriate. My pupils have had costumes made for the occasion. They are either of dark green or of brown linen. The skirts are quite short, with the jackets made Norfolk style with two large flat pockets stitched on. In these pockets they carry a note book and any other little articles they find convenient.

"The hat should be small, yet should to some extent shade the eyes. It should be as inconspicuous as possible and under no circumstances should it be adorned with a stuffed bird or wings. Two members of my class solved the hat problem to their satisfaction by having old panamas of their husbands dyed brown. They make ideal hats for birding.

"Each person should be provided with a pair of strong field glasses. My pupils carry their glasses slung about their necks so they can use them easily at a moment's notice.

"I don't believe there is a bird more generally sought for than the scarlet tanager. Almost the first wish of every member of my class was to find one of these beautiful birds. Oh, yes, we finally succeeded.

"We heard him calling for several days in different localities, but always in the same swamp. The growth was too thick and the depth of the water too uncertain for us to venture in. One day when conditions were particularly favorable we sat for three mortal hours waiting for him to appear.

"At last he dashed out. Such beauty! From all appearances he had come to reward us for our patience. He remained within a few yards of us, giving us fine opportunities to note his markings and admire his brilliancy. We had talked so much about him that we were all able just to sit and watch and understand.

"There are several different calls by which certain species of birds may be enticed out of their seclusion. If you will learn to kiss the back of your hand, making a long and loud sound, you are pretty sure to be able to lure sparrows and warblers successfully. They flock in the cold of the late winter. This kiss is about the easiest to learn, and in New England it is seldom that you can't get a song sparrow or warbler to respond at any time.

"I have been told that a fad is always good for a few years run in New York. So that is why I am looking forward to being able to finish my course on money made from birding classes. It is such a good fad, healthful as well as agreeable and improving, that I believe it will last even three years. I am suggesting to my fellow students that they brush up on ornithology next winter so they can join for instructing birding classes when warm weather comes."

When to Begin

From the Washington Star.

"Sometimes you have to hit a man to make him keep quiet, so that you can save him from drowning."

"Yes," replied the abrupt person, "and you have to hit him when he first begins to miss the boat."