

PRACTICAL EDUCATION WITHOUT COST.

Sewing School where Knowledge Can Be Had for the Asking.

Can you make your own shirt waist? And the next question is does it look fit to wear after you have made it? If you do not know anything about it then you are young for the asking—and a little application. So there really is no excuse for any one saying, "I don't know

that way. Run them in on the bias and put in more of them," called out a dressmaker as she suddenly spied a girl running tucks as fast as she could. The teacher nodded her head and explained that the girls oftentimes were the best critics and that they had no feeling about criticizing their friends. So you see while they are learning to baste



TRACING OFF THE PATTERN

EACH GIRL HER OWN GOWN MAKER



that tediousness. She teaches not by example, but by precept.

There is really nothing dry nor monotonous in the sewing lessons as taught in our schools. One glance at the scholars would attest that much.

The first stage is to hold the needle correctly. Few girls have to be told that. The stitching lesson is the first one of any real importance. Running, back-stitching and overhand stitching are all a part of the drill. There are exercises in cross seams or feather-stitching and in the bugbear of the school—buttonhole work.

how to do this and that and the other thing."

"I can have anything I want these days," bragged an Oakland girl the other day. "Learned to sew at school. Not only that, but to draft, cut and fit my own duds and I feel pretty smart. I can tell you," which remark was entirely unnecessary.

Now it happened that it made no particular difference whether she could sew or not, excepting that every woman should understand enough to bluff a gownmaker. But she was only one of an immense school who had studied the very selfsame thing and who are still at it. The pupils who attend polytechnic schools do it as a rule because they never expect to use what is taught in an ordinary high school. They intend to make their own way in the world and want to commence the struggle as well prepared as possible. If a girl takes up shorthand and intends to put it to some practical use that does not in the slightest prevent her from going to the sewing class every day and finding out how to help herself in another way.

To enter a class is a revelation. The hum of the machines greets one and serves as a guide through the winding halls. The first glance shows a large room entirely filled with girls and all intent on doing something. One is drafting, another cutting, still another fitting, while her neighbor is measuring ruffles by the yard. They are the busiest looking people ever.

"Oh, see here, don't put those tucks in

and stitch and overcast and hem and tuck; to make gussets and wristbands, to fit waists and hang skirts; to fashion trousers and press coats—in short to be a combination dressmaker and tailor, they are having a social chat and an hour that is more recreation than anything else.

Most girls are supposed in some occult way to have acquired the art of wielding the needle, as well as a certain proficiency in making or mending. Indeed, as a rule, the girls of the better class understand a little about it from having taken embroidery lessons or from having had a little, very little, practical experience.

But in many instances this is not the case. Every type and every nationality is there, all bright-eyed, eager, hopeful. There are the Russian, the Pole, the German and the Italian, not to mention the American, all bending alike over their work. There are girls of 12, girls of 20, learning the very rudiments of the occupation which is theirs by birthright.

One of the most remarkable things about them is the rapidity with which they are able to learn. Most people can recall vividly the long, weary hours spent before they could run a straight seam.

As to learning to put and fit a frock, that was something which took long months, if not years, of apprenticeship. And the "take that sleeve out—twists" sounds so awfully distinct even now.

The public school teacher, with her scientific methods, has done away with all



JUST READY FOR THE FINISHING BRAID

FITTING A SHIRT WAIST

Children in Wedlock. Why Animals Eat Salt.

THE other day, in a London Police Court, a Walworth lad of 18 was summoned by his 17-year-old wife (who appeared with a baby in her arms) for maintenance.

They had been married six months. They lived in one room, for which they paid 2s 6d a week. The husband was a "cropper" boy, and earned exactly 1s a week. And his story amounted to this—that the girl wife kept their one room filthy, failed to make him comfortable and herself seldom got up till the afternoon. Anyhow, the home was "upside down," and he had deserted it.

London is prolific in such examples; yet even London is not so bad in this respect as the provinces.

In London alone there are some 13,000 married persons who are 20 years of age or under. They begin early—the girls at 12 years of age. The latest report—which has just come to my hands—shows that in the metropolis there are 10 wives aged 15 years, 23 wives and widows aged 16, 61 wives and widows of 17 years of age, 671 wives and widows of 18 and 6572 wives and widows at 20 years. The husbands are naturally fewer. Yet there are 787 husbands from 16 to 19 years old, and 2022 just 20 years of age.

The majority of such marriages are contracted in absolute poverty. Not a sovereign—no, nor half a sovereign—has been saved. The few "sticks"—and sticks, indeed, they are—are obtained on the hire system, 1 shilling down.

The girl wife can neither cook nor sew; to sweep and scrub she is averse as well as unaccustomed. Reared in some equal-sized, two-roomed home, she has passed in the street the time she could steal from school.

So, too, with the boy husband. The overcrowded home, with its want of welcome, throws him on the street. His life, reacting on an unawakened mind, makes his days drearily dull. He craves for excitement—society—change. As he grows from boyhood to adolescence, he needs a companion. And so, partly from natural sexual selection and partly as his age and wages increase, because he associates more with men, he seeks a wife—London Mail.

A WITTY and somewhat irreverent person, in writing on the Cheshire industry, said: "Man cannot live by bread alone; he must have salt."

Although many treatises on dietetics deal with salt as if it were merely a condiment, it is universally recognized to be something more. Indeed, it is an indispensable element of the food of man and animals.

A well-known authority asserts that whenever the annual consumption of salt falls below twenty pounds per head of the population the public health is likely to suffer. In regions of the earth where salt is a scarce article it is regarded as a substance of great value. Salt starvation is, in its way, as distressing as thirst or hunger, although it shows itself in a different way.

"The want of salt," says the Medical Press, from which we quote, "does not produce a definite disease, but reduces the vitality of the body as a whole, so that the persons deprived of it fall more readily victims to prevailing epidemics, as well as epidemic maladies."

But, you may ask, wild beasts do not have salt supplied to them, yet they manage to exist in fairly good form, and if left alone probably die of old age, full of years and sweet memories of juicy missionaries, eaten without salt. Well, even wild beasts take advantage of salt when they can get it, but the reason why they can do without it better than we is that they eat their food whole and unprepared.

We use salt because there are salts in our food in its unrefined state, as nature prepares it, before it is skinned and boned, peeled and cooked, and we must replace these salts, or our bodies will not be fully benefited by what we eat.

We use salt also because our blood contains it, likewise our muscles, our nerves, and, indeed, our whole bodies; and it gets used up during the life processes constantly being carried on within us. But the salt contained in natural foods, and that required for our living bodies, is not "common" salt, but a combination of that substance with phosphates and other things, which are even more necessary and more natural than common salt itself.

"Each girl must make so many buttonholes before she can be advanced to anything higher," says the teacher. "They must be good enough to pass muster before she has any hope of making anything, even the smallest article. A pig eye will not do," and judging from the yards and yards of them it would appear that it is an art to make a buttonhole that will pass muster.

Every detail of this work must bear the closest scrutiny of the teacher before the next step, the cutting and drafting of patterns, is permitted. A good scheme is here brought into use. To train the eye in the matter of accuracy in length, shape and position of stitch geometrical designs are marked upon white cloth. Then they

are traced with colored cotton, and every little departure from perfect work is thus brought into prominent view. "Dressmaking in all its branches" is included in this establishment. Only half a waist is made at first. The boning, facing, sewing of hooks and eyes, the binding of seams, the making and adjustment of the stock collar, must all be just right before the word is given that will allow the finishing touches to be added.

And then comes the hardest of all things—a skirt. That is the last of all and the girl who can turn out a faultlessly fitting one could command anywhere from \$10 to \$20 if she were doing it for a shop. The price would depend on the location of the shop, not the merit of the work itself.

The girls have had epidemics. When one girl commences a petticoat the entire class sally forth and buy the material and everybody has a brand new skirt before mother has time to think about it. Then comes everything else in the underwear line until a complete set is finished and laid away in lavender. Just at present every one is busy making shirt waists. That is for two reasons. It is warm enough to have them and in plenty and then again the bargain counters are laden with lawn, pique and challes. The schoolroom looks like a pretty flower garden with the dainty rose, the bright red and the pale blue tints that are scattered about the desks.

Darning always had an unpleasant name and no one could be induced to say any

thing that would better its reputation. But according to public school methods it is really shorn of some of its unpleasant features. The stitches are drawn up on the wrong side, the edges firmly strengthened and the open filled in a diamond shape—a great improvement on the old square or round shape, which was apt to ravel out the surrounding part.

One of the girls laughingly complained when her work was commended: "Well, I'm not terribly glad it is so fine. I got myself right into a flourishing business. The darning for the whole family comes my way every Monday and you may rest assured there are two different kinds done."

So the good fruits of the sewing school crop up in unexpected places. If the girls would only try once in a while they could

so easily lift a burden off their mother's shoulders that seems very difficult to carry sometimes. For if there is one person under the shining sun who can do almost anything and everything, who can work twelve hours in the day and then find time to do a little more, that person is mother.

So the lifting of a little weight is experimented with. Each girl is obliged to pick up after herself. No matter how busy she is or how absorbed in her work, when the time comes she must stop everything else and fold and put away all that she has been using and working with.

Everybody knows how hard it is to pick up after one's self. It isn't a half-pleasant task, and one that is always willingly shifted on somebody else if there happens to be a somebody. Yet here the girls are taught that it is quite as easy to put a thing where it belongs as to put it somewhere else. The handling of it amounts to the same thing, and trouble is averted and order maintained. If you do not believe this try it and see for yourself. It is not a half-bad plan, although it is not popular until one is thoroughly acquainted with it.

And, last but not least, making over, the despised of all things, is not neglected, but it is taken to right cordially. No matter how good-natured and industrious a person is, the minute an old gown is resurrected from the depth of the closet there is bound to be trouble. It requires so much thinking, so much planning and so much ingenuity to make "old clothes look a'laist as well's the new" that it is a real task. And unless one is skilful the effort is apt to be so absolutely wobbegone that there is nothing left but a fit of the blues.

How many sewing girls can convert last summer's frock into one for this season? To be sure, they can make something that has two sleeves and a back and a front, but when you have said that you have said about all. The girl who can make any kind of a success of such work is a prize, and you cannot get it for love or money unless you have thought about the state of summer affairs in the middle of winter. She can command anywhere from \$1.50 to \$3 a day, according to her ability, and have every day in the year filled, including Sundays.

And half of these frockmakers come from our public schools. If they didn't finish their course there they at least laid a firm foundation. Why is it that so many people buy their clothes ready-made? Everything, from underclothing up to wraps. Merely because they simply cannot get any one who can suit them and not charge sixty prices. People are willing and glad to pay a fair price for anything that really pleases them, but to have material ruined or to pay more to have an old gown remodeled than a new one would cost—but that is another question.

The girl who can make her own clothes and give them style can do the same thing for the family, and, for that matter, for any one else. Style is what is always wanted. The great majority of gownmakers are not very particular about the finishes if the outside effect is new, original and smart.

All this knowledge is yours for the asking, and imperceptibly you may learn how to be neat, economical and industrious. And, really, any or all of these lessons would not be a bad thing for any of us, no matter how accomplished we may be.

A very curious bird's nest is preserved at Salem, Mass., in which State the novelty was found. The story of the nest is very interesting.

The cow bunting of that section never builds a nest, but the female bird lays her eggs in the nests of those birds which feed their young on insects. In the case in question a cow bunting left an egg in the nest of a sparrow, in which was one egg of the latter. When the sparrow returned she saw that an intruder had been there. She remembered that she had one egg and no more; and there before her were two. What was to be done? She consulted with her mate, and finally they laid out a plan of action. They built a bridge of straw and hair directly over the two eggs, making a second story in the home, and thus leaving the two eggs below out of the reach of the warmth of her body. In the upper apartment she laid four eggs and raised her brood. When the sparrow left the nest it was taken down, with the two eggs still in it, and preserved as a curiosity.

Beauty Unappreciated. VOCABULARY OF A DOG. THE beauty and charm of the American girl is so generally conceded that it may be a surprise, remarks the Chicago Record-Herald, to learn that there is a spot on the earth where her appearance fails to make a favorable impression. In this respect an American girl, recently returned from the Orient, relates an amusing experience that has kept her wondering if the comments she so often receives are not the most barefaced flattery and the looking glass a miserable deception. It happened in this way. A short time before leaving Japan she was visiting a friend who resided in a part of the country little frequented by foreigners. One afternoon they were sauntering down the quaint thoroughfare of the town, much observed by the populace in general, when they became conscious that they were the objects of curious attention on the part of two Japanese girls, evidently of the well-to-do class, in particular, who followed close on their footsteps. Presently the resident turned to her visitor with a smile and remarked: "It seems we are the subjects of a good deal of comment on the part of the young women following us. What do you think they are saying?" "I cannot guess," the visitor replied. "Please tell me." "Well, you must promise not to turn and violently resent their criticisms." "Certainly."

"Then this is a translation of what they have been saying about us. Said Miss Peach Blossom to Miss Chrysanthemum: 'Oh, do look at those foreign women. See how strangely they are dressed. They wear short kimonos just like the men. How very improper.'"

"Yes," acquiesced the other. "The foreign women have no taste in dress. In Tokio, where I have been once, no foreign woman's toilet is complete without a stuffed bird on her head. If she has not enough money to buy a whole stuffed bird, she buys a head, the wings or some feathers. They are very strange, the foreign women."

"And their walk. Do look at their walk; so ungainly, just like great big birds."

"Stop," interposed the visitor. "I've heard enough, or I shall begin to imagine I'm the most hideous creature on earth."

LONDON PICTURE DEALER'S TRICK.

IT is a mistake to suppose that picture dealing requires necessarily a fine perception or appreciation of artistic merit. One must bear in mind that many buyers to-day buy a thing not because it is good, but because it is scarce. An instance of this occurred recently when a dealer reported to a prominent buyer that he had found a rare picture. He has and is proud of some considerable reputation as a connoisseur, and on receipt of the news saw the picture and felt he could not live without adding it to his collection.

"What is your price?" "Twenty thousand pounds." "I'll take it." The purchaser wrote out his check, but as he was about to leave for a tour of

the Continent of Europe he asked the dealer to keep the picture till his return. With him he took introductions to a certain noble family—so noble and so occupied in the invention and discharge of duties appropriate to their lofty station that they had no leisure for or inclination toward art.

In a dusty corner of their ancestral halls he saw a dusty picture—the picture, his picture. It had been there for generations, and very little inquiry sufficed to establish its authenticity.

Then he wrote a plain, unvarnished letter to his dealer. The latter replied that he deplored the mistake; he had believed the picture original, but would, of course, refund the money.

On his return the duped buyer duly

received the £20,000 and signed a form of receipt stating that he had received it in exchange for the picture. Whereupon the dealer posted off to another prominent buyer less likely to be acquainted with such very noble families.

"Here," said he, producing the receipt, "we have just purchased this picture from the great connoisseur, Mr. Blank, for £20,000. Our price is £25,000." It was paid.

The famous surgeon, Sir Henry Thompson, was called in early in his career to perform an operation on the King of the Belgians. This brought him a title and fame, but, says he, "though it made my fortune, it spoiled my practice, for I was inundated with applications for similar operations, and henceforth could do little else."

Beauty Unappreciated. Vocabulary of a Dog.

SUPPOSE you are out walking with a friend and go into the yard where his dog guards the property. The dog comes bounding toward you, wagging his tail so violently that his whole body twists and turns. Of course you know what this sign language means.

As the dog comes toward you he barks three or four times. It is a joyous bark, which tells you at once how glad he is to see his master. As he draws near he recognizes you as a stranger and at once retreats. A low, slow, growl gurgles up from deep in his throat. It is simply a challenge and an inquiry—a question mark.

But a dog growls when he becomes angry at another dog and wishes to enter a fight. Listen closely the first opportunity that presents itself and you will learn how different are these two growls. The growl of inquiry is slow and rather deep, while that of anger is higher and is given with greater rapidity.

If you will watch carefully, another peculiarity will be seen—the whole facial expression of the animal changes with these two kinds of vocal expression. When a dog growls at the approach of a stranger the face is rather placid and you will see that the lips hang well over the teeth and the hair along the dog's back lies flat. In anger the eyes become abnormally bright, the teeth show white between the tightly drawn lips and the long hair of the back stands almost on end.

Another sound which a dog makes is the long drawn howl which is usually heard when he sits under the light of the moon and tells how unutterably lonely he is. This same sound is sometimes heard when a large bell is rung or a tin horn blown close to the animal. It would seem that the howl is used almost exclusively to express some peculiar emotion caused by a loud and prolonged noise, or, on the other hand, by impressive stillness.

"Wasn't that an odd thing for the minister to say just as we were leaving," asked the Chicago bridegroom of his bride. "I don't think I noticed what he said," replied the bride. "What was it?" "He invited us to come again."

"He always does my marrying,"—Detroit Free Press.