

HE GUIDES the NATION'S ARMY

THIS is a sketch of Newton D. Baker, President Wilson's new Secretary of War, formerly Mayor of Cleveland.



Secretary Baker

NEWTON D. BAKER, I had been told by a man well acquainted with him, "is the kind of thoroughly good citizen we all approve of highly—and fall to imitate! He has lofty ideals. He has high principles. He is utterly sincere. He is simple and unaffected both in thought and life. He has a clear, well-disciplined mind. He has an extraordinary command of concise and effective speech. Without being in the least effusive, he is a good mixer. You will find him full of charm. Out in Cleveland he lived in a modest frame house with his wife and three children, smoked flake tobacco in a 25-cent pipe, drove his own Ford, and for amusement read Greek and Latin books on the street cars." This runs an article by Rowland Thomas in the New York World.

"It is interesting to notice," my informant added, "that he is the second of Tom Johnson's disciples to be lifted into prominence by President Wilson. Brand Whitlock is the other. It is hardly exaggeration to say that Brand Whitlock, in Belgium, has proved himself a great man. Will Baker be as successful in the war department? Frankly, much as I like him personally, I am wondering whether he will measure up to the job. What he has done he has done well. But—he has never been tested out in really big affairs. Has he the capacity for them? You know a .35-caliber revolver may be a perfect weapon—as a revolver—but fall lamentably if pressed into service as a seasick gun! Is Newton D. Baker big enough to be secretary of war at a time like this? That's what I'm asking myself. That's what the country is asking itself, I think."

Naturalistic remarks ran through my head as I talked with the new secretary of war last week. I saw him twice, once in his modest bedroom at the University club, where he is living for the present as a bachelor "because the children are in school in Cleveland and we don't want to break into their year." The second time he was in his office in the war department, the office to which one penetrates through that dread antechamber where hang the portraits of all the previous incumbents of the office.

On both occasions I got the same impression of the physical man. Nature, in molding his body, did a neat job. He is a markedly small man, but in proportion all the way through. His littleness carries no suggestion of the dwarfish. His head is large, but not enough so to make him look top-heavy. His hands and feet are of moderate size, well formed and muscular. He has a chest big enough to breathe in, a waist which carries no adipose luggage. His skin is swarthy, his hair black and straight. A pair of hazel eyes full of life, but comprehensive rather than keen; the wide mouth of a scholar; a face in general in which the perpendicular lines of strength are accentuated, a manner at once dignified and friendly, a bearing which I should call attentive rather than alert—these are the characteristics of the outward man.

His mentality is not so easily characterized. I shall have to try to bring it out for you in a series of rather detached glimpses, as he himself revealed it to me in the course of our conversation. Our talk ranged over many topics. We had, for instance, been speaking of the extraordinary amount of reading of standard English authors he had done before he was twenty years old, and I asked him whether the familiarity of his mother tongue thus acquired had not been an important element in his various successes. He said: "I think that is true. Ability to express myself effectively in speech has been of great value to me."

This led to a brief sketch of his personal history. Mr. Baker was born in 1871 in Martinsburg, W. Va., a community of 9,000 persons, wherein his father was the leading physician. He was the second of four sons. At the age of twenty, in 1891, he received his degree of Bachelor of Arts from Johns Hopkins university, having completed the four years course in three years. Followed a year of graduate work in Roman law, comparative jurisprudence and economics, and then his law course, which he took at Washington and Lee university, completing the two years' work in one year. "That compression," he told me, "was done for family reasons. Money was not plentiful in a country doctor's family, and there were other sons to educate." After his graduation in 1893 Mr. Baker hung out his shingle in Martinsburg to indicate that he was "willing to practice law," as he puts it, and remained in that receptive condition until 1896, the last year of the Cleveland administration. When Postmaster General Wilson called him to Washington to be his private secretary. "I divided my two cases between the other members of the local bar," he told me, "and went."

In 1899 Mr. Baker was invited to come to Cleveland, O., as a partner with Foran & McTigue, one of the city's leading firms of trial lawyers. He went there, met Tom Johnson and was magnetized; by that association was drawn into local politics and had fourteen years of active campaigning there, serving four terms as city solicitor under Mayor Johnson and two terms as mayor after his chief was deposed. He declined to run for a third term, and had just resumed his law practice at the beginning of this year when he was called to Washington.

"Looking at myself impersonally, I am inclined to think I have a very patient mind. I mean by that a mind which moves slowly, which plods forward instead of dashing or leaping. There is nothing brilliant about it. A brilliant mind, it strikes me, is like a thoroughbred horse, good for a race but afterward needing to be stabled for a day or two. My mind is like a plow horse. It cannot spurt, but it can go on turning furrow after furrow. That lets me get through a lot of work."

"By a patient mind," he went on, "I also mean a mind which does not leap to attitudes and decisions, but feels its way. And a mind which does not get its back up easily. Opposition does not make my mind bristle. A difference of opinion is not a personal thing with me."

"And I think," he said, his dark eyes twinkling and his wide lips quirked with fun, "it has been a very decided advantage to me to be so little and to look so young. I really mean that," he hastened to add and cited two instances in illustration. One was his argument before the Supreme court of the United States in the Cleveland traction cases, an argument which attracted the flattering favorable comment of the learned justices. The other was a speech which was one of the outstanding features of the Baltimore convention which nominated President Wilson.

"Neither of those," he commented, "could by any stretching of words be called a great speech. The natural fairness of mind of men was what pulled me through in both cases. I looked so handicapped that my hearers said instinctively, 'Give the boy a chance!'"

Such cool, almost academic self-analysis led me to ask him how life struck him, so to speak—what ambitions it stirred in him. "I'd like to practice law," he said. "That is my one ambition. There is no office or position that I care for. But I'd like to practice and practice and practice law."

Further talk along that line developed the rather interesting fact that the new secretary of war is one of those men who seem to have been moved forward by the urgings and propulsion of their friends instead of fighting forward of their own accord in response to an inner impulse. Postmaster General Wilson all but dragged him from his briefness in Martinsburg to get his first taste of cabinet ways and duties and responsibilities. Martin Foran dragged him to Cleveland to become a trial lawyer. Tom Johnson dragged him into politics. And Woodrow Wilson has just dragged him to the war department.

The circumstances of the Foran case are unusual enough to partake of the romantic. In 1897, when the young and still younger looking attorney was returning from his first visit to Europe, he was table mate of the late W. T. Stead and a mild-mannered, retiring English barrister. One day Baker came on deck to find the barrister in a peck man, full of Gaelic fire, had waylaid him and was charging him, in his own person, with all the wrongs England had ever perpetrated on the distressful country. "I happened to be rather familiar with the Irish land laws," so Mr. Baker tells it, "and contrived to substitute myself for the barrister in the argument. The upshot of it was that my opponent and I became good friends and spent the rest of the voyage playing chess together. We parted in New York. I went back to Martinsburg, and no word passed between us for two years. Then the man—Martin Foran—wrote me the firm's business had so increased that another partner was required and that he wanted me. I had long felt I should be in a larger community than Martinsburg, and I liked Cleveland, but I knew they wanted a trial lawyer, which I was not. So I went on full of excuses, prepared to thank him and be dismissed in friendliness. Before I could get my first excuse out Mr. Foran had ushered me into an office and said, 'Here's yours,' and before I caught my breath he had sent some clients in for me to talk with. I stayed in Cleveland and learned to be a trial lawyer."

His enlistment as an active fighter in the Johnson camp was equally casual. "Tom" was sick one night, and the young lawyer was pressed into service to fill his place at a rally. "Tom's sick," said the man who introduced him. "This is Newton D. Baker, who's going to speak in his place."

He's a lawyer. That's all I know about him. Go ahead, boy, and tell them what you know." Baker told them, and so began the activities which led to four terms as solicitor and legal leader of the antitraction combine forces and two terms as mayor.

I asked Mr. Baker how the mayor of Cleveland's job compared with that of the secretary of war. "I love personal relationships. One of the pleasantest things about being mayor of a city the size of Cleveland is the great number of people with whom it puts one into touch. At the war department I find a large part of my duties is taken up with seeing people. I am very glad that is so. I like to see people constantly. Of course," he explained, "I don't mean that flocks of casual visitors drop in to see me here. But the business of the department brings many people to me daily."

I had meant to ask him how the two positions compared in size and difficulty. He was non-committal on that point, and I suggested that at least he did not seem appalled by the size of his new task, even though the Mexican situation had given him a baptism of fire for a greeting. He said: "I am not appalled. No man can hope to escape mistakes. Mistakes are inevitable. I know I shall make some. But the only things one need be really afraid of are insincerities and indirectness. Also, it is well to remember that unfamiliar tasks have a way of looking mountainous. Familiarity reduces their proportions. At present I am working here from half past eight in the morning till midnight to become familiar with mine. That slow mind of mine," he said smilingly, "compels me to put in those long hours."

"What is your idea of the functions of the secretary of war?"

"The duties," he said, "are largely legal. Almost all the secretaries have been lawyers. (He cited the names of many, from Stanton down to his predecessor, Garrison.) Strictly military affairs are not my province. Experts must care for those things. Legal questions—touching the conflicting rights of state and federal governments, the navigability of streams, the proceedings of courts martial—such things comprise the problems I have to settle. I am an executive. Congress has made laws governing my department. It is my duty to see that they are carried out conscientiously."

About "preparedness" he felt obliged to decline to say a word, and I reminded him of an interview in which he was recently quoted as saying that he was "for peace at almost any price."

"So I am," he answered stoutly, "because peace seems to me the reasonable thing. I do not say that war is always avoidable. It seems to come sometimes as earthquakes come—a natural cataclysm. The French revolution, I think, was such a war. But war is always regrettable. Peace is what spells progress. We have to advance step by step. I do not think we can hope to force advancement by violence. And I believe that sometimes we shall have a court of nations, and no more wars. Was it Lowell said: 'The telegraph gave the world a nervous system.' As our world gets better co-ordinated by intercommunication, we shall have fewer of the misunderstandings which cause wars."

Constantly, as we talked, alike in his domicile and in his office, the new secretary's unpretentious pipe was in his mouth. Constantly his knees crooked and his feet curled up to comfortable positions on radiator top and desk top. Though there was always dignity about him, we might have been two undergraduates chatting together. His attitude was not suggestive of lounging or of affected carelessness. It was, I thought, the bodily ease which is apt to reflect outwardly the mental states of self-unconsciousness and serene self-confidence. As city solicitor of Cleveland, in the traction matters, he fought the mobilized legal big guns of Ohio to a standstill. As mayor he forced the people to retain him until he had done what he set out to do.

To be secretary of war just now, to be lifted at a critical moment like the present, is a far more searching test of his capacities than any he has yet undergone.

IN THE SAME BOAT.
The Overbearing Lawyer—Ignorance of the law excuses no one!
The Culprit—I'll be sorry for you, then, if you ever get in trouble.—Browning's Magazine.

AFRO-AMERICAN CULLINGS

For 15 years O. T. Jackson was the only Negro farmer near Boulder, Colo. He was industrious and was well liked by his white neighbors, but in the planting and harvest times when there was a dearth of farmhands they could generally outbid him in the labor market, leaving him without assistance at the crucial times. He found it impossible to keep colored farm hands for any length of time because, with no other members of their race near at hand, they found it a lonely life.

In 1906 Jackson began to think about the situation and decided that what was needed was a community of colored people which would be large enough to be self-sufficient. Having come to a decision he started to work out his plans. Since then there has grown up on former government land in Weld county, Colo., a settlement of 250 Negro men and women fairly started toward independence. The name of the settlement is Dearfield, and the force behind it is the Dearfield Developing company, organized on a co-operative basis and preaching self-help.

The story of the struggles which the founder and the small group of pioneers which he gathered around him had, and of the momentum which the movement gained as it became successful, is told by W. J. Harsha in an interview with Jackson in the Southern Workman.

Efforts were first made to obtain suitable land from the state land office, but none was found available. Then attention was directed to the federal authorities and locations were offered in three different counties in Colorado. Jackson and the two or three men whom he had associated with him finally selected the Weld county site because of its fertility, availability of water, and good railroad connections with the large markets of Denver only 70 miles away. The Jackson family was the first to settle, in May, 1910, and a home was established a year later. Of the first settlers Mr. Jackson says:

"I met most of the first settlers in a casual way—in restaurants and barber shops and on street corners. I was invited to speak at our Denver church on the importance to our people of getting land before it is too late; after the meeting people crowded around me asking for particulars. After several men had filed they sent their friends to me. Woman claimants—widows, spinsters, deserted wives—were particularly active. We published a little paper and mention in it all things made, and this attracted attention. I am now receiving lots of mail and many callers asking for homes."

"The Dearfield settlers were as poor as people could be when they took up homesteads. Their advancement has been something wonderful for our people, who know nothing of pioneer life. Some who fled on their claims had not enough money to ship their household goods and pay all their railroad fare. They paid their fare as far as they could and walked the balance of the way to Dearfield. Soon after arriving in Dearfield they secured work with the wealthy white farmers in the district and began to build houses on their claims. Some lived in tents, others in dugouts, and some in natural caves in hillsides."

"The first year there were only seven families in the settlement, and we had only three teams. We managed to get in some garden corn, melons, pumpkins, squash, Mexican

A big piece of work done at Daytona by Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune was the clearing up of the turpentine districts. Such places have an evil reputation in the South. A man will buy a large tract of pine forest for the purpose of getting the turpentine. He puts up a few shanties and a distillery and gets together the riffraff that he can find on the streets and sets them to work at small pay and large promise of rum. Women are sent out as cooks, and the place is soon unsavorily spoken of as a "turpentine camp."

"We are changing conditions down there," Mrs. Bethune declared. "Once a week two or three workers or students of the school are sent to the various camps to speak to the women and children. The people are shown the right method of living, the dignity of the home, and the error of their ways. The children get three months of schooling every year. The men get higher wages and have learned how to spend and save judiciously. We have established a temperance sentiment in everything, and have driven out strong drink. We carried the polls when Daytona had to vote on the drink question. Three hundred and fifty of our children marched through the streets singing songs of prayer and faith. I was waiting at the polls and as the men passed me I begged them in the names of their families and the citizenship with which they could do so much, to vote dry—and they did."

"I do not know of a better name to give it. The spirit of efficiency is instilled into the minds of the people. I want to bring about a dignity of labor and service. The work has grown a good deal since I first began. We have added truck gardening, poultry raising, dairying, and chair canning to the curriculum. Our girls go out and become efficient workers, among whom are numbered dressmakers, laundresses, teachers, and students in higher schools. A great deal of stress is laid on moral and religious training. I believe that that is the only foundation."

The United States public health service maintains a loan library of stereopticon slides.

A Californian has patented a document envelope with an inner lining of asbestos covered with carbon paper to receive and retain copies of inscriptions written on an outer paper covering should the latter be destroyed by fire.

The government is encouraging experiments in France with a device to protect against hail, essentially a large lightning rod of pure copper, which is said to so affect atmospheric electricity that hailstones cannot form.

Book for Household Hints.
A separate book should be kept for household hints. These, too, should be placed in alphabetical order. If the housewife pursues this policy she will find her scrap book a great aid and comfort, for she can turn to it whenever necessary with the assurance that the desired knowledge will always be there.

Pretty Package.
A pot of jam sent to a sick friend was doubly acceptable because of its dainty wrappings. It was inclosed in dark green crepe paper tied with red and green silk threads. Round the neck of the jar the paper stood up in a high frill, and rising above the frill were several leaflike bits of crimson paper, giving the effect of a bright flower among foliage.

Daily Thought.
Christmas time I have always thought of as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasurable time.—Charles Dickens.

beans and potatoes. We cleared a few acres for hay ground, removing the sagebrush by hand, the women and children wielding grubbers as industriously as the men, though not as sturdily, perhaps; and after grubbing we plowed, harrowed and burned the remaining brush."

Suffering in the little community was intense during the first winter. There were only two frame houses. Firewood had to be carried from three to seven miles. Three of the horses died from starvation, and the other three were too weak to pull even an empty wagon. Mr. Jackson continued. Yet the little group managed to keep up their own and each other's courage, and after the first winter was weathered, further problems and hardships were more easily met and overcome. Now, in addition to having settled all the available claims, a small Negro town is growing up at Dearfield, where professional men, tradespeople, artists and manufacturers on a small scale serve the needs of the farming community.

From the inception of the settlement Jackson and his colleagues tried to advertise their movement for a Negro farming community in such a way that white people would not hear about it and come in and take up the land where it was hoped that colored farmers would settle. These efforts were only successful in a measure, and many of the best locations were taken up by white settlers. At the same time Mr. Jackson speaks with considerable satisfaction of the type of white man who came into the community, and of the fact that most of them have shown a willingness to sell out their holdings at reasonable valuations to prospective Negro settlers.

Owing to the laws governing the taking up of homesteads it was not possible for the settlers to gather together and clear one common plot for cultivation. Instead, the method of co-operative help used was for a group to collect on the homestead of one settler after another and clear away enough land on each claim to start the prospective owner. In this way each colonist soon had under cultivation the amount of land required by the government for proving up his title to the homestead. After the first few years, during which it was absolutely necessary to devote all the tillable land available to the cultivation of the common staples and forage for the stock, the farmers gradually began to add various kinds of vegetables and fruits, including the inevitable watermelon, not only for home consumption, but also as a surplus, was raised, for sale in the markets of Denver. Then attention was turned to improving the yield of the crops, particularly hay, until now the colony has passed from the stage of bare self-sufficiency to increasing prosperity.

The scarcity and high price of coal in Spain has become a problem as well as a menace to all manufacturing industries in that country. With lessened importations of British coal and soaring prices for freight more attention is being paid to domestic coal, of which there are large undeveloped deposits. According to returns, 1,595,028 tons of coal were imported into Spain and 167,795 tons of coke during the first 11 months of 1915, in contrast to 2,313,630 tons of coal and 328,107 tons of coke in 1914, a decrease of 718,602 tons of coal and 160,312 tons of coke.

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INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. BELLEME, Acting Director of Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR MAY 7
THE MISSIONARIES OF ANTIOCH.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 11:19-30; 12:15; 13:12.
GOLDEN TEXT—Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all nations.—Matthew 28:19.

An interesting introduction to this lesson would be to review the outstanding features of the life of Barnabas up to this time. His attractive character, introduction, and associations with Paul are full of rich and suggestive lessons. Following Peter's deliverance of last Sunday's lesson we read of the end of the life Herod (12:20-25). The origin of this Antioch church was perhaps in A. D. 40, following the dispersion after the death of Stephen (11:19-26). These converts gave proof of their new love by ministering to the brethren in Jerusalem (11:27-30). It was perhaps four or five years subsequently when the events of this lesson occurred.

I. A Great Church (11:19-30). (1) Their testimony. This new sect, "Christians" (v. 26) made a deep impression upon this great city though as yet its testimony was to the Jews only (v. 19). The first evangelists to this city from the home of Judaism at the outset, however, spoke to Gentile Greeks. (a) They "spoke the word" (v. 19), as travelers and fugitives they carried the message wherever they journeyed. (b) "They preached Jesus," the only message that will reach and stir an entire city. (c) They did it in a conversational way (v. 20 R. V.). (2) The workers (3:1). It is an amazing array of names mentioned as one of the results of this Antioch revival. Step by step God has widened the sphere of activities of those who accepted the gospel, and with every step the stamp of divine approval was seen. (11:21). Those who "turned unto the Lord" not only believed but gave evidence of repentance and under the leadership of Barnabas, who had brought Saul with him from Tarsus (v. 25), large numbers were assembled and taught (v. 26). This ministry of teaching is a commendable type of evangelism and while the term "Christian" is applied to these followers of Jesus (not of Barnabas and Saul), it was doubtless first applied in derision, and it has become the accepted and glorious title (often abused or confused with Christendom) of those who follow our Lord.

II. A Great Commission (13:1-3). The separation which took place after Barnabas and Saul had resided in the city for a year's time (11:26), and while they were meeting with such outward success reminds us of the way the spirit separates Philip from his work in Samaria (8:6, 26, 27). The Holy Spirit knew what was best for these followers of Jesus as the results demonstrated. Among the great leaders the Spirit separated two for this particular task, and the quietness with which it was done as suggested by the text, is in marked contrast with most of our modern plans for "advanced steps." No "dollar dinner" or committee luncheons and meetings. This duty was presented: (1) While in the discharge of their regular duties, "as they ministered" (v. 2). Just the form of this ministry is not accurately stated, but it included fasting and prayer (v. 3); and it "was to the Lord." There are plenty today who can do "church work," but far too few who can minister to the Lord (not to people) and who can by fasting and prayer know what the mind of the Spirit is relative to any advance steps needed in the church. (2) Under the Spirit's direction. Just how the Spirit spoke to this people we do not know nor much care, but his message was unmistakable, whether audible or in the deep recesses of their hearts. (3) It came while they prayed. An overly-filled stomach is apt to divert a Spirit-filled mind. But an attitude of prayer is the only one which can render us susceptible to the Spirit's voice. He is ever ready to speak and if we supply the open heart and the ready mind there will be no vague, uncertain impulse such as men often call "the Spirit's voice"; rather a definite task. (4) It brought a united blessing. The whole body of believers had a part in the fruits of this journey.

III. A Glorious Conquest (v. 4-12). (1) The Journey (v. 4). It was but natural for the leader of this expedition to direct his steps first to his home (4:36). If our testimony will not receive a hearing at home it is not of any great value. (2) The work (v. 5). They followed the same plan as before, entered the synagogues where teaching and discussion was the order of service and, to the Jews, gave the "word of God" (Matt. 5:17). Are we able to thus teach the word, how Jesus "fulfilled" and what the result is in that he did fulfill "all righteousness"? (3) The resistance (v. 6-8). Bar-Jesus, or "Elymas the sorcerer" must not be confused with our modern mesmerizers or sleight-of-hand artists. He was a leading scientist of his time and his position in the Roman deputy's household is significant. He readily saw that for the deputy to hear the gospel would destroy his power and influence (v. 8). Paul, now first so-called (v. 9), knew the blow of blindness, physical and spiritual, and caused this man, temporarily (v. 11) to be smitten even as he had been (9:8, 17, 18). The deputy had desired to "hear" (v. 7) the Word. Now he "saw" (v. 2) a manifestation of the power of the Spirit and as a result he "believed" (v. 12). Thus the punishment meted out upon Elymas worked out for good to the deputy (Rom. 8:28).

Whoever shall review his life will find that the whole tenor of his conduct has been determined by some accident of no apparent moment.—Johnson.

MAKES WORK FOR LAUNDRIES.
It would naturally be expected that the owners of laundries would oppose any device that would tend to make washing of clothes at home easier. On the other hand, it has developed that the laundry owners are in favor of the electric iron and credit a good deal of increased business to this appliance. In numbers of cases the housekeepers are ridding themselves of a weekly bugbear by sending their work to the laundries to be returned "rough dry," finishing it at their leisure. In this way the laundries get considerable work which otherwise would never come to them.

COATING STRUCTURAL STEEL.
A new process of coating structural steel or any other exposed metal with zinc is being introduced to those who are interested in such matters, and it is attracting considerable attention because of the ease and thoroughness with which the operation is performed, even after the metal has been put in place. Powdered zinc, compressed air and heat are the three elements which are used in the process, and the zinc is driven through a gas burner by the air, where it is instantly reduced to a liquid state, and as it strikes any surface capable of sustaining the force it adheres and cools at once.

HIGH FLYERS.
Lots of men go up in the air with the aid of airships.
Death has evidently traded his pale horse for an aeroplane.
The man with a boll on the back of his neck derives no pleasure from scanning the heavens for aircraft.

IN THE SAME BOAT.
The Overbearing Lawyer—Ignorance of the law excuses no one!
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