

to go to the vocational schools to learn a trade.

There they would not only be taught a trade; they also would be taught that labor unions were evil things and that meekness and humility before the bosses are great things; they would be taught that this trade that had been chosen for them should be their life work.

And at the other schools? The children of the monied people would go to them, and they would be taught to look down on the children of the vocational schools, and all the rottenest snöbberly of school aristocracy would become ingrained in them.

Is it any wonder that the National Association of Manufacturers is backing the plans for industrial or vocational schools?

What would be likely to suit the bosses and the Bourbons better than such a division of the people, such class legislation?

SOUNDS LIKE A WHOPPER!

New York, Nov. 19.—Robert C. Taite, of Los Angeles, is either a most remarkable liar or else he has had some most remarkable experiences.

Taite arrived here yesterday on the Red Star steamer Lapland, from Africa, and this is the story he told:

"I and another white man, Gordon Campbell, of Glasgow, Scotland, penetrated into the cannibal district of the Congo Free State eight months ago.

"We hired ten cannibals, and built a raft, and started to float down the river to get back to civilization.

"Fever and ague came upon us, and three of the cannibals died. We put them overboard immediately to prevent the other cannibals eating them.

"Soon after this we bumped into a colony of hippopotami and crocodiles. They upset our boat, and ate up five of the cannibals.

"Campbell and I drew our pistols and climbed on the back of a

big hippopotamus. He took us ashore.

"Only two of the cannibals reached shore with us. One of them was hungry for human flesh and attacked his companion. We had to kill him. The other was killed soon after by a giant gorilla.

"We were still in the cannibal country, and we were attacked by the cannibals several times, but always managed to beat them off.

"It took us six months to get out of that country and back into civilization. I lost sixty pounds on the trip.

"I am going home to Los Angeles now to rest a while. Then I am going back to Africa to hunt for gold. There's lots of gold in Africa."

Is it proper to serve young onions at an afternoon tea, asks a reader, Miss Polly Mae Jones. Will some of our readers who can still afford tea please answer. We're stumped.