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THE CHARLOTTETOWN GUARDIAN

MORNING Daily Catches All Early Morning Mails.

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Y. M. C. A. BRIEFS OF GENERAL INTEREST

One of the effects on the city of the International Convention recently held in Toronto was the impression on the minds of a few men that they ought to see one of the forty-nine Association buildings asked for in the $1,500,000 fund for foreign lands should be provided by Toronto. They went out for $75,000, and in one day secured over $80,000! It was less than a year ago that $800,000 was pledged in eight days for four new Association buildings for the men and young women of this city.

A building for boys has just been opened by the Y.M.C.A. at Hamilton Ont, that is as big as the main building for men, and it is the largest building yet erected exclusively for the boys of the Y.M.C.A. in any city. The directors who had seen the need of a work for boys, and hardly dared to venture on so big an enterprise, at last bought the lot next to its men's building. Within twenty-four hours Mrs Mills had asked the privilege of paying for it. And then the city was quick to contribute the $50,000 or so needed for the building. The cornerstone was laid by Mrs Mills.

Reports from Grand Rapids indicates that twelve men entered college last year directly through the Y.M.C.A. encouragement. Five prominent furniture designers were formerly members of their class in furniture designing.

Three city officials were elected to their present positions while members of the class in public speaking. A student in architectual drawing four years ago is now an architect who made the plans for a new church in the city now being erected.

The Bedford Branch Y. M. C. A., Brooklyn, has an International Bible Class of men of twelve different nationalities, and each man having beside the English Bible another copy in his own language, for use in the class, the principle followed is that the language of the soul is the language in which a man is born. This class is working with the international introduction organization from land to land, taking the names of every man who comes to them, finding a job if possible of wholesome surroundings and influencing them in this new international brotherhood.

GENTLE RUGBY FOOTBALL RULES

The following football rules written by Ton Ackers appears in an American exchange.

Harken, O ye, who find the new football rules a puzzle and a snare, and give ear all ye who lost yourselves in their mandering ramifications and perigrinations.

First—The game is divided into four stanzas of eight verses each. In these verses there are 16 periods and 32 semi-colons. Between periods one may smash an opponent's slats or manicure his man. Between the semi-colons it is permitted to make faces and breathe.

Second—Before and after each period the opposing captains shall change neckties, the referee shall hug the umpire and the head linesman shall kiss the college widow. The players may kiss whatever girl they overtake in 10 yards.

Third—It shall be a foul if any player bite an opposing player for stepping in his face.

Fourth—The ball may be advanced after the permission of the field judge and the umpire is obtained, unless there be objection on the part of the opposing captain, who shall signify such objection by crying, "Fie-fie," four times.

Fifth—In running with the ball, a player shall not touch it with his hands, but carry it gripped between his teeth. Store and pivot teeth lost in this manner shall be retrieved by the referee, though time shall not be taken out for this purpose.

Sixth—In the choice of goals a toss of a coin shall decide. The umpire shall, for this, borrow a half-dollar from the captain of the opposing team. It will then be a toss up as to whether either gets his quarter or half-back.

Seventh—No player shall be eligible who is under 9 years or over 20 years of age.

Eight—The test of a player's being a bona-fide student shall be as follows:—He must be able to give 98 rahs without drawing a breath; wear foolish clothes; have an open face like an oyster; know a football when he sees it and a member of at least one "Frat."

Ninth—It is a foul tackle to seize a player below the hair or above the shoes.

Tenth—A brick or horseshoe concealed in a player's sweater shall be prima facia evidence of an off-side, and the opposing team shall be given nine rahs and a cup of tea thereafter.

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Eleventh—Players giving evidence of having bathed during the season will be expelled by the faculty and black-listed by the amateur association.

Twelfth — Sweaters, jerseys, or jackets that have been greased shall be inspected by the pure food commission. If butter is used, they shall be held to the federal grand jury.

Thirteenth—A player found to be in collusion with doctors, surgeons, undertakers or embalmers shall be penalized five red neckties and four pairs of purple socks.

Fourteenth—In case of doubt ask the umpire. He don't know.

TUNING A BELL AN INTERESTING OPERATION

"What a beautiful tone that bell has!" is often heard. There are few, however, who know how a bell receives its joyful or solemn tones.

All bells after they are cast and finished must go through a process of tuning, the same as any other musical instrument before they respond with a clear, true tone. Every bell sounds five notes, which must blend together in order to produce perfect harmony.

The tuning of a bell is done by means of shaving thin bits from various parts of the metal. It is as easy for an expert bell tuner to put a bell in tune as it is for a piano tuner to adjust his instrument to perfect chords.

At first thought it would seem that a bell would be ruined should the tuner shave off too much at the last tuning, or the fifth sound, but such is not the case. He would, however, be obliged to begin over, starting again with the first tone and shaving the bell until it gave forth its harmonious sound at the fifth tone.—Scientific American.

CONCERNING FAMILY LIFE.

(Wesleyan, editorial.)

With all the boasted progress of our age in well nigh every other sphere, can it be said our family life has reached its highest development? Is it not beset with difficulties all but insurmountable?

Is not the glare of an intrusive publicity pushing into the background the amenities of home? So many and insistent are the invasions of the privacy and quiet of the home occasioned by the demands of business, the imperious solicitation of widespread forms of amusement, not to mention other channels of social activity, that father, mother and children are rarely in a position to spend one whole evening together, an unbroken circle. Is this as it should be? Is this what He planned and purposed "Who setteth the solitary in families?" Is this in the best interests of the state?

The specializing tendency of the age has found its way into denominational activities. We leave our various departments safe, guarding, directing and controlling the various schemes set on foot for the better establishment of the kingdom of God. Such aspects of modern church activities are probably here for good. But may it not be wise to call a halt and protest against further multiplication of agencies and societies? Can we, without further invasion of the privileges and obligations of home life, find material to keep them in vigorous operation? Even in our larger, not to mention our smaller, charges it is often impossible to equip and man all the present existing agencies. And not infrequently when it is accomplished the cost has been at too great a price, entailing the too frequent absence from the home circle of father, mother, or elder children. Glancing at the weekly program of a city Methodist Church we noted at least ten organizations of different complexions, and their numbers and adherents would, if heartily supported, require at some time or other during the week, the presence of each member of the ordinary family, save the babes. Can this be according to the will of God? Is this the sum of all good and blessing in the ideal Christian home? Verily it may prove a safeguard against "ease in Zion," but inevitably it recoils upon the perpetrator of ill apportioned zeal, invoking the condemnation of him who "was made keeper of the vineyards; but mine own vineyard have I not kept."

TOO GOOD TO STAY SINGLE.

For a period of six years, which terminated only a day or two ago, Farnham Surrey, possessed the paragon of telephone operators, a girl who never made mistakes or lost her temper. She was not the only operator at the Farnham exchange, but the knowledge that she might be the one who would answer a call made the use of the telephone one of the pleasures of life instead of one of its worries to subscribers in the district.

But there is a gloom among the telephone users of Farnham, for the girl has got married—to a young man who used to listen to her voice over the telephone wires.

Miss Lilla Patrick, was the operator's name—she is Mrs. LeFerve now—and just before the wedding the Farnham telephone subscribers remembered that never once during the whole six years she had presided over the plugs and lines of the Farnham exchange had a single complaint been made against her. This was a record not to be passed over lightly so the Farnham subscribers subscribed again, the time for Miss Lilla Patrick, and presented her with £1 and their good wishes for a happy married life. She received in addition many other separate wedding presents from telephone users.

"We shall never see her like again, said the subscriber who headed the list, in a tone of regret. "She always spoke politely, was obliging and courteous, did her best, was quick in getting numbers, never cut off too soon, never put you on the wrong number, never snapped at you, would ring when your number was on, and finally, she had a charming voice." The manager of the Farnham exchange speaks this in praise of Miss Patrick:—"Her record in the service of the company was unsullied.

...

Never was a mark made against her. She was a wonderful operator. —London Daily Mail.

THE QUEST OF THE ANGELS SERMON BY REV. H. B. MUNSON

In the Brunswick Avenue Central M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., the pastor, the Rev. Hubert B. Munson, preached recently on "The Quest of Angels." The text was from I Peter i:12, last clause: "Which things the angels desire to look into." Mr. Munson said:

And why should they not desire to look into these things, for the Gospel program is divine, and the Gospelf orces are divine, and the completion of the Gospel program in the consummation of the Gospel powers is that far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves. It may, though, be something of a surprise to think of the keen interest that the heavenly hosts have in the progress of the Kingdom, for their interest is not the interest of an inquisition, and so of a tyranny that seeks to know only that it may tease and torment, an inquisition founded on misinterpretation of the Gospel and misapplied zeal to the Gospel Message. No inquisition exists in the heavenly realm, and the interest that the angels have in the progress of the Kingdom is not that of inquisition of the Kingdom, but only that they may comprehend. Neither is interest simply inquisitiveness—that interest that one neighbor may have concerning the views of another neighbor; that interest that leads man to pursue trains of inquiry that are simply casual and idle that worthless curiosity may be satiated.

No, the interest that is manifested in this statement concerning the angelic quest, the interest that roots itself deep down into the kindred relations, comes from their being vitally connected with us. They have an interest because what we do affects them. They are our great partners in the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom. Heavenly interests join us in the prosecution of the Gospel's enterprises. Angels are working forces in the Kingdom. The angels are soldiers in the advancement of the Redeemer's work among men. It is not simply to the affairs of the physical world, interesting though they are to men and to angels, that they fix their gaze upon, for the old statement is still true:

For though the giant ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and ever more
Make and break and work their will;
Though world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul?

It is this estimate of the majesty and the supremacy of the human soul that causes the angels to fix their attention upon the world and to be interested in the forces that make or mar human destiny.

So we say this morning that the angels are interested in our thought. The history of human thought is really more fascinating than the history of great wars. The history of human thought is really a more reliable index of human progress than the history of inventions. The creation of manifold machines, the development of a material civilization, all these things are but expressions of human thoughts, and when men write histories of philosophy they are practically narrative forms of the progress of mankind's thinking. Histories of science are not so much accounts of scientific adventure as they are of the heritages of the mind that cause scientists to be explorers in the great realms of truth and thought.

The history of theology is not a closed book, for theology, like philosophy and like science, is still living and growing and developing. but some are terrified when the words "new theology" are mentioned, and at once they hark back—with the conservatism which may be borne of the feelings of safety for the old—forgetting that the history of theology, like all other ologies, must grow. They forget that the new philosophy is really a new theology, taking that which is worthy and permanent and enduring out of the old and placing it in new forms of new life. The New Testament emphasizes the fact that that which was spoken at divers times and in divers ways by the prophets has now become incarnated in the new. Compare the earlier with the later writings of John the Apostle or of Paul, the writer and preacher, to the Gentiles, and see how these men moved out into new realms of thought and power and life.

For one, I glory in the fact that theology may be new and yet true. We need have no hesitation and no fear of trepidation concerning theology if it harks back through the ages to the vital life of God in His holy science.

Tallyrand, to a man who came to him in the throbbing life of France with the query, "What can I do to make an appeal to men?" replied: "Be crucified. Rise from the dead on the third day." And so in our thought life today we need to remember that when we talk abreast of the times, we are perfectly secure so long as our thoughts are fixed toward the life of God in His holiness. "What think ye of Christ?" is the test today as of old for determining the value and the permanency as well as the progress of human thought.

Concerning our thought we have heard this morning that one of the things the angels desire to give us is the realization that it is not in vain that we open our minds to the inspection and scrutiny of the Holy Spirit. That to progress on safe ground we must constantly subject our ideas to rigid tests. But we need to get behind this statement. I fear that it is an attitude of our age to half believe. As Sidney Lanier says:

O, Age who half believest thou half believest,
Half doubts the substance of thy own half doubt,
And half perceiving that thou half perceivest,
Stand'st at thy temple door, heart in, head out.

The interest of heaven is fixed with pain on this attitude of some of our minds, this partial approach to a complete acceptance of Christ's truths.

We forget oftentimes that thought crystallizes into action and that actions multiply tnus into habits and character, and we need to affirm that what we do is of interest not only to our own little coterie of friends but to those with whom we mingle in business and social intercourse and that all are vitally interested in one another's deeds. There is no act of meanness, greediness or contemptible hypocrisy but what causes tears on the faces of loved ones on the other shore and produces that higher sympathetic interest and affection that shows a kinship in the realm of the spirit and of life. And there is a very vital truth that lies very close to a man's deeds in the great statement of Emerson's New England philosophy, when he says:

"I find myself mongst all my philosophy a devoted student and admirer of persons. I cannot get used to them. They daunt and dazzle me still. Blessed be the eternal power for those whom fury even cannot strip of beauty and who never for a moment seem to me profane."

And again the celestial forces must certainly scrutinize the way we spend the hours of the Lord's Day, whether we worship or profane them. It must be a vital thought to them, a part of their quest, concerning themselves as they do with our characters and destinies. The heavenly hosts are in-

(Continued on Page Three.)

EVIDENCE AGAINST SLAYER OF CHILD

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 30—What the commonwealth considers among its more important testimony against Joseph Wendling on trial for the murder of eight year old Alma Kellner, was given today by Father Schuhmann, pastor of St. John's Catholic church, Father Schuhmann testified that on the day Alma Kellner disappeared he noticed an unpleasant odor coming from the furnace. He asked Wendling, who was janitor at the church, what caused the unusual smell and said Wendling replied he was 'burning rage.' Other witnesses testified to seeing the child in the church a few hours before, and members of the Kellner family identified clothing found with the charred and dismembered portions of a child's body in a cellar under a music room of the church, as that worn by her the day she disappeared.

The trial will be resumed tomorrow.

INVALID BULLDOG IS WHEELED IN WAGON.

LONDON, Nov 28—The pathetic sight of a youthful bulldog being wheeled helplessly in a perambulator, fed like an invalid and treated like a baby, is the latest tragedy of animal life.

Cut off by an unheroic accident from the enthusiastic and martial activity dear to his kind, Baby, a $500 british bulldog belonging to Mrs Freeman, of Esher, now finds his utmost excitement a daily ride in a perambulator.

Baby is only 7 months old, yet, owing to his accident, which has paralyzed his back, he is already a dog that has had his day.

Fondly cherished by his owner and his nurse, he regards life from his "pram" like a shrewd warrior taking his rest. He cannot even wgg his short, kindly, bulldog tail when he wants to say "Thank you!" but his pathetic eyes express a million tail-wags.

Every morning he is bathed, dressed and fed, and twice a day he is wheeled out in his perambulator by his nurse, having first been tucked up in worm blankets. His head rests on a fluffy cushion, and a fluffy rug goes over the woolen wraps.

Heis fed on fish, bread and milk, and other invalid delicacies. When he is naughty, as even invalid warriors will be, he is sho&n a stick, and the sight of it is enough.

His nurse, Miss Ethel Davis, whose attentions are quite voluntary, loves the broken warrior, and rpares no trouble to make the autumn of a summerless life as "comfy" as may be.

There are times when Baby seems to be crying tearlessly, when all his facial wrinkles are drawn op tremuisect. He conquers his undoggy weakness, and generally assumes on his daily "pram" rules, a somewhat cyncial expression.

"WHITE PLAGUE" IN MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON, Nov. 30—The provision of from 5,000 to 6,000 additional beds for the use of tuberculary patients, the payment by the state of a subsidy of $5 per week for each non-paying tubercular patient in local hospitals, and the establishment of a system by means of which, under certain restrictions, tubercular patients may be supplied with food at their homes, are features of the report of the special commission created by the last legislature to report upon a system of caring for tubercular patients by state and local authorities.

The commission also recommends the erection of a state hospital school for children of school age, with pulmonary tuberculosis.

A minority of the commission, consisting of three of its members, dissent from the opinion of the commission that food should be given needy patients in their homes under restrictions, and advocate the necessary legislative changes to withhold from local boards of health the power to give relief in the home except in cases of quarantine.

The commission finds that there are approximately 35,000 cases of tuberculosis in all forms in the state. For the accommodation of these cases there are 2,773 beds in hospitals, and in sanatoria. The commission believes that there should be increased provision for 5,000 or 6,000 beds. The immediate need is local provision for the advanced cases of pulmonary tuberculosis.

FISH THAT SHOOTS FLIES.

(London Globe.)

In Queensland some of the most interesting forms of animal life are to be found. The duck billed platypus (with the web feet of a duck, which lays eggs and suckles young), the lung fish, the walking perch and many other queer creatures might be mentioned in confirmation of this.

A remarkable little fish is the rifle fish, which lives in the far northern rivers of Queensland. A full grown specimen, writes a correspondent, measures about ten inches in length and averages one and a half pounds in weight. The rifle fish derives its name from the fact that it shoots its food. It swims leisurely about the stream a few inches below the surface and is always on the lookout for flies and other insects that settle on the floating leaves and twigs or on the surface of water plants. On getting close enough to its victim it discharges a tiny jet or ball of water, which if shot straight knocks the fly into the stream, where it is instantly gathered in by the shooter.

WATSON TO ASQUITH

LONDON, Nov. 29- William Watson, who obtained great notoriety by his attack on Mrs. Asquith in "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue," came out this week with some verses directed against that lady's husband. The Morning Post accorded the hospitality of its columns to the poem, which is entitled "The Chief" :—

"Strange and yet true, in days not long
Fleeted we thought him coldly strong,
Prudent, deliberate, cautious, grave,
Moulded without a passion save
For hard chill light on level ways,
And for a lucid, well-turned phrase,
his lack of genius seemed to be
Itself a blest security.
Behold him now, caught up and swirled
Into a wild and alien world,
Where demagogues with doctrine crude
Debauch the phrase-led multitude,
And truth is pawned for power, and they
Who govern must themselves obey
Him of the falcon beak and eye,
That hawk-like o'er them poises nigh.
Laugh ye will, Olympian Gods,
Who watch from your unvexed abodes;
But ask not men to share your mirth—
Much-wearied men on English earth."

OUR NUMEROUS ANCESTORS.

Has anybody ever stopped to think how many male and female ancestors it took to bring us into the world? First, of course, it was necessary to have a father and mother, and our father and mother must have had a father and mother, and so on back through fifty-six generations to the time of Christ.

A careful calculation of all these ancestors shows that there must have been 139,235,017,489,534,176 births to bring one of us into the world. And this is only from the time of Christ, and not from the beginning of the world.—Baltimore American.

A NOVEL INCIDENT.

(Ottawa Citizen.)

The announcement is made that the funds subscribed in aid of the Hill sufferers who were victims of the disastrous explosion last May in the transpontine city, will be returned to the donors. The refund is made possible by the action of the explosives company, which settled all claims arising out of the disaster. The situation is unique in Canadian annals, if not in America. Actions speak louder than the most vociferous protestations and the explosives people have certainly demonstrated their position in regard to the unfortunate occurrence in a straightforward and upright as well as practical fashion.

THE GUARDIAN'S WEEKLY SHAKESPEARIAN SERMON

(Copr. 1909 by Bradley-Garretson Co. Ltd.)

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.
Hamlet, Act 1., Sc. 3.

There is nothing that Shakespeare more delights in presenting than friendship. In his plays we find a thousand references to the love of man for man, and woman for woman. In a number of his dramas what most impresses is his study of friendship. Hamlet and Horatio, Antonio and Bassanio, Rosalind and Celia, have as friends, perennial interest to the student.

A true friend, a friend who will stand fast through evil report and good report is not often found. Such a friend to Hamlet is Horatio and the words:

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel."

uttered by pedantic old Polonius to his son Laertes, serve as the keynote of the friendship of Hamlet and Horatio. Hamlet at a later point in the play remarks:

Give me the man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee."

Hamlet—and it is impossible to think of Hamlet without thinking of Shakespeare as speaking through his lips—pictures the true friend. He is the man who "suffering all, suffers nothing." That is to say he willingly, uncomplainingly bears a friends burden. He takes "fortune's buffets and awards with equal thanks." In other words there is no selfishness in his affection. He delights in making sacrifices. The thought of gain never enters his mind. He rejoices in material loss, if it enables him to ease the load his friend is carrying. Friendship of this kind is rare. A man may have many companions, acquaintances, but he can have few friends in the Shakespearian sense of the word. While a man has the "wherewithal to spend" every man will be his friend.

...

"But if store of crowns be scant
No man will supply thy want,"

the poet declares in a pessimistic moment.

The greater a man is the fewer true friends he is likely to have. In time of adversity he is left standing alone, a mark for every scoffer. In the days of his popularity it is "roses, roses all the way," but when he is shorn of his wealth and honors blows, instead of roses, are rained upon him.

Polonius gave good advice to his son. Keep the friends won, "the friends thou hast retain," do nothing to estrange them, they are rare possessions in a world of jealousy and self-seeking. If they have been tried as by fire and have stood the test, they should be grappled to the soul with hoops of steel. Such men should be worn in the heart's core, in the heart of heart, as Hamlet professed to wear his schoolmate, comrade, and friend Horatio. Too often the warmest professed friends fail in the hour of need. In Julius Caesar Shakespeare makes Brutus in referring to Cassius express this idea with strength and fullness:

"Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling; ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony,
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial."

It does not follow, however, that everything a friend may do should be approved. Cassius childingly said to Brutus, "a friend should bear a friend's infirmities." A true man should ever have a word of warning when seeing his friend pursuing a foolish or wickid course. He might still love the sinner while hating his sin, and with the righteous indignation of a Brutus he should warn his friend of his danger.

The friendship of man for man, woman for woman as exemplified in Hamlet and Horatio, Rosalind and Celia, is a holier thing than the love of man for woman, and woman for man. There is nothing that can be compared to it save the love of parent for child. In love in the ordinary sense of the world there is usually an element of selfishness. People are drawn towards each other by beauty, intellectual endowments, pleasing manners. These things gratify the eye and the heart and selfish ownership of them is desired. It is only when men and women are both lovers, and friends in the highest sense of the word that permanent happiness is the result.

LOVE'S LABOR IS NOT LOST.

Shakespeare said something about "Love's labor being lost."

Now, with all his wisdom— which it must be said was wonderful—the bard of Avon was mistaken in this instance.

Love's labor can't be lost—for it is its own reward.

If you bandage a lame dog's sore foot, you are amply rewarded by seeing the lame dog wag its tail as it runs away, aren't you?

If you rescue a homeless kitten, doesn't its purring mews spell "I thank you."?

When a hungry man asks you for a dime for something to eat, and you fork over, you do not expect the man to wait around until next spring to mow your lawn.

The labor you do for your wife and children isn't lost, is it? Aren't you paid tenfold by seeing the girl happy—the girl you so proudly and exultantly led to the altar a few years ago; and aren't you paid ten thousand times by seeing the happiness of the "kiddies?"

You help a woman—and it is certain that any man with one spark of gallantry in his soul is paid in full by the expression of relief in her pained eyes!

Love's labor lost!

Bill, you were, in an un-Shakespearian slang, "off your trolley!"

THE EARLY BIRD

There is some doubt whether the new order from Ottawa making it compulsory to haul lobster traps before six o'clock in the morniog was intended to be binding in every district. Most people, however, understand in that way. An explanation has been asked, but it is not yet forthcoming.

If that rule should prove to be general, no active fishermen on these shores can comply with it, and live by their labor. The season here ends on the first of June, when, at six in the morning the sun is almost two hours high. It would be a long wait for those accustomed to start at daylight. From Cape Sable all the way west, the tide is so strong that the boats can only tend traps on the "slack," that is, either high or low water. Whenever either of these happened just before six o'clock, no traps could be hauled till about midday. Between here and Yarmouth the steamer going west, picks up the catches for shipment by the Boston boat on the afternoon of the same day, and at many of the stations the lots are caught and crated that morning. In the above sad predicament would have to lie over for three days. It is absurd—From The Coast Guard.

INDIANS ON THE INCREASE.

There are now 2103 Indians in Nova Scotia, an increase of 94 over last year. The total Indian population of Canada is 86,469, an increase over last year of 400. This shows that contrary to the general belief, the Indians are not dying out.

LEARNING ENGLISH ON HIS KNEES.

The president of the Barcalo Manufacturing Company of Buffalo asked the educational director of the Y. M. C. A. why a class could not be conducted in his factory instead of making the men come away uptown at night to the Association building. He was told there was no reason, that all that was necessary was to find out what the man wanted and the Association would send a teacher to conduct a class anywhere that the men wished. A canvass of his factory indicated that there were some twenty foreigners anxious to learn English. This was the first class started. The director and the teacher arrived at the appointed time, fifteen minutes after the whistle blew, shutting down the factory for the day. One Hungarian ambled bashfully into the room, soon followed by another who would find no place for his dinner pail. It looked for a while as though the other fifteen or more men had been waylaid, but soon they started to come in, and by the time the teacher had taught by the Roberts method "It is six o'clock" there were twenty-four foreigners taking in the instruction. Hungarians, German and Russian Poles and Italians made up the class. A Barcalo bed had been introduced into the room, and the instructor illustrated the lesson of awakening from sleep. When it came to the writing part of the lesson, the table space would only accommodate two-thirds of the men, some of the students wrote standing up, others on their laps, while one remained for tweaty minutes on his knees writing on the chair that he had been occupying.

Not counting upon this large number, the leaflets would not go around, so one Italian insisted upon staying overtime to make copies of the first lesson, so as to study it at home. The accomplishment which interested the president of the company most was that of "Teck," a Hungarian, who had never written in either his native tongue or English, but who made an excellent copy of one-half of the lesson before the time of closing arrived.

A WONDERFUL GIRL.

The most wonderful girl in the world lives in Massachusetts. The "story" says she is 19, weighs 189 pounds "and carries no superfluous flesh," and it must be true, for further on it is stated "she stands 6 feet 3¾ inches in her stockings," under which circumstance the adipose tissue would necessarily be visible if she had it. Recently she ran 100 yards in 11½ seconds, "wearing skirts," and swam 100 feet in 23 seconds—without the apparel, of course. One is led to wonder what her sprinting record would be should she change costumes. She has thrown a baseball 262 feet 6 inches and skated a half mile in 40 seconds, but the time is not given for her greatest endeavor—Can she button her waist up the back, and how quickly.