

As to Vacations.

"After vacations on three continents and one ocean" said the young Englishman, with the expansive assurance of his kind, "I prefer the ocean. It's the only place to take a holiday. I felt that I had room to move there."

The American girl smiled. "How nice—for you," she said sweetly. "It must have reminded you of what certain of your own poets have called 'the splendid isolation of your belted isle.'"

The Englishman winced. This sort of treatment had been more or less continuous from this girl from Baltimore.

"It wasn't a poet who said that," he corrected, "it was a nailmaker—Chamberlain."

"Well, it sounds like poetry," said the American girl.

The Englishman abdicated.

"I wouldn't know it from prose," he admitted, "but let me tell you about my vacations."

"I would let you tell me about anything," she assured him. He moved his fingers to where her white hand had lain, but they only touched the cold garden seat.

"Would you?" he asked.

"Anything about vacations," she answered.

He bit the end off a cigar.

"The first was with the bald-headed man on the Brixton 'bus."

"Who is he?"

"Oh, he's the great middle class of the British Empire. Or, he thinks he is. He lives in Brixton, which is an impeccable suburb of London, and he rides to business on the horse cars. He reads the Morning Post because he thinks it is edited with a suitable regard for the eye of the tenderest maids, and he swears by the House of Lords and what he calls 'our aristocracy.'"

And he goes to Margate for his holiday—with mother and the children. Poor old beggar. They live in a cheap boarding house and turn pleasure into labor. Thousands and thousands of them infest those sands every day. Father builds sand forts and goes a paddling with the children while mother sits by and sweaters in the sun. The children ride on penny donkeys—but the rides are limited because the pennies are few. And when they get home again tired and weary it is probably to find that the vacation burglar has removed the electroplated dinner service and trampled with ruthless feet over the parlor carpet."

"Were your own circumstances so straitened when you participated?"

"No," he interrupted. "They weren't. But somehow, do you know, my abiding memory of England is one of that sort. The limited circumstances of the common people. The need of extracting pleasure from small things."

"And the others?"

"The next was in Tasmania. A little island away down in the Pacific that hangs like a tear dropped from the big, parched continent of Australia. And pretty! Why, it's a lotus eating land. A place where it is always afternoon. There's a town on one side of it called Hobart and a town on the other called Daunceston. The one has a beautiful river and the other a splendidly picturesque harbor. It's a day's ride between the two by train. If you were in a hurry you would walk. But you never were. You dawdled. And the girls there! Eyes like sloes, cheeks like peaches, lips like cherries!"

"And you didn't—?" she said.

"I did."

"Did what?"

"Just dawdled there."

"Tell me about the next," she suggested. Her little hand was on the garden seat again, clear white in the moonlight.

"That was on the ocean," he said, "on the big Pacific. I am tremendously fond of the ocean."

"Still?" she questioned.

His hand slipped down again. Hers was not removed this time.

"Conditionally," he answered. "You know Kipling: There may be triple ways to take with the tiger and the snake. Or the ways of a man with a maid. But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea. In the heels of the northeast trade."

"And that's how it seems now. We could sit on that deck together in the moonlight—like this, with the great blue disk of rocking water around us and the old ship snoring through it all, so sleepy and contented. And the whole world's just made for me and you."

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And I should tell you then—

"But, my, you would have to tell me sooner or—"

"Or what?"

How white her hands was, but how warm.

"Or, else we couldn't be there."

So he told her.—[H. O'N., in Kansas City Star.

—We learn from a Montreal newspaper that no fewer than sixty-three gamblers were hauled in by the police in the course of a series of raids on Saturday night last. And the sinners were white men, which may have caused the Chinese fantanners to laugh. We are not told whether all the sixty-three were brought before the court, but a telegram of Monday tells us that "twenty-four well known citizens" were that morning fined \$25 apiece as the result of a raid on a gambling house at 11½ McGill College Avenue at an early hour Sunday morning. James Simpson, the proprietor of the faro, roulette, poker outfit, was remanded until a later day for sentence. It would hardly be fair to Montreal to assume that the twenty-four were all "well-known citizens" in the fullest sense. We must suppose this to be a reporter's phrase, such as sometimes credits a silly serving maid or factory girl who runs off with a married man, with being a "society young lady of great beauty."

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Shorter Hours On The Farm.

A plea for shorter hours for farm hands and for farmers themselves is made in the August issue of Successful Agriculture and Forestry Review, published at Brandon: "One of the objections to working on the farm is the long and irregular hours exacted of hired help in some localities. Farm laborers complain of overwork, particularly on many dairy farms, where the proprietors are obliged to deliver their milk at the station at an early morning hour." And the suggestion is made that if the early morning service could be deducted from that performed in doing the late evening chores the hired man would not complain so much of overwork. His hours now, on many farms, according to our contemporary, are from four in the morning until eight at night. No wonder, therefore, that hired men complain and that it is difficult to get them; no wonder either that a lifetime of such hours makes a farmer a physical wreck prematurely. The farmer ought not to need to work so much longer than the factory hand.

Let us say, however, that we are by no means carried away by the prevailing cry in the labor world of shorter hours. There are a lot of lazy people calling themselves first-class mechanics, who are being persuaded by still lazier agitators or labor organizers, that what has been already achieved in lessening a day's work from ten hours to nine, and from nine hours to eight, is not enough, but that forty-four hours a week or even forty-two is enough for them to work. This is the argument of the slothful drone, who would not want to work at all if he could "beat" his way, or else of the smart-Aleck with no knowledge of business principles. Neither of the classes of persons reflects that, given two nations, the mechanics in one of which work eight hours per day, and in the other only seven, the nation which works longer, other things being equal, will produce most and will surpass the other in a world's trade. We do not contend that our artisans should work twelve hours out of twenty-four, as used often to be the case in the old days; for the improved conditions enable modern labor to do as much effective work in eight or nine hours as used to be done in twelve. But we object to the arrogant and shortsighted way in which many now-a-days are clamoring for shorter hours and more pay without considering whether a country can afford the one or its

manufacturers the other.

Our contemporary continues his argument for shorter hours on the farm thus:—

"While farmers cannot compete with mechanics in the eight-hour day, they can at least restrict a day's work to reasonable limits for men and horses. The fresh horses will perform more work in a ten-hour day in a week and the hired man will do more in a twelve hour day than if the work is extended to a sixteen hour day."

"All the great factories, railways and industrial establishments require specified hours' service of their employees to comprise a day's work. In Europe on farms that employ many laborers, regulation hours of service are adopted, and it is the duty of the superintendent to see that the men are at their tasks and rightly employ their time during the working schedule. As our country grows older all defects in the working hours on the farm will be remedied and uniformity or service be generally adjusted to the mutual benefit of the farmer and the hired man."—The Monetary Times.

A peculiar story comes from Windsor, Ont. About seventy years ago, it appears, Joseph Demister, one of the big lumber dealers of his day, started a raft of oak logs down the Lindsay river so late in the season that it was caught in the ice in Lake Scugog and sunk, because of not being properly buoyed up by lighter timber. For some reason the raft was never located. N. W. Trimble, a grandson of Demister, who until recently resided at Elmstead, spent nearly a year in a quiet hunt for the raft, which lies under thirty feet of water, and imbedded in the mud. About a month ago he was successful in locating it. He says it contains several thousand sticks of white oak, cut and squared. Each stick contains 160 cubic feet, worth at the present one dollar per cubic foot. There are probably one million dollars' worth of timber in the raft. Mr. Trimble says he will remove to the locality of Lake Scugog, where he intends to remain until the work is completed. He will use barges with tackle and hoisting engines to pull out the logs.

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The Beginning of The Sideboard.

When some enthusiastic furniture collector tells you that he has a sideboard three hundred years old, do not believe him, writes N. Hudson Moore in the November Delineator: for their were no sideboards then, no, nor a hundred and fifty years ago, either. The earliest ones are not more than one hundred and twenty-five or thirty years of age, and such antiques as these are few and far between. None of them are to be "picked up." Before that the table was the only large piece of dining-room furniture.

The first man to make what we know as sideboards was a cabinet-maker named Thomas Shearer of London, England, who issued a book of designs in the year 1788. That they were immediately popular is shown by the fact that all the other cabinet-makers took to making them, too, and in 1789 Hepplewhite published a book with his designs, and two years later came Sheraton with his. After this the sideboard may be said to have been established.

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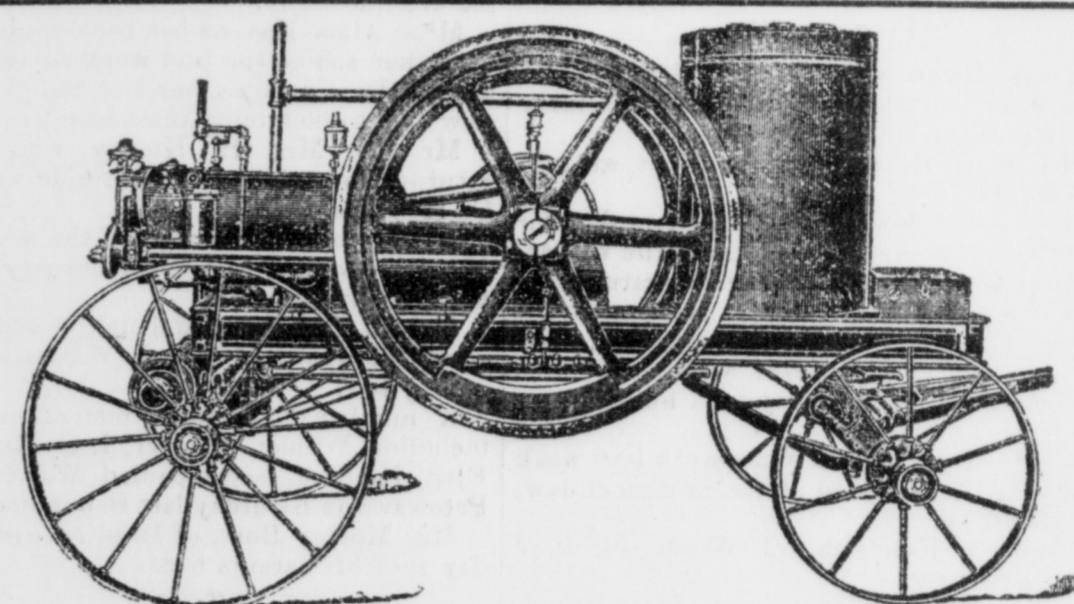
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