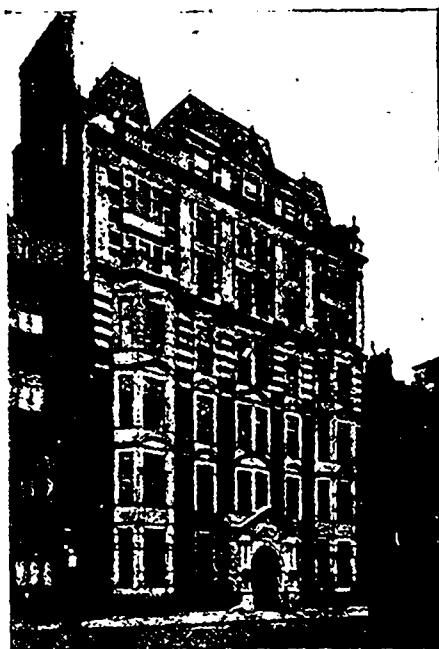


Pitman's Metropolitan School,
142-154 Southampton Row, - LONDON, W. C.



FRONT VIEW OF THE SCHOOL FROM RUSSELL SQUARE.

The new and handsome building erected at the corner of Russell square, London, England, as the future home of Pitman's Metropolitan School, is now completed, a cut of which we take pleasure in presenting herewith. The removal from the chambers in Chancery Lane—in which the School had been successfully carried on for the past 28 years—to the present palatial structure, has been necessitated by the remarkable growth in the size of the School. The erection of the new building was commenced in February, 1897, and completed in June last. It is an imposing structure in the Renaissance style, the elevation being carried out in red brick, with Portland stone dressings. The entrance porch is built entirely of stone, and has a richly carved shield over the doorway, which bears the name of the School. The frontage of the building is 67 feet, and the depth 110 feet. The building contains in all seven floors and a basement. The first floor is largely devoted to the requirements of shorthand speed practice for different grades of students. There are ten instruction rooms on the second floor, four of the larger being devoted to shorthand instruction for ladies. The larger portion of the third floor is occupied by the fine Book-keeping and Business Training Hall, which is furnished throughout with specially made desks similar to those used in mercantile offices. The hall is supplied with all the latest appliances for filing and press copying letters, and for obtaining a practical knowledge of banking. The whole of the front of the fourth floor is devoted to typewriting, the instruction being conducted in two rooms. Over one hundred machines are in constant use; each machine stands on a walnut typewriter table, and is provided with a copyholder. All the principal makes of typewriters are represented, and the student has the choice of any machine. Copying presses form part of the equipment of the department. A skilled mechanic is employed to keep every machine in the establishment in absolutely perfect working order. Four pleasant

rooms on the fifth floor are devoted to languages. In the German room there are excellent busts of the Emperor William II. and the late Prince Bismarck, and some very good views of the Kiel Canal. In the rooms mentioned above accommodation is provided for a total of 1,500 students. The sixth floor contains the housekeeper's apartments and several other rooms.

The permanent staff engaged at the School numbers over eighty.

Mr. Bernard deBear is the Principal. A portrait and very interesting biographical sketch of this gentleman appeared in our Souvenir Number.

A HITCH IN A BRILLIANT SCHEME.

MADE BY A STUPID STENOGRAPHER, AND WIFEY
CAME BACK POST HASTE.

From the Omaha *World-Herald*.

An Omaha man, whose business is to write a great deal, and not in the shape of correspondence, would rather take quinine than write letters. His wife is a great letter-writer, and when she goes away she insists on receiving a daily letter from her husband. If he fails she comes home in short order, and for a time the atmosphere of the home is frigid.

A short time ago the wife went on a visit to her parents, and before leaving gave her husband explicit instructions to write every day. He promised to do so, and meant to keep his promise. He forgot the first day until too late, so he wired that he would write the following day. That night he secured the services of a stenographer and dictated a letter.

"Now I want you to use that letter as a model," he said to the stenographer, "and write twelve others, all differently worded, but containing about the same thing. Date each one a day ahead of the other, put each into an envelope properly addressed, and attend to mailing for me. Here's \$5 for your trouble."

The stenographer, who was young and inexperienced, agreed.

Three days later the husband received a telegram, reading: "Will be home on first train. Meet me." The wife's name appeared at the bottom.

The husband was distressed, fearing that something had happened. Time passed slowly, but at last the train arrived. When his wife stepped from the train he grasped her and asked:

"What's the matter, my dear?"

The wife said not a word, but walked into the depot. Then she opened her little grip and quietly handed her husband a bunch of letters.

The stenographer had followed the instructions, but she had mailed all the letters on the same day.

If you want to succeed in the world, you must make your own opportunities as you go. You can commit no greater folly than to sit by the wayside until some one comes along and invites you to ride with him to wealth and influence.—Gough.

The September and October Sales of the Companion have exceeded all previous issues since the first number. There are only a few copies left, which can be obtained at the office, 2235 St. Catherine St.