Woman and the World.

What Foreigners Think of the American Girl.

From the Boston Transcript.

The first man I found who could formulate an answer to my question, although an Englishman, was not traditionally insular, being of middle age and cosmopolitan by nature and living.

With a laugh, he said: "This is a hard nut to crack, especially in the presence of an American lady, but," hesitating an instant, "as from man to man, I should say the superior charm of the American woman, generally speaking, lies in an indescribable abandon an uncertainty of her. I, for one, never have the faintest conception of what she is going to do next, although, without even thinking the question over, I am always certain that her freedom of manner has it strictly drawn limits, and that no man would venture further than he unconsoiously felt she desired him to go. The constant surprises she gives me in thought and manner keep me on the alert, wake me up; make me quite proud of my own cleverness, when, no doubt, it is hers all the time. Our women gain considerable of this sort of freedom, and what you Americans call 'go' after marriage; but, if they do venture into that sort of thing beforehand, indiscriminating critics are apt to call them 'fast.' I am not sure," he continued, "that I should wish such freedom of speech and social intercourse with men to continue after marriage, if the woman were my wife, and this very feeling perhaps accounts for the few international marriages made out of a certain fashionable set where the affair is only an alliance."

"Rather a selfish view, don't you think?" I asked. "You admire her unconscious, almost childlike manner, as her chief charm before she becomes part of your goods and chattels, but afterward you would rob her of her greatest attraction to other people from common, everyday jealousy. If you trusted her before, surely that confidence should only increase as the years go by, unless she actually commits some act worthy of your wholesale condemnation."

"I cannot refute your argument, for it is sound," he answered. "But the fact remains the same, although clearly devoid of reason. Man is not a reasoning beast where his emotions are concerned, as you know. Therefore, if I ever marry, it will be an English girl, who will not treat every other chap just about the same as she does me on the surface." A young Oxford man replied to my question, "Why do you like American girls?" "You seem to take it for granted that I do! Well, you about hit me off, I confess. Let me see, why do I? First of all, they are such jolly chaps! Those who are working for degrees at Oxford, when not buried in Sanscrit or Greek, are up to anything. They dance like everything, and talk about the Egglish athletic maiden, why, an American girl goes in even for football, and, when she does play, plays well!"

A prospective baronet of still tender years said: "Well, just between ourselves, the reason I like American girls is that they never give a man, on being introduced, the impression that they look upon him as a possible conquest. The Amerioan girl assumes that she and I are to be friends, that lovemaking bores her, and the further I keep away from that attitude the more she will think of me. Whether this is honestly her thought on the subject or not I am not certain. If she holds that such shy fighting urges a man on, she is about right, but I intend to give her the benefit of the doubt until some one of them shows plainly this ulterior motive. I usually receive the impression that lovers grow on bushes in America, and that she is rather relieved than otherwise to meet a man on a purely platonic basis; accordingly I do my best to keep up my end of the bargain. Now, with our own girls I regret to say there is a self-conscious manner from the moment of presentation, as though she were weighing me in the balance as a future husband. The friendly advances I would make to an American girl safely would, by my own countrywomen, be mistaken for 'intentions.' A clever American girl said to me once 'I should like nothing better than to hit you, just to see if you would break in two or not! You stiffen up about every five minutes, both physically and mentally, as though you were holding on to yourself! What are you afraid of? That I expect you to fall in love with me? If so, you are greatly mistaken; nothing would bore me more; besides,' holding up for my inspection the third finger of her left hand, on which shone a sapphire and diamond ring, 'it wouldn't be of the slightest use; I am engaegd. So please be yourself, as you are with married women, if you wish me to remember you with any pleasure.' I took this reprimand in good part, for I saw the justice of it, and we became such friends as I had thought before only two chaps could be. I, for one, consider this the ideal relation between man and woman, and, therefore, feel deeply grateful to the Americans for their pioneer work upon that delicate ground."

How to Keep Young.

From Household News.

"There is one thing I shall never meet with resignation," lately exclaimed one woman to an intimate friend, "that is, the approach of age. Here I am at 45, with crows' feet showing at my temples, and, as I live, the gray hairs are coming! It makes me wretched to think about it."

"Don't grow old then," replied her friend. "Determine to feel young, and you'll keep young."

"Nonsense!" said the first speaker; "that is not practical. The years will fly over my head just the same. No one can stop the ravages of time."

"Yes, you mistake. No one can stay the flight of time, but we can stay his ravages. If there's one thing life teaches us more than another, it is that we should cheerfully submit to the inevitable. In this way it is deprived of its sting. By training, too, we can keep youthful, even to the day of our death, though we round out a century."

"We cannot do this by the use of powder and paint, nor by putting on the furbelows and colors of a girl of eighteen. But we can keep young and fresh by taking a vital interest in people and things. Look at the stirring scenes and events of the world, at the inventions and improvements, the great movements of our time. Why, of all the age, this is by far the most interesting and important."

"An interest in current events, a love of humanity, a sympathy with those about us, even the poorest and humblest, these preserve the body as they freshen the spirit. They are the real cosmetics. Why, my friend, to sit down and bemoan the passing years is suicidal. Jump on the car of progress, and ride with it; refuse to be left behind. See what women are doing, and aspiring to do, all over the world. Get in sympathy with whatever is helpful to women, and you are in sympathy with the best things in the world. Forget the passing months. A quickened interest in life will give a charm, a freshness, a forgetfulness of the narrow, petty, sordid ways of thinking and feeling, that will be an inspiration to your family."

"How can you expect to hold the confidence of your boys and girls, how keep in touch with their unfolding lives, unless you interest yourself in all they think and do! Don't let anything keep you from that. Cut off superfluities, go with one street dress, and no desserts on your table, but never cease to keep up, in a general way, with all the great movements of the age. Associate with young people, love them, and you'll never feel old, or be thought so by others. Your body will be kept alert and active, your heart sweet and tender, your mind vigorous and judicial. That is my antidote for age, and a good one, too."

Natural Flowers Embedded in Tiles.

Upholsterer.

Cut flowers petrified by a process which preserves their color, and then embedded in a hard, transparent substance, the composition of which is secret, are now used for decorative tiling or flooring. A material has been discovered, combined with a process, which is the inventor's secret, for completely hardening, and, so to speak, petrifying natural flowers (and, what is more wonderful, preserving their colors), and embedding them flush into the surface of a kind of liquid marble, or alabaster, the whole receiving several coatings of a transparent polishing substance, and drying hard as a rock. Some dadoes and friezes in a new house were made by this method, with sunflowers, peonies and dahlias, and are said to be very handsome. The London residence of one of our countrymen, whose identity is concealed by the description, "A wealthy American gentleman," has the conservatory floor studded by this new process with chrysanthemums of every known variety and color. Another floor is a deep water effect, with white lilies, and with minnows swimming below a transparent surface. The treatment is beautifully applied to table-tops and small panels.

World's Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Temperance women have long felt the need of trained evangelists. At its last session the W. W. C. T. U. made a department to meet this need, and elected Mrs. J. Fowler Willing its superintendent.

The school is already under way. After consultation with Miss Willard and Miss Greenwood a course of study was wrought out, an outline of which we take great pleasure in submitting to our friends.

The school is open to all who believe themselves called to public work for our Lord, others, as well as W. C. T. U. women. It is meant not so much to furnish facts for use, as to show one how to make the most of her own ability to gather her own material, and use it to advantage. Each student will be required to take only so much of the course as she needs for deep spirituality, clear thinking, safe hygiene, and evangelistic skill.

New York City is the providential site of the school. A needy mission field in the vicinity of the Home, and a large hall, give ample opportunity for practice. New York furnishes the best helps for study. It can be conveniently reached by our workers in other countries, till branch schools can be established in their own lands.

Tuition free. Cost of living is within reach of all.

So far Mrs. Willing has borne the main expense of it all. She ought to have help.

Any one who sends money, stamps, house furnishings, food or clothing, for the poor, to the value of 50 cents, will receive a copy of the booklet that Mrs. Willing has written upon the life of Dr. Willing, entitled, "A Prince of the Realm," as a token of appreciation of the gift. Address J. Fowler Willing, 463 West Thirty-Second street, New York city.

About Lace.

From Table Talk.

Lace grows in favor as an inheritance, ranking with silver and jewels as an heirloom. The bridal veil so long made from simple tulle, is now revived (as in old times) in "real lace," either Brussels Point, Honiton, Point de Venice, etc., as the purse warrants. It is not at the present time an unusual thing for this veil to cost from $1,000 to $5,000—to be worn only once, and then packed away for the wedding of the daughter yet unborn! Fortunately, each conscience must be a law unto itself, but with this extravagance it would seem the old-time sermons "to repress lace," might not come amiss occasionally. How great the value of $5,000 to deserving charities! It will permanently endow a free bed in a hospital, clothe and feed many dear little children, give opportunity of useful knowledge to young minds that thirst for it, and accomplish many other sweet missions in the Master's service.

Curiously, in connection with lace in this country, is a clipping from a New York paper of a very recent date. "What became of the lace?" is its sensational heading, a question it seems as yet without satisfactory answer. Six yards of lace, valued at $6,000, was intrusted by Mrs. Erastus Corning to a well-known fashionable modiste in the aforesaid city. It was to be put upon a new gown, but before this was accomplished it was stolen from the safe of the dressmaker, where it had been put for security. Although still missing, the history of this lace is not without interest, as once owned by Eugenie, the beautiful Empress of France, and by whom it was sold to Worth, and afterwards by him to Mrs. Corning. It thus far promises to remain a lost treasure, although rewards and detectives are not wanting in its recovery.

The late Mrs. John Jacob Astor purchased a lace gown in Paris, paying $17,500 for it, and another well-known woman in New York soon after gave $25,000 for a robe of the same material. Many other wealthy women in this country own rare and valuable collections of laces, and are constantly increasing them by frequent purchase. Numberless collections of choice laces are owned in Philadelphia, but most extensive among them is that of Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, which embraces rare specimens of all the most costly foreign laces, both ancient and modern.

One of the most costly pieces of lace on record was made for the Empress Eugenie in the days of her beauty and power, but never came into her possession, for some reason not made public. It is a flounce of Brussels, five yards in length and one and one-quarter yards in width, the design unbroken and not to be cut. Its original cost was $20,000 per yard, or $100,000 for the whole flounce. In comparison with this, the Honiton lace which decorated Queen Victoria's wedding gown seems modest in price at $5,000.

Notes and Incidents.

Prof. Henry Drummond's condition is, it is stated, again causing anxiety to his friends. He is staying at Tunbridge Wells.

Evangelical Christians throughout the world will be interested in the 10th international conference of the Evangelical Alliance, which meets next summer in London.

Mr. Moody, the evangelist, recalls the fact that when a boy he used often to trot to church barefooted, carrying his shoes in his hand to save the wear, and only putting them on when near the sanctuary.

"As an Irishman, speaking to Irishmen, I take the liberty," said Archbishop Walsh, at Toronto, the other day, "of pointing out that the greatest curse which has ever afflicted Ireland is intemperance."

It is now announced that the W.W. C.T.U. secretary, Miss Slack, will leave England in August for the United States, and will be glad to address meetings en route to California previous to the National W. C. T. U. meeting at San Francisco.

The Y. W. C. A. was started 41 years ago, and has now 5,000 associations, comprising 500,000 members. In France 130 associations have been started through the instrumentality of the McAll Mission. There are 1,340 societies in the British Isles and 360 in the United States.

The Bishop of London, recently, in introducing the temperance delegation to the Prime Minister, pointed out that, whereas it takes one thousand people to support a baker's shop, and seven or eight hundred to maintain a butcher, both dealing in necessaries of life, there is in many parts of Great Britain a public house to every one hundred or one hundred and twenty.

Sir George Goldie, governor of the Royal Niger Company, truly says: "I have long been convinced that the whole African movement will end in failure unless European spirits are practically excluded. . . . I cannot believe that the conscience of Europe will long allow that the vast and populous regions of tropical Africa should be used as a cesspool of European alcohol."

The B. W. T. A. presented to Lady Katherine Somerset on her marriage, a set of beautiful volumes of the classic poets bound in morocco and calf; there were 60 volumes in all, which were fitted to a charming little revolving bookcase. A suitable inscription was placed in the books. Lady Henry Somerset's daughter-in-law was charmed with the gift and greatly appreciates the love and esteem British women have for Lady Henry and their good wishes for herself on the occasion of her marriage.

I think that in the matter of inadequate sentences the following easily cuts all previous records. A "new" journalist might have been tempted to head the report, "Wives Are Cheap Today." At the Central Criminal Court on Friday a Lambeth farmer was brought up to receive sentence for killing his wife in Waldeck buildings, Waterloo road. He had been indicted for willful murder, but the grand jury ignored the bill. It appeared that the prisoner had thrashed his wife with his braces, and at the post mortem examination the most terrible fractures—including a broken breastbone—were discovered. The jury, however, found the animal guilty of only a common assault. Justice Wills said the prisoner had committed a violent assault on a drunken woman—an assault he had no right to commit, as, in the first place, the parties were six of one and half a dozen of the other in the matter of drink. The prisoner had been in custody a month, and he should sentence him to a further term of three months' hard labor! One would like to see a photograph of the twelve good men and true who found this brute guilty of a common assault. The wife-beaters of London—a very numerous army—should subscribe and present each of them with a silver cup.

Causes Why Young Men Fail.

Young men are seldom aware how easily the brain may be overtaxed; how delicate and sensitive this organ is in many individuals; they are apt to think they can do what others do; they work the mind and the body at the same time—when they begin to fail they only increase the effort, and nothing can be more foolish than this. They do not understand how to manage themselves, as the phrase is; the common rules of diet and exercise are hardly thought of by them. "I can work so much better at night," is the constant reply to the physician, or elder friend who remonstrates; and they are apt to be assured that no practice which is pleasant to them can ever be injurious to health. They find the memory fail, the head no longer clear; the interest in study flags; and they attribute these symptoms to some mysterious cause with which they have nothing to do. Will they hear the words of the Apostle? "He that striveth for masteries is temperate in all things"; and yet it is a more subtle kind of training than that of the athlete, in which they must exercise themselves, a training which regulates and strengthens mind and body at once. Again let them listen to the words of St. Paul: "Wherefore whether we eat or drink, let us do all to the glory of God." The care of his own health and morals is the greatest trust which is committed to a young man, and often and often the loss of ability, the degeneracy of character, the want of self-control, is due to his neglect of them.—Prof. Jowett.

The Downfallen Kings.

The French intend to deport Rainilaiarivony, who has been for so many years Prime Minister of Madagascar, to Algeria. An interesting book could be written, telling the story of the African kings, or, rather, great chiefs in exile. There is Arabi in Ceylon, and Zobeir, who was sent to Gibraltar. Then there is Ja-Ja, whom the English dispatched to the West Indies (with a badly-selected lot of wives, as he complained pathetically), and Behanzin of Dahomey, who was lately indebted to the French for a passage to Martinique. The English, too, have Zulu chiefs interned at St. Helena—Gungunhana and Prempeh—whose future residence is still to be decided.

Some Peculiar Children

By Max O'Rell, in Youth's Companion.

FROM 1876 to 1884 I was a master of St. Paul's School, today, the foremost classical school of England. Whether I should boast of it or not, I do not know.

In England, an under-schoolmaster stands about on the lowest step of the social ladder, and even if he be a teacher in one of the great public schools, he obtains practically the same recognition in society that the poor drudge of an usher receives. In France the schoolmaster is a professional man of high standing, and Alphonse Daudet boasts of having been one. Many of our academicians, ambassadors, ministers, have been schoolmasters.

In Holland people touch their hats when they pass a schoolmaster. In Italy the teaching profession is often embraced by the members of the nobility. But in England, to have been a schoolmaster is well-nigh having a stain on one's character, and when an English critic, in Great Britain or the British colonies, has wished to be particularly offensive in his remarks about my work and myself, he has thrown it in my face.

I once asked through the English press, "What is the matter with schoolmasters? Is there any opprobrium attached to that profession? If so, why?"

This brought about many answers. Charles Dickens is the cause of it, said some. The British public saw in Wackford Squeers the typical schoolmaster. Because teaching is the worst paid of all professions, replied others. Another reason given was that, in the eyes of the public, the schoolmaster is a man who canes little boys, which is not a very dignified occupation. And so on.

Well, I consider things from a rather French point of view. For eight years of my life I was a schoolmaster, and I am rather inclined to be proud of it. I was happy. Though a schoolmaster, I received a respectable salary, I never used a cane in my life except as a companion in my walks, and I felt that I was a useful member of society.

I loved my boys, big or small, clever or stupid. They respected me, and judging from the expression of their faces when they gathered round me, I believe that their respect for me was mingled with affection. And if a man has any sense of humor and delights in studying human nature, is there in the world for him a better field of observation than the schoolroom? Is there anything more interesting than the struggle for victory between a man and forty or fifty dear young boys full of life and mischief?

I loved them all, and the more wicked they were the more I loved them. I never objected to any, except the few who aimed at being perfect, especially those who succeeded in their efforts.

I must confess, however, to having had a weakness for younger boys. No doubt the work was more interesting in the advanced classes; but a room full of boys from eleven to twelve or thirteen years of age seldom failed to afford me an opportunity to use my glasses with profit.

To watch a young rascal using his ingenuity to shirk his work or avoid detection of a breach of discipline was a great source of amusement to me. To overhear his remarks about me; to listen to his repartees; to read his "essays"; to admire his resolution to do his work well by writing the first two lines of his exercise with his best hand, and to realize how soon he got tired of it by seeing signs of flagging on the third line; to listen to him swaggering about his social standing—all that made life worth living.

What dear little snobs I met who were not much over ten years of age! What early training they must have had at home! Peculiar children are, as a rule, children of peculiar fathers and mothers—especially mothers.

Once a lady wrote to the head master:

"Dear Sir,—It is our intention to place our boy under your care, but before we do so we should like to know what the social standard of your school is."

The head master was equal to the occasion. He replied:

"Dear Madam,—So long as your boy behaves well, and his fees are paid regularly, no inquiry will be made about his antecedents."

And it is something worth hearing, that swaggering of little English boys about their social standing. First, the young heirs to titles, then the sons of the gentry, the sons of professional men, the sons of merchants, the sons of clerks—all these are sets perfectly distinct.

"I say, what do you think I have heard?" I once overheard a little boy of ten say to a young school fellow. "You know Brown? Well, I heard today that his father keeps a store."

This seemed to take away the breath of the other little boy. He was staggered, and grew pale with amazement.

"You don't say so!" he ejaculated. "I thought he was a gentleman!" and the two young society boys separated with a grave, high handshake.

I had great admiration for the ingenuity of boys with a conscience; the one, for instance, who, when he was not quite sure whether it was the second or third exercise he had to do, did neither, "for fear of doing the wrong one"; the one who did not do his work at home "because grandmamma died last night"; also the one who explained the great number of mistakes to be found in his home-work by pleading, "Papa will help me."

I pass over the one "who had a bad headache last night," and brought a letter from his mother to that effect; the one who did his exercise, but lost it; the one "who knew his lesson," but could not say it; and may others who made excuses that failed to "pay," and will never have a chance of making a living otherwise than by honesty—which is the easiest way after all.

THE MOST INGENIOUS BOY OF ALL.

One, however, that I cannot pass over is that ingenious boy who, when he is not quite sure whether the plural of egal is egals or egaux, makes a blot at the end of the word in such a way as to hide the last two letters. But what is this boy compared to the one who, being asked for the plural of egal, said, "Two gals?"

I always objected to mothers' pets. They might be exemplary, admirable, at home; but in spite of their irreproachable linen and their hair parted in the middle, they were, as a rule, very objectionable at school. They had a blind confidence in their mothers, and were taught at home never to trust anybody else. When you made a statement before them, they looked at you suspiciously, as much as to say, "I'll ask mother if all that is right."

These mothers would write to me to explain what geniuses their boys were, and how lucky I ought to feel to have to deal with them. The letters were full of hints on teaching, and of advice on the subject.

Sometimes they contained an invitation to dinner. Much as you love boys, when you have been with them five hours a day or so you do not rush for invitations to meet them at dinner.

Among my recollections, I will give you a few translations that show great ingenuity on the part of the perpetrators.

A boy, reading from a play that was being translated at sight in class, came across the phrase, "Calmez-vous, monsieur." He naturally translated this by, "Calm yourself, sir." I said to him: "Now, don't you think this is a little stiff? Couldn't you give me something a little more colloquial? For instance, what would you say yourself in a like case?"

The boy reflected a few seconds and said: "Keep your hair on, old man."

Another, having to translate "Mon frere a raison at ma soeur a tort," came out with, "My brother has raisins and my sister has tart."

Ingenuity that amounts to genius is shown in the two following cases:

A boy was asked to give the derivation of the French word tropique. His answer was: "It comes from the French word trop, which means too much, heat understood, andique, from the Latin hic (here); that is, "It is too hot here."

Another, being asked the origin of the word dimanche, answered: "It comes from di (twice) and mancher (to eat), because you generally have two meals on that day."

THE LANGUAGE OF THE DICTIONARY.

If boys are remarkable in the way they put French into English, they are still more wonderful in the way they put English into French. When they translate French into English, they do not use the English that serves them to express their thoughts at home with their parents, brothers and sisters, or at school with their masters or comrades; the English they use is a special article kept for the purpose. And when you remark to them that there is no sense in what they have written, they seem to be of your opinion; but the fault is not with them; it is with the French text that has no sense for them.

When they translate English into French, it is with the help of that most treacherous friend of boys, the dictionary. When several French words are given for one English word, the lazy ones take the first always; the indifferent ones take any—one is as good as another; the shrewd boys always take the last; to make you believe that they have been carefully through the whole list, and have made a choice only after long and mature reflection.

Sometimes they are right; as a rule they are wrong. When they are right, Providence alone has to be thanked for it; and it will be so as long as modern languages are taught through the eyes with the help of books, instead of being taught through the mouth and ears, without the help of any books; for a couple of years, at any rate.

Let us examine a few peculiar children; and for that matter, I do not think that a schoolroom in England very much differs from a schoolroom in France, in America, or anywhere else. The genus boy is pretty well the same all the world over—no better than he should be, a boy.

On the first row, desirous to be near you, is the painstaking industrious boy, who takes in all you say, has a blind confidence in you, and is never caught chatting. He is dull, but well meaning; a respectable boy. He is careful to the extreme. His books are covered with brown paper or American cloth, and when he has finished with them they are so tidy, so clean, that they have the same market value as they had when he bought them second-hand. He writes his rough copies on backs of old exercises, and invariably wipes his pen when he is done with it.

Near him is the deaf boy—a trial this one, especially if he is deaf of one ear only. He always turns this one to you, and has a pretext of having "not quite heard" what you said when you mentioned what the home work would be.

Not far off is the sneak, who edifies you by his most exemplary conduct. He is an insult to the rest of the class. Turn your head away for a moment, however, and you will seldom fail to find him at fault. So long as you face the boys, his eyes are directed on you.

Next are sitting side by side two brothers. They are quiet. I always placed brothers next to each other. Brothers will quarrel, but seldom want to have a quiet chat together. A little farther behind is Master Whirligig, who, at the end of the term, will be able to tell you the exact number of flies that passed through the room.

Not far off is a pet boy of mine. He is smeared with ink. He holds his pen with his five fingers gathered together, and dips the whole right to the bottom of the ink-stand, withdrawing it dripping. He sniffs ink, licks it, loves it; he would dive into it if he could. On Monday morning, fresh from home and a good Sunday scouring, he is lovely; a pair of bright eyes, sweet yet manly, beaming over with intelligence and mischief.

Not far from this charming boy is my pet aversion, the bully—not the bright, mischievous, unruly rascal that you love, but the dull, heavy, frowning, sulky bully. This one hides from you as much as he can. He is never anxious to be asked questions. He is modest, and tries to escape notice. He hopes that if he does not disturb your peace, you will not disturb his. He never shows any jealousy towards any boy who gives you right answers. His look is one of indifference, and his school days will be remembered by the number of pairs of trousers he will have worn out on school benches.

This boy is the terror of the playground, when he takes his revenge on the class room. The little boys are afraid of him, and have to bribe him with marbles, cakes and chocolate into neutrality, if not into acts of kindness, towards them. There is the diffident boy, who thinks that every question you ask is a "catch," and always keeps on guard. Near him is the confident one, who, before he has heard the question, holds up his hand to show you he is ready to answer it. He is always helplessly wrong.

There is also the boy who spends his time trying to catch you at fault. He constantly raises objections to your statements, hoping to discover inconsistencies in them. You explain to him why he is wrong and you are right. He acknowledges the truth of what you say; but he is not cured. He hopes to be more fortunate next time.

This boy is perhaps the most disagreeable to deal with. Your work is thankless. He can never feel sympathy for you, or gratitude for your attentions to him.

I repeat it, a man with a happy disposition and a sense of humor, a man fond of children and of an observing turn of mind may be extremely happy as a schoolmaster; and if one of the greatest sources of happiness is usefulness—and I hold it is the greatest of all—teaching will afford ample scope for satisfaction in this respect.

If you have, say eighty boys in a class room, you have eighty different characters to study, and it is your duty to study them all. The study is interesting, and will repay you.

CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.

Experiments With the Cathode Rays but Diet is Important.

New York Hertald.

Dispatches received in this city recently brought the information that an American dentist in Paris had discovered a cure for toothache which was not temporary in its effects, but which, once applied, would permanently prevent the recurrence of the ailment.

The assertion created a stir among the dentists in New York, who have been regarded in advance of their professional brethren in other parts of the world. They discussed the announcement from many points of view, and were particularly interested in the additional statement that the medium which was to be used by Dr. Leavitt was the rays, of which so many things have already been written and many more promised.

The general impression seemed to be that Dr. Leavitt spoke to the reporter of Le Soir, the Parisian newspaper, which first gave publicity to the discovery, in parables. The supposed influence of the cathode rays is to dissipate certain accumulations, but whether they will have any effect on congestion of the dental nerves required in the treatment of toothache the dentists in this city are inclined to doubt.

WHAT HE PROBABLY INTENDED.

A number of dentists seen agreed that what was intended by Dr. Leavitt in applying the cathode rays to dental surgery is in producing a much more effective method of studying the phenomena attending the development of local irritations of this sort than is possible now. At present the interior of a tooth may be illuminated by means of electric bulbs placed within the mouth against the part of the jaw affected. The result of this illumination is to bring out very clearly most of the conditions of a diseased tooth, though not all.

The X rays would be of immense advantage, dentists say, in discovering any accumulation of diseased matter along the jawbone. This is too opaque to permit the necessarily limited illumination possible at present to penetrate. There have been several well known dentists investigating this possibility in the use of the Roentgen ray, and, though they say that they are not yet ready to make their deductions public, they speak of what they have found as of much interest, not alone to the profession, but also to those unfortunates who have poor teeth.

So far as a permanent cure for toothache is concerned, the dentists say that it has been already found, but it is not one of those things which can be bought at the corner drug store or at the nearest electrician's, but it is a matter of gradual development of the person who desires to be without this torment. The recent statistical information of the New York College of Dentistry shows that unless persons are very careful in the course of a number of successive generations, the Caucasian race will be without any teeth at all.

There is a general disinclination among the more highly civilized people to avoid foods which are bone makers. The general dislike of fats and of foods which have large proportions of lime in them is doing its work very rapidly, and comparatively soon, it is said, there will be no toothache, because there will be no teeth.

TEETH WITHOUT ENAMEL.

It has been found that among many children recently the second, or permanent, teeth are appearing without the necessary enamel to protect them. The result of the formation of teeth of this description is that they are not as lasting as the first teeth, and once the nerve is reached the suffering of the child is, of course, intense. It is now the practice to begin the treatment of children for their teeth before they are born in instances where the mother is not strong or where she has shown any marked fragility of the bones. Foods are given her that are bone producing, so that the child may reap the benefit of this form of nutriment.

Where this has been begun too late the child is put on a systematic diet of cod liver oil and phosphates of lime and soda, with other natural foods which will go to the formation of enamel on the teeth and bone. Dentists declare that if such a system is insisted upon by parents and carried out with antiseptic treatment of the early teeth there is no reason why men and women who have been subject to this early care should have toothache, or, indeed, loose their teeth at all save by accident.

Scottish and English Carpet-Baggers.

There is no doubt that Scotsmen generally have a great antipathy to English carpet-baggers, and the London Press seems to take delight in referring to the number of Englishmen who represent Scottish constituencies. It would fain convey the impression that Scotland finds most of its representatives south of the Tweed. But how stand the facts? Of the 72 Scotch members of Parliament only four are Englishmen, and Scotland has shown its fastidiousness in selecting them, for three—Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Morley and Mr. Asquith—are men of Cabinent rank. The fourth is so thoroughly "naturalized" a Scot by long residence, work and associations that comparatively few people ever think of him but as a native. On the other hand, quite a host of Scotsmen have won seats in England—Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Gerald Balfour, Sir James Fergusson, Sir Charles Dalrymple, Lord Lorne, Lord Balcarres, Messrs. Cameron, Rutherford, M'Laren, Younger, Webster, Stuart, Wilcox, Allan, etc.

ASK FOR INFORMATION.

Persons who have sufficient interest in knowing what the experience of life insurance companies that have kept abstainers and non-abstainers in separate classes has been, to send a postal card to the manager of the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company at Toronto, Ont., stating their desire to get this information can have it by a return mail.