



3.—Gone!

ELECTRICALLY HEATED.

WE'VE already got used to being electrically lighted and trolley-car-ed, but now we are to be heated by the same subtle fluid. It is not to be confined to a stove or furnace, or circulating coils that don't circulate, but to be introduced in an article used in every house—a bed-quilt. The New York *Home Journal* tries to tell us all about the new invention, and that "it is capable of producing a uniform temperature of 150 degrees F," and it adds that "the quilt may be readily attached to ordinary incandescent lamp terminals."

Simple as the announcement is, the invention is bound, if used, to up-root some of our earliest associations. We shall no longer see the patchwork cover of our grandmother or the cider-down, and it is probable that both blankets and sheets will be relegated to the rag-man and things that are no more. Imagine what dreams will be dreamt under such a bed-spread, what a joyful awakening in the morning after nine hours sleep under the invigorating touch of this fin-de-siecle electric machine. Vitality surely will become more vital, the nervous system up to any number of shocks, and life respond buoyantly to everything. The brain will no longer require stimulant, and we'll imbibe all the nerve tonic we require, by the mere power of absorption during our unconscious hours.

Grand, however, as this invention is, we feel that it is only a mere stepping-stone to what may in the future be accomplished. The quilt, it is obvious, can only be of use to us when we rest, but if it can be made to keep us warm by night, why shouldn't the principle be applied to the clothes we wear? What would prevent one from placing a similar machine, for instance in one's summer garments, and being as warm as our neighbors who can afford to wear otter and seal? The idea has a good deal to recommend it to those among us who want overcoats and can't get them. We should no longer be weighed down with heavy tweeds and tailor bills. Think of what it would be to some of our young and impecunious dudes, to be transformed as it were, into electric sparks. Of course there would be some danger of their being rendered more attractive even than they are at present, and they are not the sort of suits to wear during thunder storms. To meet this difficulty, a fuse

could be attached to the electric lining to "automatically shut off the current." Think of the boon such a frock lining would be to young girls on boating excursions, and how it would entirely do away with the wrap and opera cloak nuisance, and how soon the tiresome chaperone remark, "Take care you don't take cold," would lapse into an obsolete phrase, or be changed into the more euphonious one, "Are you electrically-heated?"

J.M. Locs.

A BIG THING EVERY WAY.

THE Second Volume of the Standard Dictionary will be ready for delivery in November. This is a tame and matter of fact statement, but there is a lot of genuine sensation in it, when you come to consider that it means the triumphant close of five years' hard labor of one hundred and forty seven editors, assisted by scholars all over the world, and the expenditure of close on one million dollars in hard cash. The pluck of the Funk & Wagnalls Company in undertaking this giant task right on the heels of the great Century Dictionary is unique in the history of even Yankee enterprise. Nothing but the production of a work which would challenge the admiration of the learned world, and inspire enthusiasm in the breasts of cold and deliberative critics, could save them from financial disaster. They have succeeded abundantly, however, and the returns both in glory and money promise to be adequate. It is estimated that the copies already ordered in advance if piled up would make a stack over three miles high, and laid end to end would reach fifteen miles!

POETIC ADAPTATIONS FOR BRITISH POLITICIANS.

Wordsworth a la Sir William Harcourt :

A Primrose as a Premier trim
A Scottish Primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more.

Burns, to suit Lord Rosebery :

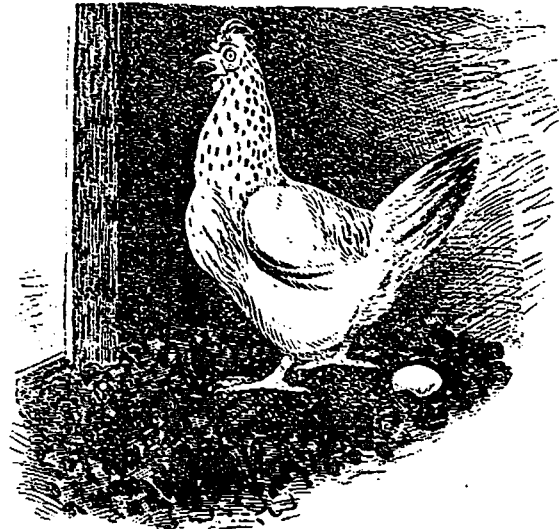
Scots, wha hae wi' Gladstone bled,
Scots, wham I in dreams have led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.

Tennyson, adapted for Mr. John Morley :

In the spring a livelier Irish begins to change the expectant brow,
In the spring a young man's fancy gravely turns to thoughts of row.

Shakespeare, altered for Mr. Joseph Chamberlain :

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win an election.



A FRUGAL HEN.

LAYING IN A SUPPLY OF COAF.