



WANTED—A DISCRIMINATING WORD.

LITERARY MAN—"Well, my near, I'll be able to get that manuscript of mine copied after all. My friend Jollyboy has very kindly offered to lend me his type-writer."

HIS DEAR—"What! Algernon Charles! His type-writer! I hope she isn't pretty!"

MY INITIATION INTO HOUSEKEEPING.

WHAT AN UNSOPHISTICATED LITERARY MAN HAS TO
CONTENT WITH.

II.

ANOTHER of the problems is the hot and cold water arrangements. The landlord told me that hot and cold water would be procurable (that was not the word he used, but it is the first that occurs to me)—procurable all over the house. But how it gets there, whether he or I put the—the—I really do not know what has to be put in. Some one said something about a "boiler." Now, boilers, I know for a fact from my reading, have all sorts of fearfully expensive things attached to them—safety valves, feed pipes, steam gauges, vacuum pumps, and all sorts of other delicate and intricate machinery. (Besides, the water is now-a-days always heated in a "heater" before it goes into the boiler!) If there has to be a boiler, I hope the landlord has to have it made, not I. Think of all the testing of the steel plates that has to be done, the rivetting, etc., etc.!

There are a great many things about my house which I cannot for the life of me understand. For example, why does that hateful furnace with its forest of pipes have a whole cement-floored cellar to itself? Such waste of room! And why does not it do all the water heating itself, and the cooking, and the washing?

The washing—this reminds me that there is a "laundry" somewhere down stairs. My own idea of a laundry had always been that of a row of pretty girls with smiling faces, washing with their sleeves rolled well up and showing their plump, but rather red arms. A pretty picture, but I begin to fear a purely imaginary one. Certainly this "laundry" of mine can be nothing like it, for all I could see was a lot of tubs and a lot of brass taps.

There is another thing which to this day I have been unable to understand. They told me that there was a "vegetable cellar." I knew perfectly what a vegetable garden was, and I presumed this was a sort of covered vegetable garden in which I could sow things—melons, and grapes, and nuts—things for dessert, you know—in the winter. I went to look at it and found a beastly little room with a tiny window and a board floor. I don't believe a weed would grow there.

I am at present looking and advertising for a monograph on house-keeping. As soon as I have obtained and read it—there must be some such sort of book in print—I shall commence house-keeping in earnest. Then perhaps I may have something more to tell. H.

GRANNY SINGLE-EYE'S VIEWS ON THE SITUATION.

SEEMS to me kind o' queer, all this talkin' an' squabblin'
About 'Varsities, Colleges, Filiations an' sich;
An' it makes my head ache, all this writin' an' gabblin'
About the position o' the Methody Church.

An' the money, good lands! why, you'd think 'twas a
quarter,

'Way they talk about thousands and thousands to
pay;

An' it quite turns my head what they want to be arter,
With this talkin' o' the Methody status to-day.

What I allus considered the Methody status

Was to stick to the Gospel an' preach to the poor,
To be doin' good allus, no matter who'd hate us,
An' follow the *Master* right straight to death's door.

The Methody status I tuk to be humble,
Despisin' the world, it's follies an' pride,
Taking care not to mix in a permiscus jumble
God's interests an' Mammon's, whate'er might betide.

'Way I understood it, we were to live lowly,
With a love that is Christ-like, not seekin' our own;
Not puffed with conceit, livin' gently an' holy,
Without any braggin' or trumpets a-blown.

'Stead o' that, what's all this I am all the time readin'
'Bout the Methody body, so powerful and grand,
Rich enough to build 'Varsities, an' sayin' what we're needin'
Is to stand first and foremost, second to none in the land.

Sakes alive! what's the name o' the Master ye're under?
There's some mistake somewhere, but whether it's me
Or the Methody body, I cannot but wonder,
An' how *my* Master can be yours, too, I can't see.

I hear nothin' but church, church, church, every day,
An' the strength o' the Methody body, its wealth,
Its vote an' its influence; sich a display!
But nary a word o' the spiritual health.

It may be all right—but somehow I can't see it,
I know 'tain't the doctrine I larnt to believe
In the old-time class meetin', so homely an' quiet.
You'll excuse me—but I must my feelin's relieve.

GRANNY SINGLE-EYE.

If you are anxious to realize how it feels to wake up a nest of hornets, and you haven't any hornets convenient, just take some Browning Club man aside and tell him that Browning can't write poetry for sour apples.