

ing to reform these butter-brained misnomers on aldermen, who possess intellectual hides as impenetrable as the physical one of the rhinoceros. It is about as possible to make clear-headed, right-thinking men of these individuals as it is to make a moderate religious fanatic.

A Boston *Herald* reporter has made a practical test of Mr. Edward Atkinson's idea that an adult can live comfortably and well on one dollar a week, and the story of his experience make a page of interest reading in a recent Sunday edition of that paper. He found that he lived well for seven days, with a considerable variety of edibles, and with all he wanted, for just ninety-nine and nine-tenths cents. This included everything, from salt to the oil used in cooking the food. All the food was cooked on a device invented by Mr. Atkinson, the active principle of which is an ordinary kerosene lamp, and the writer declares that the cooking was good for everything except some of those trifles which require only a short Sahara breath. If a Boston reporter can do this for a dollar a week, a Victoria reporter ought to be able to do the same thing for little more, as the cost of provisions of all kinds is about the same here as in Boston. It would be an interesting experiment to try, and it is recommended to any reporter of an inquiring turn of mind who wants to learn how small the expenses of the real necessities of living are, when a little care is taken.

Considering the fact that so many artisans use the street cars going to and from their work, and carry with them their cases of tools and the material they use, and that ladies go shopping in them and bring home immense bundles of provisions and wearing apparel, it would add to the convenience of other passengers, and especially those who ride on the

steerage deck behind, if the company would adopt baggage vans to be attached behind the regular cars. The rear platform is often so crowded that the conductor has no room for his dainty feet, and has to walk on those of his five-cent passengers.

There is a little story going the rounds which does not help to raise one's estimate of human nature. A certain baker, in business in a small town, obtained his supply of butter from a farmer in the neighborhood. One day he discovered that the rolls, which were supposed to weigh three pounds each, were not up to the standard, and further examination revealed a steady diminution. At last the baker lodged against the farmer, and the affair was brought before the court. "Have you any scales?" enquired the magistrate. "Yes," was the reply. "And have you any weights?" continued the judge. An answer this time in the negative was given. "But how did you manage to weigh your butter?" asked the magistrate. Then the farmer related that ever since the baker had taken his butter he had returned the compliment by buying his bread. The baker supplied him with three pound loaves, and he used them as weights for his butter. "It is his fault, not mine, if the weight is not correct," added the farmer, who was speedily acquitted and left the court in triumph with an escort of friends.

Scandaville has a sweet morsel this week, but those who should know something about the matter, say that it lacks the very important element of truth, and I believe them. It concerns a married lady, and one night conjecture that the young man in the case took Ward McAllister's advice, as to the best means of getting into society. The "poor boy," McAllister says, must have a "clean record" and a winning address and be fascinating enough

to attract the attention of an influential married woman of society and then, Mr. McAllister assures him, that his fortune and social position are assured. The influential lady will see that the poor youth is married to a rich girl and he will then have very smooth sailing.

According to the fabrication, the Victoria young man adapted McAllister's advice with a vengeance; but I will drop the matter, and proceed to discuss the remarks of the New York York society leader on the subject of the impecunious youth. McAllister tells the "poor boy" to "avoid gambling," and to "take his wine like a gentleman" and never get tipsy. He must, of course, learn to dance well and "when at a ball dance all the time," and when with the ladies do very little talking, so that they can keep their tongues going vigorously.

McAllister gives some other regulations, but this is enough to show the ground his social pedagogy covers. It does not occur to him that the "poor boy" on a small salary can't equip himself for this splurge without putting himself on church-mouse rations. He would have to show numerous attentions to the girls after he gets into the swim. What with opera and theatre and concert tickets and carriages and little after-the-opera-is-over suppers, he would bankrupt himself before the season was far advanced. The fact is, McAllister's advice is dangerous for a "poor boy with social aspirations." He would be tempted to measures which would get him into much trouble. And, if he gets "in with the nobs and swells," as McAllister advises, everybody knows that he will have to imitate the "nobs and swells" or else he will not be wanted in that crowd. And what an absurdity to tell the "poor boy" in addition, that it is at the summer resorts where he