

As You Like It.

"All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players."

—Jacques.

One result of the present civil service examinations is to add a number of young girls to the service. Early mornings some public corridors look like a kindergarten parade. Many of these newcomers—fresh from the High School and the Business College—have to be literally broken in. They have been diligent readers of newspaper fairy tales that the job was easy—a cinch, in fact; but now the cinch is on them and things are not what they seemed. If men are driven from the ranks of the third class by budding maidens it will not be well for the work generally. A girl clerk has many limitations in a public office and some inconveniences that she must endure. Reginald Wilfee, of our "Mutual Friend" memory, according to Dickens, was possessed of never-satisfied ambition to wear an entirely new suit of clothes. In all his industrious life he had never been able to secure a new coat until his trousers had become so shabby as to detract from the glory of the coat, nor waistcoat until coat and trousers so showed the wear and tear of use that the glory of the waistcoat made it look out of place. So the girl clerk, ambitious to rise to the position of a chief and wear the suit of authority, is likely to be grey-headed and toothless ere the mantle descends on her unless superannuation or matrimony let her out by a side door. In fact, if she wields authority in the future it is likely to be matrimonial. Here is another weakness of the female employee. Just as she is broken to harness she couples up tandem with

someone else. Unless some amendment is made to the Act increasing the salary in grade A of the third class so as to offer inducements for male stenographers, change and confusion will be always the order of the day in its ranks.

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Knowledge is great! I was in a street car and they were discussing Jacques. Little the twain dreamed that he sat by their side. "As You Like It" was passable, they said, but they unanimously agreed that they could have written better stuff. 'Tis ever thus. Yesterday the world was flat; we knew it. To-day the world is round; we are sure of it. To-morrow the world may be three-cornered. We were positive we would pass through the tail of Halley's comet. Did we? We are sure that Professor Short would not be civil service commissioner if we had to set him an examination after the fashion he sets those unlucky third class fellows. Yesterday the horse was the fastest thing in the world. This morning the locomotive beat the horse. This very afternoon the automobile beat the locomotive. And this evening, perhaps, the aeroplane will out-distance the automobile. Yes, we are all of us very wise. None of us but can tell how this and that question should be—must be settled. The third class clerk sharpening a pencil preparatory to taking down notes thinks he should be Deputy. The maiden school principal makes herself president of the mothers' club. The boy preacher gives lectures on how to