

**Advantages of the Factory Girl In the Country Over Her Sister In the City.**

You may see in any one of perhaps a hundred shops in this city colorless, sad-eyed, dully clad women bending over sewing machines amid squalid surroundings, with no outlook save through a window opening upon a sordid street. You may see in at least a score of country villages 50 miles from any great city, a crowd of neatly clad, happy-looking girls and women busied with like tasks, but amid clean and pleasant surroundings, with glimpses of a smiling landscape through every window.

The New York woman, released from their too-hasten home to gloomy tenement lodgings, and nowhousome fare. The village girls troop from the factory to modest but clean and pleasant homes, where food is fresh and abundant. The New York sewing-machine woman is an insignificant unit in a great community. She feels daily the pressure of her fellows that are ready to take her place and her earnings. She hears from embittered men and women talk of the rights of labor and the greed of wealth. She knows that her earnings would not keep some of her rich sisters in flower. Whenever she stirs out of her own dingy quarters it is to see at every step evidence of the luxury in which some live and of the contrast between her lot and theirs.

The village factory girl has hardly heard that there is a labor problem. Her \$200 or \$250 a year, earned at the sewing machine, clothes her well, procures for her small luxuries and helps to keep the family above want. She makes little pleasure trips if her work is slack and looks forward with confidence to marriage and a home of her own, clean, sweet and comfortable. She never sees among her fellow townsmen one who has any essential comfort that she lacks, and nine women out of ten in the village have less to spend on dress than she has. She never sees a hungry or ragged person, unless it be an occasional tramp, and she hardly grasps the meaning of what she now and then hears about the lives of the poor in great cities.

The New York slave to the sewing machine lives half an hour from the heart of the western world and may, if the will, on any night see Broadway and its throng by electric light. The village factory girl believes that she would be happy to give up all her comforts for the other's privilege of seeing at will the splendors of the great city. The New York sewing woman would not, if she could, change places with the village factory girl.—New York Sun.

**A Turfman's Tale.**

A New Jerseyman told me a good story the other day on one of our foremost turfmen, a man whose name is perhaps printed oftener than that of any other connected with racing in America. A good many years ago this turfman, who was not then deep in the racing business, arrived in Jersey City with a trainload of mustangs from the plains of Texas. He knew nothing of the laws of the state nor of the ordinances of the city. He knew that he wanted to sell his mustangs and thought the best way to do it was to sell them at auction. Being somewhat gifted in speech, he determined that he would be his own auctioneer. The sale started out well. Fair prices were realized. Suddenly it was interrupted by policemen, who demanded a view of our friend's license.

"License?" he said amazed. "What license? I haven't any license of any kind."

"Well, you can't sell horses in this city without a license. You'll have to come along. No monkey business with us."

Of course he went along, but he was lucky enough to find at court a friend (a lawyer), who went bail for him in the sum of \$50. Then the lawyer said:

"A license costs \$250. You are under bonds. Go ahead and finish your sale, collect your money and skip out. Give me \$50 to settle the forfeited bond, and you are \$200 ahead of the game."

It was done accordingly. The turfman and his friend met in the St. James hotel lately and laughed over the joke.—New York Press.

**Cutting It Short.**

A barber's shop is sometimes a trying place for men who dislike to hear other people gossip. The barber, especially if he has a little shop, and is alone, must talk to his customers. Here is a scene in a country barber's shop, a full bearded and rather sour looking gentleman being in the chair.

"Hair cut," says the customer. "All right, sir. How'll you have it cut?"

"Short." "H'm—party short, or only middlin'?"

"Very short."

"H'm—I wouldn't if I was you, sir."

"Why not?"

"I don't think very short hair would suit you at all well, sir."

"Oh, yes, it would. It would suit me exactly."

"H'm—what makes you think so, sir?"

"Because I shouldn't have to come here for a long time."

"Oh!" The barber cuts away in silence and very short.—London Tit-Bits.

**One Spoon Enough.**

A Boston man traveling through the south was obliged to stop over in a small town where there was but one hotel, at which the accommodations were hardly to be called elaborate. When the colored waiter brought his dinner, the Boston man found that he was to have roast beef, stewed tomatoes, corn, pease, potatoes and coffee, the vegetables served in the usual stone china canoes. Presently he said to the waiter, "Dick, pass the spoons." The waiter rolled his eyes in genuine amazement. "Spoons, sir! What yo' want with the spoon? There's yo' spoon in yo' corn." —San Francisco Argonaut.

