

The Humble Worker

BY MARY E. HANFORD.

In company with thirty-five or forty other girls Alicia Harding was wrapping oranges in rustling tissue-paper and packing them for market. The room held multitudes of great, smooth, fine orange-navels and yellow St. Michaels and Maltese bloods and Mediterranean sweets. Miss Calhoun, forewoman of the third-story girls, was scolding, as usual, at Vina Biggs, who was slow and had awkwardly dropped two oranges.

They heard men's feet rushing up the stairs, crunching the bricks. Somebody came springing over the bricks toward the door, pushed against it, muttered in astonishment, unbolting the door, thrust it open, and stood there, catching his breath. He was a member of the firm.

CANADIAN HANDICRAFT WORK OF WOMEN FOR VILLAGE INDUSTRIES IN THE DOMINION. The Canadian Handicraft Guild an Important Philanthropic-Diverse Elements in Population—French Villages on the St. Lawrence Where Hand Looms Are Still Used—Doubtful Embroideries and Irish Lace Makers—Indian Artists.

THE HUMANITY. The hardest arts of all to revive were those of the Indian tribes. Miss Phillips writes of them with a race that never saw one more impracticable, more averse to combinations for his own good, or more deaf to the voice of instruction.

DEATH OF THOMAS LITTS, ONE OF TEN. Remarkable for Size. The last of the old Litts family, one of the most remarkable families in the state of New York, has gone.

THREE FISH STORIES. Mr. Black. White and I went out for trout about a week ago. White's catch wasn't very heavy—mine was. One I hooked—a fine two-pounder—nearly got away.

JUST FOR FUN. Knicker—"Yes, Johnny, I am a self-made man." Johnny—"Couldn't you afford to buy a hat?" Judge.