

DON'T LET THE SONG GO OUT OF YOUR LIFE.

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Though it chance sometimes to flow
In a minor strain, it will blend again
With the major tone, you know.

What though shadows rise to obscure life's
skies,
And hide for a time the sun;
They sooner will lift and reveal the rift,
If you let the melody run.

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Though your voice may have lost its
trill,
Though the tremulous note should die in
the throat,
Let it sing in your spirit still.

There is never a pain that hides not some
gain,
And never a cup of rue
So bitter to sip but what in the cup
Lurks a measure of sweetness too.

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Ah! it never would need to go,
If with thought more true and a broader
view
We looked at this life below.

Oh, why should we mourn that life's spring-
time has flown,
Or sigh for the fair summer time?
The autumn hath days filled with poems of
praise,
And the winter hath bells that chime.

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Let it ring in the soul while here,
And when you go hence it shall follow you
thence
And sing on in another sphere.

Then do not despond and say that the fond,
Sweet songs of your life have flown,
For if ever you know a song that was true,
Its music is still your own.
—Kate R. Stiles, in Boston Transcript.

Honora's Hit.

The strong sunshine which poured through the skylight of the big studio was tempered and diffused by a white muslin screen painted with blue dregons, while tall vases, plaster has reliefs, bits of odd tapestry, a palm tree or two, a brass tea urn and a luxurious divan with pillows three deep gave the room an air at once artistic and feminine. Five young women were sitting or standing at the easels, some flourishing charcoal sticks, others with paillettes on their thumbs, all intent on mastering the difficulties of perspective "values" or "planes," while a sixth, with her hair unbound and wearing a flowing red robe, represented their idea of a Moorish heroine. Outside the buzz and roar of New York throbbed on the afternoon air, elevated trains shrieked and whizzed by, street calls rose and fell, and a hurdy gurdy on the next corner ground out a once popular tune, but no one noticed these noises any more than the country plowboy notices the wind sighing all day through the pines on the hill.

"Time to rest, Nora," announced Miss Haviland, and while the worshippers of art relaxed their tired muscles and exchanged theories, praise and criticism with the frankness of the cult, Honora also stepped down and took a curious look at the semicircle of more or less realistic likenesses. What she saw was a young, dark haired woman with wistful gray eyes, hands clasped before her and a sad and almost careworn expression. This Moorish girl was clearly a captive, pining for home, and, unconsciously, a flash of her old spirit came back into Honora's face. "Goodness, do I look like that?" she thought, slightly straightening herself. "Dick, dear Dick! What would you say if you knew?"

"You pose very well; you've done it before, no doubt," observed one of the girls in a tone of serene patronage, but Miss Haviland broke in kindly, before Honora had time to reply: "Oh, no," she said, "Nora isn't a regular model. She just came to oblige us, didn't you, Nora?"

"Pose!" cried Grace Hunt in a clear, high voice, consulting her watch; the captive's dimple disappeared; she hastily resumed her station and attitude, and the sorrowful look again crept over her face. The young ladies returned to their stools, and for some moments nothing was heard but the squeaking of charcoal and the scraping of paillette knives.

"The line of the neck is good, but she's distinctly too thin, and her arms are unsatisfactory," declared Mrs. Tremaine, selecting a flat brush and squeezing some raw sienna out of a tube. She was a young widow, matrimonized the apartment and spoke exactly as if the girl had been a lay figure or a block of wood.

"Your nose is too long and you are an ill-mannered iceberg also," thought Honora, vindictively, with such a rush of blood to her cheeks that severely heightened the tint of her portraits with a touch of rose madder.

Honora went home that night with \$2 in her pocket and insulted pride in her heart. Home for her now was a mere closet under the roof of a neighboring apartment house.

"Who is she, anyway?" asked Grace, carelessly, as the friends compared canvases after the model's departure. "She has a stunning head of hair. You say she is not a professional?"

"Oh, no; she's a girl who has done plain sewing for Mrs. Lawrence, on the fifth floor. I happened to see her there and thought she looked paintable. She needed the money, I guess, by the look of her hollow eyes," answered Miss Haviland, remorsefully.

A month passed after the pictures were finished, and the fair students of the Iverness did not see Honora—never thought of her. Early one January morning, however, the private bell rang and Elizabeth went to the door.

"Why, how do you do—ah—Katy, no, Nora, isn't it?" she said, with her kindly smile. "So you want to pose for us again, do you? But you look thin. Have you been ill?"

"No, thank you; I'm quite well. I would rather not pose, but I thought you might have some sewing for me—possibly—one of you ladies," stammered Honora.

"Well, sit down and I'll speak to

the others." The girl sank into a chair in the dark little corridor, for her limbs trembled under her. Miss Haviland, when she came back, appeared somewhat at a loss for the right word herself.

"We don't seem to have much in the way of sewing," she began, but I suspect that Providence may have sent you to our relief, after all. You know four of us girls—the four that you saw—live here with Mrs. Tremaine in a suite of rooms, and we've been housekeeping by turns, getting our breakfast and lunch and taking dinner at the cafe. But we are all tired of the arrangement, and we've been thinking if we could get some nice—Miss Haviland hesitated—"refined young woman to cook the meals and keep everything comfortable, it would be a good idea all round. Can you cook?"

"Yes," Honora's tongue really wouldn't say ma'am, so she made it "Miss Haviland" instead.

"Then what do you say to trying it? We put out the laundry work, so it would be easy housekeeping," and the young artist went on to speak of wages and the usual "Saturday afternoons."

The candidate asked for an hour to consider the matter. She walked up to the park and sat down on one of the wooden benches near the Fifty-ninth street entrance. Honora thought how she had come to the city only four months ago, fired with the dreams of a larger life, and utterly ignorant of its difficulties, disappointments and perils. She thought of the brave start she had made, her confident courage and high hopes, and the succeeding bitter discouragements, repulses and failures. Peitquagamas, Me., was the melodious name of her birthplace; she shut her eyes and saw the prim village street, her old aunt's neat cottage, and herself, a restless, impetuous girl, growing up under the good spinsters' wing, like an enterprising hawk under the wing of a well-disposed hen.

Six months ago she had offered a tale to a city newspaper, and all her troubles dated from that day, for it was promptly accepted, and the check which came back seemed to open out a dazzling prospect of wealth, fame and a "career." One or two later ventures proved equally fortunate, and then nothing would do but go to New York and try her fortune. Of course her elders remonstrated, but Honora's strong will and abundant relish for adventure carried the day. Dick stormed, protested and implored—but what was a six-room cottage, even with Dick, to a girl stage struck for the triumphs of a world theatre?

Of the succeeding months Honora did not like to think—their pitiless lessons were still gall to her spirit. Enough to say that she had left the expensive boarding house, and, too proud to confess her straits or ask help from home, taken the poorest of lodgings. Even so, with a needle instead of a pen in her hand, the struggle was too hard, the battle was against her.

At this point in her meditations Honora jumped up and said to herself, resolutely:

"I'll do it! It's better than starving, better than posing and better than destroying my eyes and ruining my temper by sewing 14 hours a day. I'll let them call me Nora and think it's me Oirish name," she declared, under her breath, "and I'll give them some first rate Yankee cooking and go to the free lectures and concerts and the museums, so that my time won't be all wasted. I'll take up my despised diary again, and when I get home in June I'll make a clean breast to D—ick."

"Nora," said Mrs. Tremaine one May morning, shaking out the folds of her gown, "I expect a gentleman from Philadelphia to dinner tonight, so lay an additional plate and have something a little extra, will you, and pretty flowers?" "Elizabeth's protegee" was trusted now even to choose the bouquets. "He's the editor of 'Pettingill's,'" she said, turning to Grace. "A remarkable man!" Nora's heart gave a little flutter, but it died out immediately.

The gentleman duly arrived, and between the ice and coffee he observed to his hostess: "Cousin Laura, I came to town today partly to see one of our

contributors. Last winter a manuscript reached the office which struck us all as something quite extraordinary. It was in the form of a diary, purporting to have been found in the room of an unknown girl who lost her reason from sheer starvation in a well-to-do quarter of Gotham. She is a Down East girl; with literary ambitions, and in her loneliness keeps one of those voluminous journals that no one really writes nowadays with wonderful freshness and country wit. It might have been written for her mother's eyes, or a lover's, perhaps; it reveals her follies and her virtues both with such perfect spontaneity. When literature fails her she tries sewing, and even posing for art students, and she hits off the fine ladies and sisters of your craft with a most delicious mixture of satire and enviousness. But through it all runs the tragic sense of the rushing power of her environment, closing upon her like the remorseless jaws of a trap. The last four entries describe her sensations on four successive days without food, after a grand dame fails to pay her for the work she has done, and it breaks off with the first incoherent ravings of coming insanity. I never read anything more weird or powerful in its way than that last cry for help."

"Tell us who wrote it, quick!" exclaimed Grace, who felt a light breaking in on her.

"That's an odd thing about it. The sketch was unsigned, and the accompanying slip giving the author's name and address was accidentally lost. We had it put in type and decided to publish it, thinking that the writer would see and claim it. I have the advance sheets here, but yesterday, by good luck, the missing paper turned up and I determined to run in and explain matters to the presumably frate lady in person. The address, I believe, is in this neighborhood; the name—Mr. Phillips took out a memorandum slip and regarded it through his eyeglasses—"Miss Honora Graves. Why, what is it? Do you know her?"

Fortunally Nora was in the kitchen during the ensuing conversational scene.

She took her laurels very quietly when they were placed tumultuously on her brow. Sitting among the girls who welcomed her now as a sister "artist," she told them how the idea of transcribing her diary occurred to her as a last resort in the midst of a starving week, which came near to ending as tragically in reality as on paper.

When no reply was received she gave up all literary projects, and grasped the first opportunity that came her way to get out of the city.

But upon being hailed by a promising "lion," with a career opening before her, our Honora very frankly and emphatically disclaimed the idea. "I might never succeed again," she said. "This wasn't art, but plain truth, which was forced out of me by the pinch of reality, and I don't want to have the screw put on a second time. No; if New York has done nothing else for me, at least it has tamed my ambition and taught me my place."

"But what shall you do? You can't expect to travel incognito and laugh at us in your sleeve, now that we know you?"

"Do? I shall go home and have it out with dear old Dick," cried Honora, impulsively, and that brought down the house.—Springfield Republican.

Kindergarten Work in Cuba.

When the proper materials arrive in Cuba—which will be soon—the normal training will begin in earnest. A corps of teachers is to be sent out from the States. Under these, normal classes for teachers will be established in the island with a view to ultimately placing proper Cuban teachers in the public schools. At present education is of the most antiquated type. There is no class work at all; instruction is wholly individual. Each child is called up to the teacher's chair, recites his lesson rapidly and takes his seat again.

Judging by past experience, however, there is little doubt that modern methods will be eagerly accepted, for thus far no trouble has been experienced in the introduction of new ideas. And here and there one comes upon a struggling, groping aspirant to better things, hopelessly following the lead of some long-forgotten educator, under the blind illusion that he is on the right road at last.

As often as I have tried, I have found the boys deeply interested in agriculture—an entirely new phase of employment to them. In the little country town where I worked with my boys, the small successes turned out huge successes, and my little agricultural lessons bore fine fruit.—Zillah J. Levy, in Harper's Bazar.

Not His Fault.

Stere—What a chap you are, Bounder! You never agree with anybody.

Bounder—Well, what of that? Am I to blame if everybody else is wrong?—Boston Transcript.

A Person We All Know.

An egotist is a man who thinks he knows more about himself than you think you know about him.—New York Press.

RESTAURANT RUNNING.

SUCCESS FOUND BY ECONOMY IN THE LITTLE THINGS.

Distribution of Responsibility—Accounting for Every Pound of Supplies—Where the Customer's Order Goes—What Becomes of Remnants—Watching the Employees.

The organization of the working force in a modern metropolitan restaurant is as systematic and uncompromising as that of an army in the field. The aggregate of profit from the business, however many tens of thousands of dollars it may be in a year, is made a few cents at a time; hence, aside from the general and obvious necessity of providing the public with what it wants, the secret of success lies in "economy in little things," which can only be accomplished by severe discipline, close surveillance of employees, and the minutest oversight of all the details. This makes necessary the employment of a small army of workers whom the patrons never see nor even think about, save when there is cause for complaint.

The steward and the chef are the important personages. Broadly speaking, it is the duty of the steward to suggest and provide; consequently, he must be rich in ideas and familiar with the daily possibilities of the produce market at home and in all the markets in the country. Some stewards go abroad once a year to keep themselves "up to date" in their work.

The steward's daily problem is no easy one. He must attend to it that there is no lack of anything; and it is quite as important that there should be no surplus, and, therefore, no waste. Since the patronage of a restaurant varies with the seasons and with the weather, and the city attractions, only long experience and nothing less than intuition will enable him to gauge the demand correctly; at the best, the quantity of food with which he is stocked is little more than a guess at what will be required. He is accountable for all the food consumed; therefore he has a staff of assistants and clerks. Everything is weighed and recorded when it leaves the storeroom; the clerks must have orders from the constituted authorities; in some restaurants receipts from the chef's department are given. This system makes the keeping of a set of books imperative.

The chef has his assistants, also—assistant chefs, under-cooks, men who make the vegetables ready, the dish-washers, garbisher and so forth down to the nearest scullion, all of whom are within the chef's responsibility. The chef does no cooking with his own hands, but supervises the work of his assistants. In many restaurants he, too, keeps a set of books, in which the use made of the supplies furnished by the steward is recorded. Thus, he can tell to the fraction of a cent what it costs the proprietor to lay a steak on the table before the patron—not only the cost of the raw material, but of the cooking and the sauce and the leaves of parsley with which the dish is garnished.

The domain of the head waiter is the dining room, and he is responsible neither to the chef nor the steward, but only to the manager. He has his own responsibilities, with which most people are familiar. It is for him to see that the patron leaves the restaurant pleased; in the event of a dispute between a waiter and a guest, therefore, he takes the part of the guest whether the waiter is right or wrong. There is an assistant head waiter usually, and a number of minor authorities under him. Where the staff is large, the men are usually divided into squads, each one of which is captained by one of their number who is responsible to one of the assistant head waiters. The hours are divided into "shifts"; the first may be from 6 o'clock a. m. to noon, the second from noon to 5 o'clock, the third from 5 o'clock to midnight. The men do two shifts on one day and one on the next; thus a man who breakfasts at 7 o'clock in the morning and sups at the same table at midnight may be surprised to find the same waiter at his elbow, as though he had been there all day long.

The customer's check usually goes through a routine such as would surprise him. First, it is taken to the "checker's" desk, where it is copied and endorsed, the waiter's number being noted, meantime; then it is taken to the kitchen, where the checker's endorsement is looked for carefully, and the whole thing is again recorded; when the food is prepared it is inspected as the waiter passes to the dining room. When the bill is paid the check goes to the cashier, who audits and records it; then it goes to the auditor's department. Finally all the checks for the day are compared with the storeroom and kitchen records, and if there is a discrepancy the fault is soon located. The food that is carried away from the table is also inspected as it goes back to the kitchen, and nothing is wasted for it is sifted out—some going to the waiters' table, some being set aside for sale to the cheaper restaurants, some being thrown into the refuse heap, which a contractor calls for the next day.

All the underlings are suspected. This is said to be necessary to stop a possible leakage. In some restaur-

ants the employes are inspected; they leave the place for the night; in others private detectives work in the kitchen. The whole system of checks and bookkeeping is devised to preclude thefts and waste. It is said, however, that no perfect check system has yet been devised. Careful watch is the best method of avoiding theft.

To buy as cheaply as possible is, of course, the aim of the restaurant proprietor. Therefore he buys in large quantities at times when the market price seems to him to be right. Some proprietors raise their own vegetables and fowls and fruit and beef, and have their own dairy farms and hot-houses. At any rate they bake their own bread and make their own ice.

MODERN CAVE DWELLERS.

Professor Sterrett on His Recent Investigation Among the Troglodytes.

Professor J. R. S. Sterrett of Amherst college, who has made some interesting investigations among the troglodyte dwellings in Cappadocia, recently lectured upon the subject of these rock houses before the New York society of the Archeological Institute of America. Much of what he said has as a basis personal exploration. In brief his remarks were:

"The earliest men we have any knowledge of dwelt in caves. They lived together in families, possessing the women and children in common, with the exception of certain classes, whose wives were inviolable. They had no social intercourse with families about them. Instead, they drew a dead line outside their dwellings, which they forbade their neighbors to cross. Entrance was made up ladders of holes cut in the rock, which seem difficult for the women and children to climb. Herodotus says they lived on serpents. Obadiah's account of Edam strangely parallels the description of troglodyte regions of Cappadocia today.

If you draw a line north from Tarsus and east from Smyrna the point of intersection will be in the land of the modern cave dwellers. Here the region is entirely volcanic—an overlying stratum of lava and an interminable depth of pumice stone. Here for an area 40 miles in diameter there are mighty stone cones several hundred feet in height, and so thickly strewn that it is as easy to be lost among them as in a great forest. Centuries of erosions have worked out this strange architecture.

The soft stone is easily excavated, for a family in thirty days have dug out a chamber 30 feet long and 10 feet deep. In these cones are dwellings, one above the other, sometimes many stories high, not seldom many more, but usually two or three. The entrance is often made with holes in the stone for ladders. Many cones have no visible means of entrance, and sometimes the one doorway to the many dwellings in a cliff is a long distance away from the rooms. This is all for safety. In these communities they have built churches in some of the cones, trying to carve the large doorways elaborately and making the interior in imitation of Byzantine architecture, with columns and arches and saints, nimbi and all, cut in the soft stone.

Stairways to upper stories are like wells, and niches or shelves are cut in the side of the walls near the ceiling. These they use for closets or storerooms. In many cases the external walls have raftered away, so that the interior can be seen from without. Then the residents make use of the open chambers to dry their fruit in, or they turn them over to doves, whose eggs form a chief article of diet. Many of the windows were bordered with paint, but no one seems to know the origin or purpose of this ornamentation.

Weird and curious as the country is in general, it has its local variations and contrasts. In front of these cone residences the inhabitants raise their vegetables in a fertile soil, which, like enough, may be but a few feet from a desert. In one place a grape grower lived in a house beneath his own vineyard.

Graves are to be found below the floors of the chapels, and it is clear that the people lived, as the ancient historians said of them, in the same room with their pigeons and dead.

There is another place in Cappadocia, further to the east, where the rock changes into the form of cliffs. In them the people make their homes. They build a sort of facade in front of the face of the rock and then excavate as far inward as they please without having to let their neighbors know how large a residence they own.

It is hard to tell how far back these troglodyte dwellings date. But they are doubtless contemporaneous with the stone tombs of the Phrygian kings, built 800 B. C. Perhaps they belong to the days of the Hittites of the Bible, 1000 years before the Christian era. Anyway, they offer a remarkable chance for wonder and thought.

Both Right.

"The Eternal Feminine!" exclaimed the lounge on the sidewalk, observing that the strong-minded woman got off the street car backward, as did all the others.

"The Universal Cad!" she retorted, having overheard him.—Chicago Tribune.