

was uncommon, but they were an emblem of rank in the Church.

The umbrella was not known in France till the last half of the sixteenth century, and, as a fashion, extended to men in the last years of the Empire; but it was probably introduced into England as early as the fourteenth century, since an old manuscript of that time has a drawing of an Anglo-Saxon gentleman walking out with a servant behind him carrying over his head an umbrella with a handle that slopes backward. The umbrella was introduced into general use in France from China in the middle of the seventeenth century, though it was in use in Italy seventy-five years earlier.

The traveler Jonas Hanway, who died in 1786, is credited with being the first Englishman who habitually carried an umbrella. His habit was derided, but he persisted in his fad for thirty-five years. If ghosts ever can return to their old haunts, Jonas really ought to obtain permission to come back and look upon the Englishman of to-day, who never moves without his umbrella, making it the indispensable "compagnon de voyage," the faithful friend that accompanies him in his most perilous adventures. In short, Jonas would be pleased to learn that an Englishman is no longer complete without an umbrella.

The modern umbrella occasionally does service as a symbol, though not of majesty. With the French it is the symbol of a tranquil, peaceable life; and when they wish to represent the mediocre, calm type, they picture a man carrying under his arm a very substantial "family umbrella."

From the heavy, oiled-silk, huge affair that was once in vogue, and from the diminutive parasol that was the height of fashion thirty or forty years ago, styles have converged to a canopy of medium size, comfortable weight, and extreme elegance, called an umbrella if it is plain and serviceable, or a parasol if it is delicate and elaborate.

The umbrella modes of different countries are almost as various as the peasant costumes. In Würzburg, for instance, on a showery day, the market square, with the numerous umbrellas of the market-women, looks like a vast garden. These umbrellas are of every color—crimson, blue, green, even marigold yellow—some in one color, but more of them surrounded with a rainbow of colored lines as a border, and others wreathed about with a pattern of many-hued flowers. In Innsbruck similar umbrellas can be found—red, green, brown, white—lined with pink, like mushrooms. In Japan, too, a rainy day is divested of much of its dreariness. The umbrellas, of oiled paper and innumerable straight ribs, are many of them yellow, ornamented only with the character for "happiness" painted on one side in glossy black. Thus a golden glow seems to be constantly peeping encouragingly through rifts in the gray atmosphere.

So from the mist of ages the umbrella has come down to us, with centuries behind of lordly association and gentle protection, and in a present state of ease, grace, simplicity, and appropriateness that is the perfection of cultivation.

The Vacation Fund

The generous increase of the Fund this week is a proof of the development of the sentiment of brotherhood. To give money where those benefited will never meet those who gave the positive evidence of interest, tests the giver. To give where those who receive can express their appreciation, gives to the most unselfish a consciousness of having performed good. But money given where there is no return but the consciousness of an increase in the sum total of health, happiness, and productive power of a portion of God's family, enlarges man's conception of his relation to God and man. The song was found where the singer least expected it. Every dollar given to this Fund gives laughter for tears, strength for weakness, faith in man in place of distrust and fear. There has been a strike in a shop in New York that has lasted the entire winter. The strike is pathetic whether one sympathizes with the strikers or not. For a dozen girls in one shop to go out

with the thought that they can bring about better conditions for their trade has in it the elements of heroism.

One morning one of the strikers appeared at this office. Her face was perfectly white and drawn, and her eyes sunken and glassy; hunger and cold had been her familiar companions for weeks. Some questions were asked as to the causes of the strike. Wages had been reduced below the standard of living, not at once, but by gradual reductions like the turning of a screw, till the agony could be borne no longer. When the final protest was made, the foreman met it with the suggestion that there were ways by which wages could be increased. This striker was nineteen years old, and finished her story with the declaration that "men were devils." The indignant protest that the brutality of one man should not be taken as the expression of all men met with a look of patient endurance, and the response that "when I see some of the other kind, I shall believe it." Half of the strikers from this shop spent two weeks in the country, the guests of the readers of *The Outlook*, under the Working-Girls' Vacation Society. They believe there are some of "the other kind."

Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,125 48
J. B. and M. B., Syracuse, N. Y.....	5 00
Do Good Circle of King's Daughters, Olean, N. Y.....	5 00
C. A., New Jersey.....	5 00
Pennie Club of Tileston Hall, Hampton, Va.....	3 00
A Subscriber.....	1 00
Third-Room Girls, Linden Hall Seminary, Lititz, Pa.....	6 10
Four Sisters, New Haven, Conn.....	60 00
A Friend, Wawatosa, Wis.....	10 00
From a Working-Girl.....	2 00
C. S. H., Buckland, Conn.....	5 00
C. I. M., Washington, D. C.....	7 00
Mr. and Mrs. L. D., Brookline, Mass.....	10 00
Mrs. S. A. D., Brookline, Mass.....	5 00
A. M. K., Plymouth, N. H.....	100 00
W. H., New York.....	25 00
A. G. H., Berlin, Germany.....	25 00
M. S., Lake Mohonk, N. Y.....	25 00
E. P. F., Pittsfield, Mass.....	2 00
From Two Friends, Belchertown, Mass.....	2 00
G. R., Bainbridge, N. Y.....	4 00
Grammar School No. 50, New York City.....	10 50
E. P., Maine.....	4 00
Two Friends, St. John's, Mich.....	3 00
P. G., Lenox, Mass.....	5 00
Altruria, Bloomfield, N. J.....	2 00
Y. P. S. C. E., Universalist Church, Southold, N. Y.....	15 00
Ginger Jar, Hanover, N. H.....	10 00
From a Friend.....	345 56
J. K., Milwaukee, Wis.....	5 00
Mrs. S. C. S., Carthage, N. Y.....	5 00
From a Friend, Richmond, Ind.....	1 00
E. B. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	10 00
M. L. F., Kingston, N. Y.....	30 00
Mrs. J. R. W., Clifton Springs, N. Y.....	5 00
Alan, Lindenhurst, N. Y.....	5 00
A Washington Friend.....	5 00
E. H. B., New Bedford, Mass.....	5 00
Worcester, Mass.....	15 00
H. E. C., Worcester, Mass.....	5 00

Total..... \$2,918 64

A Good Habit

One of the most interesting figures of modern times is Mr. Gladstone, not only because of his political achievements, but on account of his scholarship. Few men who devote themselves to literary work alone have attained greater prominence in that field than Mr. Gladstone, and his success is in a measure due to the habit of orderliness. He formed the habit, when a boy, of taking notes carefully, of arranging his books and papers in an orderly manner. As these accumulations of his busy life increased, he found these habits of great value, and those about him followed his example. His secretaries have been trained to learn the meaning of certain marks placed by Mr. Gladstone on the letters given them to answer. Every book owned by Mr. Gladstone has been put in its right place by himself, and his system of arranging his pigeonholes and envelopes enables any one of his secretaries to find any paper needed.

This is one of the first habits a boy or girl should train himself or herself into, the habit of having a place for everything and putting everything in its place. "Order is heaven's

first law" is a good motto to make practical. It will save time and increase the working power of any one who practices it.



How Flower-Pots are Made

By Amy Wightman

Let us watch a potter at his wheel. The apparatus before him is simple, consisting of a bench, let into the top of which is a horizontal wheel revolving by a treadle. At his right is a tank for water, near which are piled lumps of finely ground clay wet to the right consistence. Each weighs a pound and a half.

At his left is a board holding six pots just from the wheel. Behind him is a framework on which boards are placed as fast as filled, that the pots may dry before baking. They are the nine-inch hanging pots, and the making of one includes nearly all the processes in use for making any kind of flower-pot, excepting those made in molds.

The potter drops a lump of clay on the center of the moving wheel, shaping it with both hands to the form of a short, thick cylinder, which, while turning evenly and rapidly, is hollowed at the top by the fingers and widened slightly, leaving it like a rude cup several inches high. A few downward strokes around the base spread out the allowance of clay for the saucer flat upon the wheel.

Then this whirling cup begins to rise higher and thinner under the potter's fingers, the circle of the rim growing wider and wider, till the cup changes to an old-fashioned wine-glass, with its flat standard, very short, thick stem, and funnel-shaped upper part. But this form alters as, with wet fingers and sometimes with a wet wooden scraper, the potter presses against the inner side, till, rising higher and swelling outward, it gains a beautifully rounded outline and is the desired size. The edge is turned over at right angles and wetted and smoothed with the scraper till a perfect rim an inch or more wide is formed. Then for the first time the wheel is still, while the drainage-hole just above the saucer is punched with a pointed stick from the outside, thus leaving the outer surface smooth, though the inner is rough.

In the same way the holes for chains in the rim of the pot are made, the wheel revolving slowly while the distance between them is measured accurately and quickly by the eye.

Next the rim of the saucer is turned upward and smoothed like the upper rim.

The pot is now ready for the finishing touch, and turns very slowly as the rim is crimped with thumb and finger, the number of scallops coming out even at the end with no gap between or any too near together.

With a quick motion, a wet string held taut cuts the bottom of the saucer from the wheel, and the finished pot is lifted to the board.

The whole process has taken only one minute and twelve seconds. Truly the work seems done as by magic. It is as fascinating to watch as glass-blowing, being not an exhibition of strength or of mechanical precision, but of pure skill in handiwork.

Most of the flower-pots now made are shaped in plaster-of-Paris molds. These are in three sections shaped inside like the bottom and sides of a pot, are very thick, and are held together by means of corresponding projections and depressions in their edges. Often the inner surface has a fancy pattern, which, being depressed in the mold, appears raised on the pot. Rustic pots are made in this way. A favorite design is a vine around the rim, the rest of the surface showing a repoussé effect.

The process of molding is short and comparatively easy. There is the same horizontal wheel, though turned by machinery. The mold, holding the right quantity of clay, is placed firmly upon the wheel. While in rapid motion the operator presses against the inside a thin wooden piece suspended from above, shaped like a half-section of the inside of the pot. Held firmly against the whirling mold, it forces the clay into the desired shape in a few seconds.

After the porous mold has absorbed the moisture, the pot is taken out and whirled rapidly, while a cutting metal edge is held against it, trimming the ragged edge of the rim and throwing it off in a thin clay ribbon.

The parts of the mold not fitting perfectly, the clay forced into the cracks has to be cut away, after which the pot is ready for baking.

Pieces to be glazed on the inside have a thin brown glazing mixture poured into them, shaken, and turned out. When baked, they are ready for decoration.

The pots to be colored are dipped in a large pail of paint, and turned to drain upon a rack over a shallow box which slants towards and drains into another pail, which, when full, is emptied into the first, thus applying the paint evenly and quickly and with little waste. The inner edges are painted by hand before the ware is baked.

Around the great circular furnaces are built the thick parallel walls of the kilns, reaching to the ceiling; and in this space, perhaps three or four feet wide, the pottery to be burnt is carefully piled, the thick doors shut, the heat gradually raised to the right point and as slowly cooled.

Large flower-pots are piled one on another, every other pot being inverted, giving the effect of rows of fantastic pillars. Shelves built of blocks of fire-brick support other kinds of pottery. Saucers are set on their rims in horizontal rows.

The unpainted clay wares require for their first baking a heat of 2,500°, and the decorated wares a heat of 2,000°. The degree of heat is estimated by experimenting with substances which are known to melt at certain temperatures.

Around these furnaces, glowing with white heat, the wares are kept twenty-four hours for a first baking, and from four to six hours for subsequent firing as required after decoration.

The red color of baked clay is due to the presence in the clay of oxide of iron.

Of course, among hundreds of flower-pots there are some imperfect ones, too hard or too soft baked, misshapen or cracked. The perfect goods are packed with hay in casks for transportation, or are stored in open crates, or simply piled together in the warehouses.



Jack's Realization

An interesting story is told of a Hartford dog. He was lying on the ground near a hammock in which his master was swinging. He stood up on his hind legs after a time and looked at his master as though he had concluded that silence had been maintained for a long enough period. His master looked at him and said: "Jack, it seems to me it's a long time since you have really done anything in the way of catching a woodchuck. Now, if I were in your place, I wouldn't be lazing around here all day; I'd go off up over the east hill and see if I couldn't manage to retrieve my credit and get some game."

Jack looked at him with a little expression of protest, but trotted slowly off. He returned two hours later with a woodchuck, and laid it at his master's feet. He had evidently understood just what was expected of him.



Incentives to History-Study

The Sons of the Revolution of the State of New York deserve the gratitude of the people of the State for their recent offer of medals of gold, silver, and bronze to the pupils of the high schools of Albany, Binghamton, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Elmira, Ithaca, Oswego, Rochester, Syracuse, Troy, and Utica, for the best original essays on the subject of "New York in the War of the Rebellion." The essays must be submitted before December 1 in 1894. Certain it is that the only way in which history can be taught and made to seem real is by linking the city, the town, the State, with the events of National importance, so far as there is a connection.