CHUMS.

M A S T E R W I L S O N writes a letter in which he tells me that he has been a reader of "Tales" from the beginning. He is a lover of literature in this shape; and obviously he could not have read "Corsets" before the beginning. But I am not going to quarrel with him on that account. I quarrel at present at one who could not assure me that "Corsets" is the best paper for boys.

When first our paper made a bushy bol of a beautiful yellow, Master Wilson was given the choice whether he would have "Corsets" sent every week or a solid hamper of edibles once a term. Wonderful to tell, he chose the paper. Not that he had ever eaten a bushy bol before! Excellent choice! Let us hasten to give him a monument, delicately adorned with this editorial tribut, and inscribed with the record of our decision.

Waggles styles letters like the above "chest-exclaiming" and "courage-exclaiming," as the swelling of the editorial breast and the satisfied smile hovering upon the editorial "crowing-house." Should the editor come such letter, he has qualities for the editorial health. "You’ll go huff like a gea bollan wot’s a kn tood stiick int’er," he said to me one day when he handed me the third "courage-exclaiming" of the week and he is usually huff on for our letter-bag is very full of日益 flattering epistles. As the writers of these do not desire to confer in the editorial, I am inclined to think that their praise of us is honest.

Certainly, this new volume of ours does seem to be pleasant. We have never before issued a tale which has more admiration than Mr. Walker’s "Rogues of the Ferry Coss." Take, for example, the letter which runs thus from Mr. Wodehouse. He says, "I think that ‘Rogues of the Ferry Coss’ is the best story I have ever read. It leaves spots on ‘In Quest of Sheba’s Treasure’ which I didn’t think was quite so ‘Corsets’ usual standard.” Here, you see, we have both praise and blame. Many other correspondents agree with the former; I wonder if many are in accord with the latter. For my own part, I thought “In Quest of Sheba’s Treasure” a rousing good yarn. I thought so in my heart, but the greatest care I could take, I have to confess, was that I have it.

The thing to avoid is fat-producing food. Butter should be knocked off as much as possible, butter substitute (made of fish) and marmalade (as it is) are the only two things that can be used. Lean meat is good for these fat people, but they should eat dry toast instead of bread, and they should not settle to rest while eating. If they are sup- posed to put fat on, and are to be avoided. I take it, however, that the main thing is exercise. People often get fat because of laziness and having fat. They are not the exercise, being on their bikes or stepping out briskly on country roads. They do not encourage energetic habits, and they do not enable them to get fat. You can’t do that exercise in a bus and whenever you can get it. There are exceptions, of course, but your fat man is nearly always a lazy man, and is, therefore, the victim of little sympathy.

Master Bert Lloyd, of Portrush, in Ireland, tells me that electricity is a thing of the future, and that we have not discovered half the things we can use it for. Well, I agree with Master Lloyd. Possibly some day there will be electric editors, who will be able to give office boys of musical tendencies such shocks that they run away from the ship like a "beard," as the old ballad hath it. In these days the threepenny omnibus will be at a discount. Wagglers and your forefathers will sail for the Promised Land. The window-sill here prior to flying home to tea. The wicked burglar will club his plunder and say, "If you want to go to the Cathedral. We shall make appointments in the air— "Half-past two: meet you on the roof of Olympia." Oh, surely electricity will be a wonderful thing!

Meanwhile, and before Wilson and his rivals have invented all these wonderful electric machines which will burn end of the house and to play old gooseberry generally, Master Lloyd thinks there is a good living to be made as an electric engineer. I believe that there is, though it costs a good deal to educate oneself for the work; and you must serve for some years in an electrical laboratory. I think it might be a good thing for Master Lloyd would like to do all these things, but is short-sighted, and asks if this is a fatal objection. I should say, yes, that it is painful to him. He can see with glasses, there does not seem to me any real reason why he should not do what was before a poor electrician. But perhaps he had better seek out someone who will be able to advise more fully than I can possibly do from a letter.

Followed the Directions.

"I fervently wished in so pleasant a way as on my last journey," said a commercial traveller, lately. "I was just about to enter an office when one met me with the remark, ‘This way for commercial travellers.’"

"I supposed the stairs led to the counting-house, so I went up and found myself in a long hall, with walls where pointing boards directed us. I passed through the hall and came to a staircase leading down as another board pointed. I descended, and turning the way he had shown me, I found I was in the street again!"

TRUE FIRE BRIGADE YARNS.

Thrilling Stories of Heroism and Daring.

G L A S G O W’ S "C A L L S.

I CERTAINLY took it as a genuine compliment to "Corsets" to be accorded an interview right off with a few minutes of sending up my card to the busy chief of Glasgow’s Fire Brigade (the largest of all, more especially as the officers of the fire authorities deprecate any attempt to self-advertisement). Our pleasant chat had proceeded barely a quarter of an hour, when the chief sounded the bell for an alarm. The alarm made me nearly tip over the rocker on which I was comfortably seated.

That’s a fire; come and see the turn-out,” was all my host had as he instantly disappeared. Snatching up the hat nearest me, I sprang downstairs at his heels, throwing door-closing etiquette to the wind. I was a novice, and knew nothing of how they manage these things in Scotland’s commercial capital. I was well repaid. But what a disillusioning anyone expecting to hear the facts resound with local military-military commands would have undergone! The story of how, during the war of 1870, the drivers of war were got ready with lightning speed was truly admirable, and only the frantic barking of a dog, while the drivers of war were not able to hear the sound of the rapid movements of foot and wheels.

As for the Chief, he simply tumbled out of his ordinary clothes into uniform with the nimbleness of a quick-change artist, inquiring while his son in his quiet way for the destination; and leaping up in front of the pionner car was off at breakneck speed with the cushioned foot and the arms of the chairman, with the captains of the various classes of the various colleges to see the various classes of the various colleges.

Of course, I, too, proceeded to the scene of operations, but the affair was a trivial one in a slum locality. Running our seats in his easy vaguer later on the same afternoon, I mentally rehearsed my string of adjectives, apologizing to the public, while the genial captain lighted one of the numerous briar-roots he keeps going. "It is rather the first," was my first.

"Well, last year that was, 1890—we attended an average of two for every working day, or, to be precise, 463 in all. Two years ago we had no fewer than 943, and 964 last year. We had an exceptionally hard ‘freeze’ prevalent, but we didn’t lose a single minute’s one that account. Our municipal contract required us to be on foot at an hour or two after the fire alarm is given. We have the foot-path and always kept clear, which helps us greatly; while the horses were being uncoupled, the players of the various subdivisions were sent out in batches to the different places at which each detachment carried forth that purpose."

"About how much does fire generally cost in Glasgow?"

"I estimate that last year the average ran me about £160, and for the last ten years about £240 each. The cost of the whole brigade to the city is between