

Women's Doings.

Wisdom for Girls.
One of the greatest mistakes a girl can make is to argue with herself that a certain suitor is domestic by nature and will make a good and attentive husband because he prefers lounging about in the drawing room of her father's house and paying her pretty compliments to taking her out to theaters and concerts.

This is the mark of the stay-at-home lover and the never-at-home husband. But for the mistaken notion that he is a born "freside companion," few girls would put up with such a suitor. Nothing so pleases an engaged girl as to be escorted here and there by her fiancé. She is in love, and is proud of him. She has acquired a valuable bit of property and wants to exhibit it.

She likes to imagine all the other girls mildly envious when they see her out in public places with this big, handsome fellow, like wax in her hands.

She knows that this is the most triumphant period of a girl's life—and what is triumph without an audience?

The fact about the stay-at-home fiancé is that he is lazy. He loves his ease. After marriage, if he finds his club more comfortable than his home, this is the sort of man who will gravitate back to his club life—after the honeymoon.

At present he cannot bear to be out of sight of the girl whose love he has gained.

After his day's work is over, and the inner man has been fed and comforted, perchance he sallies forth to her home, but by no means to suggest even a walk. No. Being there, there he stays; and the drawing room containing the family piano having perforce to be given up to the engaged couple, many are the uncomplimentary remarks passed by future brothers and sisters-in-law, many the more or less good-natured jeers hurled at his sweetheart's head afterward.—Hearst's American.

Chic Two-Piece Suit.



Here is a very chic two-piece suit for a miss of light green and gray plaid gingham trimmed with bands of stitched white linen. Both the gingham and linen should be shrunken before making up.

Men at Women's Work.

One of the most interesting features of census records of the number of persons above ten years of age occupied in gainful pursuits is the revelation of the number of men who are doing work that properly is within woman's province. For instance, it is the natural and inalienable right of the woman to teach school. So, too, nursing ought to be peculiarly the task of women, yet there are 12,291 male nurses. It is indisputable that women of more or less tender age ought to monopolize stenography and typewriting. Yet there are men bold enough to intrude upon 23,553 positions of the first kind and 2,753 of the second. Moreover, such is the fancy or the fate of some males that 1,718 of them are milliners, 2,116 are dressmakers and 4,837 are seamstresses.

To Furnish a Girl's Room.

I furnished my daughter's room very prettily at small cost. I had an iron bed, two old chairs and an old table. I bought twenty yards of India linen at 3½ cents a yard. For the two windows I made single window curtains with deep ruffles. This required seven yards. I also made a cover for the bed, with a six-inch ruffle all around, using ten yards. With the remaining three yards I draped the table, first making a foundation cover of five-cent lining, which may be obtained in any color. I used blue. I purchased a square mirror for \$1. This was not large, but good. I procured a box three feet long, eighteen inches high and eighteen inches wide for ten cents. This I covered with three yards of denim, which cost fifteen cents a yard, making a very nice shirtwaist box and window seat. I lined this box with a five-cent lining. I bought two and one-half yards of chintz—delft-blue predominating—and made cushions for the chairs, which I had had enameled white at a cost of

fifty cents. I fastened two iron brackets to the wall, and placed a board twelve inches wide on these, making a nice bookshelf. The floor of the room I covered with a delft-blue denim, which cost fifteen cents a yard. The walls I decorated with prints, half-tones, and two watercolor pictures. The mirror was suspended from a hook immediately above the table, making a dressing table.—Woman's Home Companion.

Nothing Poetic About Mar.

Some men are never poetic; others lose their poetic sense with the encroachment of years. At least that is the opinion of a matron now past middle life. "The only trouble with a man is that he loses the poetic side of his nature as the years roll by," she remarked.

"Now, only yesterday my husband took on the far-away look. I must confess it recalled the delightful days when he put all his talents into telling me how charming I was and how all his life was wrapped up in me, saying it as constantly and with as many enchanting variations as even a woman could desire.

"For a long time I watched him in silence. Then, at least, unable longer to bear the silence, I softly asked: 'What are you thinking about, dear?' 'I was wondering,' he answered, 'if I shouldn't be quite safe in leaving off my winter underwear?' Now, wasn't that poetic. Yet that same iconoclastic man is brave enough to complain at times that I have changed."—Exchange.

When Words of Wisdom Tell.

"Mother, dear," said a frank young woman to her parent, who had just been giving her a lecture, "if you would only stop when you have scored your point and said what I feel is a truth, you would make so much more impression, but you always go on and on, and say so much that it puts us both out of temper, and you lose all the advantage you have gained."

Moral teachers always make a mistake when they do not stop at the right moment. Many a truth would be carried home to a culprit and do good work if it were not diluted with discursiveness to such an extent that its effect becomes obliterated. But the fact is that the generality of people talk too much about everything, themselves, their affairs and their neighbors. Talking never does any good, and it is apt to do a great deal of harm.—New York Tribune.

Health and Beauty Hints.

Don't tip the shoulders from side to side when walking. It is an exceedingly ungraceful habit.

Don't bend forward when walking, but hold the body erect, with the chest well arched and the hips thrown back.

Don't bend over double when ascending a flight of stairs. Give the lungs full play, for you need plenty of breath.

Never fail to consult an oculist if you find that your eyesight is growing dim, or hesitate to wear glasses if you need them.

Never fail to wash the eyes every night before retiring, so as to remove any dust that may have gathered in the lids during the day.

Don't wear shoes run down at the heels and don't wear high-heeled and narrow-toed shoes. They are the inveterate enemies of grace.

Don't let tartar accumulate on the teeth, for it brings a whole train of evils in its wake. Have it removed by a dentist at least twice a year.

Don't use a tooth powder which contains gritty, acid or irritating substances, as the first two act injuriously on the teeth and the last on the gums.

Don't use one side of the mouth only when eating, for then the teeth have not all the same amount of exercise, and decay sets in more rapidly on one side than the other.

Don't fail to remember this rule—that in walking you should carry yourself so that a plumb line, dropped from your nose, would fall just an inch in front of your great toe.

Do not allow an infant to turn round that it may enjoy the fun of being dizzy. Not only headache but fits, stupidity and even madness may be brought about by such practices.

The yellow complexion, which is the surest symptom of chronic biliousness, will disappear, as will the cause itself, if the victim, while bathing in the sea, swallows plenty of sea water.

When trying on new shoes do so at the latter part of the day. The feet are then at their maximum size. Summer footwear should be fully roomy, for the heat is apt to make the feet swell and tight shoes are the cause of much suffering.

To keep the hair in curl use a liquid made as follows: Take two ounces of borax, one drachm of gum arabic and a quart of hot (not boiling) water. Stir this together till the borax and gum are dissolved and then add three tablespoonfuls of strong spirits of camphor. Bottle and use for dampening the hair before curling it.

When you feel fagged try the harmless stimulant of hot milk. Heat the milk till a skin begins to wrinkle on the top of it and then drink it in sips. You will find it wonderfully refreshing when you are feeling "fagged out," and it will do you more good than the best beef tea, for hot milk is both nourishing and stimulating, whereas beef tea is only the latter.

IN THE REALM OF RELIGION



holy Christ of God, can satisfy the hunger and the thirst of the soul of man.—Dr. Joseph Parker.

A Blessed Secret.

It is a blessed secret; this of living by the day. Any one can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Any one can do his work, however hard, for one day. Any one can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, and purely, till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us—just one little day.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them. God gives nights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living—Christian Work.

Glorify the Commonplace.

Life with most of us is a simple, lowly, hidden thing, doing the same things over and over again, meeting the same people, living in the same house, and going the same round of want and work. This is what Christ did for thirty years. His life was made up of commonplace employments, enjoyments, trials, self-denials; but in it all he was doing the Father's work and the Father's will. Thirty years doing little things—three years doing great things! Let us find that the loftiest service of God can be done in the lowliest conditions. Let us look well to the plain and homely duties; they may turn out to be the appointed tasks of God.—The Homelands of the Bible.

How to do God's Will.

A teacher was explaining to her class words concerning God's angels, "Ministers of his who do his pleasure," and asked, "How do the angels carry out God's will?"

Many answers followed. One said, "They do it directly."

Another, "They do it with all their hearts."

A third, "They do it well."

And after a pause a quiet little girl added, "They do it without asking any questions."

Watch for the Good.

Watch for the good in others, and rejoice when you have found it. There are faults so glaring it is impossible to overlook them, but loving eyes see them with regret. If you find that the discovery of another's weak points gives you the least satisfaction, you may be sure something is radically wrong with yourself. Look for that which is kind and true and good, and rejoice over its discovery as if you had found a treasure.

What We Can Do.

Our lives are songs; God writes the words. And we set them to music at pleasure; And the song grows glad or sweet or sad, As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the music, whatever the song. Whatever its rhyme or metre; And if it is sad, we can make it glad; Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.—Matthew Arnold.

THE TOWN OF SPECTACLES.

The Curious Manner in Which an African Settlement Was Named.

John Moir built a commodious residence a number of years ago on the outskirts of Blantyre, in the S. Highlands south of Lake Nyassa. He is agent of the African Lakes Company, which has a number of steamers on Lake Nyassa and has proved that it is possible to build up a prosperous business in inner Africa without selling spirits or firearms to the natives. The company buys ivory and other native commodities and gives in exchange nothing but cloth, wire and other things which add to the comfort of the natives and do them no harm.

Mr. Moir wears spectacles, and the natives call him Mandala, which means glass. When he erected his house they also applied the name Mandala to the building.

Then Mr. Moir developed a settlement around his private property, all devoted to the interests of the company he represents. There are storehouses for ivory and other things bought from the tribes. Trade goods as they arrive from Europe are also stored here till they are sent up the lake. The place has become a very thriving settlement with several hundred population.

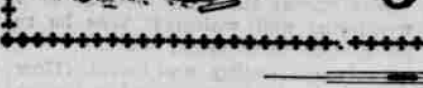
It did not lack a name for a single day, because the natives at once named it when the first storehouse was erected. They simply made the name Mandala embrace also the town; and now on all good maps we see a little dot and the word Mandala standing for the most thriving and important suburb of Blantyre. The fame of Mandala is known to all who are interested in Africa's progress, and the name it bears was given it simply because the founder of the town wears spectacles.—New York Sun.

His Opinion.

Mrs. Peckem—I wonder if a man ever does get too old to marry? Peckem—Of course not. Age doesn't always bring wisdom.

"Notice," says a woman, "that when people don't like a man's hat, he buys another. No one likes my hat; does that give me the privilege of charging another to my husband?"

Boys And Girls



Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers

Thistledown.
When the nights are long and the dust is deep,
The shepherd's at the door;
His flock is as still as he;
That he drives on before!

Never a sound does the shepherd make;
His flock is as still as he;
Under the boughs their road they take,
Whatever that road may be.

And one may catch on a shriveling brier,
And one drop down at the door,
And some may lag, and some may tire,
But the rest go on before.

The wind is that shepherd's so still and sweet,
And his sheep are the thistledown;
All August long, by alley and street,
He drives them through the town.
—St. Nicholas.

Modern Mother Goose Verses.



Stated Precisely.
Little Charlie went with his uncle to see the seal and the sea lion. The seal was on free exhibition, but to see the sea lion you had to pay the large sum of 25 cents, or in Western parlance, "two bits."

When Charlie returned, his older sister said to him: "Well, Charlie, what was the difference between the seal and the sea lion?"

"Two bits," promptly replied Charlie.

Little Jim.
Marjorie and Frances were hurrying to get to the lane before little Jim caught up with them; his legs were much shorter than theirs, and he was quite a distance behind.

"If we get past the turn of the road, we're all right," said Marjorie. "Jim's three years younger than I am, and he's the most awful tagger you ever saw. He might just as well go to school by the road. I've got a secret to tell you when we're 'way in the middle of the lane, Frances, where nobody can hear. It's about a party I'm going to have next week."

"O goody!" said Frances, looking over her shoulder. They passed the turn of the road and ran into the grassy lane that led to school by a roundabout way. There was no sign of little Jim behind them.

Somehow Marjorie did not feel quite happy, after all, when they were in the lane. Frances grew impatient for the secret.

"Hurry up and tell me!" she whispered, although there was nobody to hear her.

"Oh, 'tisn't much," said Marjorie. "It's only that mother's going to make a puzzle cake with different things in it. I don't suppose Jim could fall off the bridge, do you? It's sort of jolly, you know, and he's so little and fat."

"I suppose he could fall off," said Frances, "but—O Marjorie, look at that great, big, dreadful darning-needle on that bush ahead of us! You go on that side, if you aren't afraid."

"Ow! I am afraid!" cried Marjorie, with a little shriek. "And there are two of them! And if we go back now we'll be late for school!"

"Marjorie!" called a little, breathless voice, and there was a sudden rush of short, fat legs that brought Jim close to them. "What's the matter?"

"See those two horrid darning needles!" cried the two girls together.

"Why I'll scare them off," said little Jim. "Then he picked a long spray of goldenrod, and marched ahead of Frances and his sister.

Two vigorous waves of the goldenrod, and a buzzing sound and—the darning-needles were gone.

"I think I'd better walk ahead of you the rest of the way," said Jim. Then he marched on, holding the spray of goldenrod just as a drum-major holds his baton, twirling it in the air, and sometimes turning around to face the two little girls, and walking backward.

Marjorie and Frances marched behind, and neither of them told him once that he'd better be careful, not even when he backed into a blackberry bush.

"How did you know we'd come by the lane?" asked Marjorie, just before they reached the end where it ran out into the road. "We didn't see you when we turned in."

"Why, you dropped this little piece of paper out of your book," said Jim, drawing a slip from his pocket. "I s'posed you did it on purpose."

His brown eyes looked straight up into her blue ones, and Marjorie

stooped and straightened his collar very gently.

"I will next time, Jim," she said. "That's all right," said little Jim. "Cause you might need me to look after you and Frances. Mother says that's what boys are for, and then not to tell. Course I sha'n't tell anybody 'bout those darning-needles; you knew that, didn't you?"—Youth's Companion.

Replenishing the Stock.
One morning my brother, who was then about 3 years old, was swinging on the gate, when a neighbor came by. She said to him:

"Good morning, Albert. Got a kiss for me this morning?"

"No, papa, hasn't kissed me yet, but if you'll wait a minute I'll run in and get one."

Positions Reversed.
Little Ruth lived in a town where a new electric railroad was being built. She was warned that if she touched the live rail it would kill her. She replied:

"I will walk right across the crossing, and if I see anything that looks like a live rail, I'll step on its head and kill it!"

A Sectarian Language.
Helen, a little daughter of Presbyterian parents, became very much annoyed one evening at the maid-of-all-work for conversing with her friends in the Norwegian tongue, and exclaimed, "Why don't you talk the way we do? We don't talk Norwegian, we talk Presbyterian!"

THE EARLY MORNING AIR.

Origin of Its Peculiarly Attractive and Refreshing Quality.

Chemists have long ago told us not only what is the exact composition of the air, but also that this composition is practically constant, whether the air be that near the mountain top or the sea, or from the country or of the town. So far, then, chemistry would not appear to offer any explanation of the benefit gained from "a change of air." Similarly, everyone knows the sweetness and freshness of the early morning air, attractive properties which disappear as the day advances; but so far as analysis goes the composition of the early morning air is not different from that of air at any other time.

It is well to remember, however, that during the passing of night to day and of day to night several physical changes take place. There is a fall in temperature at sunset and a rise at dawn, and consequently moisture is alternately being thrown out and taken up again, and it is well known that change of state is accompanied by electrical phenomena and certain chemical manifestations also. The formation of dew has probably, therefore, far more of dew effects than merely the moistening of objects with water. Dew is vitalizing, not entirely because it is water, but because it possesses an invigorating action, due partly, at any rate, to the fact that it is saturated with oxygen, and it has been stated that during its formation peroxide of hydrogen and some ozone are developed.

It is not improbable that the peculiarly attractive and refreshing quality which marks the early morning air has its origin in this way. Certain it is that the bracing property of the early morning air wears off as the day advances, and it is easy to conceive that this loss of freshness is due to the oxygen, ozone or peroxide of hydrogen (whichever it may be) being used up. The difficulty of inducing grass to flourish under a tree in full leaf is well known, and is generally explained by saying that the tree absorbs the nourishing constituents of the soil or that it keeps the sunlight away from the grass and protects it from the rain. It is doubtful whether any of these explanations are true, the real reason most probably being that the vitalizing dew cannot fern upon the grass under a tree, whereas, as a rule, both rain and light can reach it. Dew is probably essential to the well-being of both plant and animal to a greater extent than is known and the beautiful expression in the Prayer Book, "Pour upon them the continual dew of Thy Blessing," may be remembered in this connection.—Lancet.

Our Food Resources.
A special bulletin has been issued by the Department of Agriculture on the relations of population and food products in the United States, exclusive of Alaska and the insular possessions. The food resources per capita in the census year of 1900 follow: Wheat, 8.66 bushels; oats, 12.40 bushels; Indian corn, 84.94 bushels; barley, 1.57 bushels; buckwheat, 0.15 bushels; rye, 0.34 bushel; rice, 3.29 pounds; potatoes, 3.60 bushels; sweet potatoes, 0.56 bushel; sugar, 6.54 pounds; sirup and molasses, 0.58 gallon; pulse, 0.19 bushel; cattle, 0.69 head; swine, 0.83 head; sheep, 0.52 head; orchard products, 2.79 bushels; onions, 0.15 bushel; market gardening, including small fruits, \$1.30; semi-tropical fruits, 11 cents; poultry, 3.29 head; eggs, 17 dozen; honey, 0.80 pound; fishery products, 16.35 pounds.

A woman who gushes over a man when he is tired and hungry is due for a term in a padded cell.