

EDITED BY  
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THE COZY CORNER

The Day Nursery's Mascot.

The second day of the nursery's existence was a quiet one, there being only the matron and the mascot, Catherine, in the house when I called, but Catherine is in the first child to be cared for at the nursery and the matron says it's good luck to have a negro for the first one, and nobody could look at Catherine and make the error. Though undoubtedly a negress, her skin is a tawny red and her kinky hair matches it to a nicety, though her eyes are bright and black. The matron is proud of her, for she is as bright and sharp as a new tack and her education is wonderfully well advanced, considering that she is only 4. It wouldn't be at all strange if the world heard more about Catherine after she is grown.

"She's a very bright child," said the matron, "she knows all her letters and she is all the time asking me if there isn't something she can do for me, and she talks as plainly as I do," which is quite remarkable, considering the mascot's tender years and the fact that she has parted with a number of her upper front teeth, which gives her the strange appearance of being both old and young at the same time.

But the matron has found the situation a peculiar one, being all alone in the neat little cottage with this peculiar moral of humanity.

"People go by," she said, "and they look at her and then they look at me and then they look at each other and then they laugh, and I can't help laughing myself, for they don't see the day nursery sign at all."

The matron is a neat, kind, motherly woman with a slight black hair, not touched prettily with gray, and we looked at each other and then we laughed together, thereby refuting the oft-repeated scandal that women have no sense of humor, while the mascot, looking at her and wondering black eyes, she could see nothing to laugh at.

A few minutes later she started on a run down the street, followed by the mascot, who found her returning with her older sister, for whom she had been on the watch. Then she was washed and had her blue-sleeved apron removed and was soon ready to go home with her sister.

After she had gone the matron showed me about. Everything is fresh and clean and new and nothing seems to have been forgotten in the equipment of the place. The pantry is well stocked with cereals, etc.; there is a cute little refrigerator for the milk for the babies; there is a neat kitchen with a shiny new range, there is a bathroom and dining room, which is also the children's play room—all this, including the matron's room and the parlor, on the first floor.

On the second floor there are three rooms that the ladies of the flower mission are hoping to rent, and here, too, is the little sleeping room for the babies. Comfortable little iron beds with soft new mattresses and dainty clean new cheese-cloth puffs render this apartment very attractive and convenient for its purpose.

But the mascot is alone no longer. There was to be a 6-week-old baby the next day, and one 11 months, and it will not be long before there will be a small battalion of little girls in their blue pinafores—the uniform for girls—and boys in their pink pinafores, which will constitute their nursery array.

The nursery is in the pretty cottage at 13 North Fifth street, not so far from the shopping district but that ladies will find it both easy and pleasant to look in on it and perhaps be able to do something to assist in this excellent enterprise.

I was somewhat surprised to learn that but 10 ladies visited it the day of the opening, this, of course, exclusive of the patronesses of the nursery.

The Steadfast Girl.

Did you ever stop to study that word, steadfast, and see what a noble idea it stands for?

There are so many girls in the world with their own way to make, either wholly or in part, that the heart of the sympathetic woman will ache sometimes, but not here, for this girl, adapted to the needs of the self-supporting girl just now—it's going to be

better some day—but meantime, it is the steadfast girl who is going to bring the consolation of her own environment around to her liking in spite of the general state of things.

There are columns of advice written for girls and much of it is excellent, but at the same time no one girl can take it and apply it all to herself. You must pick and choose that which is adapted to your particular case, but this one characteristic of steadfastness is necessary for every girl who aspires to be an entity—to be something more than froth on the waves of life.

Some time ago, a well-meaning writer for the young made the remarkable statement that at 20 character was practically formed. That was a most discouraging outlook for the ambitious girl of 20 who had only just gotten her eyes open to the things she desired to do and do, furthermore, it isn't true. It may be true that the character is formed, but it is not until she has made the most of the character she has blocked out for herself, but the proper amount of applied will power will do the work and here is where the element of steadfastness comes in.

Kate Masterson has said some things upon this subject that are so good you ought to write them out and keep them—that is, if you are, or if you want to be the steadfast girl.

"To be steadfast," says Miss Masterson, "is not to be strenuous. You may stop your work to play in pleasant fields for a time and still remain true to whatever is in you."

"You may even congratulate yourself that the old ambition, the desire for worthy conquest has left you, and you may sigh with a certain frequency, so, for to be steadfast is not so easy for a woman. And suddenly you will find, with a certain delightful dismay, that while your purpose has slumbered, it is not the slumber for the divergency that has taught you in a short while that to be without a purpose in life is to be without an anchor."

"The glory of steadfastness—of persevering against obstacles—the sheer merit of it—is that it is frequently maintained without that beautiful thing, enthusiasm."

"Steadfastness keeps on without any star in view. It stands steady, unblinded, in the midst of earthquakes it keeps on. Even when things seem hopeless, even futile, we must stick it out. Either that, or go down in the whirlpool."

"Just as sure as we keep on we are bound for the open sea, we are carrying us on to rescue and safety. No truth in life stands out so plainly as this. Believe me, there is no joy in the giving up, especially when, as in most cases, the easiness comes when land is just in sight."

"Nothing can ever equal the joy that comes to you through feeling that you have persevered, have remained steadfast, have met waves and buffeted them, have been cast back like a straw in the cataract, and yet when the storm was done have still been on your course miles behind, where you were before, perhaps, but get on the way."

"Precious women think they have failed. A girl may have worked up in a shop from cash girl to saleswoman, and if she looks back she can only trace progress, but instead of taking this view she looks back at the girl who started out at all, and as some 'bridge customer' passes by she sighs bitterly.

"But to all women fighting this battle we can only say that steadfastness leads in the right direction from worldly points of view, and it is the only way to drop out of a fight, but it is to be what you call a 'quitter'."

"Keep on, and don't use up your brain force repining."

But this exhortation to be steadfast is not to be construed to mean that because a girl maintains a steady purpose to accomplish certain definite goals, she is to be unyielding and inflexible to her as altogether desirable, that she must close her heart against the call of love, should it speak to her.

"She speaks to your whole being, spontaneously and gladly and without misgiving responds, by all means answer the call and do not feel that by so doing you have spoiled a career, but rather that new hearts have entered into your life with which to round out and render symmetrical the character you aim to build."

THE QUIET HOUR

Our Limitations.

"Direct your eyes right inward, and you'll find." A thousand reasons in your mind. Yet undiscovered. Travel then, and be Expert in home-cosmography."

Our individual universe, physical and spiritual, corresponds exactly to the extent of our powers of thought. Its perception is meant all the avenues and all the converging of the avenues of physical, mental and spiritual cognition that relates you—the I, to all outside you—the world.

The universe extends its boundaries just in proportion as we widen our area of perception; this we shall not do so long as we make the mistake of supposing that these limitations inhere in the universe and not in ourselves.

The physical eye is very limited in its range. By the aid of the microscope and telescope we are taking in wonders of the universe that without them would have remained undiscovered. The telephone has performed the same miracle of extension for the ear, increased facilities for travel for the feet.

Keeping in mind that our universe is only so much of the whole as our perceptions enable us to recognize, and getting from what we can see and hear and feel and know, some idea of the immensity and the variety of that universe beyond the range of our very limited comprehension, what possibilities open up before us. What room for those sublime faculties that relate us so closely to that wonderful unknown realm—imagination, faith, hope.

Cultivate, then, imagination, faith and hope, for it is only through these faculties that we sustain a relation to that vast, unknown universe, beyond the reach of our perceptions.

It is by the exercise of these faculties and by that alone that our universe is extending itself more and more.

eliminate distance from our calculations has been miraculously increased by the various means of locomotion that have been invented.

Now stop to think of the thousands of things that have been brought out from the realm of the unknown on the material plane within the last century and you can trace their origin directly to these three forces—imagination, faith and hope.

It is a mistake to suppose that faith and its exercise are matters relating solely to what is generally termed religion. Faith is the great power that keeps the world moving at all—faith to bring into actuality what the imagination conceives to be possible. This is the faith that has literally moved mountains.

But we clip the wings of the imagination; we shackle and fetter our faith lest we be thought too enthusiastic, and "impractical."

Don't let that bugaboo of a word scare you. If you are impressed with an imagination and it wants to try its wings by flights in that wonderful realm of the yet unknown, let it go; if it comes, bat with marvelous power, a thousand things that are "pure and lovely and of good report," you may safely believe every word it tells you.

The imagination—even the most vivid—is weak compared with the health, the happiness, the possibilities for growth and ideal human living that will one day be actuality on the earth. How do I know? I know, because faith and hope will fire human brains with lofty enthusiasm and nerve human hands to make good the every thing imagination can picture, and more too.



This hat is of the very finest white horse-hair stgaw. The brim is woven in a pattern like lace. At one side is a large pompon of white ostrich feathers shaded to a delicate pink at the tips. The ospreys are also of these colors. Pink is the color of the season and every costume must have a touch of it somewhere.

bringing you dismal pictures of trouble, illness and failure. It is quite possible that if your imagination is vivid enough it will oblige you to materialize some of these pictures, so your only protection from this kind of imagination is to bring your will to bear upon it and refuse to consider its pictures of gloom and disaster—to make such a demand for brighter and more cheerful work from this servant of yours that the character of the images it presents to you will be radically changed.

If you do not want to shut out from your life a chance to participate in all the good that is even now awaiting our recognition in the unknown, don't make the mistake of limiting in your thought the scope and power of this wonderful universe in which we find ourselves to your own circumscribed ability to perceive. It is just this tendency that makes us narrow and shuts us out from the sunlight of a faithful, hopeful, heartful imagination and the wealth and beauty it can bring to us.

It is just this beautiful cooperation between imagination, faith and hope that is surely taking the terror of death out of the world's imagination. There are persons still living who will remember how all the gloom and terror of death were accentuated by the funeral rites; pictures were turned to the wall, every ray was dived with grief and forboding; black, black was everywhere.

But faith and hope have been gradually transforming all this. We no longer feel it necessary to hang heavy crepe on the door. A fluttering white ribbon or a wreath of flowers tells us that one sleeps within too soundly to be awakened. The casket must no longer be royal purple or lavender or pearl gray or even white. We are learning more and more that death is not the "king of terrors," as he used to be called and feared; he is rather a kind and sympathetic friend who closes our eyes with a cool, gentle hand when we are wearied past earthly refreshing.

To imagination, to faith and hope are we indebted for this change. Imagination sees through the veil; faith and hope are helping us to know that there is nothing to fear in one world more than another. The universe is our home; the earth is but one tiny apartment in it.

Even disaster and calamity are gilded with the rainbow of faith and hope. Over and over again these dread visitants have brought in their wake blessings that in the pain of the first shock and bewilderment could not be perceived, but the future has revealed them. Be patient under them and wait.

"Ah! I have penetrated to those meadows on the morning of many a first spring day. Jumping from hummock to hummock, from willow root to willow root, when the wild river valley and the woods were bathed in so pure and bright a light as would have waked

the dead, if they had been slumbering in their graves, as some suppose. There needs no stronger proof of immortality. All things must live in such a light. O grave, where was thy victory, then?" Imagination, faith, hope. These three. Trust them, follow the gleam!

One Woman's Influence.

There are very few earnest souls that do not feel, some time in the course of their experience, the intense desire to do serious work in this very way. If you do not want to shut out from your life a chance to participate in all the good that is even now awaiting our recognition in the unknown, don't make the mistake of limiting in your thought the scope and power of this wonderful universe in which we find ourselves to your own circumscribed ability to perceive. It is just this tendency that makes us narrow and shuts us out from the sunlight of a faithful, hopeful, heartful imagination and the wealth and beauty it can bring to us.

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frightened the woman a little; then she grew proud of him. Afterward the bride gave way to love. Owen Kildare had glimpsed heaven; for the first time in 30 years, his growth in the next eight years is the miracle of modern literature.

Up to this time he had been as he described himself, "a lump of useless clay." His parents he had never really known. But the lines of his mouth only grew fiercer and he persevered until he could talk and write intelligently.

This would have satisfied the ordinary man, but Owen Kildare had never been content with the top in his endeavors and he kept constantly at his study. He dropped his Bowery associates and worked as a baggage smasher.

Just when success was within his clutch his saviour—the one woman died; but even this though it weakened his grasp on the new life for a time it did not make him relinquish it; he recovered.

Owen Kildare's struggles since the look in one woman's eyes called him to life are over.

His work for one year on a New York paper netted him \$1,000. Happily success for him means more than money. He has abandoned newspaper work and worked as the mouthpiece of the people of his own kind—for that sodden east side from which his sprang.

"That's what I want to do," he cried; "that's what I'm going to offer the world. That's why I gave up newspaper work with its large returns. I may not be able to shape my clothes right, but I can tell of things I know, of lives I have lived myself."

Doing is not unessential, but the right kind of being given, the right kind of doing follows. "Be," "first," then "do."

THE BOOK SHELF

Success has been worshipped so long and so inordinately in this country that it has come to mean a mock levelling real content, real happiness and real soul substance.

Do you think it would be possible to subtract somewhat from this word and add somewhat to it so that its power for good would be undiminished and its power for evil destroyed? Unless this is done and done speedily it will make necessary the doing of other things not so pleasant by half.

Success is not recognized as such unless it can show as its sign manual and hall mark, money. The more money the more success; therefore get all the money you can. Under this arrangement

the man instead of being owned by his money, becomes a curse and owns the man instead of being owned by him. More than this, the law, "thou shalt not steal," has a far profounder significance than is commonly attached to it.

A man may take a loaf of bread and not violate the intrinsic commandment, even though he may have broken a commandment and eaten it who has deliberately possessed himself of the life and happiness and harmonious development of thousands of his fellow creatures has broken the vital, the ethical commandment, and let him assure himself, for it is true, that he will be pursued by the furies of outraged justice in this world or some other, until he has paid back the uttermost farthing.

One cannot read such a writer as Henry D. Thoreau, who never wrote "stories" without wishing that he could be read with the interest of the novelist, for he is really more vivid in his descriptions, keener in his discriminations and sarter in his observations than most novelists.

"Walden" is one of his best, and is refreshing because much of it is written by a man who never shut his ears to the voices of nature and because in this twentieth century, could never have lured him from the real and true success—living one's life according to one's best light and refining one's soul substance, but for a livelihood, this was a failure.

"For more than five years I maintained myself thus solely by the labor of my hands, and I found that by working about six weeks in the year I could easily support myself and my family. The whole of my winters, as well as most of my summers, I had free and clear for study. I have thoroughly tried school-keeping and found that my expenses were in proportion, or rather out proportion, to my income, for I was obliged to dress and train, not to say think and believe accordingly, and I lost my time into the bargain. As I did not teach for the good of my fellow-men, but for a livelihood, this was a failure."

"I have tried trade, but I found that it would take 10 years to get under way in that, and then I would probably be on my way to the devil. I was actually broke at the time I took up that time what is called a good business."

No twentieth century ideal of success finds utterance here. "I have since learned," he writes, "that trade curses everything it handles; and because he trades in messages from heaven, the whole course of trade attaches to the business."

But labor had not the dread for Thoreau that it had for the laborer. His day ends with the going down of the sun, and he is then free to devote himself to his chosen pursuit independent of his employer, who should have the right to make one and of the other.

In short, I am convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime. If we live with the sweat of his brow unless he sweats easier than I do."

All the world knows the story of Thoreau and Lake Walden and his two years' sojourn by it in a house of his own building, but if you want to get even a faint idea of all those two years were to him, you must read his book and then you will be sure it is not all there.

When any soul stands so near to nature that a thousand wonders are shown him that the careless never see, and that there is always in that soul a golden precipitate of beauty that he cannot impart to another, even if he try. It is his, his only, the unspeakable secret reward for having loved much; but allowing for that, there is enough in this book to make me strongly recommend that as a sort of antidote for the tendency of the times—just to help you keep your equilibrium—you get it and make a friend of it.

But Thoreau did not love nature simply as the unlettered savage loves it. He was a student of languages, of books, an associate of the great men of the day. It was an enlightened and articulate love, not the dumb emotion of an animal merely. It was the love of a man, a painter of wood and hill and vale and stream and flood that actually seem to feed a hunger for visible nature.

"I went to the woods," he says, "because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not when I came to die, discover that I had not lived. I did not wish to live what was not life; living is so dear; nor did I wish to practice resignation unless it was quite necessary. I wanted to live deep and suck out all the marrow of life, to live so sturdily and Spartan-like as to put to rout all that was not life, to cut a broad swath and sweep close, to drive life into a corner and reduce it to its lowest terms, and if it proved to be mean, why, then, to get the whole and genuine meanness of it funnily out of my hands by the world; or, if it were sublime, to know it by experience and be able to give a true account of it in my next excursion."

This, on reading, ought to be hung over the door of every library. "To read well—that is, to read with the aspiration of a true spirit—is a noble exercise, and one that will take the reader more than any exercise which the customs of the day permit. Books must be read as deliberately and reservedly as they were written. The reader yields to the inspiration of the transient occasion and speaks to the mob before him, to those who can hear him; but the writer, whose more equable life is his occasion, speaks to the timeless, and heart of mankind by all in any age who understand him."

The spring chapter is rich with nature stories and descriptions. "One afternoon in coming to the woods to live, as I should have chosen to do, I saw a

in the pond at length begins to be honeycombed and I can get my heel in it as I walk. Frogs and rains and warm suns are gradually melting the snow, the days have grown sensibly longer. I am on the alert for the first signs of spring to hear the chance note of some chirping bird, or the striped squirrel's chirp, power for good would be undiminished and its power for evil destroyed? Unless this is done and done speedily it will make necessary the doing of other things not so pleasant by half.

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