

THE JOURNAL'S COZY CORNER FOR WOMEN

EDITED BY ELEANOR F. BALDWIN

THE COZY CORNER

California.
(An old poem.)
No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills
In luscious repose;
Or pour'st the crystal of a thousand hills
Down from thy house of snow.
How art thou conquered, tamed in all the pride
Of savage beauty still!
How brought, O panther of the splendid hide,
To know thy master's will!
But where the wild cats wrapped thy knees in gold,
The ploughman drives his share;
And where through canons deep thy streams are rolled,
The miner's arm is bare.
Yet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn,
A nobler seed shall be;
Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not mourn
Thy lost virginity.
Thy human children shall restore the grace
Gone with thy fallen pine;
The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
Shall round to classic lines.
And order, justice, social law, shall curb
Thy untamed energies;
And art and science with their dreams superb,
Replace thine ancient ease.
Thy lawny hills shall bleed their purple wine,
Thy valleys yield their oil;
And music, with her eloquence divine,
Persuade thy sons to toil.
Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,
No happier land shall see,
And earth shall find her old Arcadian dream
Restored again in thee.
—Bayard Taylor.

The Story of Hylas.
You who have always lived in the equable climate of Oregon can have no idea of the joy with which winter-wonder-dwellers on a lonely New England farm hall the first wet days that come up from the ponds or the marsh lands in the spring.
To children especially this call of the "peepers" is welcome, for the winter is over and gone and they can soon begin to look for arbuture, and wintergreen berries and wade the brooks for the polka-dotted-little turtle.
And indeed this chorus that rises from the marsh lands at night and morning—that lasts all night, that notes the motion of the winds and would bring an answering thrill to my heart and a smile to my lips.
How delightedly I watched him. He looked for all the world like one of Palmer Cox's brownies in pink tights, and the tremendous expansion of his throat with every exultant note was a joy to behold and a joy to remember.

If you have not taken time to listen to and love these whistling heralds of the spring, do so and you have added a simple but very genuine pleasure to your life.
But a beloved elder sister told me a story that added to the interest of these little vocalists, and from her I learned to call them "Hylases."

One of the many delightful stories of Greek mythology relates that when Jason started on the Argonautic expedition, he was accompanied by Hercules, or Hercules, as he is commonly called, and by the boy, Hylas, a great favorite of the mighty Hercules.
Hylas, so runs the story, was the son of Theodamas, king of the Dryopes, and the nymph Meneloe.
All went well with the expedition until they reached Mysia, where Hercules disembarked to catch a fresh air.
The boy Hylas followed him to draw water from the fountain, as some writers have it, to bathe in the stream Scamander.
The selfish nymphs, attracted by his wonderful beauty, drew him down from the sweet air and sunshine of the green earth to live with them in the watery palaces of the deep and he was seen no more.
When Hercules returned to the ship and missed the boy, he would not embark until he had seen him. Polyphemus, remained behind to search for Hylas.
The search was fruitless, but he did not leave Mysia until he had taken hostages from the Mysians and made them promise to produce the boy, dead or alive.
After that the inhabitants of Cios, founded by Polyphemus, afterwards called Prusias, continually sought for Hylas and sacrificed to him every year at the fountain, thrice calling his name.
The unhappy Hylas, homeless for the land, but held a prisoner by the selfish nymphs, was not permitted to answer to the yearning call, and so out of pity for him the "peepers" every spring once his disappearance have never once failed to sing of his sorrow and of his love for the green earth from which he was so cruelly taken, and because of their devotion to the lad beloved of the mighty Hercules, they have earned the right to bear his name, so when next you hear this music from the ponds or the little pools, remember it is the voice of Hylas, calling, calling to the mighty Hercules, and the many birds and warm green earth is never more to see.

This story appealed to Tom Moore, who rhymed the sad story, and to Bayard Taylor, who has among his poems one entitled "Hylas." I should like to give it all, it is so beautiful. The picture of the boy is unusual, inasmuch as poets usually expend their eloquence upon feminine beauty. One can understand how Hercules the strong must have loved this beautiful youth and how his great heart melted and became weak like a woman's when he returned to the Argos and missed this treasure of his love.
Naked save one light robe that from his shoulder
Hung to his knee, the youthful flush revealing
Of warm white limbs, half-nerved with cool, coming manhood,
Yet fair and smooth with tenderness of beauty.
He dropped the robe and raised his head exulting
In the clear sunshine, that with beam embracing
Held him against Apollo's glowing bosom.
For sacred to Latona's son is beauty.
Sacred is youth, the joy of youthful feeling.
A joy indeed, a living joy, was Hylas,
Whence Jove-begotten Hercules, the mighty,
To men, though terrible, to him was gentle.
Smoothing his rugged nature into laughter
When the boy stole his club, or from his shoulder
Drooped the huge paws of the Nemean lion.
The thick brown locks, tossed backward from his forehead,
Fell soft about his temples; manhood's bloom
Not yet had sprouted on his chin, but freshly
Curved the fair cheek, and full the red lips, parting
Like a loose bow that just has launched his arrow.
His large blue eyes, with joy dilate and beam.
Were clear as the unshadowed Grecian heaven.

This description of his plunge in the river is a picture worth considering: "Timidly, at first, he dipped and catching quick breath, with tingling shudder as the waters
Swirled round his thighs, and deeper, slowly deeper,
Till on his breast the river's cheek was pillowed,
And deeper still, till every shoreward ripple
Talked in his ear, and like a cygnet's bosom
His white round shoulder shed the dripping crystal
There as he floated, with a rapturous bosom riot,
The lucid coolness folding close around him."
Then the call of the nymphs, hateful to the sun-balling boy:
"Oh, come with us! Oh, follow where we wander
Deep down beneath the green translucent ceiling—
Where on the sandy bed of old Scamander
With coral white buds we braid our purple tresses.
Thou fair Greek boy, oh, come with us! Oh, follow
Where thou no more shalt hear Procyon's howl,
But by our arms be lapped in endless quiet,
Within the glimmering caves of Ocean hollow!
We have no love; alone of all the impudic
We have no love. Oh, love us!
And so the boy was borne unwillingly to the soundless depths. Meanwhile
The sunset died behind the crags of Argos was tugging at her chain; for freshly
Blew the swift breeze and leaped the restless billows.
The voice of Jason roused the dozing
But mighty Hercules, the Jove-begotten,
Unmindful stood beside the cool Scamander,
Leaning upon his club. A purple
Tossed o'er an urn was all that lay before him;
And when he called, expectant, "Hylas!
Hylas!"
The empty echoes made him answer—"Hylas!"

A Millionaire's Wife.
In a small New England town is located the largest malleable iron plant in the world.
This town has one, possible more than one, millionaire. But the one who has used his money, a large portion of it, in practical improvements for the town, is the millionaire worth considering.
He has improved and beautified the roads. Long before Carnegie started out on his library building, this town rejoiced in a small but beautifully designed and equipped library, the gift of this wisely rich man. A parish house was added to one of the churches of the place, largely through his liberality, and then a new high school building.
If all millionaires were like this one there would be far less prejudice against them.
But perhaps if all millionaires had such a wife as this one they would be more like this one. She is a true gentlewoman, quiet, unobtrusive, with refined tastes and in every way fitted to fill the position to which her husband's prominence and wealth entitle her. I much misdo not, however, if she knows how to smoke or drink or play bridge whist. Never mind. We will overlook these little failings for the other things she does do and do well.

They have a large and elegant house with fine grounds on the main residence street of the town and here Mrs. W. often entertains her townswomen. Instead of seeking the "smart set" of the great cities that would so gladly welcome her.
Particularly is she interested in the young women of the town and many a time has she entertained them under her roof—not patronizingly and condescendingly but as her friends. Among others I know of two nice girls—daughters of a poor widow and themselves employed in a printing office, that have been guests of this millionaire's wife.
It is impossible to measure the influence for good, for social pleasure and uplift exercised by this—in very truth—gentlewoman.

If you climb the hilly roads for several miles to the west of the town you will come to a lake, cool, clear, large, deep and like an amber jewel in its setting of green. On the shores of this lake of late years the wealthy people of



A House Gown of Black Taffeta Chignon With Lace Yoke and Collar. The Skirt Is Composed of Clusters of Tucks.

the place have built them summer places and among them our millionaire.
True to her gentle and sincere soul, his wife has, among her treasures at this lake, an old-fashioned New England garden, with all the dear old shrubs and blooms that ever grew in the gardens and lawns of our forefathers.
I never think of this old-fashioned garden beautifying the home of this millionaire, and beloved by his gentle wife, without wishing there were more like her and without a feeling of actual affection for her.

This is a "society woman" in the true sense of the word, for she comprehends that society without work is vicious; that work without society is hard and degrading.
I never read the doings of the so-called "smart set" that my mind does not revert to this gentlewoman and her fine and high conception of life as a woman of wealth should live it.

These rich women who think it necessary to play spectacular parts for the benefit of readers of the society columns of the papers, who trot absurdly in the treadmill prescribed for people of wealth (by whom or what heaven only knows), are to be pitied, for they lose the real joy of life—the joy to be found in doing for others what one has the ability to do and which they cannot do for themselves.

Thank heaven for this one millionaire's wife who will not let money spoil her life but who uses it wisely for the benefit and the pleasure of others.

April Garden Work.
Haste often makes waste in gardening operations. That is, we sow seed before the soil is in proper condition for it. Therefore do not be in too great a hurry to get your seed into the ground.
A succession of radishes should be arranged for. Have the soil very rich and mellow and give the warm sun a little spot in the garden for this delicious vegetable. You cannot hope for much success with it in a heavy soil or a cold one. One containing a good deal of sand suits it best and there must be abundant enough and warmth enough to

force it along rapidly if you would grow a crop with tender crispness and rich, nutty flavor.
Every garden ought to be well supplied with "greens." Spinach, beets and dandelion are all delicious when well grown and properly cooked. Spinach requires a quick, rich soil; in fact, all vegetables grown to be used as greens do, for in a soil of only moderate richness their growth will be so slow they will lack that tenderness and fine flavor which constitute their chief charm.
It pays to cultivate the dandelion. Give it the care you give spinach and it will have a large, tender leaf and some thing of the flavor of well-blanching celery. When grown in this way, and bleached by placing boards about it, or covering it with straw, it makes a most toothsome salad and is a good substitute for celery.
Sweet peas should be planted in April if possible. My method is this: I make a Y-shaped trench about five inches deep. In this I sow the seed thickly. It ought not to be more than one inch apart. I cover with about an inch of soil, pressing it down firmly with the foot. When the plants are about two inches high, I draw in an inch of soil about them, and I keep on doing this from time to time, until all the soil taken from the trench has returned to it.
Early planting is advisable because it enables the plants to make root-growth before hot weather comes and deep planting has been proved desirable because it gets the roots well down into the soil where they will be cool and moist when summer heat prevails.

I hope you are going to plant the gladiolus this season. It has the merit of being extremely easy to grow. It succeeds in almost any soil. It blooms because there is not an insect pest except, any other summer blooming plants adapted to garden culture. Large groups of it are simply magnificent. Put the corns about four inches below the surface. Let the soil be mellow and rich. They should be put out about the 10th of May in the north. Plant at intervals of 10 days or two weeks for a succession of bloom.
—Eben E. Rexford in American Homes and Gardens.

THE BOOK SHELF

Novel Readers.
From the South Norwalk Sentinel.
Not long since a gathering of young people were discussing the books, papers, magazines, etc., that make up our literature. Said one young fellow:
"Well, I only read the race track and the prize fighting column. The best of a paper is for women, and as for book reading I concern myself. I don't think there is one man out of ten who reads a book."
It's too bad that young man confines his reading to the department he quoted. There are thousands of men, however, who read books, and no more pleasurable or profitable relaxation can be found. The following clipping on reading is self-explanatory and goes to show that one should read, and try to read profitably:
"Novels are educational, that is, when they are true to life and are written by men and women blessed with common sense as well as literary and fictional talent. When they are concocted by writers destitute of those essentials they are far from being a benefit to their readers. Given a woman, young or old, who has a strong desire to experience everything possible, and the light novels of the day are dangerous. We compare the books which load our bookshelves, the much advertised, machine-made books, the products of ambitious girls and youngsters, with novels of a hundred years ago, and it is to the discredit of our own day's output. The novels of the eighteenth century offend ears polite, but they are far less dangerous than are the open and half veiled immoralities of modern novels."
They call a spade a spade, instead of an agricultural implement, but they teach truth and honor in the family,

in the mad hunt for new sensations the charming and clean novels of Thackeray and Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Burney are overlooked. The reason is because there is not an indecent suggestion to be found in them.
"The novel reading public knows what it wants and gets it. It gets flth dressed in the latest model, it gets descriptions and divorces, it gets abductions and seductions, it gets dishonor and suicide, it gets murder and its penalty. The record of such a conglomeration of misery ought not to be allowed in a decent house. It works day and night in polluting the women of this fair land. I say women because I write for women. Men read novels, but they are their own lookout, we women must take heed for ourselves and our children."
I met young Spring in the street today. Daffodil, daffodil gay!
Baskets of gold in the sun and gray,
Set in the midst of the toll-way way,
Smiling at us, as daffodils may!
Daffodil, daffodil gay!
I saw the nooks where the Spring had been.
Daffodil golden and green!
Here she had lingered in the green, Daffodil gold, with the leaves between. Here she had crowned a street that was meant!
Daffodil golden and green!
I met young Spring in the town of woe: Daffodil, daffodil blow!
I cried to her, "Spring, thou shalt not go!
Winter has broken our spirit, and oh! Give us thy gold and thy pink-white snow!"
Daffodil, daffodil blow!
—Pall Mall Gazette.

Spring Comes to Town.
The Original Laxative Cough Syrup is Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar. It expels all cold from the system by acting as a cathartic on the bowels. Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar is a certain, safe and harmless cure for colds, croup and whooping cough.

abilities, some of us would not think of a novel if the ever-changing grand ocean rolled at our feet.
For Little Girls.
Do you know some little girl whose birthday happens along soon? If you wish to make her joyously happy give her a set of bookshelves for her own room.
The following is a list of books recommended by a review of the book in the largest children's libraries in the United States. If the little maid is not old enough for all of them she will grow into them each year: "Timothy's Quest," "Polly Oliver's Problems," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Sara Crew," by Frances Hodgson Burnett; "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales"; "At the Back of the North Wind," by George MacDonald; "Alice in Wonderland," Lewis Carroll; "Lady Jane," by Mrs. Jamison; "Little Women," by Miss Alcott; "Water Babies," by Charles Kingsley; "The Tales of a Grandfather," by Sir Walter Scott; "The Jungle Book," by Rudyard Kipling; "Tales," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "Leslie Goldthwaite," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney; "Uncle Remus," by Joel Chandler Harris; "The Land of Nod," by H. K. Shute, and Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses."—Worcester Gazette.

A Curious Book.
The following from a book by William Ward, entitled "Early Schoolhouses," taken from a review of the book in the Daily News of that flourishing borough: The first schoolhouse mentioned in any records as standing in the limits of Naugatuck, was the schoolhouse mentioned in the warning set out by Samuel Lewis, Esq., to the householders living within the lines of the society of Salem, I copy it part:
"Pursuant to the act passed, in incorporating the Salem Ecclesiastical Society, Samuel Lewis, Esq., Sent out Citations to file all Householdiers living within the Limits of the society of Salem, to meet at the Schoolhouse on the first Monday of June, 1773, which Citation was duly served, and the said Society met according to the Warning, upon the first Monday of June, 1773, etc.
"It appears that our early settlers, in educating their children, for they had provided a schoolhouse more than nine years before they erected their place for worship. When this schoolhouse was built its unknown schoolhouse had three windows on the side. The one in which the writer attended school about 1830 was built about 1823; it had three windows on the south side and four on the north. The schoolhouse was first a plain oblong house, but after 1834 an entry was added having besides the door one window. The structure was generally (a one-story building) roughly clapboarded and more likely painted than shingled on the outside and in some cases the chimney was built in the center and often at the end. I have met some old people that remember a schoolhouse with a chimney in each corner, such chimneys having a large fire place. The schoolroom was lath and plaster. Against the wall on three sides of the room was built a continuous shelf about three feet from the floor; long backless benches accompanied the shelf. The oldest of these benches facing the wall; when they wrote or alphered they rested their books and sates on it. While they were studying they faced the center of the schoolroom and leaned their backs against the shelf. Besides serving the purpose of a desk it was a repository for confiscated tops, balls, penknives, marbles, jawsharps, whistles, etc.
It is believed that the schoolhouses built in what is now Naugatuck before 1850 had all large fireplaces. Those later generally were heated by a Franklin and still later by a box stove.
Children have always been prone to scribbling. A fair surface of paper no copy on more was a temptation and the fingers, at times, must be employed, either in writing or whittling. The first thing the youthful owner of a book was likely to do, was to mark it with his name. He might put his signature on the first leaf, or write it on the last one, or almost anywhere else in the book. In a geography of 1802 it written:
"If this book should chance to roam Box it yours and send it home."
Or again:
"Steal not this book, for if you do, Tom Harris will be after you.
Steal not this book for fear of strife, The owner carries a big jackknife."
"If there should be another flood Then to this book I'd fly.
If all the earth should be submerged This book would still be dry."
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THE QUIET HOUR

The Deep-Down Things.
The Deep-Down Things are strong and Firm-fixed, unchangeable as fate, Inevitable, ineluctable,
The Deep-Down Things.
The truth endures. Men pass from youth,
Books, creeds and systems suffer ruth; Change has no dirt can slay the truth— The truth endures.
The Deep-Down Things! All winds that blow,
All seething tides that foam and flow May smite, but cannot overthrow The Deep-Down Things.
Some things abide. The law of change Hath yet a limit to its range— Some things abide.
The Deep-Down Things! The years may kill The things fore-doomed to death, but still The Deep-Down Things can take no ill— The Deep-Down Things.
The surge of years engulfs the land And crumbles mountains into sand, And yet the Deep-Down Things with-stand The surge of years.
The Deep-Down Things! Let doctrines Like flame shafts blazing the sky, They cannot kill what cannot die— The Deep-Down Things.
Behind the years that waste and smite And topple empires into night God dwells unchanged in changeless light Behind the years.
The Deep-Down Things! Of little faith Is he who fears they suffer scath— Impervious to the darts of death— The Deep-Down Things.
—Sam Walter Foss.

The Problem of Pain.
"So careful of the type she seems:
So careless of the single life."
So wrote Tennyson out of the sorrow of his heart because one beloved friend had been taken from him—taken in the flower of his manhood and with sunny fields of usefulness before him only waiting to be reaped by his able and willing hands.
Still, no less than then, nature seems so careless of the single life and of thousands of single lives, and some of us look on and shudder in sympathy as we think of the tremendous aggregate of human suffering and perhaps smile scornfully at the idea of a God of love or at the thought of any God at all. The problem of pain is still unsolved.
Others find comfort in thinking that justice is quite another thing from love and that when thousands are overwhelmed in some awful catastrophe like the San Francisco quake and fire it is a judgment of God for sins committed.
Even that lacks something necessary to appeal wholly to the mind and satisfy it, and is dismissed.
But we are at liberty to offer any solution that appeals to us of a problem apparently insoluble, and by and by some one will arrive at the right one.
Here at least is reason for reserving judgment: in the case of the law we suffer from the fact of terrible circumstantial evidence to the contrary, our faith that it is a good world; that the heart of things is sweet and sound; that there is a Great Heart, a Great Intelligence that is never infidel to the best interests of humanity.

Some one has said we can only judge of the future by the past. Certainly we can learn much by looking backward—that human suffering diminishes as human knowledge increases, and as knowledge ripens into that better thing—wisdom.
Buy you say we have never learned to control earthquakes and cyclones; they create just as much suffering as they did thousands of years ago.
True, but that is no proof we shall not find a way to protect ourselves from them at some time in the future.

This we know, beyond all peradventure. Nothing "happens"; everything is the result of the orderly working of law. If we are ignorant of the law we suffer from our ignorance. Pain is more than a punishment for ignorance; it is a spur, an incentive that leads us to higher levels where our vision is clearer and more extended, whether we will or not.

But there is one law continuously operative in human life that we might know more about if we thought it worth while and we are learning more and more about it. It is exceedingly well worth while to know more of the law of attraction.

We know it keeps planets and suns swirling in their orbits; we know it is the working law of the chemist and the scientist, but we have yet to learn how ever-present and all-powerful it is in our own, everyday lives.

Those who are classed commonly as "new thought people" have learned a good deal about it and have accomplished some wonderful and some deplorable things by working with it instead of against it.

We are all under this law and whether we know it or not it is making our daily lives what they are, so the best thing to do is to work with it just as faithfully as our knowledge of it permits.

You have seen people who are continually having accidents—they are sure to get caught in a bus-saw, or to be on a sidewalk when a sign falls, or to be struck by a car, or to get mixed up in a railway accident. You know other people who lead a comparatively tranquil life from the cradle to the grave. They have few troubles and no accidents.

Such a couple lately celebrated their golden wedding not many miles from Boston. They are quiet, tranquil, and do-to-people. They have traveled a good deal, but have never been in an accident and when they went to San Francisco there was no quake, they had a quiet, delightful trip.

Just think about your own friends and acquaintances and you will begin to see that different persons get different results from the same conditions and that some people are more fortunate than others.

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THE QUIET HOUR

You remember the painting recognized the operation of this law when he said, "A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand," and again when he promised to some inquiring "from the penitence that walketh at noonday." In the escape from death at San Francisco, as well as in the instances of those otherwise, we must be different.
"Whichever 'happens' to us is in some way the result of what we are. If we would attract different people, different circumstances, we must be different.
To live in an atmosphere of faith, hope, serenity and patience, to live above the greeds, the envies, the spite, the hatreds, the anxieties that make life a torture and a misery, to live above and beyond the poisonous atmosphere of these engendered and therefore to be free from the penalties of entertaining such dark presences in our souls.
More than this, it is without doubt possible to so put ourselves under the protection of this law of attraction that by obedience to it we shall be safe from the disasters that fall upon those who live in utter disregard of it.

The following quotation is a vivid presentation of the power of attraction as it operates in the world of moral cause and effect:
"The greatest and most disastrous results of any wrong act are that they stain the soul with the evil of the universe and leaves the individual at the mercy of this crushing and terrible force.
"An untruth uttered, an unkind thing said, a man's wrong act are that have opened his life to all the powers of darkness. Disaster and calamity, sustaining no visible relation to his wrong, are apt to rush in.
"The victim often exclaims: 'What have I done to deserve such trouble as this?' He has broken a spiritual law and he has by that act placed himself in correspondence with evil rather than with good, and so the forces of evil prevail against him."

"Titch wagon to a star." Connect all the wires of your being with the great power house of infinite, beneficence and light, and though a "thousand shall fall at thy right hand," you are unharmed.

NO MAN IS STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH.
Let the greatest athlete have dyspepsia and his muscles would soon fail. Physical strength is derived from food. If a man has insufficient food he loses strength. If he has no food he dies. Food is concentrated nutrition. The stomach and bowels. It depends on the strength of the stomach to what extent food eaten is digested and assimilated. People can die of starvation who have abundant food to eat, because the stomach and its associate organs of digestion and nutrition do not perform their duty. Thus the stomach is really the vital organ of the body. If the stomach is "weak" the body as a consequence of "weak" stomach is upon the stomach the body relies for its strength. And as the body, considered as a whole, is made up of its several members and organs, so the weakness of the body as a consequence of "weak" stomach will be distributed among the organs which compose the body. If the body is weak because it is ill-nourished the physical weakness will be found in the organs—heart, liver, kidneys, etc. The liver will be torpid and inactive, giving rise to biliousness, loss of appetite, weak nerves, feeble or irregular action of heart, palpitation, dizziness, headache, backache and kindred disturbances and weaknesses.
Mr. Louis Farn, of Quebec, writes: "For years after my health began to fail, my head ached, my eyes became weak and my stomach was sore all the time, while everything I would eat would seem to me heavy like lead on my stomach. The doctor claimed that it was sympathetic trouble due to dyspepsia, and prescribed for me, and although I took that remedy regularly yet I felt no better. My wife advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—and stop taking the doctor's medicine. She bought me a bottle and we used it perfectly and I soon began to look like a different person. I can never cease to be grateful for what your medicine has done for me and certainly give high praise to it."
Don't be hoodwicked by a penny-grabbing dealer into taking inferior substitutes for Dr. Pierce's medicines, recommended to be "just as good as the genuine."
To gain knowledge of your own body—in sickness and health—send for the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser. A book of 1008 pages. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper-covered, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound copy. Address Dr. J. C. Litch, 603 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

True, but that is no proof we shall not find a way to protect ourselves from them at some time in the future.

This we know, beyond all peradventure. Nothing "happens"; everything is the result of the orderly working of law. If we are ignorant of the law we suffer from our ignorance. Pain is more than a punishment for ignorance; it is a spur, an incentive that leads us to higher levels where our vision is clearer and more extended, whether we will or not.

But there is one law continuously operative in human life that we might know more about if we thought it worth while and we are learning more and more about it. It is exceedingly well worth while to know more of the law of attraction.

We know it keeps planets and suns swirling in their orbits; we know it is the working law of the chemist and the scientist, but we have yet to learn how ever-present and all-powerful it is in our own, everyday lives.

Those who are classed commonly as "new thought people" have learned a good deal about it and have accomplished some wonderful and some deplorable things by working with it instead of against it.

We are all under this law and whether we know it or not it is making our daily lives what they are, so the best thing to do is to work with it just as faithfully as our knowledge of it permits.

You have seen people who are continually having accidents—they are sure to get caught in a bus-saw, or to be on a sidewalk when a sign falls, or to be struck by a car, or to get mixed up in a railway accident. You know other people who lead a comparatively tranquil life from the cradle to the grave. They have few troubles and no accidents.

Such a couple lately celebrated their golden wedding not many miles from Boston. They are quiet, tranquil, and do-to-people. They have traveled a good deal, but have never been in an accident and when they went to San Francisco there was no quake, they had a quiet, delightful trip.

Just think about your own friends and acquaintances and you will begin to see that different persons get different results from the same conditions and that some people are more fortunate than others.

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abilities, some of us would not think of a novel if the ever-changing grand ocean rolled at our feet.
For Little Girls.
Do you know some little girl whose birthday happens along soon? If you wish to make her joyously happy give her a set of bookshelves for her own room.
The following is a list of books recommended by a review of the book in the largest children's libraries in the United States. If the little maid is not old enough for all of them she will grow into them each year: "Timothy's Quest," "Polly Oliver's Problems," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Sara Crew," by Frances Hodgson Burnett; "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales"; "At the Back of the North Wind," by George MacDonald; "Alice in Wonderland," Lewis Carroll; "Lady Jane," by Mrs. Jamison; "Little Women," by Miss Alcott; "Water Babies," by Charles Kingsley; "The Tales of a Grandfather," by Sir Walter Scott; "The Jungle Book," by Rudyard Kipling; "Tales," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "Leslie Goldthwaite," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney; "Uncle Remus," by Joel Chandler Harris; "The Land of Nod," by H. K. Shute, and Robert Louis Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses."—Worcester Gazette.

A Curious Book.
The following from a book by William Ward, entitled "Early Schoolhouses," taken from a review of the book in the Daily News of that flourishing borough: The first schoolhouse mentioned in any records as standing in the limits of Naugatuck, was the schoolhouse mentioned in the warning set out by Samuel Lewis, Esq., to the householders living within the lines of the society of Salem, I copy it part:
"Pursuant to the act passed, in incorporating the Salem Ecclesiastical Society, Samuel Lewis, Esq., Sent out Citations to file all Householdiers living within the Limits of the society of Salem, to meet at the Schoolhouse on the first Monday of June, 1773, which Citation was duly served, and the said Society met according to the Warning, upon the first Monday of June, 1773, etc.
"It appears that our early settlers, in educating their children, for they had provided a schoolhouse more than nine years before they erected their place for worship. When this schoolhouse was built its unknown schoolhouse had three windows on the side. The one in which the writer attended school about 1830 was built about 1823; it had three windows on the south side and four on the north. The schoolhouse was first a plain oblong house, but after 1834 an entry was added having besides the door one window. The structure was generally (a one-story building) roughly clapboarded and more likely painted than shingled on the outside and in some cases the chimney was built in the center and often at the end. I have met some old people that remember a schoolhouse with a chimney in each corner, such chimneys having a large fire place. The schoolroom was lath and plaster. Against the wall on three sides of the room was built a continuous shelf about three feet from the floor; long backless benches accompanied the shelf. The oldest of these benches facing the wall; when they wrote or alphered they rested their books and sates on it. While they were studying they faced the center of the schoolroom and leaned their backs against the shelf. Besides serving the purpose of a desk it was a repository for confiscated tops, balls, penknives, marbles, jawsharps, whistles, etc.
It is believed that the schoolhouses built in what is now Naugatuck before 1850 had all large fireplaces. Those later generally were heated by a Franklin and still later by a box stove.
Children have always been prone to scribbling. A fair surface of paper no copy on more was a temptation and the fingers, at times, must be employed, either in writing or whittling. The first thing the youthful owner of a book was likely to do, was to mark it with his name. He might put his signature on the first leaf, or write it on the last one, or almost anywhere else in the book. In a geography of 1802 it written:
"If this book should chance to roam Box it yours and send it home."
Or again:
"Steal not this book, for if you do, Tom Harris will be after you.
Steal not this book for fear of strife, The owner carries a big jackknife."
"If there should be another flood Then to this book I'd fly.
If all the earth should be submerged This book would still be dry."
Spring Comes to Town.
Daffodil, daffodil gay!
Baskets of gold in the sun and gray,
Set in the midst of the toll-way way,
Smiling at us, as daffodils may!
Daffodil, daffodil gay!
I saw the nooks where the Spring had been.
Daffodil golden and green!
Here she had lingered in the green, Daffodil gold, with the leaves between. Here she had