

BATHING THE SICK

SICK persons should be bathed every day unless for some special reason the doctor forbids it.

In fever, sponging with cold water is one of the recognized means of lowering the temperature.

Before beginning, everything that will be required should be collected at the side of the bed.

Remove the night dress, squeeze the sponge so that it will not drip and bathe the face, neck and ears, wiping them carefully afterward.

Pass the hand holding the sponge under the blanket, and wash the arms, drying as soon as done; then bathe the body and wipe it dry.

The points to be remembered are not to expose the patient to cold by letting the blanket slip aside, not to wet too large a surface at once and to wipe thoroughly dry.

In sponging to reduce the heat of the body in fever more water should be used and alcohol added to it, as its rapid evaporation assists in cooling the skin.

A wet pack is considered by some physicians a less severe method of applying cold water than sponging.

To give a foot bath in bed, turn back the covers from the foot of the bed, lay a square of India rubber cloth on the lower sheet, and on it place a small tub of hot water.

USEFUL SUMMER SUIT.

Gray and White Striped with Box Coat and Silver Collar Trimmed with Braid and Lingerie Ruffles.



Suits for the warm spring days and for general usefulness during the summer are best made of striped gray and white, black and white, or brown and white.

The skirt is trimmed with squares formed by black bands to match the cuffs and collar on the coat.

The sailor hat worn with this suit is very smart and up-to-date.

It is one of the large crown shapes, with folds of soft white liberty satin ribbon round the crown and a piece which, crossing over the top of the crown, passes through the brim at each side and ties over the hair in a neat bow at the back of the head.

This style is particularly becoming to young girls and a strikingly new feature.

said Maclaren, and looked her in the eyes. He went on, easy and confident. "I'll write to you, then. At Harwich the night boat—there are big lights that show the steamer there. They'll light us across the sea."

He left her in the Strand and watched her among the people. She turned and came back. Before she spoke his careful justifying weakened and a queer memory of the idol's grin was in his mind.

"Please don't have anything more to do with me," she said. "Don't write that letter. Please, please don't!"

She had gone. A newboy pushed into Maclaren on the pavement and shouted. "White News, Sun and Star!"

In the nights of a week whose days were terrible years, Maclaren walked about the city's streets, finally he moved the idol and wrote on the blank sheet which it had guarded.

The letter was that on Harwich Quay, by the people talked insane and stupid commonplaces for the first five minutes of their meeting.

I do not know exactly how the splendid minute came about, at least, it has been that the memory of the idol's grin worked upon Maclaren, tipping over in an instant all his buttressed convictions.

He shrank, suddenly and without reason, from his touch upon her arm. And away, he turned and started at the dim vision of her face. His whisper, "We're wrong," was a searching cry.

"Oh, I know," she said pitifully. "I don't know."

In the splendid minute of strength that the gods gave them then they saw one another as stronger and less pitiful creatures than they had thought themselves.

"We made a mistake. It isn't for you—I'll never be more glad of anything than to see you going back. It's not a light thing, this law; it takes a weak man to break it, not a strong one. Don't you see how great it is? It's the image now—a far finer thing. I'll clear from England tomorrow, and sweet and without stain."

He stooped and kissed her. She thrilled with a feeling so beautiful and fragile that it was far beyond all the passion of the world. There isn't any shame in that, for you or me."

"The noises of the boat were like a grand chorus, because it was leaving these two there. She said, 'Isn't that good? It makes us suffer, but then we understand.' They walked back slowly to the real life."

"I know that," replied Maclaren, to the station-master. "I want a special." Blair sat with the fire and the clock in the room, waiting for Blair to come. He waited for the house to yield a sound; and it is not good waiting through a century for nothing to happen.

At the end of the century his wife stood there, holding out to him the letter Maclaren had written. He took it, saw the writing, and looked long at her. She did not speak, but her eyes were undisturbed.

"I've won," said Blair. "I've pulled it off today—I'm rich at last. I'm very tired of all that Grace, now I'm done and over. I'm glad you came."

The modern baby, wonderfully grateful to her after the journeys of the night, she dropped beside him upon the floor; and with her hand caressing his hair, they waited for their great dawn.

Hard on Children. What's the use of being a child nowadays? One of the traditional rights and privileges have been taken away and modern educational methods and scientific insight, says the Milwaukee Sentinel.

The careful days of childhood have become merely a myth read about in the experience of the past.

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Great Cities in Germany. Any city of more than 100,000 inhabitants is considered a great city. These Germany has more than any other country, namely 41.

Great Britain and the United States have 35 each. There is a break in the record with Russia with 16, France with 15, Italy with 12, Japan and Austria-Hungary with 8 each.

When the present German empire was founded in 1871, Germany had only five such cities, but by 1904 they numbered 33. Five of them had more than half a million population each.

Berlin, for instance, has more than 2,000,000 inhabitants. The next largest is Hamburg, 800,000, followed by Munich, Dresden, and Leipzig.

In five years Krupp's town of Essen has increased 35 per cent. Cologne, with its 486,000 people, has had an astonishing growth.

For Sale--Bargains. 145 tons hop wire, \$15 ton. 25 tons "Remnant" plow steel cables. 150,000 feet different sizes piping. 100 tons pulleys, shafting, etc. Metals, scrap iron and junk of all descriptions bought.

M. BARDE & SON. 107 N. W. 1st St. PORTLAND, OREGON.

THE BOOK SHELF

MRS. JULIA FRANKAU, author of "The Sphinx's Lawyer" and "The Sphinx's Lover" and "The Sphinx's Child" is no doubt waiting eagerly for American reviews of her new book, "The Sphinx's Lawyer," which was published in England recently, and in the United States a little later.

She is firmly convinced that the English critics are jealous of Wilde's fame, and that is why they have one and all "slated" her book in such vigorous terms.

"Slaughtered." "The Sphinx's Lawyer" certainly has been. To quote its indignant authoress again, "Of the 127 reviews that my novel has received all without exception have been unfavorable, uniformly insulting, and sweeping in condemnation."

Within a few weeks a statue of Dumas "Hil" is to be unveiled in the Place Malesherbes, Paris.

A statue of Alfred de Musset is soon to be unveiled at Neuilly, the English residential district on the confines of the Bois. It is to be placed at the angle of the Rue de Charney and the Rue de la Revolte.

The poet and the young prince played together. This is a brilliant and aristocratic circle that belonged to a king, and his son to the Lycee. Paris already possesses a statue of Alfred de Musset.

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Place Malesherbes, Paris. The elder Dumas has already a statue there and in a short time a third Dumas will be similarly honored—Dumas "grandpere" the general who was a friend of Bonaparte. When that happens the Place Malesherbes will take up its abode under other names—the Place des Trolis Dumas. The grand old man of the drama, Victorien Sardou, will preside at the inauguration of the statue of Dumas "Hil" in the Avenue Friedland.

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GOWNS FOR JUNE BRIDES

As June approaches a great deal of attention is being given to the June bride. The wedding gown hardly admits of much originality of design.

As for hats for the trousseau, almost all shapes and sizes may be selected and all worn and still be in the fashion.

A charming hat, forming part of a trousseau, is to be worn with the traveling gown, and is a most desirable item.

A charming design was shown by a leading designer. It was of white chiffon with lace flourishes and a court train of white satin.

Another style of wedding gown becoming to a slender figure is made with a plaited chiffon skirt and a princess overdress of white satin with a deep lace yoke and revers and cuffs of lace.

After the wedding gown comes the going-away costume, or the traveling dress. Formerly it was the fashion to have this severely plain and built on utilitarian lines.

Blouse patterns, unmade, are shown this spring in exquisite designs, and some women believe that by buying and having them made and fitted to one's own figure, they will get better results for less money than they can by buying ready-made blouses.

When embroidery is the principal feature of the blouse ornamentation, Valenciennes is often the only lace associated with it, or perhaps Cluny is the one lace chosen.

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A STORY FOR A SPARE MINUTE

THE QUEEN COMES HOME VICTORIOUS

By Herbert Shaw. God gives us feelings we cannot understand.—One of Many Women.

Two men and a woman—and the world asks for cause every time. Why, there were just two men and a woman—that is cause.

Maclaren knew that Blair was not a child. Maclaren had been unlucky, and he had white hair and sunken eyes; pity alone is enough to go thrice round the heart of a woman, and leave a little over.

She stared into the fire. She thought of herself, of Maclaren, who had suffered so much, of the vast world beyond the walls of that room.

Blair came home and was silent through dinner, and sat long afterward, looking at his wife. She bore it for some time, but fidgeted at last.

"Why are you so absurd tonight?" said she. "When I do not talk I think with you. Can two people live together and not know each other's thoughts at least a little?"

He leaned forward in his chair and took her tiny hand. Her free hand crushed a handkerchief; the fingers opened and closed again. "Never take a step you cannot pull back, dearest."

"I don't know what you mean," she cried. The handkerchief dropped to the floor, falling straight because it had been crushed so tightly.

"You do," said Blair, and smiled. She hated herself in that minute, because she resented the kindly smile.

Her passage across the room was a symphony of remorse. The journey down nearly into Blair's dead eyes, turned his head the door would not have opened.

The door closed gently. He stooped for the handkerchief, and laid it next to the ashtray on the little table near him. Maclaren would have folded it carefully, and put it in his pocket.

"I think I left my handkerchief here," she said; and sat down, half afraid. "He handed it to her. Somehow the clock had become a live, intrusive thing."

"You do," he said again. In that hour no time had passed for either of them, and the clock was a jangling lie. "Don't take it—that is all. I was long before I married, because I always had the feeling that I could not be bound. I thought that, no matter who the woman was, even if she were a queen, I would very soon get tired."

But you are still the queen to me you were. Her eyes softened. Surely a magic of the fire was on Blair, that so many words should come.

"Do you remember how you used to cry to me, 'You will have forgotten all about me in six months'?" And how I used to kiss you, and soften that cruel pain at your heart? "It hurts here, you used to cry, your hands at your breast. You will forget, and go."

"That was long ago, but mine has lasted. I have never been tired of you for a minute. There is no day I have been away that I would not have preferred to be here with you. I am not tired now. Tell me to me what I had dreamed before I knew you. You are to me what you were when I first met

you. (There was a sun upon the cliffs, and a brown-sailed boat at sea.) You will never change for me. It is, perhaps, a little thing to say, but I was never a man for other women before I met you. Yet I have known women and understood them as far as most men can understand."

In all his life he had never spoken so much at one time. He went quickly to the door, and again the Blair was alone in enough to go thrice round the heart of a woman, and leave a little over.

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WOMEN IN POLITICS

THE increasing influence of women in social progress is one of the remarkable features of this twentieth century, says Good Housekeeping.