

FASHIONS FOR CALLING DAYS.



TRUE HAPPINESS.

The dance and the whirl go on, And the jealousy and the strife; And the summer comes and the summer wanes, And the sun of it all is Life.

A Pair of Blue Eyes

HOWARD put both arms around her, held her close for an instant, and then released her. It was in broad daylight, on a crowded street crossing; they were not related to each other, and he did not even know her name.



"O, THANK YOU," SHE STAMMERED, and raised a pair of startled blue eyes to his face.

Now, in a moment, all was changed. Chicago is a big city, yet Howard vowed to himself to find the owner of those blue eyes.

times in a month than he had all the previous year. That young lady was also surprised and gratified by his snatching from his professional duties time to attend fests and receptions, and by his remarkable interest in social functions.

Dr. Carston's telephone bell rang suddenly one night, in the small hours. He had just fallen asleep after a nineteen-hour day, but he could not ignore the ring. The summons was imperative.

"A doctor leads a dog's life," he muttered to himself as he went out into the storm.

Howard went home to refresh himself with an hour's nap, a bath, and a cup of coffee before his office hours. At 3 o'clock he visited his new patient and found him doing well.

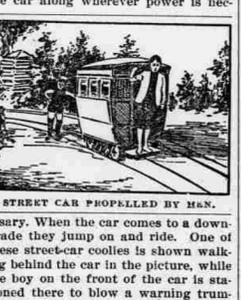
As a result of discoveries and inventions of Prof. M. I. Pupin, of Columbia University, it is probable that within the lifetime of this generation the sound of the human voice may be made to encircle the globe.

the elements of impedance in an ordinary telephone or telegraph line and balancing them against each other, so that their effect is neutralized and a clear passage is left for the transmission of electrical waves.



PROF. M. I. PUPIN.

able to Europe costs from \$3,000,000 upward and the proposed telephone cable would cost much more. This would prohibit its use for ocean telephoning, say the telegraph people, as no capitalists could be found who would advance funds. However, there is no doubt that the new discoveries will virtually revolutionize the telephone system of the world.



STREET CAR PROPELLED BY MAN.

essary. When the car comes to a down-grade they jump on and ride. One of these street-car coolies is shown walking behind the car in the picture, while the boy on the front of the car is stationed there to blow a warning trumpet and to apply the brakes when necessary.

He had never seen a telephone, and his friend was showing him how it worked. It was in his office. He called up his home, and the wife came to the telephone.

Children's Corner

Finding His Hat.

Robbie's hat was lost. He could not find it anywhere, and his mother was waiting for him to go out and do an errand for her.

"Hurry up, Robbie!" she said, coming into the sitting room. "I must have that coat cake right away."

"Here I am, Robbie!" said Robbie, beginning to search in every nook and corner. "I guess, mamma, you will have to get somebody else to do that errand for you. I can't go downtown bareheaded."

Just then a wagon drove into the yard, and Uncle Will's voice cried out: "Where's Robbie? I want to take him out to the farm."

"Here I am, Uncle Will—I'm coming!" cried Robbie.

And what do you suppose?—In less than two seconds Robbie's hat was on his head, and he was bounding out into the yard!

His mother could hardly help smiling at the suddenness with which the little lad had found his hat after he really wanted to; but she knew that it would not be so easy to let his coat cake unpunished, so she hurried out into the yard, Robbie was just scrambling up into the farm wagon.

"Uncle Will," said his mother, "Robbie was going to do an errand for me, but it took him so very long to find his hat—until he heard you call—that I am afraid he will not be back in time to go out to the farm with you to-day."

"Ah!" said Uncle Will; "I see. No, Robbie, do not think I can wait for you to-day. But some other day, when your mamma's errands are done first, we will have a fine ride out to the farm."

Robbie felt his disappointment, you may be sure. But he was an honest-minded chap, and by the time he had returned with his mother's yeast-cake he was quite ready to admit in his own heart that his punishment was just what he deserved.

"And, mamma," he said, as he kissed her lovingly, "I don't think I shall ever lose my hat that way again."—Young People's Weekly.

FARM AND GARDEN

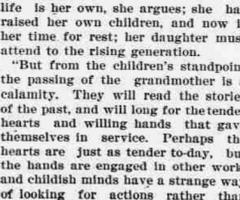
Whole Corn in the Silo.

It is claimed that when the ensilage corn is good enough to yield from 70 to 90 bushels of ears to the acre that it is as much corn as needs to be fed with it, and the grain ration should be bran, middlings or oats. When it is less than this, cornmeal should be added. But something depends upon the dry fodder used with it.

Barn Conveniences.

There should be in every stable a closet large enough to allow the hanging up of all harnesses, whether for carriage or work teams, and so snugly made that when the doors are shut the closet will be nearly air-tight. The cost of such a closet will be more than repaid by the saving of leather from the fumes of ammonia.

A Look to the Future.



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OLD-FASHIONED GRANDMOTHER

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"The status of the grandmother of the past was fixed and immovable. Having once acquired the title she was allowed no other. Her individuality as woman, wife and mother was lost, and she was ever afterward recognized as one who should set aside all personal ambition and dedicate herself to the care of her children's children."

"To-day we have few grandmothers of that type. Secure in the doctrine of individual rights, the grandmother of modern times declines to sacrifice her life to the demands of others. Her life is her own, she argues; she has raised her own children, and now is her time for rest; her daughter must attend to the rising generation."

"But from the children's standpoint the passing of the grandmother is a calamity. They will read the stories of the past, and will long for the tender ministrations of her hands. Perhaps her hands are just as tender to-day, but the hands are engaged in other work, and childish minds have a strange way of looking for actions rather than motives. The children want the grandmother whose kitchen is a fairy-land of spicy odors and forbidden sweets, not the grandmother who drives them to the demands of justice and treats them to chocolates and Scotch kisses. In their small minds, better is the corn in the popper with molasses-taffy made at home than ice cream and marrows glazed from the confectioner. The modern child may have many advantages, but he will still envy his ancestors who in childhood sat and watched the molasses bubbling, as it boiled in a cauldron, the fire-light marking flickering shadows as their grandmother told them tales of primitive days, of bears and Indians and wars."

"How Soon We Are Forgotten." A writer in a Washington newspaper, in a column devoted to instructive and entertaining chat about the capitol, expresses surprise because in the basement of the building are portraits of "worthy old gentlemen" forgotten by "nine-tenths of the visitors to the building, who wonders somewhat why Richard Montgomery, Thomas Milfill, Charles Thomson, and Francis Hopkinson should find a place in the memory of the painter and on the wall of the Senate chamber. The writer had looked in Fiske's "History of the United States" and could not find either Thomson or Hopkinson. When he goes to Quebec he may find the mark to indicate where Montgomery fell while trying to capture the citadel and the house in which he died. At St. Paul's church, New York, he can find his tomb. Milfill he can find as the president of the congress that received Washington's resignation, and Thomson he will discover to have been regarded as one of the brightest men of the revolutionary time: while he has but to look at the original Declaration of Independence to see "Fras." Hopkinson's name, the best known of all signers because of the brilliancy and variety of his accomplishments. — New York Times.

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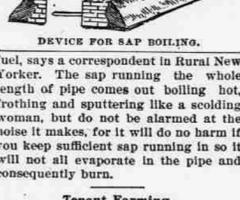
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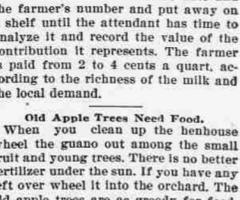
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