house for spite: And the name thereof I set in stone-work over the gate.
With a carving of bats and apes; and I called it

The House of Hate, ind the front was alive with masks of malice

and of despair.

torned demons that lecred in stone, and women with serpent hair:

that, whenever his glance would rest on the soft hills far and blue, It must fall on mine evil work, and my hatred

should pierce him through And I said: "I will dwell herein, for beholding my heart's desire On my foe." and I knelt, and fain had brightened

the hearth with fire; But the brands they would hiss and die, as with curses a strangled man. And the hearth was cold from the hour that the House of Hate began.

And I called with a voice of power: "Ma'ie ye merry, all friends of mine.

In the hall of my House of Hate, where is plenti-

ful store, and wine; We will drink unhealth together unto him I And they stared and they passed me by; but I scorned to be thereby schooled.

And I ordered my board for feast, and drank Choice grape from a curious cup; and the first it

But the second was bitter indeed, and the third was bitter and black. And the gloom of the grave came on me, and I cast the cup to wrack.

Alone, I was stark alone, and the shadows were each a fear.

And thinly I laughed, but once, for the echees

were strange to hear.

And the wind on the stairway howled, as green-eyed wolf might cry; And I heard my heart: I must look on the face of a man, or die!

So I crept to my mirrored face, and I looked, and I saw it grown (By the light in my shaking band) to the like of the masks of stone: And with horror I shricked aloud as I flung my

torch and fled: And a fire snake writhed where it fell, and at midnight the sky was red.

And at morn, when the House of Hate was a ruin, despotled of flame, I fell at mine enemy's feet, and besought him to slav my shame. But he looked in mine eyes and smiled, and his

eyes were calm and great: "You rave, or have dreamed," he said: "I saw not your House of Hate!" - Lippencott's Magazine.

THE DOMESTIC TYRANT.

A Wreich Who Glories in Wounding the Feelings of Others.

No person more completely pos-

sesses the power of creating misery in his house than the domestic tyrant, embittering, as he does, the lives of his nearest relatives by his selfishness and exigeant temper. The great essentials for bappiness in social life are freedom and trust; but these important elements are banished out of the little homeworld ruled over by one of these imperious autocrats. He makes it a rule to exhibit the most profound disregard for the feelings of others, and by an indulgence in covert sneers, harsh and insulting words, the self-control of his victims is sorely tried. Consciousness overbearing ways. The domestic tyrant always has the highest possible appreciation of himself. His opinion admits of no question. Being his opinion, it must be right, and in an arbitrary manner he expects his family to acquiesce, or to feign acquiescence, with him on all points. He looks apon himself in every sense as a superior being, far above surroundings. In his own estimation ne is too highly bred and too refined to support the inconveniences of daily occurrences which are endured by others. His organization is too sensitive and finely strung to tolerate small domestic troubles. He. if any thing, is only too generous and virtuous; he feels compassion for himself alone, regretting that the grandour of his character is not sufficiently appreciated. His most trifling acts are neagnified by him into samples of stupendous liberality. In his complete self satisfaction he announces he is ceive the admiration he considers his

He possesses in the highest degree the power of wounding the feelings of others, and by his persistent efforts to mortify their sensibilities, he appears to it. treat that power as an accomplishment, which he never neglects to display at every opportunity. The inmates of many an apparently happy home, if questioned as to the background, would bear testimony as to wrung hearts, caused by a domestic tyrant. No wonder, with such a man for the head of the house, there is a general sense of relief when the front door shuts behind him, and a feeling of suppressed joy when he is away. Besides the misery caused by him to his household, the domestic tyrant must really experience a considerable amount of mental discomfort himself. He can not fail to for a spell, and then said: perceive the sort of change that comes over the cheerful family party when he appears or the kind of chill that his presence brings. Instinct must tell to make the castors rattle, grabbed the him how carefully topics of conversation are chosen for the family meals, how much constraint prevails, and what a strict avoidance of any subject there is that may lead to wrathful questionings. Curiously enough, out of his home he is generally the genial, jovial sort of man, and very likely is looked upon as a rather good-hearted sort of fellow, for it is only to his family that he shows his teeth. - Christian at Work.

-Wife-"I am sure, John, that burglars attempted to enter the house last night." Husband-"You don't say so! What do you supposed frightened them off?" Wife-"I think it must have been your snoring."

-Boston young lady (to hardware dealer)-"My physician has advised me to take up fencing for exercise, Mr. Sharpedge, have you any er-Dealer-Posthole augers? Yes, step this way, please." - N. Y. Sun.

HINTS TO RIDERS.

What an Accomplished Horseman - , - to Aspiring Equestrians.

"As a rule you will find in America," said Lieutenant Lindholm of the Royal Danish cavalry, who is now head instructor of the riding academy, more accomplished horsewomen than horsemen, the ladies showing to better advantage and having a steadier and more regular seat. Why? Because the gentlemen think that they understand the art of riding long before they have mounted a horse. A lady should sit in the middle of the saddle, the figure erect, shoulders of an equal height and the elbows near the side. The right leg by which the weight should be mainly supported, must be level from the knee up and lie close to the saddle with the foot turned in. The stirrup should be of such a length as to raise the left leg lightly against the leaping horn. The hand should follow the motion of the horse's head through the wrist, so that if the horse pulls the reins the hand will remain firm. By keeping the elbow close to the side and the wrist supple you can get the proper limit of "A firm, easy hand is difficult to ac-

quire, but it must be had if you wish to be a good rider. Usually ladies are taught to rise in the saddle. This trick, which was invented or discovered by the English, is very serviceable, where you have a hard trotting horse and don't want to take all the pounding. It can be accomplished by stretching out the left leg, and keeping time with the horse's movement in your lift from

"It is a mistake to think that a gentleman has a better advantage sitting on a horse than a lady. His seat is not near so firm or secure. Every horseman must expect, sooner or later, to be thrown, and the main thing at such a time is to keep cool and get yourself clear of the horse. A man keeps his balance with his knees and with the inside of the thigh in the saddle. The ankle must be supple to keep the feet in the stirrups. The heel should be an inch lower than the ball of the foot and the knee should be slightly bent, so that a perpendicular line from the knee down will just strike behind the toes. Every rider ought to take his first lesson without stirrups, so as not to learn to depend on them, and a good rider ought to keep his seat without them as well as with them. In fact if his legs were cut off at the knees, he should be able to ride with the butts."

The first time a lady mounts, or rather tries to mount, is the funniest thing about the learning. She will put her right hand on the pommel of the saddle, her left on the shoulder of the groom, and her left foot in his hand. He will tell her to give a light spring when he counts three. Then here he goes: "One, two, three!" The of power is no doubt the cause of his lady is not in the saddle, and he wishes he hadn't his tongue between his teeth when her left knee Washington Critic.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Mr. Bowser Attempts to Do the House-

The other morning I said I was tired, and I wished there was no such thing as housework. I suppose every housewife makes use of such expressions once in a while, but Mr. Bowser seemed greatly astounded.

"Tired of housework!" he exclaimed. "Why, Mrs. Bowser, there isn't enough work in this house to keep your blood circulating properly!"

"I never get through before midafternoon.

"Well, it's your own fault. If I set out to chop wood with the axe-handle between my toes I can't expect to make much headway. There's something only too good in sacrificing himself, wrong in your system of taking hold of and he laments that he does not re- the work. My mother could do up all this work in an hour.'

"Did she die of smartness?" "What? No innuendoes, Mrs. Bowser! I say it's because you have no system to your work, and I can prove

"How?"

"I'll show you in a day or two. There's nothing mean about me. If I can learn you any thing I'll be glad to

Next morning, as soon as we left the dining-room, he pulled off his coat and hung it up and said:

"Now, then, I'm going to do this work by system. You lie down on the lounge and take your comfort, and I'll have every thing cleaned up in one hour by the clock.

I obeyed orders, and he stood in the center of the room, looked around him

"The first thing, of course, is to

sweep and pick up things." He wheeled the chairs back in a way papers off the floor and tucked 'em into the waste basket, and then ran for the carpet-sweeper. He pushed it twice around the center-table in a cirele, kicked a foot-stool into a corner and triumphantly observed:

"Just four minutes, and all is done!"

"You must wipe off the windows." "Oh, yes. Now, what else?"

"Dust the wood-work." His four minutes had lengthened to forty before he paused to wipe the sweat from his brow on a tidy and

"Well, I'm all through and it's only nine o'clock." o

"You must take the feather duster and go over the pictures, Mr. Bow-

"All right. What else?" The rugs must be taken out on the back steps and dusted." "Yes; what else?"

"Dust those door curtains.

"Any thing more?" "Shake down the two coal stoves and call the girl to fill 'em up. Then you want to wipe off the stoves." When that had been done he began to figure up the time, but I said:

"Those zinc boards must be washed and wiped dry. Then you can take a wet rag and wipe the door knobs. Then the cigar ashes must be emptied from the holder, and some matches put into the box. Then you must bring in the broom and sweep under the heavy chairs and in the corners of the room. After that I will tell you what else to

It was a hard dose to swallow, but he got it down and finally inquired what else should be done. It was then after

ten o'elock. "Well, the baby comes next."

"What's the matter of the baby?" "You must wash his hands and face, change his apron, comb his hair and doctor that sore on his toe."

"Do you do that every morning?" "Every single morning."

He got the crash towl from kitchen, made some soap-suds of barsoap and scoured baby until he got up a squall which lasted half an hour. It took him another half hour to put on the apron, and when he came to the sore toe be applied a little axle-grease. I felt sorry for the poor thing, but I was determined not to interfere. It was now eleven o'clock, and the girl came in to get her order for dinner. I turned her over to Mr. Bowser, and he said:

"Well, Katie, exercise your own judgment. Get what you please."

When she had gone he said to me: "There, now, the work is all done, and I haven't been three hours about it. I can do it in half the time tomorrow. The idea that you women are slaves is all nonsense. Why, I-"But this is only one room, Mr.

Bowser. You will now take the hall." "What's the matter with the hali!" "It must be swept and dusted. Then you can take the parlor. Then comes

the front stairs, the upper hall and our bedroom." "Well, I'll show you that I can do

it!" he said, after a moment's hesitation, and by dinner-time he had finished the hall. When we sat down to the meal there was some very tough steak, some potatoes with the hides on, and a loaf of bread and a hunk of butter sat in the center of the table. Mr. Bowser grew white as he shoved back and asked what it meant!

"It's my judgment, sir. You left it all to me," she replied.

"But you-you-

"I'd be a fool to spend an hour over dinner when I've got floors to clean and windows to wash!"."

"And I always spend at least twenty minutes planning the dinner with her!" I added.

and attacked the upstairs work. It was three o'clock before he finished, and as he came down with his hair askew and his collar wilted I said:

shopping."

he fixed himself up to go down town. found my night-dress on the bureau and his night-shirt under the bed. The foot of the mattress was six inches higher than the head, and every sheet | ments. and quilt was put on wrong. I left things as I found them, and he had scarcely got in bed that night when he

growled out: "What in Jamaica ails the old thing, anyhow!"

"Why, nothing, Mr. Bowser. It lays

beautifully." I heard him growling away at intervals all night, and he was like a bear

in the morning. "Well, do you give up?" I asked as he got into his overcoat.

"Give up! Give up! What is there to give up about! I turned to yesterday and proved before your eyes that any sort of a woman ought to do this whole work before noon with one hand tied behind her; and now you want to know if I give up!"-Detroit Free

A Question of Price.

Some children are bright enough to discover the crosscuts to knowledge at a very early age.

"What is a diamond?" asked a teacher, recently. "Carbon," replied the class.

"Yes, a diamond is pure carbon, but you must remember that coal is also carbon. That was taught in the last a warm room. lesson."

"Yes'm." "Now, how could you be sure to tell the difference between the two kinds of carbon?"

"Ask the price!" piped up a small boy. - Jewelers' Weekly.

-In the land of pumpkin pies and cider there lived a man who had a great fondness for the latter. One day, on going to the cellar to fill the pitcher, he fell from the top to the bottom of the stairs. His wife, hearing the fall, in great alarm ran to the top of the stairs and cried out: "My dear, you haven't broke our brand new pitcher, have you?" "No," said he. in an agony of pain from the fall, "but I'll be shot if I don't!" And suiting the action to the word, he dashed it against

-Rubenstein has been made a Councillor of Russia.

THE MODERN OFFIC. - - /.

A Being of Transcendent Importance and Can it be that this pachyderm, this

swaggering hobbledehoy, this pestilential, noisy nuisance, is the same boy who, a few months back, came into the office a sensitive, bashful, quiet and Inquisition fame; La Santa Vera Cruz, unobstrusive creature? Yes, he is the | Cortez Hermitage, the aristocratic same in one sense, but in another he Santa Brigida, and the churches of is an entirely different personage.

In the early days of his sojourn among us, he used to doff his hat ere the site of the great Aztec Temple that unless spoken to, and when he was ad- was conquered in 1521. Upon the dressed he blushed like the red, red partition of the city this site was set trembling, although he never forgot his Chris ian church. The first stone of "Yes, sir," and his "No, sir." word, he was all that an office-boy should be.

But how is he now Quite the rehis hat reposing jauntily on one ear, and he would be whistling were it not with an easy, devil-may-care indifference that is really charming. He makes no invidious distinction against the man of mature years, but addresses him with the same sang froid and sprightliness that is accorded to those of tender years.

His voice is soldom still. Indeed, it is generally held that it goes on, like Tennyson's brook, forever. It is never dull where he is. He can (at least, he does) talk on any subject, and he never waits for others to start topics for conversation. He inevitably takes the initiative, and whatever subject he condescends to treat, he approaches it with an easy confidence that is most engaging, and he is never floored by it, however potential it may be in the opinion of people who have been made cautious by the weight of years.

And then his conversation is so inspiring? It is made up of the most recherche slang; it contains the very latest echoes from the prize ring and the base ball field, and it discovers a familiarity with the esoteric life of theatrical people which is wonderful in its comprehensiveness, as well as in its freedom in the matter of detail.

He naturally looks down upon the people in the office, although he tries to hide his contempt-remembering, no doubt, that if he shall be spared, he will probably become as big a fool as the average human being of mature yearsand by his easy familiarity and touchand-go affability he succeeds-or ought to succeed-in making everybody feel comfortable and contented.

And then his personal relations are so interesting! He covers up nothing, but freely tells to all the story of his adventures of the previous evening, together with full particulars in regard to such engrossing matters as the num-Mr. Bowser nearly choked as he ber of eigarettes he has burned within gulped it down. I expected he would the last twenty-four hours, and the start down as soon as he left the table, quantity of tobacco he has masticated, but he didn't. He took off his coat and he never fails to mention, with becoming pride, that glass of beer which he tossed off last night, with manly nonchalance, in some third-rate basement saloon. He is, in short, so frank "There's about an hour's patching and ingenuous that, but for the fact and mending, and baby wants to be that such a thought were treason to his rocked to sleep. Then you can aress abounding good nature, one might susyourself to receive callers or to go pect that he told these things merely out of a spirit of boastfulness, or with "I'll be hanged if I do!" he said as a desire to instil envy in the hearts of his auditors; but clearly this can not be. When I went up to the bedroom I It is, on the contrary, from a wish to improve others and instruct them in the ways of the gay world that he takes so much pains to detail his achieve-

And this is all the more kind in him because of the fact that the burden of the affairs of the office weigh upon him with unfair heaviness, for it is known to him, even though it be unsuspected by the others, that without his intrusive oversight nothing could go rightly, or indeed go at all. But spite of the cares which press upon him so weightily, he still finds time to instruct and give counsel to those who, being older than he, have presumably forgotten all they ever knew; admitting that they ever did know any thing.

The office boy, as he now is, is, in brief, a rare blessing, and when one reflects upon what he was, and sees how he has developed, one can not be too thankful fer the privilege of asociating with a being of such transcendent importance. The only fear that presses upon the mind is that he may be cut off in the flower of his youth, or grow too big for his unmen-

But he is a daisy. - Boston Transcript.

Five Ways to Cure a Cold.

1. Bathe the feet in hot water, and drink a pint of hot lemonade. Then sponge with salt water and remain in

2. Bathe the face in very hot water every five minutes for an hour. 3. Snuff up the nostrils hot salt water

every three hours. 4. Inhale ammonia or menthol. 5. Take four hours' active exercise in

the open air. Summer colds are the worst of all colds oftentimes, as it is then very difficult to protect one's self properly. A ten grain dose of quinine will usually break up a cold in the beginning. Any thing that will set the blood actively in circulation will do it, whether it be

cal News. -Charley Hammond, of Spalding County, Ga., who is ninety-five years old, plays a fiddle for country dances which he has resined up for eighty-five vears.

-A Vermont woman broke her jaw, and her husband facetiously called her the "ex-speaker."-N. Y. Star.

AT MEXICO'S CAPITAL

The Cathedral, Its Towers, Chapels, stat-

ues, Paintings and Altars. There are 126 Catholic churches and chapels in the City of Mexico, the most celebrated being Santo Domingo, of San Fernando and Santa Teresa.

The Cathedral is built upon or near he entered the door; he never spoke the Spaniards destroyed when the city rose, and and answered with fear and apart that up n it should be built a In a the existing building was laid in 1573. Between the years 1573 and 1867 the cost of the w rk was \$1,752,000, with the cost of the towers, \$190,000, and verse. When he now comes in, it is of the work upon the interior, and the in a breezy, boisterous manner, with bells (the gr at bell alone costing \$10,-000), the entire cost was about \$2,000,-900. The great bell, 19 feet high, in for the eigarette which parts his lips the western tower, is named Santa and prevents their puckering. He is Maria de Guadalupe. It was placed in affability itself, and he greets all alike position in the year 1792. The larg r of the bells in the eastern tower is named Dona Moria. Excusive of the very thick wails, the building measures 387 fe t from north to south, 177 feet from east to west and has an interior height of 179 feet. It is built of stone. The facade, at the si es of which rise the towers, is divided by massive buttress s into three portals, which, in turn, are separated by cornices into two divisions, the first Dorie (very elegant by reason of its correct proportions), the second Ionic. passo-relieves, statues, friezes, bases and capitals are of white marble, making a harmonious color-effect with the gray stone. The towers (203 feet six inches high)

ere in two divisions, the lower Dorie and the upper lonic, this last finished with very beautiful architectural details, and the crown of each is a bellshaped dome, capped by spheres and crosses of stone. The cornices of the towers, as well as the cornices elsewhere upon the building, are surmounted by balustrades of carved stone upon which, disposed at regular intervals, are carved stone vases. The cornices immediately beneath the lomes of the lowers serve as pedestals for colossal stone statues of the docors of the church and the patriarchs of the Monastic orders, and those of the central portal, occupied by the clock, are relestals for statues of the Theological Virtues with their attributes. Beneath the clock is the coat-of-arms of the Republic. Above, as seen from the southern side of the plaza rises the dome, surmounted by its slender, graceful lantern, the work of the architect, Tolsa. The rehitect of the work as a whole was Alonzo Perez Castaneda. The interior of the cathedral, in the Dorie style, with traces of the Goric (which marks the Spanish architecture of the sixteenth century), is almost severe in ts simplicity. The aisles are divided from the nave by fluted columns, which support the light and elegantly vaulted roof. The central arches form a Latin cross, above which rises the fine dome. Within the dome are the paintings representing the Assumption of the Virgin and groups of the principal characters of sacred history. Outside of the aisles are rows of chapels, seven on each side of the building. The stalls are richly carved in wood, and above them is to be observed a painting, by the Mexican artist, Juan Correa, of the Immaculate Conception. Two organs, in-carved cases, rise from the lateral tribunals to the height of the arches of the aisles. The church contains six altars, the finest altar in the cathedral being that of Los Reyes (the Kings) in the apse rising from the payement to the roof, which was at one time the richest in the world .-

CARD ETIQUETTE.

Cor. Washington Critic.

How It Is Observed by Ladies Moving in Polite Society.

The ettiquette of cards is very punctiliously observed by ladies in sities and large towns. A visiting card should be left in person when intended to serve instead of a call. A wife should leave cards for her husband with her own when ma ing what is familiarly termed "a party call." From three to half-past five o'clock are the fashionable hours for formal calls. The card now in use is of rather thick Bristol board, of medium size, with the name engraved in script. A married lady's eard should be a size larger than her daughter's, and a gentleman's card should be still smaller.

After an entertainment visiting cards should be left by all the invited guests, whether they have accepted the invitation or not, and this courtesy should not be delayed over a week or ten days. If the entertainment be a dinner or lunch, the call should be made in person. If one intends to accept an invitation to a wedding reception, it is not necessary to reply, becau e the hostess expects to provide for all whom she has asked; but if unable to attend, one's visiting card should be sent, to arrive on the day of the entertainment. To an afternoon tea or reception, the same rule applies, but not in any case should the word "regrets" be written on the card. Once it was in very bad taste to send a drugs or the use of a bucksaw .- Medicard by post, but now the custom is allowed, although admitted to be far less elegant than the older style of having a footman or messenger leave it. But, although it will do to mall a card that is to acknowledge one's indebtedness for an invitation, no one must think of mailing a card which is to represent an ordinary call. Such right to the term-"a good businesscards should be left in person. - har-

per's Bazar.

UNLY UNE CROP.

There came a man in days of old, To hire a piece of land for gold, And urged his suit in accents meek, One crop alone is all I seek. That hervest o'er, my claim I yield, And to its Lord resign the field.

The owner some misgivings felt, But found his last objection fail, And honeyed eloquence prevail; So took the proffered price in hand, And for one crop leased out the land.

The wily tenant speeced with pride. And sowed the spot with acorns wide: At first like tiny shoots they grew, Then tall and wide their branches threw. But long t efore those oaks, sublime, Aspiring, reached their forest prime The cheated landlord mouldering lay, Forgotten, with his kindred clay.

O ve whose years, unfolding fair, . fresh with youth, and free from care, Should vice or indolence desire The garden of your souls to hire, No parley hold; reject the suit. Nor let one seed the soil pollute.

My child, their first approach beware: Lest as the acoms grew and throve Into a sun-excluding grove. Thy sins, a tall, o'ershadowing tree, Shut out the light of Heaven from thee -Mrs. Sigourney.

TIME IS MONEY.

an Elementary Lesson on the Vatue or a

Business-Man's Minutes. This article is not given the above title simply to eatch the attention of and insure a reading by the opposite sex, aithough the same instinct that prompted our first parents to eat of the fruit that had not tempted them until it was forbidden, will perhaps induce some men to real it. In that case I am sure of a hearty chorus of "amens."

Women, even business-women, have a habit of going into the office of a business-man upon some undoubtedly worthy errand which they might dispose of in five minutes and departing leave behind them pleasant memories and complimentary opinions. Too often, alas! they accept the proffered chair and and proceed to unfold a tale longer than a whole play of Shakespeare, which properly might be classified as another "Comedy of Errors." They stay until the genial smile of welcome on the face of the business-man fades to a weary and hopeless expression, and then to a gradually combative and belligerent one, which his wife would recognize, but which these casual callers are too much interested with their own story to notice. Perhaps he turns to his desk, or picks up a newspaper, or eagerly nods to a fresh arrival in the office as if he would speak. But still they stay on, oblivious of the fact that they have outstaid their welcome, and have developed, in the mind of their victim, from pleasant, intelligent ladies into "first-class bores." They have evidently "come to stay."

Within a week I have seen three instances of this: One woman who was seeking a place on the press and expressed herself as willing to do any kind of work and be expeditious and business-like withal, staid in an editorial office two hours and thirty-five minutes, talking of her own private affairs, while the patient and long-suffering editor worked far into the night to pay for his forbearance. Another woman went to a man who had an important matter of business which must be attended to within the two hours at noon when he was free from other cares and responsibilities to transact a matter which should have kept him ten minutes at the most. But she staid and talked and talked and talked and talked and talked and talked. The gentleman rose as a sign for her to go, but still she babbled on, like Tennyson's brook, until it was too late, and his time and opportunity were lost. Again, two business people met to settle certain accounts which would require less than half an hour. A woman entered on an errand and, sitting down, made a visit of an hour and a half, interrupting important business and throwing behindhand the affairs of

other people fully two hours. Now, women ought to understand that whenever they do this sort of thing they rob their victims of what is often valuable time; and with most business

people time is money. Men seldom do these things, or if they are inclined to, their busy brethren have a hundred ways of getting rid of them; but a business-man is a good deal at the mercy of his women callers-if he is a gentleman. Women should remember this, and, even in the case of friends, learn to see upon entering an office whether its occupant is busy or not. If she sees her own interest she will limit her stay to afteen minutes at the utmost, unless hard pressed.

Just how far it is the duty of a man -or a woman either-to let an outsider take his valuable time from busimess affairs, is, in my mind, a question. I think none of us ought to sacrifice a whole morning or an entire afternoon to the polite duty of being bored to death by people whose woes we can not help, whose affairs do not interest us, and between us and whom there is not a strong bond of friendship or common interest. And I believe the editor, publisher or other business man whom I had been persistently "talking blind" for any considerable period would be justified in politely, and with his most fascinating manner, calling my attention to the door.

But until this fashion is adopted by urbane and courteous business-men generally, women must learn to see for themselves when there is the slightest danger of being de trop. And by giving evidence in this way that she has some idea of the value of time and of the relative importance of other people's affairs she will have raised the standard of business-men's estimate of women and demonstrated her own woman." - Helen M. Winslow, in Boston