

WHAT WE SHOULD EAT.

WHAT PROFESSOR ATWATER SAYS ON THE SUBJECT.

Food of the European Workman—A Question of Nutritious Diet—Proportions of Nutrients in Various Articles of Food—Important Facts.

The main difference between the diet of people of moderate means here and in Europe is that the people here eat more meat and other animal foods and more sugar. The European workman usually has but little meat, butter or sugar. In England he often enjoys a richer diet, I suppose, but on the continent ordinary people live mainly upon the cheaper vegetable foods. Meat and fish supply a good deal of protein and fat. The fats, including butter, are rich in energy and sugar supplies more energy than most vegetable foods. While the energy in the working people's dietaries in England, France, Germany and Italy, as reported by Plancher, Moleschott, Voit and others, ranges from 2,500 calories or less to a maximum of 5,700, those that I have found in this country range from a minimum of 3,500 to 3,000, and even higher. The difference in the protein in American and European dietaries are similar though not quite so large. Without doubt we waste more of our food than the Europeans do, but the amount which we do eat is evidently very much larger. And though many of us eat far too much meat and sweetmeats for the good of our health or our pockets, the evidence seems to me to imply very clearly that we must keep on eating more than our transatlantic brethren if we are to keep on working as intensely and as productively as we now do. The question of high wages and short hours is largely a question of nutritious diet. Meat, eggs, milk, butter and sugar can be had, when there is money to pay for them. They are toothsome, and hence people who get them eat a great deal. They are easily digested and rich in protein, and energy, and hence sustain a high degree of activity.

The standards for proportion of nutrients help to explain why we need combinations of different food materials for nourishment. Almost any one kind of food will make a one-sided diet. Suppose, for instance, a workman is restricted to a single food material, as beef or potatoes. A pound and thirteen ounces of roast beef, of the composition here assumed would furnish the required 25 grams (0.28 lb.) of protein, and with it 0.3 lb. of fat, but it has no carbohydrate. Yet nature has provided for the use of these in his food. Three pounds of corn meal would yield the protein and with it a large excess of carbohydrates—over two pounds. A pound and three-quarters of cod fish would supply the same protein, but it would have very little fat, and no carbohydrate to furnish the body with heat and strength. Potatoes or rice would have even a greater excess of the fuel which the feet and fish lack than has corn meal. Assuming that the man needs 3,500 calories of potential energy in his daily food, the one and three-quarter pounds of salt codfish which would furnish the needed protein would supply only 540, while to get the needed protein from the fat pork would require 9.5 pounds, which would supply 74 pounds of fat and over 22,000 calories of energy!

Putting the matter in another way, we might estimate the quantities of each material which would furnish the required energy. A ration made up exclusively of either kind of food would be as one-sided as this case as before. The fish would be mostly protein, the fat pork nearly all fat, and the potatoes or rice little else than starch. With almost any one of these food materials, in quantities to meet the demand of his body for heat and muscular strength, the man would have much more or much less protein than he would need to make up for the consumption of muscle and other tissues. If he were obliged to confine himself to any one food material, oatmeal would come about as near to our standard as any. Wheat flour with a little fat—in other words, bread and butter—would approach very close to Voit's standard for European working people, with chiefly vegetable diet, but it would need a little meat, fish, eggs, milk, beans, peas or other nitrogenous food to bring it to the proportions that the American standard calls for.

Rice, which is the staple food of a large portion of the human race, is very poor in protein, beans have a large quantity. The different plants which are together called pulse are botanically allied to beans, and are similar in chemical composition. We have here a very simple explanation of the use of pulse by the Hindus with their rice. The Chinese and the Japanese, whose diet is almost exclusively vegetable, follow a similar usage.

The codfish and potatoes and the pork and beans which have long been so much used in and about New England form a most economical diet, indeed, scarcely any other food available in that region has supplied so much and so valuable nutriment at so little cost. The combination is likewise in accord with the highest physiological law. Half a pound each of salt codfish and pork, two-thirds of a pound of beans and three pounds of potatoes would together supply almost exactly the 125 grams of protein and 3,500 calories of energy that our standard for the day's food of a workman calls for.—Professor W. O. Atwater in *The Century*.

Politics and Literature.

"Why should politics interfere with the sale of books?" is a question that every publisher is at present asking himself, and finds no answer. Presidential politics undoubtedly affect the book market, and while publishers are ready to admit the fact, they can find no logical cause for the interference. Said a member of one of the largest houses to me only the other day: "These political agitations, especially in a Presidential year, are ruinous to the book trade. I will not admit that politics hurt literature, but the impression has gone abroad that out of town dealers are cautious about buying, and the result is almost a stagnation of trade, except in the direction of paper-covered books. These being cheap and ready selling stocks, are being taken in large quantities, larger than usual by the dealers."

"But there is little or no profit in paper-covered books, and houses like the Scribners, Cassells and Macmillans go into the production of that class of literature simply because they are compelled to do so by the action of other houses in the same direction. But there is no money in these 25 and 50 cent books—scarcely anything. Take a 50 cent book, for example, by a popular author. Your trade discount takes off 20 cents, royalty, 10 cents more, production, 10 cents, and advertising and handling, say 5 cents. There is 5 cents left for the publisher, and even then the author thinks that the publisher is making more than he is, when you see very plainly he is not. This is what politics are doing, driving the large houses into this paper-covered literature because the dealers are afraid to order and stock themselves up with cloth books. William J. Lock in *New York Graphic*.

Coffee is improved by keeping in a cool dry place, but loses its flavor if kept after brewing.

THE GYPSY LOVERS.

Spread thy coat, lad, on the snow,
Let us chat awhile together
Gypsy sweethearts surely know
How to bear the bitter weather.

Yea, I am, though a fire we miss,
And have neither shirt nor blanket,
Close to the fire and drink two sips,
And our bad luck, we will thank it!

Sooth, fair lad, sooth, verily
We'll ne'er let the weather plunder
Us of any mirth, neither we
Feel no blast on love's command:
—William Grouther in *House Journal*.

CHARCOAL BURNING A LOST ART.

It Was Responsible for a Monstrous Waste of Timber—A Better Method.

Charcoal burning began in New Jersey in 1780, when Cornelius Board started an iron forge at Little Falls, and it was greatly extended when Haenke came to this country in 1784 and started several forges and furnaces in his baronial possessions in Passaic county. It increased rapidly until coal came into use for iron smelting, and since then it has gradually decreased, so that the trees have had a chance to grow again on the denuded hills. In recent years nearly all of the charcoal made has been consumed in the cities, and the consumption in dwellings has decreased constantly while the factory consumption has not greatly increased. Charcoal is a great fuel producer, and is extensively used in jewelry stores and a few other factories, but it is not an economical fuel at any price. One of the most prominent lumber men in the country, speaking about the waste caused by charcoal burning, said the other day:

"Do you know how a rustic charcoal burner turns out? He levels a place and stacks up the wood on end until it makes a sort of stack about eight feet high and ten or twelve feet in diameter. This he covers with earth and sod, until every bit of the wood is concealed. When the wood in this stack is fired it must be carefully tended night and day until the conversion into charcoal is accomplished. Should it break into a flame there would be nothing left but ashes, so a man remains on hand at all times to keep the combustion from being so rapid as to mend the mound as breaks appear in it. When it is all done the coal burner gets a few bushels of charcoal for his labor."

"Let us see what he wastes. It is known that the manufacturers of crosette, acetate acid, wood alcohol, mordant and other chemical products of wood can make a profit on such of these products and have the charcoal free of cost. The wood is packed in a tight iron retort and a fire built under the retort. The temperature is raised to 500 or 600 degs., and the liquid portions of the wood are converted into vapor, which passes through an iron or copper worm enclosed in a jacket of cold water. The vapor thus condenses into various products, which are afterwards separated.

"Georgia pine will yield by distillation wood gas, a small amount of wood naphtha, a large amount of pyroligneous acid (wood vinegar), a large amount of wood crosette oil, a small amount of tar and a great quantity of charcoal. Nine cords of wood will give 168 barrels of charcoal, fourteen barrels of crosette oil, ten barrels of acid and a few gallons of naphtha and bitumen. The pyroligneous acid alone will pay all of the expenses of the labor, and the crosette oil will more than pay for the wood and fuel. No body but a country charcoal burner will assert that the coal is not as good as that produced in the wasteful way he has been brought up to do it."

It is believed that charcoal burning will cease to be an industry anywhere in this country within a few years. Certain it is that wide awake timber men are doing all they can to root out the industry in order to save the timber land for more valuable and useful purposes.—*New York Mail and Express*.

Picture of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Robert Louis Stevenson, the author, really does look like the watermelon portrait of him in one of the magazines. He sat in a Long Branch car, the other day, on his way from Manasquan to New York. He has a long, narrow face, and wears his long brown hair parted in the middle and combed back. It is just such coarse, straight hair as Gen. Roger A. Pryor's, but much lighter in color. Stevenson sat in a forward corner of the car with his hat off and the cups of his coat up behind his head like a monk's cow. His black velvet coat and vest showed plainly, and over his legs he wore a black and white checked shirt. His Byronic collar was soft and antidy, and his shirt was unbuttoned, but his clothes were scrupulously clean. On the long thin white fingers of his left hand he wore two rings, and he kept these fingers busy constantly pulling his drooping blonde mustache. His face is slightly freckled and a little hollow at the cheeks, but it has a good bit of Scotch color in it.

Mr. Stevenson presented such an odd figure that all in the car stared at him, particularly a young man who he was seated next to. But he seemed unconscious of the interest he aroused. He was reading a book, and every now and then he would fix a sentence in his mind, close the book on one finger, look at the ceiling and muse. When a sentence pleased him he smiled at it, and then read it again. At the Jersey City depot he threw off his shawl and stood up, and then the figure he cut was extraordinary, for his coat proved to be merely a large cape, with a small one above it, and under both came his extra long legs, or, rather, his long lank trousers, for they appeared to have no legs within them.

Mr. Stevenson was with him, but sat apart studying the scenery. Her husband looked at her frequently with a whimsical smile, and found great fun in laughing at her behind his book when a duple of tremendous style took the seat beside her.—*New York Sun*.

Edison and His Baby.

Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, is the proud father of a little girl, which was born not long ago. The wizard of Menlo Park has already been experimenting with young Miss Edison and describes the result as follows:

"Yes," admitted Mr. Edison, "I have been experimenting with her. You know scientific minds are always looking for new developments in science. I wanted to find out what made her cry. I discovered the reason I took her in my arms for awhile and she was quiet as could be, as soon as I had her down she kicked and squaled until I took her up again, when she immediately subsided. I tried the experiment of laying her down several times, and every time I did so she started off with her cries. I at last discovered that it was because she had found out that being carried was more pleasant than lying in her cot. I suppose I will have my hands full now, as at night time I will be walking the floor with her. I am out of practice, for it is now ten years since I have had any work of that kind."

"I have perfected my phonograph this afternoon, and to-morrow morning I will register her cries upon it and then produce it from the phone in the future. I am delighted with her. She is a strong, good, healthy baby, weighing twelve pounds. We have two or three names selected for her, but we don't decide what name we will give her."—*Philadelphia Times*.

WOMAN AND HOME.

TRACING THE DEVELOPMENT OF HOUSEHOLD FANCY WORK.

A Biography of the Baby-Care of the Finger Knits—Simple Life for Children Working for Humanity—Cowardice Hints for the Housekeeper.

It is quite a study to trace the development of what is called women's fancy work. If we take up an old book on the matter it is found to contain various chapters on leather work, wax work, and paper flowers, picture frames made of beads and rice, landscapes composed of pebbles, mosaic and pieces of dark and light-colored pictures. There used to be a woman of knitting, tatting and crocheting work. Every girl had to have a knitted cap, a tatting set of lingerie and crocheted lace, for trimming underwear. She should know how to knit suspenders and smoking caps for her future spouse, ties and bed spreads for her mamma, and afghans and shawls for her baby friends. In those days the guest chamber had match boxes and mottoes made from perforated card board and worsted, a fly catcher or air candle hanging from the chandelier, worsted lamp muffs and Java canvas toilet sets, all in as many colors as the rainbow. The young lady's work basket held a square of cushion being transformed into a worsted landscape, portrait of a peacock, or gorgeous bunch of flowers. On the walls hung a newspaper basket manufactured from old brookstick wires, a stiff shell picture frame, and a most excellent unobtrusive crayon of some member of the family.

But there were some things the girl of the period produced that will always remain beautiful. The pressed sea mosses make just as interesting a little portfolio today as when they graced the sabbath school of yesterday. The dainty embroidery on muslin and grass cloth, the graceful vines and flowers worked out on soft flannel, the fine needle-stitching, the drawn thread work, handed down to us from nimble fingers of bygone days, are as beautiful needlework as anything we can do.

The turturaries of flowers and leaves pressed in some old book have developed into work with a flower press, and such art arrangements as the stationers get out to contrast pressed flowers as souvenirs of different localities. Leather work has been supplanted by wax carving full of life and beauty. The conventional worsted work has given place to embroidery of beautiful textures that takes high rank in art work, and is essentially feminine. While it vies with the grand modern accomplishments with the needle in its delicacy and finish, it has gained strength in breadth and boldness of design, of arrangement of color, and warm tones and variety of fabrics. The deathly wax flower art has risen into wax and clay modeling, and whereas the caller used to be entertained by sketched books of old castles and ruined bridges copied from unimpaired landscapes, the conventional worsted work has given place to embroidery of natural flowers, a silken fan with a lifelike bird singing on a swinging vine, a canvas on the easel filled with nodding pansies, bits of life gleaming out here and there and everywhere.

In the shop window can be seen most artistic embroideries and paintings effectively worked up into all kinds of articles for home adornment, from toilet articles to parlor trappings and hangings, all the product of feminine fingers and fancies. There are so many of decorative art where one will find tiny wood carvings, designs in bronze and plastic, sketches, the results of woman's fancy for art work. The societies of associated artists design and manufacture rare textile fabrics for embroideries and paintings. Every industrial association and charity school for girls has its department where art is taught.—*New York Sun*.

A Biography of the Baby.

A pleasant custom, that I am sure more mothers would like to observe if they knew it, is that of keeping a brief record of baby's life. Our children's earliest years must ever remain a blank in their memory, and who can tell with what delight they may in after years peruse the pages that may give them a clue to the happenings of that wonderful period? When looking over some rubbish in my mother's garret, I found a package of old letters, some of which had been written by grandmother to my mother when I was a tiny infant, and never shall I forget the eagerness with which every word referring to that remarkable baby was devoured. The color of hair and eyes, weight at birth, a suggestion concerning the name, etc., all were invested with a strange charm for me, yet the facts were pitifully meager, and when my own sweet baby came, I resolved to keep a better record, gratifying a systematic habit of my grandparents. To be sure there isn't time to do much at once, but I plan to write a few lines each month, even though baby has to sit on my lap during the operation.

It takes out a few minutes, and if the darling whir grows, shall value her baby his surely the reward will be sufficient. Such a record could conveniently be kept in a small blank book and in any way desired. Mine begins with a newspaper notice of baby's birth, and is followed by a minute description of the interesting little maiden. Then in order of occurrence are chronicled the principal events of her babyhood, to gether with many hopes, reflections and prayers of her mamma. When baby was a few months old we printed her tiny hand and foot on one page by carefully rubbing ink on their with a sponge and pressing them on the paper. What would not you and I give if we today could see the imprint of our own baby hands or feet?

A sock of silken hair graces one page, and here and there throughout the history are short poems clipped from papers and magazines by way of variety, and which are of course appropriate for baby. Other features, to make the account interesting, could be added from time to time as taste or ingenuity might suggest, and the history itself could be so lengthy and complete as time and inclination permitted. But if no more than five minutes in each month could be devoted to the purpose I would earnestly recommend every mother to do so much for the future happiness of her little ones.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Care of the Finger Nails.

Our finger nails grow at about three times a year. They should be trimmed with scissors once a week, not so close as to leave a room for the dirt to gather, for then they do not protect the ends of the fingers, as was designed by nature. Besides, if trimmed too close at the corners there is danger of their growing into the flesh, causing inconvenience and sometimes great pain. The nail should be removed by anything harder than a file, but a soft piece of wood, nor should the nail be trimmed with a penknife or other metallic substance, as it destroys the delicacy of their structure and will at length give them an unnatural thickness.

We are not favorably impressed as to the cleanliness of a person who keeps his nails

trimmed to the quick, as it is often done to prevent dirt gathering there, whereas, if a margin were allowed it would be an index to the cleanliness of the hands, from which the collections under the finger nails are made. Leave a margin, then, and the moment you observe that the collections near the root of the finger nail, the hand needs washing when they and the nails are both cleaned together.

Most persons are familiar with those troublesome bits of skin which loosen at the root of the finger nail, it is caused by the skin adhering to the nail, which growing out ward, drags the skin along with it, stretching it until one end gives way. To prevent this, the skin should be loosened from the nail once a week, not with a knife or scissors, but with something blunt, such as the end of a paper cutter, this is best done after washing the fingers in warm water, the pushing the skin back gently and slowly. The white specks on the nails are made by scratching the nail with a knife at a point where it emerges from the skin.

Bitting off the finger nails is an uncleanly practice, for thus the unsightly collections at the ends are kept eaten clean! Children may be broken of such a filthy habit by causing them to dip the ends of their fingers severally times a day in wormwood bits, without letting them know the object. If this is not sufficient, cause them to wear caps on each finger until the practice is discontinued.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

Simple Life Best for Children.

Happiness is the natural condition of every normal child, and if the small boy or girl has a peculiar facility for any one thing it is for self entertainment, with certain granted conditions, of course. One of these is physical freedom and a few rude and simple play things. Agreeable occupation is as great a necessity for children as for adults, and beyond this almost nothing can be contributed to the real happiness of a child.

"I try hard to make my children happy," said a mother with a sigh, one day, in despair at her efforts.

"Stop trying," exclaimed a practical friend at her elbow, "and do as a neighbor of mine does."

"And how is that?" she asked, dolefully.

"Why, she simply lets her children grow and develop naturally, only directing their growth properly. She has always thrown them, as far as practicable, upon their own resources, taught them to wait upon themselves—no matter how many servants she had—and to construct their own playthings. When she returns home from an absence they await her, one thing—their mother's kiss. Whatever has been brought for them is bestowed when the needed time comes. Nothing exciting is allowed to them at night, and they go to bed and to sleep in a wholesome mental state that insures restful slumber. They are taught to love nature, and to feel that there is nothing arrayed so finely as the lily of the field, the bee and the butterfly, there is nothing so mean as a lie, nor anything so miserable as disobedience, that it is a disgrace to be sick, and that good health, good teeth and good temper come from plain food, plenty of sleep, and being good."

In order to thrive, children require a certain amount of "letting alone." Supreme faith in the mother, few toys, no finery, plain food, no drugs, and early to bed, are the best things for making them happy.—*Quiver*.

A Woman Working for Humanity.

You are distributing tracts or making clothes for the poor, or visiting the sick, or throwing yourself into this cause or that movement with all your body and soul, might and main.

Madam, you are not doing nearly as much good as you think you are. You are only feeding and clothing a few bodies who will in all probability be just as hungry and ragged next year at the same date, and come to you, as usual, with their mouths and rent garments both wide open. Or, you are working to push a movement when possibly you need far more to push yourself in every direction. You are expending a vast amount of force and enthusiasm in attending exciting meetings, visiting the sick, visiting the poor, and all other kinds, being possibly one of the lot yourself, and you get up in the morning too tired out and fagged out to get up any interest in anything.

You wonder where your strength has gone to. Why, madam, it went into Thursday night's public reform meeting. It was a part of the enthusiasm which prevailed there. You can't get up such a good time as you had there on empty benches. There must be people to fill them, people to talk, people to applaud, people to clatter canes and boot heels when they are pleased, people to feel excited or indignant, and talk excitedly or indignantly, as the "tyrants," or wrong forces, whoever they may be, are held up to the audience's execration. People must expend strength to do this. Nor can they fill up again in an hour, nor in five hours. You are one of those people. You had a good, warm, exciting time at last night's meeting, and now you must pay for it. You were on a mental spree, possibly, at the temperance meeting, along with the rest, and now you feel the reaction, just the same as if you had taken your stimulus out of a bottle.—*Frederic Mulford in New York Star*.

A Case of Cowardice.

A woman came to me one evening and told me that a certain neighborhood was all excitement because of the constant and cruel beating of a child by its adopted parents. "They whip him constantly," she said, "and we can bear the little fellow pleading and begging for mercy between the blows." "No! And you sit around and listen, do you?" said I. "Well, to my thinking, you are just exactly as bad as the doer of the cruel deed." Think you the Lord is going to hold you and me guiltless, if the day ever dawns when he makes up his accounts, that we have been such sneaks and cowards that we dared not do about his business down here—business he has left in the hands of the faithful to do?

If I were a girl and engaged to a millionaire doubly endowed, who promised to keep me on honey dew and clover all the days of my life when I married him, I would break the contract and starve on a crust if I found him out a coward, for of all things detestable in the sight of good women and angels, a flunk is the worst. And what is any man better than that who stands around with his hands in his pockets and watches, without protest, a brute pounding a horse? And what is any man or woman but a partaker in the crime who allows the inhuman beating of a motherless child in his or her hearing, and never lifts a finger to interfere? Up with you and find your birthright to a soul! Off with the habiliments of men if you have the natures of mice! Do not masquerade any longer as human beings when you put humanity to shame! If God had intended you to carry your stink in the world as an oyster would have put you in a shell and played you underneath the tide of the sea.

Pretension and Cheap Ornamentation.

It is at comparatively small expense that the average housewife must adorn her home. A multitude of magazines and books are urging her on, giving directions how to make coverings and ornaments for every article in every room from garret to cellar.

Trimming the nails and the door knobs, making the look like ebony, and common earthenware like choice Sevres. How false how vulgar! what a sham! Home made decorations are like home made gowns they serve a purpose but show the lack of art artist-hand. In nine cases out of ten they are crude, inelegant, and in the end expensive. They do not make you home attractive. If you have not the qualities of mind and heart that will keep you true to the street at night, they will not be stayed by a hair painted talking stool tied with a yellow gaiter bow and a Turkish scarf across your center table, if you have not for your friends a gracious welcome and hospitality, they will not come for the frillery in your drawing room.

Was there no virtue in the substantialism and simplicity of the old-fashioned parlor? Is not the personality of a room oftentimes its greatest charm? Are not pretension and cheap ornamentation as much out of place in your home as they would be in your attire? Then away with all these superfluities! Sweep out the whole array of tinsel and fringes and rags, ornament that are no ornaments, that pervert the taste, that destroy the dignity and character of a home, making it look more like a curiosity shop than the dwelling of refined, cultivated people.—*Dora V. Stoddard in Good Housekeeping*.

A Child's Hunger for Love.

Delays are always dangerous, but never so irremediably as in the case of loving words or deeds. It always proves impossible to speak to-morrow exactly the cordial or affectionate word which today demanded of us.

A mother whose child had died suddenly was so entirely prostrated with grief that some of the few old-fashioned friends asked her to consider if her sufferings were greater than those of others who had lost friends. "Oh, it is not the same, it is not the same," she cried. "My little girl was different from other children she was so loving. She used to come to me and beg me to kiss her or take her in my lap for a minute, and sometimes I was busy and told her to run away and play. I hurt her little heart. I made it shut up its little veins when it ought to have been coaxing open to the sunshine. I shall never forgive myself."

She never did forgive herself, and thought she was almost rationally loving to the children who were left, but in part of time could ever erase from her mind the memory of that little girl who was hungry for love.—*Youth's Companion*.

Illustrated Cook Books.

Some young ladies who have attended cooking school during the winter have collections of their favorite receipts. The little books, made by their own hands and illustrated in water colors, are quite unique. The cover of one has a picture of still life, apples, nuts, raisins and a glass of wine, while another has the portrait of a dainty cook with sleeves rolled above the dimpled elbows and tumbled curls peeping out from beneath a lace-trimmed cap. In one book which I was permitted to look at the picture that illustrates salads is a lobster and lettuce leaves beside a pot of mustard and bottle of pepper with a teaspoon lying near filled with salt. Slices of lemon and curled lettuce leaves form a border, in and out of which receipts are written in rhyme. The picture of a salmon in another book is a genuine work of art. Curious little designs accompany each receipt, and the pretty affair shows so much skill one naturally wonders if the same hands can produce a real appetizing dish of oyster oysters or an old-fashioned apple pie.—*New York Sun*.

Against the "Crazy" Quilt.

If I was a woman and had nothing better to do than to sit down and cut scraps of silk and satin velvet into pieces, and then spend hours in sewing them together again into a "log cabin" or "crazy" quilt, I'd—well, I'd make clothes for a few of the ragged, distressed and forlorn little creatures of earth who swarm in all cities and are often found in small villages. A woman could read the entire works of Dickens, Macaulay and Home, and keep up with all the leading magazines of the day in less time than it takes to make one "crazy" quilt and they are night-murder sorts of things when done. A winter's worth of sewing will give any bed an infinitely more elegant and restful appearance. This is a man's view and may not count for much.—*Zenas Dane in Good Housekeeping*.

Good and Bad Manners.

Yes, to become polite and well bred is possible. Some women have but to bow and smile to conquer the world, others must study long and patiently to achieve a good manner. The worst manner is born of self-sufficient arrogance, a woman announces herself a vulgarian by every pompous manner the bad manners of the present are the outcroppings of ignorance and selfish indifference. Until the heart is mended the manners will continue bad.—*Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood*.

To Toughen Glass Ware.

Put dishes, tumblers and other glass articles into a kettle cover them entirely with cold water, and put the kettle where it will soon boil. When it has boiled a few minutes, set it aside, covered close. When the water is cold, take out the glass. This process will harden the articles so that they will not be so easily broken.—*Boston Budget*.

The best method for cleaning old brass is to pour very strong ammonia over the brass and then thoroughly scrub it with a regular scrubbing brush. After five minutes of labor the brass will become as clear bright and shiny as new metal. Then rinse it in clear water and wipe dry.

A wash which will remove the sunburn acquired by outdoor sports is made by adding to twelve ounces of elder flower water six drams of common soda and six drams of powdered borax. Applied to the skin, it will make it as clear and as soft as a baby's.

Do not appropriate the best room for a guest chamber. Take that for yourself, your friend's stay is short. Still, make the room as cheerful as possible, hang the wall with pictures, and supply such beautiful things as taste suggests and means allow.

Hams may be wrapped in paper and packed in a barrel of ashes, smoked ham or beef after being cut can be hung in a coarse linen bag, tied closely to keep out flies, and hung in a cool place.

Five syrup is good for croup or inflammation of the lungs. It must be kept in a cool place, for if it sours it is very poisonous.

Damp salt will remove the discoloration of cups and saucers caused by tea and coffee-washing.

A teaspoonful of salt in each kerosene lamp makes the oil give a much clearer better light.

A tablespoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will aid the whitening process.

Remove spots from furniture with kerosene. Keep cheese in a tight tin box.

PLANT SHADE TREES.

IMPROVING NEW YORK'S SANITARY CONDITION AT SMALL EXPENSE.

The Intimate Connection Between Shade and Good Health During the Hot Season—A Physician's Happy Thought—Our Who Cares for Trees.

There has been a happy thought brewing in the mind of a very learned as well as very kind hearted resident of New York, whose name is Dr. Stephen Smith. The thought has been brewing for the last ten years and one that deserves to be told, because it is not told, and a large number of citizens of New York are not made to see the beauty and wisdom of it and lend human support and aid it can never become more than a thought, and then more would be pity.

It is well known to those unfortunate people who are obliged to remain in town all summer what suffering is caused by the excessive heat, but the degree of heat borne by the well to do and those who have spacious rooms and houses that allow of a full sweep of air, such as there may be, is nothing compared with that which is borne by the poor districts of the city. It is well known to those unfortunate people who are obliged to remain in town all summer what suffering is caused by the excessive heat, but the degree of heat borne by the well to do and those who have spacious rooms and houses that allow of a full sweep of air, such as there may be, is nothing compared with that which is borne by the poor districts of the city. It is well known to those unfortunate people who are obliged to remain in town all summer what suffering is caused by the excessive heat, but the degree of heat borne by the well to do and those who have spacious rooms and houses that allow of a full sweep of air, such as there may be, is nothing compared with that which is borne by the poor districts of the city.

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