

BETTER TO WEAR OUT

Man Who Retires With Ample Fortune and Allows Himself to Rust Out.

ENTERS A LIFE OF MISERY.

Loses His Hold Upon the Social and Business World and Rapidly Goes Down Hill.

The average young man makes up his mind that at 50 or 60 years of age he will retire and take things easy for the rest of his days, says a writer in the Dundee Courier. The average young man makes a great mistake. It is far better to wear out than to rust out. To the young man work is a drudge, a necessity to keep him alive. In middle age work is an accepted thing, and we are used to it, and feel rather the better for having occupation. In old age work is a necessity to keep the mind and body young. There is scarcely a more miserable spectacle than the man of 50 or 60 who has retired with ample fortune. He loafs around the house. Goes from one club to another. Gets lonely. Feels blue. He tries to kill time in the day looking forward to the meeting of his cronies in the evening. The cronies are busy in the daytime and they have engagements and pleasures in the evening, so that our retired friend seems to be in the way. He finds that the anticipation of retirement was a pleasure, and that the realization is a keen disappointment.

"There is nothing," says Carnegie, "absolutely nothing in money beyond a competence." When one has enough money to buy things for the home, for his family comfort and enjoyment, when he has sufficient income to take care of himself and family, surplus dollars do not mean much.

The business man should prepare for his future so that if ill health overtakes him he may have the wherewith to surround himself with comforts, travel and the best of care. The man who enjoys pleasures of the home and friends, who trains up young blood to take hold of the business, who travels and enjoys himself as he goes along has the right idea. We must learn to enjoy life now instead of waiting for to-morrow, for to-morrow may never come. The man who cashes in, puts his money in bonds and retires from all work goes down hill quickly and feels he is of no use in the world.

The farmer who moves in town to live on his income is a sorry individual unless he has a garden and chickens, or buys and sells farms, or occupies his time with work of some kind. The retired, non-working farmer who has moved to town gets up in the morning, goes to see the train come in, whistles a stick, loafs at the hotel or store, goes to the next train, talks of his rheumatism, goes to bed at 8 o'clock, and the next day goes through the same rigmarole. Occupation is the plan of nature to keep man happy, so when you have all the money you need have some occupation or hobby to occupy your time. The man who retires from any active work is merely counting the days until he dies.

When old age comes, and your body or brain won't let you do or care for as much as you could in your younger days, then get lighter work or lighter cares. Keep busy, if it is only raising chickens or gardening, or studying astronomy or botany. Keep at it as long as you can. Die in the harness instead of fading slowly away. Cultivate the reading habit in your younger days that it may be a pleasant occupation when your legs and hands grow feeble with age. When you quit work or occupation of some sort then life has no beauty for you.

WHAT IS THE ANSWER?

There Are Four Reasons for Opposition to Parcels Post.

What is the answer? There isn't any one answer; but the parcels post is one of several answers, Collier's says. Everybody knows now the old story. When John Wanamaker was postmaster-general, some one asked him why he didn't have a parcels post like every other civilized country? He said there are four reasons: The first is the Wells-Fargo Express Company, the second is the American Express Company, the third is the Adams Express Company, the fourth is the United States Express Company. Every once in a while our consuls in Europe write to our government telling how the parcels post works in Europe. In Senator Platt's day (Senator Platt was once the president of the United States Express Company) he used to have such reports withdrawn from the public. Here is a recent one from H. S. Culver, United States consul at Cork, Ireland. This report was printed in the "Rural New Yorker":

"Farmers, merchants and manufacturers patronize extensively these means of communication between the markets and the isolated individual customer. The rates by parcels-post are 6 cents for one pound or less, 8 cents from one to two pounds, and 2 cents additional for each pound up to eleven—the weight limit of parcels. The length of parcel allowed is three feet six inches, and the greatest length and girth combined is six feet. For example, a parcel measuring three feet six inches in its longest dimension may measure two feet six inches in

girth. Eggs, fish, meat, fruit, vegetables, glass, crockery, liquids, butter, cheese, etc., may be transported by parcels-post."

If we had the parcels-post in this country the farmer could ship one or five or ten pounds of butter, or a few dozen eggs, or a peck of potatoes, or a basket of apples, to his individual customer in the city, and avoid the middleman. Fishermen in the north of Scotland send fresh fish to the London market this way. Also, if we had the parcels-post system in this country, the express companies would quickly reduce their rates and stop paying 800 per cent dividends.

Hugo and the Barber.

When Victor Hugo lived in Paris in the Palais Royal he used to be shaved by a barber named Brassier. A friend of the poet asked the barber one day if he was busy. "I hardly know which way to turn," was the reply. "We have to dress the hair of thirty ladies for soirees and balls." And M. Brassier showed the list to his friend. A few days after the friend returned and inquired about the thirty ladies. "Ah, monsieur," said the barber, sadly, "I was not able to attend half the number, and I have lost many good customers through M. Victor Hugo." It appears that the poet when about to be shaved was suddenly inspired and seized the first piece of paper he could find to write a poem. Hugo hastily left the shop with his unfinished verses, on the back of which were the names and addresses of the thirty ladies, many of whom waited in vain for their coiffeur.



The third municipal census of Buenos Ayres, now being compiled, is expected to give that city a population of at least 1,285,000.

Brass may be given a color resembling pewter by boiling it in a cream of tartar solution containing a small amount of chloride of tin.

New York is experimenting with street cars driven by electric motors which get their power from gas engines mounted below the floors of the cars.

Though blessed with the most fertile soil and most favorable climate in the world, the United States produces less wheat per acre planted than England, Germany, or Holland.

A model electric engine, built by Thomas Davenport, a poor blacksmith of Brandon, Vt., and operated on a small circular track in 1834, probably was the first electric railway in the world.

A bit of primeval yew forest about half a mile square is carefully preserved in the Bavarian highlands of Germany, the tree, once widely distributed, having become almost extinct in Europe.

The amount of fertilizing matter brought down by the River Nile from its source every year is estimated at 100,000,000 tons—enough to cover a road from the earth to the moon sixteen feet wide by two and one-half inches deep.

The Bell Telephone Company is to adopt in New York the plan developed by independent companies in Buffalo of attaching pay-station telephone-boxes to street poles, after the model of police call-boxes. It is said that little inconvenience is caused by the roar of traffic in the street, because the head of the operator can be introduced into the box so as practically to shut out the extraneous noises.

During 1908 Peru and Panama officially adopted the world system of standard time based on the meridian of Greenwich, and it is expected that in consonance with a resolution of the Pan-American Scientific Congress the Latin-American countries generally will adopt this system. It was the expressed wish of the congress that the new system should become effective from Jan. 1, 1910. Time signals upon this system are now sent out without cost by cable and wireless telegraphy throughout the American continent. The whole globe is divided into hourly belts, starting from the meridian of Greenwich.

The chairman of the chemistry section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Louis Kahlenberg, dwelt, at the recent Boston meeting, on the importance of recognizing that solutions are really chemical in character, and that there is no wide gulf separating the act of solution from other chemical phenomena. Benjamin Silliman, Sr., in 1837, regarded solutions as chemical compounds, and the chemical view predominated until 1887. Professor Kahlenberg thinks that the renewed study of solutions from the chemical point of view will greatly aid in getting a broader and more correct conception of the nature of chemical action itself. It will be of particular service in unraveling questions in physiology.

Funeral Baked Meats.

The Customer—Hi, waiter! What do you mean on the menu by "Brown Soup," "Jonesed Eggs" and "Harrised Mutton?"

The Waiter—Well, sir, you see, sir, we often give dishes names of our clients who die after being regular customers here.—The Sketch.

Men are too willing to go to law. Remember that when a lawyer advises you to go to law, it is not his funeral.

A woman who tries to convince a man that he knows more than she does is both clever and dangerous.

WOMEN'S INTERESTS

Thoughts on Domestic Economy.

There are many households in which the mistress of the establishment doesn't know her business, writes the Country Contributor. This is a deplorable state of affairs. What right has a woman to marry and take on the responsibility of housekeeping when she doesn't know the first thing about it? What man would dare attempt life at such hazards? With such a wife a man is truly "up against it" when hard times come. If the woman has been wholly dependent on the cook and the best that the market affords for food for her husband and family, where are they to land when prices rise as they have risen and retrenchment in household expenses is necessary?

There are many women who hold this ignorance and incapacity of theirs as a distinction—they imagine that it marks them something above the common herd. Out upon such nonsense! What man at the head of a large manufacturing or business concern can succeed unless he knows the minutest detail of the business? Why is it that the man "who began as an office boy" so often ends as a millionaire? Simply because he knows his business from the ground up.

If the details of a business, then, are not above the close study and consideration of a financier, why should the minutiae of the day's work be beneath the notice of the mistress of any sort of house? Why should not the flour bin and the grease can be under her inspection? And why should she not be able to take the place of any servant in the house if necessity presents itself? To my mind, nothing is more interesting than the preparation of food and the study of domestic problems. Our supper in the kitchen redemonstrated to our minds the fact that we have too much house. No body needs a parlor, a living room, a dining room and a kitchen, at least nobody in moderate circumstances. The family life is much alike among rich and poor and we are nesting, close living creatures by nature. A small room with a genial fire draws the family like a magnet, a little circle, needing only love and congeniality to bring happiness. Can we not take a lesson from this regarding the actual essentials of existence?

Fads and Fancies in Dress

Belts appear everywhere and on everything that has a waistline.

Anyone possessing a sun-plaited, knife-plaited or accordion-plaited skirt may rejoice, for these skirts will be all the rage again.

Gold and silver, colored and jeweled slippers are high in fashion's favor, yet many of the most careful dressers cling to the blacks.

A single poinsetta or a huge rose, more often than not artificial, is planned on milady's muff. It gives a pleasing touch of color.

To have more than three buttons on the spring suit is taboo. And what is more, the three must be diagonally arranged to be quite au fait.

The gumples of plain sheer tulle or net is more frequently used than that of tucks. The yoke is extremely shallow, and flesh tint is the usual color.

Drapery is still a commanding feature. It is quite the thing to wear something loose, that may be called a wrap, though it is more an evolution of the scarf.

Tan footwear is promised the greatest vogue that it has ever had, and it will, of course, come in some startling new shades, all the way from champagne to ochre.

White cotton crepe will be used quite as much this spring and summer as last year. Some waists of this material are now seen, rich with elaborate designs embroidered in colors.

The Russian coat is trying to the average figure, and the wise woman will have her general utility coat severe and conventional with the materials and some little details to stamp it this season's suit.

Old-Time Cures.

Of all the homely cures which are still to be discovered in old manuscript books of the past one of the simplest is that of a sliced onion, dipped in salt, and rubbed well over the skin. Another famous remedy consisted of white mustard, made into a thick, creamy mixture with water and spread over swollen toes at night. Linen rags were then ordered to be wound around, so that no air could cause a chill. If the heat did not prove too great for forbearance, the sufferer was ordered to leave the mustard to dry on, and to remove all traces of it in the morning by means of a soft handkerchief dipped in rain water.

Of homemade ointments, one of the least difficult to make is that of a mixture of half an ounce of white wax, an ounce of beef marrow and two ounces of hog's lard melted over the fire, and then strained through a piece of linen. According to a century-old recipe, which dates from the time when every housekeeper's garden was her medicine chest as well, herbs and

WEDDING COSTUMES.



For a fashionable wedding the bride's gown of heavy white satin has been fashioned after the model in the illustration. It is cut en princesse and the square yoke of dotted net is draped on each side with the princess lace in fichu fashion. The lace veil reaching to the knees is prettily arranged on top of head with orange blossoms. The bridesmaid's costume is primrose satin, also of princess cut, with cleverly draped tunic arranged as shown in design. The bodice in this gown is made from self-tone tuckered chiffon cloth, with round yoke of white Irish lace. A large black velvet hat, with crown band of gold embroidery and huge pink rose on left side makes a charming finishing touch.

leaves, compounded with care, had an almost miraculous effect on painful chilblains, although, like all the foregoing recipes, it was only prescribed to be used when the skin was not broken. The mixture consisted of a handful each of common mallow, marshmallow, ground ivy and periwinkle leaves, boiled with a pennyworth of alum and six breakfast cupsful of water. Boiling was continued until the liquid had reduced to a quart, when it was strained off and stirred into six-pennyworth of camphorated spirits.

What Girls Are Called.

The most popular names for girls—what are they? Statistics have been amassed by someone in a girls' college, where there is an enrollment of 1,800. Of this number more than 100 have the name of—not Gwendolen, or Gladys, or Patricia, or Doris, or Juliet, or Marie, or Inez, or Marcia, or Persis, or Eugenie, or Geraldine, or Hortense, or Muriel—but just Helen. One-sixteenth of all the girls bore this name, which means Light. Mary came second with less than ninety. Then followed Margaret, Ruth, Florence and Elizabeth, in that order. Old-fashioned names are frequent. There are still many Hopes and Dorothys, and a few Emilys and Penelopes, but Abigail, Huldah and Hepzibah seem to have outlived their popularity in America.—Collier's.

Women in the Trades.

Only two professions, according to statistics, have so far not been invaded by the persistent American woman. There are no women sailors in the marine corps and no female linemen for telegraph and telephone systems. The other professions and trades number women as follows:

Architects .. 1,041	Packers and Clergymen .. 3,373	shippers .. 19,998
Dentists .. 758	Stenographers .. 83,118	
Electricians .. 409	Tel. operators .. 22,556	
Engineers .. 84	Undertakers .. 323	
Journalists .. 2,190	Carpenters .. 545	
Lawyers .. 1,010	Masons .. 167	
Teachers .. 227,414	Painters and Bookkeepers .. 85,240	glaziers .. 1,750
Clerks .. 85,248	Plumbers .. 128	
Com. travelers .. 848	Miners .. 1,309	
Bank officials .. 493	Blacksmiths .. 133	
Manufacturers .. 4,433		

The Untrimmed Hat.

The prevailing fashion for having an entirely plain hat on the head is interesting and artistic, but one should not adopt the fashion without knowing its dangers. They are these: That unless the hat has exquisite lines, which means perfection of cut and shape, it looks ungainly. One must pay as much for the shape of the brim in a hat of this kind as for the trimming. Too few women realize this.

Raglan Sleeves Again.

It is said that the Raglan shoulder line and a modified kimono sleeve will return to favor. It is true that they were satisfactory and more becoming than the tight sleeves set in small armholes, which are still in vogue. The same idea is noticeable in many of the new and beautiful ball gowns, where broad bands of embroidery extend over the shoulder line.

Correct Whining Children.

For a child's sake if not for those around him, do not let him whine. The fault finding attitude toward life is all too easy, and it makes for sure unhappiness. The whine of the young

becomes the chip on the shoulder of maturity and the sour disgruntlement of age, says a writer on child development. The child who is taught to take life as it is without complaints, better yet, to make the best of it or to laugh at its discomforts, is the child who will go through the world a pleasure to himself and to those who must deal with him.

A Novel Hat.



The dashing hat which appears in the drawing is extremely novel. It is of rough straw in the natural color, with a bowl-shaped crown of medium height and a wide brim rolling high on either side—the left side rolling slightly higher and toward the front. A wide band of black velvet ribbon encircles the crown, passing through the rever on the left, which is slanted to admit it. Through this is thrust a quill in exquisite shades of peacock blue and green and cut to resemble an arrow. The entire effect is most novel and striking, and yet how simple!

Practical Charity.

Mrs. Juno Robeson, of Cleveland, Ohio, has established a practical charity. She has opened a house in a good neighborhood where working women may find a home at a cost not exceeding \$2 a week. The house accommodates twenty; it has the air of a private home. The women furnish their own meals, but under Mrs. Robeson's direction.

To Thread the Machine Needle.

If, for any reason, either poor eyesight or lack of light at machine, one has difficulty in threading the machine needle, try holding a piece of white cloth or paper on the opposite side of the needle eye, which will then be so prominent that threading will be easy. Keep a bag hanging on the sewing machine to catch scraps. Have scissors hung by a cord or ribbon.

Peppers Are Handy.

It is a good plan to have a can of Spanish peppers always in the house. They can be easily and attractively used in an emergency. Sandwiches may be made of them, or they may be used to garnish leftover meats, etc. Cut the meat into cubes, cover with bits of pepper and bread crumbs and brown.



"Did you ever hear Gadby say anything particular about me?" "No; he never was particular what he said about you."—Stray Stories.

"Good heavens! What is the matter?" "The people on the second story have gone away and left their auto-piano playing."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Mistress—Anna, you've been wearing my patent leather shoes again. Anna—So sorry, ma'am, but I always mistake them for my rubbers.—Megendorfer Blaetter.

Willie—Ma, can't I go out on the street for a little while? Tommy Jones says there's a comet to be seen. Mother—Well, yes; but don't you go too near.—Boston Transcript.

"Do you give your wife an allowance?" "Yes." "How much do you allow her?" "Don't you think it is rather impertinent for you to ask what my salary is?"—Houston Post.

"But why do you put your friend's things in the dining room?" "Oh, he is so used to restaurants that he won't enjoy his dinner unless he can watch his hat and coat."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Motorist—As it is my fault that you were upset, I will make good your damage at once. How much do you want? Victim—How much does the gracious gentleman usually pay?—Fliegende Blaetter.

Post Office Clerk—You've put two penny stamps on your letter. The postage is only one penny. Old Irishman—Sure, niver mind. My son's in the post office, so it'll all help towards his wages.—Tit-Bits.

"Died in poverty!" cried the philosopher, scornfully. "Died in poverty, did he, an' you expect me to sympathize? Gorstooth, what is there in dying in poverty? I've got to live in it."—Sporting Times.

Hubby—I'm really quite proud of you. You've actually saved some money out of your allowance. Wife—Yes. It was so simple! I wish I had thought before to have things charged.—Chicago Daily News.

Miss Sweet—It is just the sort of engagement ring I preferred. None of my others were nearly so pretty. How thoughtful of you! George—Not at all, dear. This is the ring I have always used.—Kansas City Journal.

"Yes, I was fined \$500 for putting coloring matter in artificial butter." "Well, didn't you deserve it?" "Perhaps. But what made me mad was that the judge who imposed the fine had dyed whiskers."—Cleveland Leader.

"She's going on the stage." "Is that so? She can't sing, and I never saw her act." "I know, but that's all she can do. Her husband deserted her, and she never learned to work at anything before she married."—Detroit Free Press.

"Please, ma'am," said the servant "there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs." "Why, Mary," answered the mistress, in a reproving tone, "what can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we don't want any."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Well, here I am," announced the fashionable physician in his breezy way. "And now what do you think is the matter with you?" "Doctor, I hardly know," murmured the fashionable patient. "What is new?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I am told that King Edward sends a daily message to his chef complimenting him on his dinner." "Yes," answered Mr. Crosslots, "we are all of one common humanity. Even a king has to go out of his way to jolly the cook."—Washington Star.

Visitor—It must be a gigantic task to run a great newspaper like yours. Editor—Not at all. It's the easiest thing in the world. Dozens of my friends as well as perfect strangers come in here every day to tell me how to run it.—Chicago Tribune.

Seymour—Why did you leave Flannigan's boarding house? Ashley—There was too much sleight-of-hand work going on. Seymour—Sleight-of-hand work? Ashley—Yes; Mrs. Flannigan got the coffee and the tea from the same pot.—Chicago News.

The Judge—Did you arrest this chauffeur for speeding? The Policeman—No, yer honor; I pulled 'im in fer obstructin' th' road; he was goin' thirty miles an hour, an' he was complained about by them that was riding at th' regular rate.—Chicago News.

Dying Plumber (to son)—You'll find I ain't bin able to leave you much money, Bill; it's all got to go to yer mother and sisters. But I've bequeathed you that there job at Muggle's we've bin at such a time. Don't hurry over it, Bill, and it'll always keep you out of want, anyway.—Tit-Bits.

"Honey, I can't find a retraction of that story about your sister's elopement with the Chinese cook after poisoning her husband and forging her father's name to a \$50,000 check! Where did you see it?" "It's inside, my dear, next to the 'Lost and Found' column, and about the size of a pure food label."—Life.

"John—John," whispered Mrs. Gidgely, nudging her husband. "What is it?" he sleepily asked. "There's a burglar in the house." "What do you want me to do—get up and run the risk of being killed?" "No; but if you find in the morning that somebody has gone through your pockets, don't blame me."—Chicago Record-Herald.