

CORRECT POSE.

I am sorry for the young girls who are permitting themselves to grow round-shouldered and to lose the suppleness and uprightness of their figures because they are careless. Not only does this detract from their appearance, but it also tells on the health. It may seem absurd to say that the manner of carrying the body, either in standing or sitting, influences the health, but all the same it does. So the girl who wants to be attractive and well must take a bit of care.

Girls especially whose work requires that they shall use typewriting machines many hours of the day do not, as a rule, carry themselves well, nor are their fingers well shaped. Both of these defects are more a result of carelessness or ignorance than anything else, but it is so easy to avoid them that the effort is worth making. It consists in fingering the machine keys properly and sitting correctly. Unless the latter is done, not only will shoulders be round, but after a few years hips will be larger than they should, for sedentary occupation has a tendency to make women acquire flesh about the waist.

A person should always sit so that the tip of the spine is straight and not bent under. It is as a rule curved, because persons rarely sit way back in a chair. Instead, they are about in the middle of it, and then lean the shoulders back. This throws the weight of the body on muscles only indirectly connected with the spine and nearer to the hips, and the latter grow larger. At the same time the spine ceases to be straight, and the result is a poor figure and bad carriage.

Nothing is more important to a woman in any work for which she sits, than that she shall be as far on the seat as the chair back will permit. This will bring the tip of the spine into position, and if she stoops then it must be from the shoulders, which is a degree better. Any forward movement always should be up from the hips. It will, however, be easier to sit erect when the spine is properly placed, and the round and bent look so commonly seen will be prevented.

Every stenographer should have one of those chairs made with a small sliding back fitted to a curved brace which permits of a support to the back placed in the position most needed. If one of these is not provided by the office in which one works, it is worth a girl's buying it. These same chairs, by the way, should be used by all women sewing much, for they are a great assistance in sitting properly. In a correct pose a girl can work longer without fatigue, as the muscles best fitted for support are giving it.

HER APOLOGY.

Little Ethel is usually sunshine and sweetness embodied, but, with all her winsomeness, she has a temper that often results in disaster.

She was playing with her small neighbor one day recently, when a quarrel arose concerning a doll. Gracie held fast to the treasure, and Ethel, unable to gain possession, suddenly turned and left the imprint of her white teeth on the plump little arm that encircled the doll.

Then, in a tempest of tears and passion, she rushed home and sobbed out her story.

A serious talk was followed by an unusually early bedtime for penance and reflection, and the next morning a small girl crossed the street, rather dejectedly, to offer an apology.

Ten thousand of the greatest faults in our neighbors are of less consequence to us than one of the smallest in ourselves. —Whately.

QUITE DIFFERENT NOW.

The language of the young woman of the day differs greatly from that used, say, by her grandmother. Fashions change in words as in gowns, and one must know and say the right thing if she would pass muster in polite society. Among other things she never by any chance says "guess," and she speaks of her motor-car or machine, not "automobile." She says chemist for "druggist," "stop at home" for "stay at home," and she "tubs" oftener than she takes a morning bath. "Function" with her means any sort of social gathering, and a very gay ball becomes a "rout." "Smart" expresses a considerable degree of excellence which applies equally to a wedding or a bonnet; an "awfully fetching" frock or gown is very English for an especially pretty dress. She likes the word "clever," too. When she sees a fine painting she says "that's a clever bit of canvas." If you ask her does she bowl, she replies modestly:—"Yes, but I'm not at all clever with the balls." Some phrases she leans rather heavily upon, notably, "such a blow," when a rain postpones a visit or a friend dies, and "such pleasure," alike to hear Bernhardt and spend a tiresome evening at the house of some acquaintance. She has, also, an Index expurgatorius which she is careful to respect. There are no more "stores" for her, they have become "shops," "servants" also have ceased to exist as such. They are "men-servants" and "maids," although she permits herself to designate as laundress, housemaid, or butler the persons employed as such. "Gentleman" she avoids. "A man I know," she says when referring to a male acquaintance, or, there "were lots of delightful men out last night." Nor does she add "party" to "dinner," speaking of such an entertainment, and she speaks of the sitting room as the living-room. Quite correctly she lives "in" a street and not "on" it, and equally correctly "stays" at a hotel instead of "stops" there. Verily, the young woman of the day has fashions provided for her along many lines!

AT HOME.

After manifold reflections, arguments, and retrospections

I have just about decided on an innovation, rare—

Taking custom by the collar, I refuse to spend a dollar

On that problem, oft decided, how to get good country fare.

Not a penny will I squander, not a farthing will I wander

From a home of ease and comfort to those advertised resorts

Where "Fresh Vegetables" (canned yearly) come to us and cost us dearly,

And the horsefly—one or twenty—in our ice water cavorts.

I will never, never, never my relations coldly sever

With a genuine cup of Mocha or a mattress made of hair.

And I've set eternal vetoes on those jubilant mosquitoes

That are waiting to invoke a—blessing from me everywhere.

Now that I've regained my reason I shall try to spend a season

Where the bathtub is a vision of the landlord's fertile mind;

I shall stay and live in clover where the grub is not warned over,

Though my neighbors shriek derision and my pocketbook's maligned!

Hell is just as natural a consequence of sin as heaven is of righteousness.

When the love of the heart contracts there in an eclipse over all the earth.

THE LION AND THE BICYCLE.

On a mellow moonlight evening a cyclist was riding along a lonely road in the northern part of Mashonaland. As he rode, enjoying the somber beauty of the African evening, he suddenly became conscious of a soft, stealthy, heavy tread on the road behind him. It seemed like the jog-trot of some heavy, cushion footed animal following him.

Turning round, he found himself looking into the glaring eyes of a large lion! The puzzled animal acted very strangely, now raising his head, now lowering it, and all the time sniffing the air in a most perplexing manner.

Here was a surprise for the lion. He could not make out what kind of animal it was that could roll, walk, and sit still all at the same time; an animal with a red eye on each side, and a brighter one in front. He hesitated to pounce upon such an outlandish being—a being whose blood smelled so oily.

I believe no cyclist, since the Roman invented wheels, ever "scorched" with more honesty and single-mindedness of purpose. But although he pedaled and pedaled, although he perspired and panted, his effort to get away did not seem to place any more territory between him and the lion; for that animal, like Mark Twain's coyote, kept up his annoying calm jog-trot, and never seemed to tire.

The poor rider was finally so exhausted from terror and exertion that he decided to have the matter over with right away. Suddenly slowing down, he jumped from his wheel, and facing abruptly about, thrust the brilliant headlight full into the face of the lion.

This was too much for the beast. It was this fright that broke the lion's nerve, for at this fresh evidence of mystery on the part of the strange rider-animal who broke himself into into halves, and then cast his big eye in any direction he pleased, the monarch of the forest turned tail, and with a wild rush retreated in a very hyena-like manner into the jungle, evidently thanking his stars for his miraculous escape from that awful being. Thereupon the bicyclist, with new strength returning, devoutly thanking God and blessing his acetylene lamp, pedaled his way to civilization.

FATIGUE A POISON.

It is now accepted by many physiologists that a tired man is really poisoned by the accumulated waste products of his own muscular activity. Weichardt maintains that the product responsible for the trouble is a definite toxin, akin to that which produces diphtheria. It has long been assumed that during the process of diminishing irritability known as fatigue substances are produced which exert a poisonous influence upon the muscle tissue. This opinion is based upon the fact that a tired muscle can be restored almost completely by being flushed out through its own vessels with salt solution, and that fatigue can be readily produced in a normal muscle by injection into it of the extractives obtained from muscles already fatigued. This was the general position taken by physiologists until 1904, when Weichardt came forward with the startling hypothesis that fatigue is due to a definite toxin, analogous entirely to the toxins of tetanus and diphtheria, or to poisons of the violin and abrin type, against which a specific anti-toxin might be produced. Weichardt believes that the explanation of the phenomena of "training," in which prolonged exercise makes it possible for individuals to support an amount of work which proves exhausting or even fatal to the untrained, must lie in the possession by the athlete of a specific "anti-body" which neutralizes the "fatigue toxin" as soon as it is formed. —Selected.