



THE higher education of women means more for the future than all conceivable legislative reforms. Its influence does not stop with the house.

—David Jordan.

The Domestic Adventures

By Joshua Daakam Daakam

(Continued from last week)

Sabina goes with them on Saturdays, sitting in the back seat of his high, gorgeous English car with Pluto, who loves driving. That is, she sits there half the time. On the return trip Mr. Van Ness gravely invites her up beside him, and Chloë chuckles b-hind with Pluto. It is a very fortunate thing for Chloë that Mr. Van Ness prefers driving a pair to motoring, for Sabina has never cared for motor cars, and I am afraid that even her real interest in Chloë's future would not drag her out in one for an entire afternoon almost every week.

It was while they were on one of these excursions that the dreadful thing happened, the results of which are still hanging over us. And yet we acted from the kindest motives, Mr. Ogden and I. It was particularly kind of Mr. Ogden for what was Sabina to him, and how many young men would have thought of an unattractive child's pleasure when he had just been disappointed in his own? He came hoping he would all go with him to a funny little country circus that afternoon. It seems that he had spoken of it to Chloë the week before, and she had all but accepted, and then had either forgotten it or deliberately preferred to go with Mr. Van Ness. She is capable of either course.

He had bought the tickets, and was really quite disappointed. I had to tell him where she had gone. He took it very quietly, however, and said it was probably a misunderstanding on his part. Then his eyes fell on Solly who was sitting in his little chair in the side yard staring heavily at nothing; I had insisted on his playing out of doors, and he rewarded my solicitude by acting like a particularly stupid martyr.

"See here," Mr. Ogden said with a rather touching effort at lightness of edness, "let us go, you and I, and take that forsaken-looking child! Did he ever enjoy himself? I'd like to give him something he had never had before. What do you say? There's a menagerie."

Now, it is Chloë who loves the small circuses; I find that board seats rather trying, and the performers always seem a little sad to me, somehow, when one sees them at such close range. But I thought it was tremendously considerate Mr. Ogden, in more than one way. Not to give the whole thing up, as a matter of course, because Chloë could not go, was thoughtful of me, and to be willing to appear in public with Solly's trousers was pure altruism. I, too, felt it would be pleasant to give Solly something he had never had before.

And we did. We gave him the measles. Four days after he had exposed us all, he came down with them, and then I learned that the measles increase of snuffling, which May had assured me was merely a legacy—his only one—from a father afflicted with

hay fever, had really been a portent. When I demanded of her, somewhat acidly, I fear, how she accounted for the failure of a married woman with children of her own to grasp instinctively the symptoms of a normal childhood malady, she was for once in our acquaintance without an answer. The days that followed seem to me now to have been a kind of carbolic-scented nightmare. Neither Sabina nor Chloë have ever had the measles, and it was exactly like May not to have been a kind of carbolic-scented nightmare. She admitted that she had a weak throat and a high susceptibility to any disease, and had the assurance to add that her chief reason for denying Solly the pleasures of the theatre and circus had always

I was quite disappointed that Mr. Van Ness did not improve his opportunity a little more. That is, I tried to be, because Sabina felt that it was so much to Chloë's best interests to be settled so charmingly. His smile is certainly delightful, and he and Chloë have so many tastes in common, that, after all, the difference in age is not such a barrier. Mrs. I know, as much younger than women at the same age, and it is not as if Chloë were a school girl. She does not talk any more about her "almost thirty," as she used to three years ago—at twenty-seven it is too nearly true.

The last time they got back from their drive, and we told them about Solly and the circus, I saw her eyes travel swiftly from Mr. Van Ness, high on the box, irreproachable from him whip lash to his matters. No Mr. Ogden, a little rumbled, chattering in his nonsensical way, and smelling, I am afraid, of peanuts. She glanced back and forth, with a curious expression, from one to the other, I wondered if Mr. Van Ness had asked her on the drive. Afterward I decided he had not, but he had that must have refused him, for during all the time we were shut in he never came to call.

Escape out of doors would have been the best thing for Chloë, and there was practically no danger, for she had nothing to do with me or Solly, and my way would have been perfectly clear. Mr. Van Ness, if his sense of decorum had not been so insurmountable. I must say I grew a little impatient; I wanted to get it over. But beyond the politest note, and a beautiful basket of fruit later, we never heard from him.

Poor Mr. Ogden used to send us the most amusing little letters almost

her changes for worlds, and if others had experience they would know it is not wise to wait to long. I am not a homophobe nor any of my family so much to Chloë's best interests to be settled so charmingly. His smile is certainly delightful, and he and Chloë have so many tastes in common, that, after all, the difference in age is not such a barrier. Mrs. I know, as much younger than women at the same age, and it is not as if Chloë were a school girl. She does not talk any more about her "almost thirty," as she used to three years ago—at twenty-seven it is too nearly true.

TINA MAY HEIDRICH.

P. S. I am going to marry a gentleman whose cousin is a doctor so Solly will get the proper care, and I am sorry about no notice, but I know what ideas single ladies have and this is the easiest way to take him, they will not know about his measles where I am taking him so there will be no trouble. MRS. HEIDRICH.

I sent this to Sabina, who wrote on a postal card:

Home in a day or two; use formaldehyde, apparently experience, and the best teacher, so do not get another married one. S. A.

But of course I went for Mamie's aunt.

(Continued next week.)

The Upward Look

For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Gal. 5: 14.

This holiday season should be the brightest and happiest period of the year. For most of us it is the time of year when we are most generous, the sign of our love for others and of their love to us. Unless, however, we pause, in the midst of the happy season, and remember what it all means, the spirit of Christmas will pass us by. We will miss the benefit and true joy that should be ours.

What is the "Spirit of Christmas"? If we will take off the last three letters of the last word we will see that it is the "Spirit of Christ." That is the spirit that we should all have. The extent of our happiness will depend upon the degree in which we possess His spirit. In a few days more we will be celebrating the beginning of the New Year. Let us see, for a moment, what it would mean for the world were each of us to carry that Spirit with us throughout the coming year.

Why, do you suppose, did Christ choose to be born in a manger? He might have been born in a palace. He might have come in glory from on high. Instead, he came among us in the most lowly and humble manner possible. He was born of a poor birth. He stripped the estate of poverty of all approach. If, therefore, we know of poor families living near us, no matter how great their poverty, we must not look down on them. We must not, even, possibly, unconsciously, think ourselves better than they do. Christ chose to be born and to live among the poor. Surely we do not consider ourselves to be better than Christ?

In our giving, we should strive to be guided by the same Spirit. We should remember the words of our Lord when He said: "If ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great." We should remember also the words of St. Paul, when he said, "And though I bestow all my gifts to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, yet will I have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

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been the fear of precisely what had happened. It was maddening.

Sabina, after one day of it—I had hung the halls with carbolic-scented haws—packed her steamer trunk and fled to town; she said if it had been any one but Solly she could have stayed, but she felt that she should take anything from him. Chloë could not, of course, go back to Miss Mason's, and it was graduation week and Miss Mason was very cross about it. Chloë very nearly walked about the house, it was hard for her, I know, and nobody came to see us, for Mr. Ogden, who felt terribly about it, had taken the measles himself, and was laid up in town with a nurse.

I took care of Solly, because I have had every disease a child could possibly have, and May was really more useful in the kitchen. She used to stand on the lower porch and ask me as I stood in the window how Solly was getting on, and explain to me how she was so sympathetic that I had made her too faint to be of any use—and then she would go into the yard and anoint the bad spot on Pluto's leg with carbolated vaseline and coax him into eating sulphur! I had my meals sent up, and as Solly refused to touch food unless I ate exactly what and when he did, they were not very exciting. He was not hard to take care of, otherwise, he was such a quiet little fellow, and of course, under the circumstances, to nurse him was my plain duty; but I could never have supposed that I could take so little interest in any child; he was positively depressing.

As he dictated them to his nurse, they couldn't very well be particularly private or tender in their nature, so they were written to both of us; I thought the bits especially for Chloë were very cleverly worded, but she didn't or wouldn't notice them. She said she thought it a little silly in a man of thirty to have the measles, which was certainly unreasonable. I should have liked to retort that it was sillier in a man of fifty to be afraid of them, which was a perfectly possible method of accounting for Mr. Van Ness' behavior; but I didn't—I knew she was thinking of it.

I had never paid very much attention to May's criticisms on my care of Solly, as they seemed to be based entirely on the experience of a sister of hers who had lost four children under ten, all in her exclusive care at the time of their death.

Imagine my feelings, therefore, the day when I went in for my early morning look at my patient, to find him gone. On the pillow where I had last seen his dejected sandy head I found only this note:

To the ladies, I don't doubt you were trying your best, but a married woman knows what is wrong, and so I told you my little burn four. It is terrible so much carbolic and better for dogs. I can't bear to see all the visitors gone and knowing well the reason, though you cannot say I blame you at the time but he was not used to peanuts. It is not Miss Chloë's fault but I would not spoil