



Baby Goes to School.

Everything is quiet;
One day seems like three.
Everything is quiet;
We are lonesome as can be—
Baby goes to school.

Mother soon does the housework.
Then sits down to sew;
Mother soon does the housework.
For there's no one to "help," you know—
Baby goes to school.

Father is whistling softly.
Out where he's pitching hay;
Father is whistling softly.
With no excuse to play—
Baby goes to school.

Rover is growing lazy.
He sleeps upon the mat;
Rover is growing lazy.
He is also growing fat—
Since baby goes to school.

WITH WOMANKIND

THE THINGS WE DO OURSELVES.

The things we do ourselves are the real lessons we learn. Let the girl cut and fit her own dresses and try all the sewing. Suppose she does spoil a few yards of calico or gingham? She will learn more than the goods are worth and feel proud of her effort. What if the waist is too short, the neck too big, the sleeves set in at the wrong point and the skirt uneven at the bottom? Who ever made a perfect fit the first time? The artist's first picture is no better than the girl's first dress. The young writer does not find a market for his first manuscript. The musician spends time and money before playing for the public.

Useful things must be learned by daily practice, until they are done so well as to attract the attention of those who are looking for some one to do little things just right. Girls who are never permitted to do things will remain incompetent and lose confidence in themselves. Any intelligent girl with a natural taste for dressmaking, millinery, hairdressing, manicure or any of the fine arts belonging to a lady's toilet, can become proficient by practice and by the help of charts and instruction books.

Those who hope to serve the public must expect to do much work that is faulty, which will not suit the fastidious, but this is only practice work, which should never be offered, as it will injure the workers in the eyes of those who know a good thing when they see it. The way to succeed is to keep on trying, and the end will repay all the time and money spent in learning how. [Mrs Sallie A. Humes.]

A SUCCESSFUL VENTURE.

Like many another girl, Dorothy Simpson was always "hard up." Not that the Simpsons were worse off than their neighbors, or Dorothy at all extravagant, but nature had provided her with a father who, in common with many other worthy men, failed to see that beyond supplying his daughter with "board and lodging" and a new frock occasionally, anything further was required at his hands. "For," he was wont to query, "what does a girl want with money, when everything is found for her?" Mr Simpson's "everything," however, was by no means comprehensive, and many a little sacrifice was necessary ere the library fee could be paid or the mission box receive its quota. To Dorothy's independent nature this state of things was extremely

unpleasant, and many a night did our little friend lie awake, racking her brains in search of some kind of home employment sufficiently lucrative to enable her to supply her own little wants and a much needed change for the invalid mother. So far nothing practicable had suggested itself, and the little worry line between the brown eyes grew daily deeper, when all at once her "chance" came to her, and in this wise.

The judge's wife drove over one day to see Mrs Simpson, bringing with her Mrs B, a wealthy lady from a neighboring town, and in due course Dorothy, with ready hospitality, served the guests with saucers of luscious peaches surrounded with a creamy looking substance. "Oh, how very delicious!" exclaimed Mrs B, as she tasted this. "What is it?" "It is called in England clouted or clotted cream," replied Mrs Simpson, "and is a favorite delicacy in the old country, but seems to be quite unknown here. I taught Dorothy the process of making it years ago, and she has grown to be quite an expert at it." "I should think so, for it certainly is exceedingly nice, and if Miss Simpson ever decides to go into the business of selling it, I hope that she will take me as her first customer."

Shortly afterwards the ladies took their leave, and it must be confessed, to Dorothy's secret relief, for Mrs B's chance words had suggested to her a scheme which she was burning to lay before her mother. There was long and earnest discussion between the two as Dorothy unfolded her plan, with the result that two days later a note was dispatched to Mrs B, saying that she had decided to go into the business and would supply the cream at twenty-five cents per pint, also begging her to recommend it to her friends. Mrs B had taken a strong liking to the young girl and wrote at once, heartily promising to accede to Dorothy's request, and ordering two pints weekly; and so well did she keep her word that in a very short time Dorothy's clientele had increased to eight regular customers.

Greatly encouraged by the success which had attended her first efforts she now applied to several grocery stores and dairies, sending to each a sample of the cream and asking them to sell it on commission for her. Five firms agreed to take some on trial, and of these four discovered a ready market for the new delicacy, and their orders increased accordingly.

Meanwhile, with her brother's help, Dorothy had purchased another cow, to supplement the one little Alderney which had been her sole stock in trade, and as time went by and her business grew, others were added, until now, at the end of two years and nine months, she is the proud possessor and sole owner of twelve as fine "milky moth-

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MRS. EMMA FAYON.

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