

Fair Boys and Girls

A False Step.

By Mary R. Diefendorf.

There was once a little brook that bubbled merrily through the woods, becoming wider and deeper as it flowed along. By the time it had reached the path the children had worn as a "short cut" to school. It had become quite too wide to step across, and much too deep to wade through, even with little bare feet. So a nice stout board had once been laid across, and over this the little ones tripped daily on their way to school. That was a long time ago. Lately the board had "given" with a snap, just after little May Foster had crossed. That big boy, Harry Lane, had thrown it on one side and run over to the carpenter's and brought another to take its place.

Jimmy Murphy was a dear little boy with blue eyes and long yellow curls; Anthony Finch was another, with short black hair and sparkling eyes. They were inseparable friends, generally, but each was mischievous and had a temper of his own. One day in a while even they had some little falling out.

One ever memorable Monday morning one of these little tiffs occurred. Jimmy said it was Anthony's fault, and Anthony said it was Jimmy's, but none was able to trace the matter distinctly, except that Jimmy had first, as the story broke forth, refused to wait a piece and Jimmy refused.

At all events, Anthony was naughty to school all that day, although generally he was very good. The teacher could do nothing with him. He teased the girls, and pulled their curls, and whispered to the boys, and played with all sorts of playthings under his desk. He was never given bad marks, he was called into the front of the room, and finally he was kept after school.

So it happened that at four o'clock a very red-faced, angry little boy came out of the school house an hour after every other child was out of sight. He had caught a glimpse through the gathering fars of Jimmy Murphy's black curls and white collar, as his one-time friend had walked peacefully home with the other children at the close of the school. "It was all his fault," he had said to the teacher, when she had inquired the cause of his bad behavior. "It was all his fault," he was saying now to himself, with clenched fist, as the tears broke forth afresh. With this thought he approached the brook. He saw the broken board, and a thought struck him. The tears stopped suddenly and his hot eyes grew dry. He laughed, he fairly clapped his hands, and he pulled the board just give him a good wetting," he said, "and next time he'll be more careful. It was all his fault."

Just then Anthony started. He seemed to hear a little voice at his ear. "Don't do it, Anthony! What would your mother say? What would Miss Lane this Sunday school teacher say? What does the Bible say?" Anthony looked around, but there seemed to be no one there, so he said doggedly to himself, "It was all his fault," and went to work. First, he crossed over. Then he took off shoes and stockings and laid them on the bank. That was to keep him from getting wet if he should step into the water. Then he picked up the two broken pieces of wood and walked back. They were a heavy load, but he was careful. He placed one of them with its unbroken end on the bank and its broken end on the big stone near the surface in the center of the stream. Then he placed the unbroken end of the other piece on the bank and its broken end in the center. They just fitted. Then he dragged the new plank to one side. To-morrow morning Jimmy Murphy was sure to be the first boy to cross, he was always so early.

Jimmy Murphy did go to school as early as ever next morning. But it so happened he was not alone. His big brother wanted to see the teacher about something and so went with him. But earlier than Jimmy Murphy was his little brother who trotted a little hurrying from the school. He was trying to reach the spot first to warn Jimmy of his danger and repair the mischief, if possible. He hastened to the brook. No one had crossed in yet; he could see that as he came along. It was all right, no Jimmy yet in sight. Reassured on that point, he walked more slowly, his head filled with dreams of pleasure for Jimmy. Absorbed in his little plans, he walked thoughtlessly along his usual course, when—look! he was crossing a stream, and it is he, not Jimmy, that has fallen in. "Help!" There was time for one wild scream, and then Anthony knew how Jimmy would have felt.

But the cry for help was not in vain. For Jimmy's big brother was in time to hear it and run to the rescue, and in a very few minutes Anthony found himself lying on the grass with Jimmy and Jimmy's brother and a few early pupils looking on. He didn't feel much like talking. They carried him home, and there was no more school for him that day.

He told his mother in the afternoon, and she didn't scold him, but talked to him very seriously about his tempting a striking apparatus, as some of the late costly watches do, is provided with a photographic cylinder, which is fitted with a sensitive photographic plate, which has received the impression of a human voice before being inserted in the watch.

I don't think, apropos of the death of Sir John Mills, says Anne Morton Lane in the Chicago Times-Press, "that it is generally known that the lady who was the model for his exquisitely delicate and ethereal 'Ophelia' became afterward the wife of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the painter-poet. As Miss Elizabeth Siddal she sat for Mills, in whose study Sir Edward Burne-Jones (then Mr. Burne-Jones) first saw her. Her singular type of beauty, entranced the painter-poet, and she became the heroine of several of his most famous pictures. While sitting for Burne-Jones she became acquainted with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who afterward married her. His love for her was intense, and it was this lovely angel-faced woman whom he immortalized as the glorious 'Beata Beatrix,' which is now in the National Gallery. Rossetti painted the 'Beata Beatrix' after his wife's death, and the picture is an inspiration, for no model ever sat to him for this, the most famous of all his paintings. Of the beautiful woman and her three artist-admirers one is left to tell the story of her wonderful perfection of face and form for Burne-Jones has also made her immortal in the world of art.

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even now, he thinks of that false step long ago and what it very nearly cost. From the Christian Work.

Diet for Schoolboys.

The following paragraphs are extracted from one of a series of articles on "Diet for Schoolboys" now appearing in the Hospital. The extracts bear especially on the hours of eating and the necessity of regular meals. The author's advice will be particularly agreeable to those children that crave food between the regular meals, and can get it only by surreptitious raids on the pantry, or by buying cake secretly from a confectioner's. Says the author of the article referred to:

"I will allow six hours before a full meal leaves the stomach, and two hours for a light one, we find considerable difficulty in arranging the hours so that there may be continuous supply of nutritious material in the duodenum during the waking hours, and during these only, but children the process is more rapid, so that four hours should be about the maximum interval between meals. In this country (England) usually prevent breakfast being earlier than nine o'clock, and the lighter evening meal about 7 or 7 for most children. Now these intervals are clearly too long.

"The agricultural laborer supplements them with three snacks or luncheons—in the early morning, at 11 and 4. Something of the same kind must be attempted for the schoolboy. Even if we take the view that an hour or two of rest is good for the system before meals, the schoolboy refuses to carry out our plan, and stops his gnawing appetite by indigestible food. First, then, as to the time before breakfast when there is work to be done. Here there is general agreement that for all but the strongest boys some light refreshment is desirable, if for no other reason than that it prevents a large number of colds, and, indeed, infectious disorders, since everyone is far more liable to these affections when the system is depressed. Milk, cocoa, or a biscuit will suffice, and care must be taken to see that the meal is not evaded by late risers and by those boys who fear the reproach of delicacy.

After a few words concerning the breakfast proper, the author goes on: "The long interval of 10 or 12 hours when dinner can be looked for must be abridged by a cup of milk, a bun, or a piece of bread and cheese toward noon. The main food supply must be given at breakfast and dinner, when the digestion is active and the body untired, so that food may be properly ready for the time of work and digested before sleep. At dinner the chief supply of meat has to be consumed, vegetables eaten, and a full meal taken by every boy in health. If anyone fails in this cause must be inquired into. Some, of course, are difficult to please on any diet, but most boys, when they can get from the pastry shop after meals, and have a fair variety of well cooked food, are content.

On the third principal meal the writer says: "The evening meal need not include nutritious food, but may be a substantial one if we give plenty of sugar in the form of jam, marmalade and treacle, as well as butter and milk. If this is taken not later than 6 o'clock the weaker boys will be better for milk or butter before bedtime, anything like a supper should be carefully avoided."

Picked Up in Passing.

Charles Dickens said of "Robinson Crusoe" that it was "the most popular work in the world, and yet one which never drew a smile or a tear." Zola says he likes the biggles of the forlornness it confers: "It is all in vain for me to walk and walk; I simply keep on thinking. But on the whole I go with the wind; I no longer think, and nothing else gives me such absolute repose."

Twenty years ago the Marquis of Bute tried to acclimatize the Scotch Highlands. He placed some on his estate where a stream ran through a wood. In 1878 the keeper was sure of 15 beavers alive, which made an average increase of 4 each season. The last of them died five years ago, because it is assumed there were no more trees to cut down.

When the island volcano Krakatoa, at the northwest end of Sumatra, blew up thirteen years ago, destroying 100,000 lives, every vestige of vegetable life was destroyed. An observer after the eruption found that what was left of the island was red-hot. Four years later a naturalist found that the ashes had cooled down and that the plants had started up, the seeds for many of which must have been blown across the surrounding water.

A wonderful mechanical contrivance is announced from Switzerland in the shape of a watch that calls out the hours in a voice like that of a human being. This mechanical curiosity is the invention of one Casimir Livan, who based his principles on his knowledge of the workings of the phonograph. The case, instead of containing a striking apparatus, as some of the late costly watches do, is provided with a photographic cylinder, which is fitted with a sensitive photographic plate, which has received the impression of a human voice before being inserted in the watch.

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Woman and the World.

A Charming Woman's Advice.

A charming English hostess, who was noted in London for her tact in entertaining large companies and setting everybody in her drawing-room at ease, was asked by a blushing young girl to explain the secret of her social success.

"You know, I suppose," said the inquisitive maiden, "that I have barely come out in society. I am very awkward and shy whenever people speak to me. It seems to me impossible that I should ever have the wit, self-possession and courage to get on. Tell me, I pray, how is it done. How have you made yourself the most popular hostess in London?"

"My dear child," said the accomplished mentor, "you are flattering me, and that is not honest. There are many other hostesses in London equally popular. You have begun by telling me something that is not true. That is a mistake. You must be sincere, or people will not trust you. Society had no name, but it has more virtue than it is given credit for. It insists upon everyone being cheerful and good natured. You must not try to be anyone else. You must be content to be yourself, and not attempt to do anything else. Your charms and graces must be your own, and not be borrowed from your hostess."

That was a good point, and it was followed by another equally important one. "You must form, my dear, the habit of making yourself agreeable to the people you meet. You must forget yourself, and try to find out what they are interested in, and then lend them your sympathy. That is not an easy thing to do, but it is an accomplishment of the highest social value. It is the secret of the art of making yourself agreeable to your fellow-beings."

Don't wait until you are interested in people before you begin to talk. Find out what it is that he or she really cares about. Leave your own account, and let them draw out your acquaintance on their own ground; and before you know it you will be saying that you have tact and are a charming hostess."

The young girl remembered how often her companion had won her confidence and had induced her to confess that she felt awkward and strange in company, and was not sure whether she liked society or not. But she had not yet received the whole lesson.

"Yes," said her mentor, "you must be sincere and agreeable, but you must never cease to be dignified. You will hear people saying that it is a distinction of manner. That is simply another way of expressing the same thought. One must have a certain reserve of force, a dignity of manner, which implies resources of character. Your friends will like you all the better, my dear, if they find true womanliness behind the agreeable manner, and the ready smile. How many women of our acquaintance have any just sense of the true proportion of their lives? The average woman is just as much distressed when the cook burns six loaves of bread as she is when Jack is sent home from school in disgrace, and she is just as much distressed when the baby's rattle is broken as she is when the baby's rattle is broken."

Proportionate Living.

From the Outlook.

How many women, careful and troubled about many things, forget to look at life in the large, and in doing so, to truly live. How many women of our acquaintance have any just sense of the true proportion of their lives? The average woman is just as much distressed when the cook burns six loaves of bread as she is when Jack is sent home from school in disgrace, and she is just as much distressed when the baby's rattle is broken as she is when the baby's rattle is broken."

We often find ourselves wondering why life nowadays is so busy and so hurried, and why so many of us have no time to read, no time to be neighborly, no time to do many of the things which make life worth living, settled the relative importance of duties and interests, and the consequent amount of time and vital strength to be given to each.

More than one busy and conscientious woman, as the swift train bears her onward, is planning her winter campaign. She is thinking of the house to open and make comfortable, and of the family wardrobe to prepare, of the thousand little home things that must be attended to, and she feels that this year she must give all her attention to her home. There are the children to be cared for, the pantomime as well as her care; there is the aging mother, or husband's mother, who must be cared for the comfort of life, and whose gentle presence she feels may not be long with her. And last year her husband complained that she was always too tired to go to meet with him. This winter she will go with him to the philharmonics, which he enjoys so much, and she will be the great opera. And she must make an hour a day to read, for last year she found herself so tired that she was behind the world. And one day in the week she must give to the sewing-class, not only to teaching them, but to visiting and trying to brighten those poor homes. And one afternoon at least, she must give to social visiting, for her friends are all forgetting her; and then there are so many new people in the church to whom she should pay some friendly attention. And she does not want to drop out of her club, whose weekly afternoon do so much to give her the mental stimulus she needs; and this winter she will attend properly to her mission work, go regularly to the meetings, be ready to take her part, and take it intelligently. And to each duty and pleasure she assigns its special morning or afternoon, until she despairingly recalls a number of days in the week with 48 hours in each day. And she sees nothing for it but to go on in the old blundering better-skelter fashion, trying each day to do two days' things, and going to bed each night tired out with the consciousness of having half-done everything. It is not half so much what she does that tires a conscientious woman as what she ought to do and doesn't.

There is only one solution to the problem, one way out of the labyrinth. Decide what is really important and essential, and what is incidental and secondary. Then do the important things, and as many of the others as you can manage to keep serene in doing. Better leave them all undone than to be one of those hurried, worried, and harassed women, always worn to a wire and trembling on the verge of nervous

prostration, who create all around them an atmosphere of unrest that wears everyone out. Settle it definitely in your mind that there are only 24 hours in one day, and that the hammer of Thor himself could never beat that precious gold-leaf out into 48, or even in 25 hours. After all, the world used to have left it; and your family would doubtless much rather have you stay with them, than to have you leave ever such a record of achievement behind you.

A Gas Regulator.

Some of the gas companies in this country have adopted the slot machine in regulating the supply of gas to kitchens for cooking. A 25-cent piece is dropped into the machine attached to the meter. When 25 cents' worth of gas is used no more can be obtained from the meter until another 25-cent piece is dropped in. This method has been adopted in this result has been to arouse public protests from the chimney-sweepers, the other 25 cents is dropped in. This small dealers in coal and wood claim that their business is being destroyed. There are 300 gas meters connected with the slot-machine meters used in London.

To Save the Hands.

An essential article of the kitchen, says the New York Tribune, is a liquid to counteract the action of the alkalis of strong soda on the hands. One of the best preparations consists of equal parts of citric acid and glycerine mixed together and kept near the sink. As soon as the dishes are washed, wash the hands carefully in a wash-dish in a little vinegar, warm water so as to remove all traces of the soap of the dish pan. Dry the hands with a soft towel. By this means the most sensitive hands may be kept white and soft and free from chapping in the coldest weather. In default of anything else a little vinegar and cream will act satisfactorily, and there will be no stamp left upon the hands of the ever recurring task of the dish pan.

The Queen and the Women's Petition.

The Queen has signified her willingness to receive the unique petition which has been signed in 44 languages by her women subjects in all parts of the world, praying for increased protection against the evils of the liquor traffic and the opium trade. The petition contains over 7,000,000 signatures and endorsements, and has been gathered during the last few years by the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union. As it is impossible to present the immense roll which contains the names of the British subjects of the Queen, the pages have been photographed and are now in two large volumes by Messrs. Ziegler, Shaftesbury Avenue, where it is now on view. The title pages are beautifully illuminated, and as a document of historic interest and a work of artistic merit this petition will be well worth a visit. The Queen will never at one time have received any document signed by so many of her subjects the world over. The names of Miss Frances Willard, president of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, and Lady Henry Somerset, vice-president, head the list.

The Burden Bearer.

There is not a selfishness in unselfishness, but there is a selfishness which may result from unselfishness where one member of a family, as a mother, assumes the whole responsibility for everything, thus inevitably encouraging the other members of the household in an idle and inconsiderate dependence on her ministry. "Nine-tenths of us," says Mary Love Dickinson, "grow up in families where one or two are practically servants, and willing servants, it must be admitted, for all the other members of the household are depending on her. What should be attended to is the proper junction. Every man shall bear his own burden," and "Bear ye one another's burdens." God never meant that any individual should have a monopoly of all the drudgery and dreariness.

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Age will come, all too soon, to every one of us. Mercantile we can try to prevent the clear rosy tints of health being merged into a sickly pallor, and to avoid the affliction of eruptive blemishes on the face and skin.

A WOMAN needs a good complexion and a soft smooth skin, else her happiness is lessened and her charm to the other sex diminished. She needs also color in her cheeks, sparkle in her eyes and strength in her nerves, else she is pale, dejected and her duties weary her.

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