

HOUSEHOLD.

Our Neighbors.

Somebody near you is struggling alone
Over life's desert sand:
Faith, hope and courage together are gone:
Reach him a helping hand;
Turn on his darkness a beam of your light;
Kindle to guide him, a beacon fire light;
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his affright.
Lovingly help him to stand.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold;
Send him some aid to-day;
Somebody near you is feeble and old,
Left without human stay.
Under his burden put hands kind and strong,
Speak to him tenderly, sing him a song,
Haste to do something to help him along
Over his weary way.

Dear one, be busy for time fleeth fast;
Soon it will all be gone,
Soon will our season of service be past,
Soon will our day be done.

—Waif.

Never too Busy to be Kind.

Never be so busy that you cannot be kind. No matter how rushed you may be, nor how many things are crowding upon your time, be courteous and kind and considerate.

It isn't as wearing on the nerves to be genial and courteous as it is to be churlish and rude, when you are on the hurry-and-drive path from morning until night.

A buoyant word—a brief smile—a nod of recognition, all these little things that do not interfere with attention to duty, are of large importance in making the world's bulk of good cheer.

You may never know what harm an indifference may work—what despair a rebuff may brew. Your pulse of irritation under pressure of obligations might be the last feather-weight to flame an oppressed soul into desperation.

Be kind—no matter if you are on the honest run to catch your interests in life. While you run, let your fleeting presence prove a blessing to those whom you must pass in the race to reach the goal. Leave behind you a trail of golden remembrances of words and smiles of good cheer that have cost you nothing at all in self-sacrifice or money or physical strength or mental effort.

The Ethics of Visiting.

'I never expect to pay another visit, if I can help it,' said a city woman. 'I have graduated from that sort of thing long ago. Whenever I go I always go to a hotel, where I can have my own hours and my own times and all the extra service I may need. I do not want guests in my own house and I have done with being a guest in anybody's else's.'

Some of the women who listened assented to this new and independent doctrine. 'It tires me dreadfully to make a visit,' said one; 'and the last guest-room I was in was so elaborately neat that I couldn't take an afternoon nap for fear of disarranging the bed. One afternoon when I couldn't hold out any longer I slept on the floor. You needn't laugh!—if you had seen the guest-room you would have understood that it was no joke to live up to it.'

'Well,' said the third, 'I love to have company staying in my house and I love to visit, too, when I have the time. And I hate hotels. They're a great deal more comfortable than most homes, in a way, and yet they sap one's moral fiber, ruin one's digestion, and haven't any real comfort about them. You talk about living up to a guest-room; but, on the other hand, when one lives down to a hotel-room it is most demoralizing. I find it a moral tonic to be a guest myself,' she concluded, with a laugh.

A quiet woman in the corner spoke up. 'I always like to have my girls pay visits now and then,' she said. 'They come home with their manners unconsciously brushed up and with new cake recipes and more consideration for the servants. And I don't think they give

much trouble, for I have insisted on their forming, both of them, the habit of reading. A guest that likes to read is very little in the way.'

'Don't speak of that,' said the first woman, with a shudder. 'I have had guests who never read a line, not even the newspaper. Occasionally they wrote letters, but for the most part of every day they were waiting, with open minds, for amusement. One distant relative, who stayed with me two weeks and wrote only three letters, left me on the verge of nervous prostration. I think that every one who ever expects to go visiting should wear a placard plainly inscribed: "I can read."'

'Why not have a diploma?' said the second woman. 'A trained guest would be a charming form of girl graduate. "This is to certify that Miss — is font of reading, and can read aloud pleasantly; can and does carry on a large correspondence; is fond of passing an hour or so every day in her own room; has a healthy appetite for ordinary food—"'

'Yes, indeed, that ought to be part of the training,' broke in the third speaker; 'the last girl that visited my daughter was the only child of wealthy parents, who let her own fancy control her eating. She made our meal-times most melancholy affairs. "Thank you, I never eat it," was her almost invariable reply to every dish offered. She did eat pastry and entrees, but that was about all. And one visitor last year, an older woman, and really charming in other ways, was on a diet to reduce her flesh. We are not a fat family, but we seemed to have all the things on our diet that were forbidden to her. I was afraid for a day or two—before I ciphered out just what to give her that she would eat—that she would starve. Henry said the truest kindness was to let her starve, anyway, for nothing reduced flesh so quickly. But that was just his nonsense. I am sure I lost a pound myself that fortnight worrying over my menus. But do go on with your diplomas; I ought not to have interrupted.'

'Cheerfulness should be part of the graduating course,' said the diploma-maker, thoughtfully, 'and an ability to play games and an inability to have headaches. A guest with a headache is a Christian martyr if she does not show it; and if she shows it and gives up, it casts a gloom. Absolute punctuality and order are necessary, of course. An unpunctual guest is enough to turn any hostess' hair gray in short order.'

'In short, your graduate must be perfection itself,' said the quiet woman. 'How many diplomas do you think could ever be given? Only angels in human form could hope to win them.'

'There's the beauty of visiting,' said the woman who had first asserted her belief in it, 'and that is why I call it a moral tonic. The endeavor to be a charming guest brings into play all the unused muscles of character, so to speak, and develops them immensely. Many a victorious struggle against selfishness is made in a guest-room which never could have happened in a hotel; and many a revealing light upon one's defects first dawns through the guest-room window.'

'And the hostess is being chastened and educated, too, at the same time,' remarked the suggester of diplomas. 'Dear me, what a mutual benefit association it is! Don't let us give up our guest-rooms for a while, anyway!' And amid the laugh which followed the discussion closed.—Priscilla Leonard, in the 'Interior.'

The Woman on the Street-car

(Christine Terhune Herrick, in the 'Christian Endeavor World'.)

Does the average woman who rides on a street-car perhaps fancy herself alone in the midst of a boundless solitude? Or is she indifferent to the effect she produces upon the chance observer?

All precedents are against the second theory, but one must invent some hypothesis to account for the carelessness the woman traveller in public street conveyances displays in her looks and bearing.

In the first place, she generally wears an expression which indicates that she is consumed by a secret sorrow or a permanent discontent, or is the prey of an impaired digestion. Her

lips droop at the corners; her face relaxes into lines of pain or peevishness as soon as she forgets herself.

It is the rarest thing in the world to see a happy-looking woman alone on a street-car. If she is talking with another person, it is a different matter. But as soon as her face is in repose she looks depressed or fretful. If any one doubts this, he should study the next line of women he has opposite him in a car.

In the second place, in at least seven cases out of ten the women do not seem to have any care of how they sit. Again let the test of observation be applied to this statement. The majority of women 'slump' as soon as they take their seats. Their shoulders droop, their chests cave in, their knees drop apart, the muscles of their whole bodies relax. However good this may be for them in the abstract, it is uncommonly unpleasant to look at in the concrete. If they feel unable to 'take a brace' and sit erect for the sake of those who have to look at them, they might at least make a struggle to study how to relax with some degree of grace.

Even their lack of attractiveness in their usual street-car pose is perhaps easier for the onlooker to bear than the fidgeting in which some of them indulge. Why cannot they sit down right in the first place? Why must they be jerking, about, rising and reseating themselves, pulling out their skirts, altering their positions? It would be a boon to the public at large if they would once take their seats in the position they mean to occupy, and then 'stay put.'

The woman who is travelling in a car never knows what to do with her umbrella or parasol. She sticks it out in the aisle for the harassing of the conductor and the passengers. Job would have been provoked to profanity if he had ever caught his toe on a woman's umbrella and executed a cake-walk down the car amidst the mirth of the multitude. Not once in a blue moon does one find a woman who knows enough to put her umbrella close to her side, where it will not get in the way of those who have to pass her.

The inability to take care of an umbrella is common to women of any size. To the stout woman is reserved the peculiar glory of sitting back in a crowded car when she ought to sit forward, or of balancing herself on the edge of the seat and taking up two-thirds of the aisle space when she could just as well put her avoirdupois on the seat, where it belongs.

There would be enough to endure if the only faults to be laid to the charge of women on street-cars were those comparatively negative errors on which they are guilty when they have seats. It is when they stand that they rise to the dignity of a positive grievance. By preference they face the way the car is going, hanging on by a strap, swinging, lunging, bumping, treading on other passengers' feet as the car starts or stops or rounds curves. The trick of standing sideways, the feet apart to give a poise that is not easily disturbed, would seem a simple matter for a woman to learn. Yet the women who have acquired this accomplishment are so few and far between that, when one is seen who actually knows how to stand in a moving car, it is difficult to curb the impulse to invite the other passengers to club in and buy her a bouquet.

The Eyes.

'An infant crying for the light.'

The eye of a newborn infant turns at once toward the light, significant in more ways than one of the future needs of its being. The eyes of a baby at birth are but imperfectly developed; the eyebrows and eyelashes are short and thin; the eyelids are almost transparent, and allow much light to pass through them. The iris is very imperfect, and lacks the pigment, which comes with the growth of the baby. It is the lack of this pigment that makes the eyes of all newborn infants of the same color, namely, a dark blue. The light, which is the natural stimulus to the eye, if too strong, becomes an enemy to the young. Infants should learn to use their eyes little by little, the same as they learn to use their limbs. The resting place of the baby should be turned away from the light of the window,