

Young Folks.

THE DAUGHTER'S ROOM.

I wish to ask how many of our daughters have a room of their own, says a writer in an exchange. One that is arranged to their notion, where their belongings are kept, and where they can go and spend a quiet hour reading, writing, or in whatever way they choose. It is true, all girls have a place where they go to sleep at night. But many of these rooms are very untidy, and no thought of neatness and order ever enters their owner's mind. The room may be a second story one, and they think so long as no one will see it makes no difference about its appearance.

All mothers should give their daughters a room of their own, and teach them to keep it neat and clean, for the career of many a neat and systematic housewife has been formed by the interest and pride she took in her room when a girl. I do not have in mind the homes of the wealthy, where the floors are covered with the finest of Oriental rugs, and where the furniture is of the richest tinted upholstery.

I have in mind the home of the people. The room should be plainly but neatly furnished, and in harmony with the circumstances and surroundings of the family. If there is more than one girl in the family let two occupy one room.

An all-wool ingrain carpet can be purchased for about 60 cents a yard, and will do good service for a number of years. If this is beyond the family purse I am sure almost any girl who is interested in her room, can, with her own work, and little expense, make a very pretty rag carpet. The wall should be papered and shades hung at the windows. These things are the most important ones in the furnishing of a room. These neglected and a room will be robbed of its artistic finish, though it may have the finest of furniture within its walls.

We live in an age when pretty and durable furniture can be bought very cheap. So you have only to decorate your room; pretty Swiss curtains may be hung at the windows, and I am sure any of the girls can make a pretty quilt for her bed, if she will give a little of her time and patience to it, and it will prove a joy forever and be a monument to her skill and patience in needlework when she is old. And many other little articles you can from time to time add to your room; a low rocker should be one of the articles of furniture, so you can enjoy a rest, while you enjoy an hour with your favorite needlework or read a chapter from the greatest of all books. And do not forget to hang a few pictures on the wall. Now that your room is finished does it not please you? And girls, the most important thing that I wish to impress on your minds is to keep it clean and in order. Keep all loose articles and clothing in their places; air your room every morning; keep it so that when your girl friends call on you to spend the afternoon you will not be ashamed to take them to your room. There you can spend an hour or so and talk over such things as all girls talk about when alone.

FAULTS OF OTHERS.

Do not get into the unpleasant habit of criticizing everything and everybody; particularly, do not be hasty in correcting in others mistakes which are trivial and really not worth noticing. Even the most good natured person does not like his faults pointed out to him. We are all aware of the fact that we have faults, with the exception of a few conceited folks, but we do not like to think that other people have noticed them.

Should your best friend possess a fault that is really bad, and you feel that you must call attention to it, do so in the nicest manner possible, says an exchange. You might mention the fault as belonging to some one else and speak about it in some such fashion as this:

"So-and-so never seems to have any subject of conversation but dress, does she? If I were she, I think I would try to find a new topic occasionally. One gets rather tired of hearing about her new dresses and hats." If your friend has any wits at all she will take the hint to herself and profit by it.

Or, again we will suppose the person at fault is a man, and you say to him, "I do like to see a man keep his hands and nails trim and clean." Unless he is very sensitive, he will not think you are reproving him actually, but will probably endeavor in the future to live up to your expectations.

Another occasion upon which we long to correct the mistakes of our friends is when they pronounce words or names wrongly. Do not bluntly repeat the word in its correct form and make the culprit feel hot and uncomfortable, but a little later use a sentence into which you can introduce the word, giving it the right pronunciation, and the correct form will most likely be taken to heart.

THE TOILET TABLE.

Every girl who can possibly afford it, indulges in the luxury of a dressing table these days, and whether fitted up from a large bank account or furnished from weekly savings it must be in harmony with the room, and some one color scheme must be carried out in the knickknacks.

If blue and white effects are sought after in the room, then all the toilet articles should be in Delft or Saxony or Omani ware. And almost every article necessary for the table can be found in some one of these blue and white wares. Sets of brush, comb, mirror and tray come in Delft, or a

clever imitation of the quaint Dutch styles.

Jars of different sizes for pomade, vaseline and cold cream are imported from Japan and sold for a trifling sum. And a little delving into Oriental shops will bring to light blue and white pin trays, hairpin boxes, candlesticks and match receivers—all artistic and rarely expensive.

A pretty scarf for the table is of Japanese blue and white cotton.

It is considered exceedingly bad taste to keep a brush and comb which has been in use shut up in a satin or plush lined box. The old-time "casket" is discarded when once the toilet articles have come into service.

AMUSING BLUNDERS.

Some Laughable Instances of Absent-Mindedness.

The lack of co-ordination between brain and muscle leads to many a laughable mistake, a few instances of which are here given:

A woman recently went to purchase some Hamburg trimming, and wishing to put on her glasses opened her umbrella instead of having a handkerchief as well as tricky biceps, she hurried away from the counter convulsed with laughter—the salesman no doubt thinking his would-be customer was something of a lunatic.

A teacher in a well-known academy has a habit of carrying his umbrella over his shoulder like a gun, and one cloudy morning picking up a broom instead of the umbrella, he hurriedly walked off with it and would no doubt have gone directly to prayers so accoutred had not his wife called him back.

A young lady took an ice cream soda, and took the long spoon away with her, discovering her mistake when she undertook to fan herself with the spoon at a lace counter.

Who that uses pen and muckilage has not dipped the brush in the ink, and sprawled over the paper inadvertently dipped in the wrong bottle?

Perfectly sober and perfectly sane men have walked in at neighbors' doors and even entered the dining-room before discovering that they were perhaps several doors from their own.

These errors of hand, eye and ear would afford a valuable study to the psychologist, but they serve a better purpose perhaps in giving occasion for laughter as we jog on.

EYES LIKE TELESCOPES.

The South African Bushmen are Gifted With Marvelous Sight.

It has often been remarked that civilized people tend to become shortsighted. This is because in towns and cities their vision is most confined to short distances. Savage races, on the other hand, are generally gifted with remarkably keen sight, and few tribes are more noteworthy in this respect than the African Bushmen, whose eyes are veritable telescopes. This power is no doubt a wise provision of nature, for bushmen are a small race, and if they were not able to see danger a long way off they would be exterminated by their various enemies, whether savages of other tribes or wild beasts.

A traveler in South Africa relates that while walking one day in company with a friendly bushman the savage suddenly stopped, and gazing across the plain cried out there was a lion ahead. The traveler gazed long and earnestly in the direction indicated by the bushman, but could see nothing. "Nonsense," he said, "There's nothing there." And he went forward again, with the bushman following at his heels, trembling and unwilling and still asserting that he could see a lion.

Presently the native came to a dead stop and refused to budge another inch. For this time, he declared, he could see a lioness with a number of cubs, a fact which made the animal more dangerous than ever. But the European, who could see no lioness, much less its cubs, pushed ahead. After walking a quarter of a mile, however, he could dimly make out an object moving across the horizon. Still doubting that it could be the object which the bushman said he had seen, he continued to advance, and at last was able to distinguish a lioness, with her cubs around her, walking leisurely toward the woods.

VEHICULAR PERSIFLAGE.

Is your new clerk automobile or a perambulator?

You're dull; an automobile is full of push, and a perambulator has to be pushed.

ECONOMY.

Patient—What are your charges, doctor?

Doctor—My charges are \$3 a visit.

Patient—Is that for both the rheumatism and malaria?

Doctor—Yes.

Patient—Well, times are hard now, and money does not fetch the interest it used to. Suppose you let the rheumatism stand, and cure only the malaria?

CHANGED INTENTIONS.

Vicar's daughter—Oh, Withers, your mistress tells me that you are saving up to take a little shop and look after your mother. I think it is such a sweet idea!

Withers—Well, yes, miss, I did think of it; now I've got the money I've changed my mind, and I'm going to buy myself one of these bicycles instead!

BULLETS HURT BUT LITTLE

HUMANE EFFECTS OF USING THE MODERN SMALL-BORE RIFLE.

Interesting Observations Made During the War With Spain—Painless Death or Almost Certain and Painless Recovery the Fate Nowadays of the Soldier Stricken Down on the Battlefield.

Painless death or almost certain and painless recovery from his wounds is the alternative fate of the soldier stricken down on the field of battle by the modern small-calibre bullet, says a Washington letter. If a soldier is not killed outright his wounds almost invariably heal under antiseptic treatment. Of nearly 1,400 wounded men, for example, who passed through the hospital at Siboney during the Santiago campaign but three died of their wounds, a fact which speaks volumes for the efficiency of the army surgeons. Antisepsis, the small sized, steel jacketed bullet and the great velocity imparted to it by high-power guns combine to make a present-day battle humane compared with the fighting of the past. Modern surgery and modern ordnance have together minimized in a remarkable degree the suffering of the wounded; in fact, wounds received in war may be said to have been almost entirely robbed of the horrible character commonly imputed to them. Bullets go through a man's muscles, leaving a clean wound which heals in a few days, or even penetrate his vitals without giving him any great distress. And you are just as safe within close range of the enemy as you are a mile or more away—if you are not safer.

Studies of the effect of gunshot wounds inflicted during the Spanish-American war made by Drs. La Garde, Munson and others, demonstrate that experience has completely overthrown all the theories held by army officers prior to the late war respecting the nature of the wounds which would be caused by

MODERN RIFLE BULLETS.

These theories were based on experiments with fresh and dry bones, cadavers and tin cans filled with water or wet and dry sawdust. It was found that the small army bullet in striking these objects displayed considerable expansive or explosive effect, a tin can filled with water, for instance, being torn to pieces. This gave rise to what was called the hydrodynamic theory, based on the proposition that force applied to a fluid was exerted equally in all directions, from which it was reasoned that a bullet striking the liver or perforating the brain or any organ containing an excessive amount of moisture would produce similar effects. It was also thought that the impact of a bullet at short range would be so powerful as to drive portions of tissue, either soft or bony, or pieces of clothing out of the track of the projectile with such force as to make them secondary missiles.

In actual battle, however, the theoretically anticipated explosive action of the small bullet was not observed. It was discovered that the full mantled service bullet when underformed has but slight explosive effect at any range, and that it rarely disintegrates on impact with human tissues. Nor does it, as a rule, carry with it into the wound portions of the clothing and equipment. For these reasons the modern steel-clad bullet of small calibre is less destructive and more humane than the old lead missile, rarely crippling permanently those wounded by it.

So small, in reality, is the stopping power of the small calibre steel-clad bullet that army officers do not think it would be effective against a fanatic enemy, nor would it be effective in stopping a cavalry charge, in which horses and not men are the motive power. Hunters have found the army bullet ineffective in bringing down big game, the projectile merely drilling a

A SMALL HOLE

through the animal without causing material shock, loss of blood or laceration of tissue. To meet their needs a special soft-point bullet, which "mushrooms" on impact and inflicts a serious wound, has been devised; and the use of a similar deforming bullet—the Dum Dum—has been recognized by the British Government as a necessary in its India and Sudan campaigns against a savage foe. The Springfield rifle bullet answers the same purpose. However, the small calibre bullet is considered amply effective against civilized soldiers, inasmuch as a slight wound renders them hors de combat. Ignorant of the gravity of his hurt, the white soldier when struck almost invariably falls out and goes to the rear, no matter how insignificant his wound may afterward prove to be. Not so with the Dervish or Mohammedan warrior, who fights even when mortally wounded until the last breath is gone. Prof. Worcester cites in his book the case of a Moro who when bayoneted pulled the weapon further into his wound in order to bring the soldier at the other end nearer and cut him down.

The efficiency of modern firearms in battle can be largely counteracted by open-order formation and the use of trenchments. A thin skirmish line advancing by rushes under covering fire will sustain small injury as compared with the casualties which would be suffered by a steady advance in close formation. Thirty inches of loose dirt, which bayonet and meat can constitute ample protection against infantry fire. Chances of death appear to have no relation to the distance from the enemy. The ratio of killed to the wounded seems, in the light of experience, to depend on whether a vital point is struck, the range figuring as a very small and unimportant factor.

THE PAIN AND DISCOMFORT following a modern gunshot wound is singularly small. The sensation felt on the impact of a small-calibre bullet in soft tissue is said to be very much like that of being struck a sharp blow with a rattan cane. If a bone is struck the sensation resembles that experienced on receiving a smashing blow with a crowbar or a similar weapon. Unless a nerve is injured or laceration is extensive, the subsequent discomfort is trifling. At Santiago the medical officers found that the hemorrhage from gunshot wounds was small; the projectile actually pressing the bloodvessels to one side without puncturing them; ligation of arteries was rare, and no cases of death from primary hemorrhage occurred. More remarkable still is the fact that perforating wounds of the brain, lung or abdominal viscera, if not immediately fatal, were recovered from without operation in a large number of instances. No amputations were performed at Santiago. Compound fractures were relatively scarce, the bullets as a rule drilling a hole through the bone without producing fracture or extensive communication. The number of major operations was therefore small, being less than 4 per cent. as compared with 9.37 per cent. during the civil war. It is hardly necessary to say that these results completely overturned preconceived theories of the effect of modern gunshot wounds.

Wounds caused by Mauser bullets caused lesions in the soft tissue almost subcutaneous in their nature and the wounds healed quickly and kindly. Frequently repair went on under a scab. In many cases it was found unnecessary even to change the first-aid dressings. Not over 3 per cent. of the wounds went on to suppuration. In these results antisepsis and surgical skill played an important part, reflecting great credit on the medical department of the army, which observed every requirement of modern antiseptic surgery in the face of serious obstacles. Mortality among the wounded is considered almost entirely dependent upon antiseptic treatment, and this, even more than the humane modern missile, has mitigated the horrors of warfare.

DREAMS AS A CURE.

New Remedy for Persons Afflicted With Nervous or Mental Maladies.

An English physician claims to have discovered a new and efficacious cure for persons afflicted with nervous or mental maladies. If such persons, he says, can only procure pleasant dreams they will soon regain their health, and his aim is, therefore, to furnish them with delightful dreams.

For this purpose he uses a soft leather cap, which covers the patient's head and ears and leaves only the face uncovered. Beside the ears are placed two metal plates, which are joined by a rubber tube to a phonograph. The patient rests on a divan in a dark room and in front of him is a sort of magic lantern, from which are projected at brief intervals various enjoyable pictures. In this way, it is claimed the eyes of the sick person are delighted, while at the same time his ears are soothed by the vibrations of the phonograph.

As a result, weariness comes upon him and is soon followed by slumber, and it is while he is dozing in this manner that happy dreams are evoked, thanks to the phonograph and the stereopticon. After this light slumber comes a deep sleep, which, we are assured, is always most beneficial.

Several tests of this kind have been made with success and it is said that not only are tired nerves refreshed by this method, but that the patient's body also rapidly increases in weight. This pleasant sounds and sights are soothing to the nerves we have all known for a long time, but that pleasant dreams have a tendency to make persons fat will certainly be news to the general public.

ONE EYE SHUT.

Queer Practice of Mexican Miners Who Work in the Dark.

A recent traveller in Mexico, who visited the mines there during his journey, says that he was much astonished at seeing the men who carry the ore come out of the mine with one eye shut.

The foreman, seeing his surprise, explained the matter. He said the candles belonging to the tarateros, who drill and blast, do not give sufficient light in the drifts, where it is consequently quite dark, but where, nevertheless, the tarateros see well enough not to run their heads against the rocks. But, on emerging into daylight, they would be blinded if they did not take precautionary measures.

For this reason, as they approach the mouth of the shaft, at the point where they catch the first glimpse of light, they drop the eyelid of one eye, and keep this down while they are discharging their ore and until they have re-descended the shaft.

When they are again in the dark, they open the eye kept hitherto in reserve, and at once see everything distinctly; while the other eye, previously open and somewhat blinded by the daylight, perceives nothing at all.

TIMELY HINTS.

Observations on House Cleaning by a Man Who Knows.

The best way we have found by diligent inquiry to clean house is to move into a new one each spring.

If you are a man, never get gay and tell your wife you stood first in the geometry class while at college. If she knows what geometry is she will have you fit and put down all of the new carpets.

The best plan for the male portion of the family to pursue during this interesting period is to shake the house. If you don't you may have to shake the carpets.

If your wife asks you to take up a carpet tell her you are no policeman, but if she insists, raise one tack carefully with the tack-drawer, grasp the carpet firmly in both hands and then start around the room with it.

The above plan has been tried by several citizens with admirable results. Of course, many tacks will hit the ceiling, but they all eventually strike the floor. You will be able to find tacks in that room for the next year. They are usually discovered with the bare feet.

The baby is usually a great inconvenience during house cleaning. If quite small, place in the bath tub and then lock the bathroom door. If the baby should, in its infantile play, turn on the faucets and then drown, you can call the Coroner. While that official is at your home, jolly him some, and maybe he will help move the bookcase.

If you have a servant always inform her a week or so before house cleaning that she is perfectly at liberty to invite any of her female relatives to visit her. When they come meet them at the door with a sweet smile, a bucket of soft soap and a scrubbing brush for each one. Of course, if they should happen to defer their contemplated visit until after house cleaning, just inform the servant that she cannot entertain.

We knew a lady who gave a progressive carpet laying party, and it was a tremendous success. She invited a number of guests to her house, and, when they arrived, asked them to be seated on upturned wash tubs placed in the back yard, explaining that everything in the house was upside down. Then she proposed the game. Four persons were assigned to each room, and all of the carpets were laid in one hour. But it is said that scarcely any one who attended that party is on speaking terms with any of the others, or the hostess. As a business scheme this party was a success, but as a social event highly disastrous.

One of the most economical features of house cleaning of the present day is that a person can clean his own wall paper; make it look good as new. Our friend Jinks tried it. Cleaned every room in the house. Then he figured up the cost, and found that if he had just added \$5 he could have built a new house. Then his wife discovered that the ceilings were streaked, and that Jinks would have to go over them again. At this Jinks let out a loud yell, and—Well, we went out to see him last Monday and the physician in charge states that he is becoming rational once more, and he will be allowed his liberty in a short time.

Another beautiful exhibition of the executive ability of females occurred at Jones's residence the other evening. Jones was asked by his wife to rub furniture. This consists in rubbing linseed oil over the furniture and then rubbing it dry with a flannel cloth. After you rub each chair you place it with a lot of others, then you forget which you rubbed, so you rub them all over again. Jones's wife was cleaning a chest of drawers and Jones was rubbing furniture. His wife found a package of old letters and became interested. She read the whole evening, except at such times as she bossed Jones. She finished reading at 1:30 a.m., the furniture was finished and Jones was well nigh finished.

MUST HAVE BEEN INSPIRED.

She—A doctor in Berlin, after a great deal of study, has discovered married men live longer than bachelors.

He, imploringly—Save my life! She, joyously—Oh, Clarence, how did you guess that I loved you?

A LIE NAILED.

The Dog—You've got to have a pull to get along nowadays. The Horse—Nonsense! I've had one all my life and it hasn't done me any good.

THOUGHT OF IT SERIOUSLY.

Mrs. Motherly—Why is it, George, that you have never thought seriously of getting married? George—You misunderstand me, Mrs. Motherly. I have always thought of it so seriously that I am still a bachelor.

IN HIS LINE.

The Conductor—I don't believe I got your fare, sir.

The Misnomer—Ah, brother; you will not allow me to lead you from the walks of the unbelievers.

SIMPLE TOYS.

Now, Bobby, if you are not unreasonable you can choose your own birthday present.

Well, Pa, I don't want much; I jes' want a soda fountain, an' a new wheel, an' a cash register.