

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Some talk about a woman's sphere as tho' it had a limit. There's not a place in earth or heaven. There's not a task to mankind given. There's not a whisper, yes or no. There's not a life, a death, a birth. That has a feather's weight of worth Without a woman in it.

The Woman Who Worries

Looking over in your mind's eye all the women you know, is there any more common and more maddening fault which they possess than that of worrying? While there are a few men who worry, they are in the minority, but the women who worry are innumerable.

Is it because a woman's interests are more restricted than a man's; because her outlook is smaller; because her home, her children and her servants bound her view? It is useless to speculate as to the why and wherefore. The fact remains that she does worry and that she and everyone else around her would be much happier if she didn't. For the woman who worries as undoubtedly destroys her own happiness and ruins her own nervous system as she destroys the happiness and peace of mind of her immediate household. Somebody says that "worry is a habit, like biting the finger nails, turning in one's toes, or talking slang." That is true, and it is a selfish, sinful habit almost as hurtful as a violent temper or a habit of talking scandal and quite as much to be deplored, and like all other bad habits all it needs is constant practice of good common sense to be thoroughly eradicated.

It isn't over a big trouble that a woman worries. Usually when a really great trouble comes upon the household a woman rises to the occasion and is the bravest, most helpful and most self-forgetful of the family. But not so in the small discomforts and annoyances which cause the little "pin-pricks" of every woman's daily life. Only too often she spoils a whole day for herself and several other people because the maid has broken a piece of her dinner set or because her new gown wrinkles between the shoulders, or one of the children has spilled something on her best tablecloth. It is one great thing to smile when the mishap occurs and be as pleasant as possible about it, and doubtless you have gained a great victory if you don't display your annoyance there and then; but if, when you are alone again, a little frown comes in between your eyes and you begin to worry about how you are going to replace that dish, what you are going to wear today instead of the new gown, and how you are ever going to get that stain out of the tablecloth, it will be only a small part of the victory, for if one allows little bothers to get a foothold in the mind to wait there and nag, nag, nag whenever one is a little disengaged and trying to rest, the last vestige of real peace and happiness will soon depart forever.

One woman has what she calls her "pleasant thought work-system." Whenever she has housework to do that occupies her hands only and she is tempted to feel grumbly about it, she thinks of the story she read the night before, and lives over with the heroine all her adventures and troubles, or she thinks of some pleasant event that has happened recently, and while her mind is thus occupied her hands do their work so well and quickly that before she realizes it, the work is accomplished. "It is all habit," she says, "good habits grow as well as bad ones, and if you care to hunt, you will find three sides bright and only one dark, which often, with a little rubbing with forgiveness, patience and cheerfulness will brighten up wonderfully."

Worrying often comes from fits of the blues, and a German doctor says that the best cure for the blues is to smile; smile in season and out of season, whether you feel like it or not, and gradually the mental state will adapt itself to the bodily expression. A charming young woman was heard to say the other day, "I am too much in love ever to have the blues." "Too much in love?" echoed her surprised companion. "Yes," she replied, "too much in love with myself. I regard myself as a mirror, don't you see, put on earth to reflect all the joy and gladness of the universe and so I cannot think of letting myself become obscured and dimmed by such ugly clouds as the blues. I am quite too vain." It is a form of vanity which we would do well to copy.

Finally, don't make much of the faults and failings of those around you—even be good to yourself, and don't harry your soul over your own blunders and mistakes. The best way to correct an error is to apologize if anyone else is concerned and then do better next time.

Avoid the personal view, the small view, the critical and fault-finding view. Flee a gossip as you would the plague and keep in your mind high ideals and great ideas. They will drive out petty worries, conceit and thoughts of carking care.

Nothing better could be found to close this little homily than a poem written by Elizabeth Lincoln Gould for an American paper:

Grant us, O Lord, the grace to bear
The little prickling thorn;
The hasty word that seems unfair,
The twang of truths well worn;
The jest that makes our weakness plain
The darling plan overturned;
The careless touch upon our pain;
The slight we have not earned;
The rasp of care, dear Lord, today,
Least all these fretting things
Make needless grief, oh give, we pray,
The heart that trusts and sings.

PHILISTINE PHILOSOPHY.

Yesterday's triumphs belong to yesterday, with all of yesterday's defeats and sorrows. The day is here, the time is now.

If pleasures are greatest in anticipation just remember that this is true also of trouble.

If you ever feel an inclination to write a strong, sarcastic and "feting" letter, go ahead, dip your pen in aqua fortis and write it. Then throw it into the waste basket. By the time the other person would have received it you will have gotten over your wrath or forgotten the incident.—The Philistine.

A Few Words on Women

The following "Words on Women" may have been written by a disgruntled bachelor, lonely and dyspeptic, but they contain a few grains of truth worthy of reflection:

A plain woman takes pride in her friends, a beautiful woman in her enemies.

A woman will often say no, when she means yes, but never yes, when she means no.

A woman's charity sometimes begins away from home and then remains there.

A young girl is the nearest approach to an angel that we have and the most exasperating.

It has never yet been decided whether a woman is happier when happy or when miserable.

When a woman is thoroughly tired she finds nothing so refreshing as a nice long talk.

When a woman thinks she can't be flattered, tell her it's true—that flatters her.

In the beginning the woman forsakes the world for the man, in the end the man forsakes the woman for the world.

Woman's visual memory is very defective, judging from the frequency with which she looks into a mirror.

HAPPINESS.

The corner-stone of the temple of philosophy is to corner all the happiness you can.

Happiness, it has been said, is a mosaic composed of very small stones. Each, taken singly, may be of little value, but when all are grouped together, combined and set, they form a pleasing and graceful whole—a costly jewel. Paradise is here—or nowhere. Do not go from home to find it. If you are miserable and gloomy, go where you will, your jaundice and spleen will get there first.

"In your hearts are the birds, and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow."

We carry with us the beauty of the world and the song which enchants it. "Where the sun shines, it shines everywhere," was Reuben's motto. "Happiness is a thing to be practiced, like a violin."

Summer Girls' Fans.

Before the summer girl goes forth to conquer, she makes a tour of the shops where the most artistic fans can be found, and selects a number for her own particular use.

Experience has taught her the value of a fan. She knows its importance as an accessory to her toilette; she knows there is witchery in a fan, especially when it half conceals, half reveals, laughing eyes, and, of course, she knows how to use it with telling effect.

But even if she didn't know all this, the fans themselves are pretty enough and old enough to tempt her to tempt her into buying them.

They vary in size and they vary in price. There are the dainty very small fans for the forgetful chain, the odd-shaped Japanese fans, the costly fans of lace, the exquisite hand-painted fans and the assortment of cheap but effective fans of crepe paper. The typical summer girl feels lost if she does not own a collection.

The irregular shaped fan is one of the novelties of the hour. It comes spangled and hand-painted, is charmingly made of green gauze, with a hand-painted design of violets, and with the wood sticks tinted a faint green.

Wee fans, that look not much bigger than a doll's fan, are all the vogue. They are fashionable, made of black gauze, flecked with silver spangles, and worn suspended from a chain of black beaded beads.

A novelty for the summer girl, always anxious to show her preference for a certain college, is this tiny fan of ivory, with the college flag in the center, and color as its decoration. The little Yale fan has the flag, of course, in blue, and a white Y traced upon it, and the girl who owns this fan is sure to fasten it to a chain of Yale blue beads.

The miniature fan is also the fashion. It is either of satin or gauze, and the miniature, which is generally of black, is hand-painted. Sometimes it is framed in tiny imitation jewels or spangles. The sticks of a fan of this sort are often of carved ivory, ivory, with enamel matching in color the fan.

A new idea on the hand-painted fans is to have the same design that decorates the fan introduced in the sticks. Thus, if the fan is decorated with, for example, are painted upon the fan then when the fan is closed the two outside sticks each show a purple inside this.

Another fan in fans is to have the owner's monogram in gold or mock jewels, decorate one of the sticks. If the sticks are black the monogram traced in little rhine-stones looks effective, and if the fan is small it should dangle from a string of glistening crystal beads.

The newest feather fans are decided things of beauty; one of the prettiest is of white feathers, with mother of pearl sticks, and the top of the fan showing a border of little pink feathers. Black feather fans, which are made in this same way. Shaded feather fans are also the vogue, and the wood sticks are stained to match the most pronounced color in the fan.

Fans with long handles, which look as if they were meant only to be displayed in a cabinet, are being purchased by the summer girl who need not bother her head over the saving of the pennies. These fans generally have an exquisitely carved ivory handle and the fan itself is of some rare lace or of hand-painted figures, cloth with "ruffled Watteau figures."

But, of course, it is only the favored few who can buy fans of this sort. This doesn't trouble the summer girl, however, for she can manage quite as well with one of the inexpensive little fans of crepe paper, which she can buy for a dollar and even less.

Some of these fans are exceptionally

attractive, and there is no end to their variety.

For the girl who is fond of a brilliant dash of color there is the crepe paper fan which looks like a big red poppy. There is also the gold and purple pany in this same style and the wild rose.

The daisy fan and the leaf fan, made of cut pieces of crepe paper, are both novel and pretty.

The pussy cat fan has a special place in the affection of the summer girl.

It is a hand-painted picture of a pussy cat and in shape it is the exact outline of a kitten's head.

New Wrist Bags.

Into greater and greater favor grow the modish and convenient little wrist bags into which one thrusts any number of small articles, including one's (once so-called) pocket handkerchief. Why the pocket should continue to figure when we are pocketless is a conundrum. Samples, pencil and cardcase also find lodging therein. Some of these have a pocket on the outside, and many have the purse built inside. While many of us admire the snake chain, it seems that the most expensive ones are done in links, an especially good one showing inch-long slender links alternating with small round ones.

ON THE SQUARE.

No longer does the lengthy Monte Carlo bag have all its own way. Rather have the shapes grown more on the square, though a slightly ob-

long one is still thought more convenient by many. Some of the square ones are absolutely beautiful. Depth is good, but fishing round for things in a too deep bag is a trying process.

SMART EXAMPLE IN RED.

To wear with all black, all white, or red, nothing smarter can be found than that clever little square bag of red morocco. It has trimmings of gun metal, and gives a vivid dash of color to a clever costume. A parasol to match, and red leather heels on one's Oxfords makes one up to the gayest seaside dressing.

POCKETBOOK SHAPE.

Very novel is a taut, flat, handsome wrist bag in pocketbook shape. It is very good in black or darkest green, and is built in the book-like shape of the masculine wallet. It has enough of the very flat receptacles to convince one it was built for the sex most partial to conveniences.

Very admirable one is of green sea lion skin. In addition to the richness of the leather, it is mounted in gilt, and green and gold have always stood for richness in color combination. Speaking of leathers, wairus is of course one of the first choices.

BLACK, TOO.

In addition to the endless number of bags in black leather of every possible sort and degree of elegance, there are more dressy ones. Suede is an old favorite. Black moire is very modish, and black and white is used a lot. Any of these are rich. After all, bags in tan leather are the most in evidence. They "go" with anything, and especially well with beige, linen and kindred colors.

STUNNING STYLES OF SUMMER ARE NOW IN THEIR FULL SWING

Great Variety of Wardrobe, Enhancing and Entrancing, Now Possible.

With many of her dainty evening gowns the summer girl will wear a sash this year. The sashes are all of the softest ribbon and those scattered with flowers are the favorites.

An effective and new way of arranging a sash is to have it enclose the waist in the form of a finely-plaited belt drawn down just a trifle in front and caught with a pretty buckle. At the back the sash is tied in a four-in-hand.

For sheer summer gowns a drop-skirt of lawn answers the purpose quite as well as one of silk. It should be fitted to the greatest care, as much of the success of the dress-skirt depends upon the drop-skirt beneath. A pretty front piece is given to the bottom of a gown if the drop-skirt is trimmed with little frills of lace.

With the filmy linen-colored gowns that are used so much this summer a touch of some color in the sash or collar is almost essential.

The long bead chains which are worn so much this summer are almost but not quite new. They can be made at home for about a dollar and a half by a girl who has the time and patience. One of the latest was made of pale yellow with green designs, deep yellow with black and green figures, black with yellow and red figures, and green with white and red figures. The chains are worn doubled about the throat with the big beads directly in the center.

June has been so cold and rainy that it has seemed quite idiotic to ever think of summer resorts or bathing-suits, but now that July has been ushered in with a right good rain, it is time to speak of a very pretty and well-bathing-suit which I saw the other day. The material was black mohair. It was cut low with a simple collar and beginning under the arms, white wash ribbon was drawn through embroidered slashes to form a deep girle effect on the waist and the skirt.

The smart girl is embroidering her favorite flower on her veil this summer. On a plain veil the flower design is made in the embroidery, and on a form a border, but the veil is put on so that the border is seen at the top. In this way it also acts as a pretty trimming for the hat.

The newest evening slippers are of black patent-leather with a high, gay little velvet heel and a big bow on the instep matching the heel in color. The heel is from three to four inches in height, varying according to the common sense of the wearer.

The latest stockings shown by a New York store are of a very fine material, a "faddy." Half-hose which come but little higher than a man's sock are, "they" say, quite the latest thing, but the modest girl shivers at the idea of a sudden gust of wind and decides to allow the men to have a monopoly of half-hose.

The jeweled, beaded and hand-painted stockings are the very thing, and are sold as the "rare thing" costs from \$100 to \$300 a pair, and the cheapest imitations are \$12 a pair.

The most popular pair for out-door wear is the New Yorkers, is a vivid parrot green, but very few Canadian girls care for the brilliantly-colored hosiery, which the American girls adore so much.

For the Canadian girl the black lace stockings, which are always in good style and more important, in good taste, are the thing, or the plain black stocking, on the instep of which one monogram is embroidered in dainty silk, or a spray of one's favorite flowers with a bow knot of lace so inset that it has the effect of being the stems together. And here also is a brand new way for a girl to show her allegiance to her favorite college. College pins, flags and cushions are cast aside, for inserted on the instep of the side she may decorate her stockings with the college flag embroidered in the college colors.

Is anything much more distressing than to see a painfully thin woman in a decolette gown. There are occasions when a low-cut gown is desirable if not absolutely necessary, but on occasions the thin woman might wear a gown with a very thin yoke of alternating rows of illusion and lace or even of dotted illusion. The heavier stripes and dots hide the bones that offend the eye and yet reveal the flesh tints and the lines of the neck and shoulders which give the decolette gowns their beauty.

An American woman has found a new way to make money. She has founded a school to teach women how to dress. The subjects of some of her

lectures are "How to dress the hair," "How to make a ready-made gown so that it will look as if it grew on you," "Different hats for different sorts of things," and "The lectures are to be given for business and professional women whose means are moderate."

The founder of it asserts that she can teach the shop girl who earns \$1 a week to dress becomingly, artistically and cheaply. If she can do this her school, which she expects to have endowed by some wealthy person, will become self-supporting by means of a dressmaking establishment connected with it, will really be of some benefit, for there is no doubt that the poor girl who is so often employed for business and professional women is in a very bad way.

A well-dressed woman says that there are several reasons why she always looks so well groomed. She never buys a gown or hat without putting herself through three questions: "Is it becoming?" "Is it becoming?" "Is it becoming?"

She never buys dress material without placing it against her face and that in a bright light. She blends the proposed trimmings with it. If it does not seem to her to be a good match, she then she is sure of a gown that will be both pretty and becoming.

The other day I saw such a dainty underwaist which a pretty girl had just finished. It was a tiny baby waist just made and full of all sorts of trimmings and pale blue satin baby ribbon was run through the lace from end to end of the waist.

The shoulder-straps were of the lace with the baby ribbon, and finishing in it. It was very pretty. It occurred to me that it would be very dainty summer work to make half a dozen of them for Christmas presents for one's girl-friends. It isn't a bit too early to think of Christmas presents either, because when you are always busy and have hosts of Christmas presents to make, you need some time to think of time if you don't want to spend December in an anxious, worried whirl.

Nothing is more aggravating to the average woman than the black, gray or brown streak which shows around the neck after wearing a high dress collar. If the mark must be taken off at short notice, perhaps because a dress worn a little low in the neck is to be worn, then anoint the flesh thoroughly with warm vaseline. Use a soft linen cloth dipped in vaseline, and rub it on as if it were soap and turning the cloth whenever the applied surface gets soiled. This is very important or you will only soiled the neck in deeper. Let the neck rest a little while and then, with warm soap-suds and a very soft sponge, wash off the grease thoroughly. Rub with hot water several times, and then with cold water until the skin is chilled. This should close the pores and leave the skin dry and smooth.

When the skin is entirely dry, rub with dry oatmeal. Rub off lightly and when the natural color of the skin is regained the neck will, in nine cases out of ten, be pretty and white.

In stubble on a man's face, a good night will leave the skin smooth and pure when washed off with warm water in the morning.

The very latest coat for summer wear is long, covering one from tip to toe, and made of taffeta or pongee. Pongee in the natural color, a yellowish tan, made into a long straight coat, loose back and front, with pretty trimming, makes a very swell coat, while the tucked taffeta etons and plaited boleros are very fetching indeed. The box-plaited bolero cut off at the bust line set out prettily and make the waist look smaller.

Until they have tried the experiment, very few people realize how unfitting are those accustomed to eager, intense work to enjoy entire idleness. It engenders restlessness and irritates instead of bringing repose and refreshment. It is a philosophy in a New York paper. "The fagged brain does not need starvation, but nutrition, and it can only receive it by fresh and satisfying food. If taken away from ordinary sources of interest, they require something to help them enjoy their leisure hours. A few days of those hours so persistently called blissful, when a man or woman who have tried to do forty-eight hours' work in twenty-four lie on the mossy earth under green trees, or stretch themselves morning after morning on some tempting lounge or shaded veranda, are enough to prove the fallacy of such means of rest."

An eternity of motionless repose would not seem a boon to minds whose joy has always been in successful activity, and we mortals who are in the thrall of our twentieth century influences are at our best when our job and endowments are most in use.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A REASONABLE CHILD.

They say I am fretful and sulky and cross,
That I am snappish and petulant,
That I want play at all, unless I can be boss.

And dictate what the others shall do.
But I always am pleasant and smiling
And bright.

When my playmates do just as I say,
And I never incline to a quarrel or fight,
If I only can have my own way.

They say that, whenever a feast is prepared,
I clamor for more than the rest;
That I am not content if it's equally shared.

But I must have the most and the best,
Of course, I expect them, I frankly admit,
To give me the best on the tray;
But I'll never be surly or sulky a bit
If I only can have my own way.

They say over trifles I worry and fret,
And that nothing I'm often put out—
They say, if opposed, I fly into a pet—
At the least contradiction I pout.

But truly, my temper I never will lose
And I always be merry and gay.
If I am but allowed to do just as I choose—
If I only can have my own way.

—Carolyn Wells in Success.

An old and distinguished German professor was once walking with a friend of his when they passed a little group of boys. The professor took off his hat to them. "Why, do you take off your hat to them?" said his friend; "they are only boys." "Only boys," said the professor, indignantly; "these boys are our future statesmen, rulers, poets and preachers," and he was right.

Boys, when you think of it, doesn't it make you wish that you could be what the old German expected his scholars to be? Every day of your life takes you either nearer to or farther from that goal, for with every day you are forming your character for good or evil.

The boy who boasts of getting the best of his teacher by cheating him into believing that he has solved his problems and completed his task will realize some day that the person cheated was himself, for his lack of education will prove a perpetual handicap and lose him many a good situation, while his dishonesty, started in the school-room, will grow upon him until nobody will trust him, and he will have no credit or standing in the community.

Laziness, bad temper, impoliteness and disobedience are all faults that must be overcome if you would hope to come out anywhere near the first in the race of life.

Uncle Jacob's Violin.

The following story was written by a little Michigan girl, aged 14 years. A number of girls were slowly walking homeward, each with a dinner basket upon her arm, and they were laughing and talking merrily. They were young shop girls, of 16 and 17, and the long day stood behind the counter.

"What about our picnic, girls?" asked Nellie Grant, a pretty maid of 16.

"Why, all there is about it is that we are going to have it. We have decided on June 23."

"Yes," chimed in Mae Evans, "the school is going to have one the same day, and we will enjoy ourselves more in a crowd."

"Ben will take us for \$1 each," added another.

The girls talked and planned until each reached her respective home, where they dreamed away the night in anticipation.

A few nights after, as they were passing a little old red house surrounded by tall locust trees, someone singing "My Old Kentucky Home" in a quivering voice to the accompaniment of a squeaky violin attracted their attention.

"It is Uncle Jacob," they whispered. Uncle Jacob was well known in that vicinity. He was a dandy, and by his kindness and age had won the name of "Uncle Jacob." He was very poor, and lived alone, alone with his wife, as he was wont to say. He loved the old fiddle dearly, and would often sit gazing upon it with loving eyes; but it was old and cracked, and although its tones were thin, it was the sweetest music on earth to him.

Unconscious of the group of girls peering in at the window, he sang on, and when the song was finished he played his old violin almost reverently and murmured, "Ah, my violin, you're mo' gone. What'll I do without you, my comrade, stay with me. It won't be long." He stopped and burst into tears.

Uncle Jacob, though once a strong man, was not so now; he was a very weak old man, easily moved and easily pleased. And if he was moved, the girls were more deeply moved. Sadly they walked away.

"Poor old man," said Bess Browne, after weeping without uttering a word for at least five minutes, "it's too bad."

No one responded, and their silence expressed more than mere words. At this incident, when the girls met the picnic was hardly mentioned.

One night, as they were, as usual, sauntering homeward after their day's work, they stopped as if by mutual consent, before a music store. Mae went in and the rest followed.

"Isn't that a beauty?" exclaimed Nellie Grant and Julia Trent in the same breath, as they pointed towards a violin. "How Uncle Jacob would like that!" they exclaimed.

"Eight dollars," said Julia, touching the placard.

"Were you thinking of purchasing one?" asked the clerk.

"Yes—no—that is maybe," stammered Julia.

"Let's give up the picnic, girls, and get Uncle Jacob this for his birthday," suggested the impulsive Mae.

"Shall we?" asked Julia.

"I'll do as the rest do," said Bess.

"I don't care," murmured Nellie, a suspicion of tears in her voice.

Much as they loved Uncle Jacob, it was hard for the girls to give up the picnic, but in the end their generous natures won, and the result was that the picnic was forgotten.

Today Uncle Jacob plays and enjoys himself with his new violin, while his old one hangs by a faded blue ribbon upon the wall.

Julia and the rest declare that it was better than the picnic, but they are already anticipating an outing next year.

When Queen Alexandra Was a Girl.

Certain circumstances at the court made Prince Christian Frederick, Queen Alexandra's father, elect to bring up his family in a semi-private manner, and he lived in the big old-fashioned mansion which still stands

in the principal street of Copenhagen. Here a homely, simply life was led and the children who were destined to be kings, empresses, and queens slept in modest bedrooms, the windows of which looked out upon the old coach yard.

One afternoon there was a tea party in the woods at Bernstorff, and the three sisters had a few little girl friends with them. After their tea they swung on the low boughs of the great trees and fell to talking, as children do, of what they wanted in life.

Each little maid had her say. The Princess Dagmar wished to be very grand and great, and have all obey her. The present Duchess of Cumberland would ask her fairly if she wished her a wish that she might be wonderfully beautiful. When it came to Queen Alexandra's turn she said: "Well, I should like to be very good and have everybody love me very much."—Chicago Chronicle.

New Tricks and Games.

A surprising little trick and one easily performed is called "The Magic Lump of Sugar." And the feat to be performed is to put the sugar under water without wetting it. Here is the way it is done: You know that if you plunge an empty goblet upside down into a vessel of water, the water will not rise as high in the goblet as it is in the vessel, because the air in the goblet will prevent it. This is the principle on which the experiment is made. Get a glass bowl or dish four or five inches deep, and pour water into it until it is about two-thirds full. A glass bowl is necessary, for the principle on which the experiment is made. Get a glass bowl or dish four or five inches deep, and pour water into it until it is about two-thirds full. A glass bowl is necessary, for the principle on which the experiment is made. Get a glass bowl or dish four or five inches deep, and pour water into it until it is about two-thirds full. A glass bowl is necessary, for the principle on which the experiment is made.

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