

The Memorandum Habit.

"The complexities of modern life" has become a stock phrase with writers and speakers; but no other words will expressively describe the mad rush to and fro from duty to pleasure which characterizes the daily life of the majority. In woman's realm, especially, this intermingling of work and play means a continuous net work of marketing and morning club; visits to the dentist and the dressmaker; hunting up a music teacher for Maude and writing an acceptance to the Grundy's dinner invitation; with a charity meeting, and two afternoon teas to attend before it is time to return home and dress hurriedly for dinner.

Sometimes, it all goes through successfully only to be spoiled by a tiny white button, or rather the lack of a stitch taken in time. More often really inopportune matters are forgotten at the proper time only to be remembered at the most inopportune period; while the sins of social omission cause many a bad quarter of an hour to the busy woman. That she finally succumbs to nervous prostration is no wonder; but it is not work which causes the final blow so much as worry. Between the desire to eliminate some of the non-essentials and the constant efforts of recollecting the multifarious engagements life is one long struggle after the unattainable.

The employment of a secretary and a general factotum might be of some assistance; but it is a question of finding this infallible and invaluable being. Very few will succeed in this direction, and some other way must be tried.

A simple device and some will power in the beginning is really all that is necessary to slay the ghost of forgotten things. Look at man, stalking through life serenely, and take pattern. The consciousness of a note-book to remind him of things to be done and the time of doing, gives him a sense of reserve force which is not possessed by his better half.

This effectual device may be called the memorandum habit, and is simply a question of pockets and persistence. A place in which to carry the note book and the art of continually using it is all that is required. No more good brain matter wandering aimlessly through space hunting for the lost idea; no more time wasted seeking for "Who," "Which" and "Where." The morning and street dresses can easily be fitted with pockets, while with reception and dinner gowns a chataleine may be worn which will serve to note whatever is necessary.

Slates, with pencils attached, should be hung in inconspicuous but convenient places in the various rooms; that in the sewing room as a reminder of the needed sewing materials; a kitchen slate for utensils and edibles; one in each bed-room to note repairs and renewals to the occupant's clothing; while that in the living-room will be well filled with lists of the necessary school books, music, duties and engagements of the younger element in the house.

At stated times, the note-book and slates may be gone over, and all objects which have been accomplished will have their equivalent reminder erased; while the others will be more permanently noted. Calls and social engagements will be transferred to an engagement book, new addresses to the address book and choice receipts will be placed in a book reserved specially for that purpose. Unanswered letters in a drawer or box marked "unanswered" but it is well to note on the envelope at the time of receiving, questions to be answered and also any ideas which may have been suggested

by the sender.

A little practice will enable one to acquire the habit of noting every item and then glancing occasionally over the various lists. These lists may be long or they may be short, but whichever is the case, the material things will have been relegated to their proper place, not allowed to consume more than their share of the busy woman's time and thought. Then, if the rush of life be maddening, there will at least be method in the madness.—Table Talk.

Hassan's Proverb.

King Hassan, well beloved, was wont to say:
When aught went wrong, or any labor failed;
"To-morrow, friends, will be another day!"
And in that faith he slept, and so prevailed.

Long live this proverb! While the world shall roll
To-morrow's fresh shall rise from out the night,
And new baptize the indomitable soul
With courage for its never-ending fight.

No one, I say, is conquer'd till he yields;
And yield he need not while, like mist from glass,
God wipes the stain of life's old battle-fields
From every morning that he brings to pass.

New day, new hope, new courage! Let this be,
Oh, soul thy cheerful creed! What's yesterday,
With all its shards and wreck and grief to thee?
Forget it, then—here lies the victor's way.
—Christen Endeavor World.

How Daisy Helped.

"It's nice helping people," Daisy said.
"I'm going to find some trouble to clear off."
She ran down the steps and paused,
glancing at an open window. A low, waiting
cry sounded within, and a sweet, faint voice
singing a cradle song.

"I'll help Mrs. Verne take care of the baby," she thought, and she ran towards the hall door.

A playful breeze followed her; and just as she crossed the threshold a lot of closely-written sheets of paper fluttered to her feet.

"Oh, dear!" some one said, and Daisy looked up to see a gray-haired man at a desk near the door. He looked very pale and tired, and one of his feet was bandaged and resting on a cushion.

Daisy said nothing until she had secured all the fluttering sheets, and placed them on the desk. Then she took a large shell from the hall table.

"Will this do for a paper-weight?" she asked, timidly.

"Very nicely, my dear," said the gentleman. It was so still this morning that I forgot to ask for one; and I have sprained my ankle so badly that I can't move without assistance. Thank you, my dear. I shall have no more trouble."

Daisy ran upstairs with a happy song on her lips. The young mother's pale, sad face brightened when she saw her.

"Oh, Daisy, dear, you are like the sunshine!" she said. "Baby has been ill all night, and I am worn out for want of sleep. Would you sit by his crib for a minute or two while I bathe my head?"

"And then we'll take him out of doors," said Daisy, eagerly. "Under the big trees it is lovely and cool! And I'll hold him while you rest in the hammock."

Ten minutes later Daisy sat rocking slowly under the trees, while the baby slept quietly in her lap. The tired mother in the hammock close by had forgotten her troubles, and was sleeping the deep, dreamless sleep of exhaustion.

The voices of the gay pleasure-seekers on

the lawn grew querulous and ill-natured as the heat of the day increased, but Daisy was very happy as she sang softly in the shade.

"Oh, Daisy, I can never thank you enough," Mrs. Verne said when she awoke, rested and refreshed. "How much better baby looks! And I feel so much better able to take care of him. I have been so worried," she added, confidentially. "You see, it costs so much for us to stay here, and I was afraid the money was all thrown away—baby was no better, and I was growing sick, too."

"There's the dinner bell!" said Daisy. "Let me take care of baby while you are eating."

"No, dear, thank you," the young mother said, coloring a little. "I'd have to dress first—and I'd rather not go now."

Daisy was an observant little girl, and she had noticed how Mrs. Verne, in her worn dress, had shrunk from observation. She did not press the point, but ran off to the kitchen.

"There's lots of trouble in the world," she said, demurely, as the cook looked up and smiled.

"Who's in trouble now?" asked the cook laughing.

"Mrs. Verne's baby sick, and she doesn't want to go to the dining-room. But I just know, she could eat a nice lunch under the trees."

For answer the cook loaded a tray with roast lamb and green peas and raspberry tart, and gave it to Daisy.

What a delightful picnic dinner they had under the trees! Daisy's mamma was away for the day, and no one came to look for the little girl, so she and Mrs. Verne ate at their leisure; and then the young mother lay down in the hammock with her baby on her arm. Daisy waited until they had both slept again, and then she ran back with the tray and told the cook how much Mrs. Verne had enjoyed her dinner.

A little boy came to the door, crying because one of his marbles had rolled under the porch. Daisy found it, and played games with him until his nurse came for him. Then she went to the hall door to watch for mamma.

The children were coming in from the lawn—tired and fretful. The gentleman who had been writing had finished his work, and was lying on the lounge. He smiled when he saw Daisy's bright face.

"You don't look tired," he said. "What have you been doing all day?"

"Helping people," said Daisy. "Clearing away trouble."

The gentleman laughed. "I should think that was pretty hard work," he said.

"But it isn't," said Daisy, earnestly. "It's lovely—ever so much nicer than play. Ah, there's mamma! I must carry her parcels upstairs!" And the little helper ran away.—Ex.

The British pension list runs up to 7,500,000 a year. Three for the military, two for the navy, the rest for civilians.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send free of charge a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all throat and lung affections. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address:
Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn, New York