



**Nancy's Nightmare.**

I am the doll that Nancy broke!  
Hain't been hers a week.  
One little squeeze, and I sweetly spoke;  
Rosy and fair was my cheek.  
Now my head lies in a corner far,  
My body lies here in the other;  
And if this is what human children are,  
I never will live with another!

I am the book that Nancy read  
For fifteen minutes together;  
Now I am standing here on my head,  
While she's gone to look at the weather.  
My leaves are crushed in the cruellest way;  
There's a jam on my opening page;  
And I would not live with Miss Nancy Gay  
Though I shouldn't be read for an age!

We are the words that Nancy said  
When these things were brought to her view.  
All of us ought to be painted red,  
And some of us are not true.  
We splutter and mutter and snarl and snap.  
We smoulder and smoke and blaze;  
And if she'd not meet with some sad mishap,  
Miss Nancy must mend her ways.

**Happy the Girl With a Brother.**

**T**HE girl who has grown up among girls alone, who has had no brothers and—terrible loss of a delightful intimacy—no brother's friends, is very sincerely to be pitied. Her mind in this case may be wholly feminine; in it there is no touch of the comprehension of the masculine. Yet she may marry and have to learn by experience what she might have known by a kind of instinct—that men are not the same as women. It is impossible for a man to realize how deeply wounded such a girl may be before she learns to accept facts as they are. Before the honeymoon is over she discovers what she considers unaccountable want of sympathy on the part of her husband. In all matters relating to herself he is still genuinely interested, but the home letters seem to bore him, or he shows frankly that he is only interested in them because she is reading them aloud to him. He forgets things she tells him about her friends, and is curiously inattentive to details. He even leaves the little pin that she bought as a surprise for him lying carelessly about, and when she makes him up a flower for his buttonhole laughs and asks her if she wants him to look like Arry out for a holiday. She discovers that one of the silk handkerchiefs which she herself embroidered with his initial has been used to clean out a pipe. She hides her feelings, but she is so used to enlarging the importance of little things that these seem to betray the fact that her husband does not care for her as he did. When the honeymoon is over and they are settled at home the same want is apparent. For one thing, the man never says he loves her as he did at first. He may show it in a hundred ways that are far more costly than words, but a woman who is wholly a woman and nothing more wants words. She is always imagining things. She wants him and him alone, but he often goes off for a whole day hunting or shooting and seems to enjoy it, though she is not there. The bitter thought that she is learning by experience that "a man's

love is but a part of man's life," makes her miserable and if she is a jealous woman she will end by making everyone else in the household miserable, too. But if she is sensible the heart-ache will die away; she will get to understand her husband, and teach herself to become self-controlled, and refrain from worrying him about the small matters that up till then have formed her world. She will gain self-control, and her love will teach her the rest. She may feel in her heart that the woman's part in married life is the harder, but she will accept it, and be braced in both mind and heart. The girl with brothers will probably learn her lesson before marriage; she knows that men are different from women, neither better nor worse, but different, and she will have no cherished ideals to overturn in the honeymoon.

**Care of Clothing.**

Few are ever so overburdened with clothing that they can afford to neglect caring for it properly. Nothing shows poor care sooner than wearing apparel, and the way it is treated when not worn has as much, if not more, to do with its appearance as when worn. It is of course, the easiest thing on coming in from a walk or drive, to leave our dress in a heap wherever we may happen to step out of it. It may be such a relief to get rid of our clothes that we fail to consider the consequences, and when our pretty dress loses its stylish appearance we wonder that a thing we paid so much for does not last longer.

A dress should never be hung away without a thorough brushing; it will preserve its appearance and then you are sure that it is in good order when next wanted. All clothes which are not laundered should be well aired. When a dress is removed, the waist should be hung inside out in a window, in order to remove all traces of perspiration. Some women use all manner of scents and sachet powders, but a good airing is much better.

Once a week a neat woman will examine all her belongings which are in constant use, and carefully make all needed repairs, sew up all rips, mend all holes, put on missing buttons and hooks, the absence of which will detract from the tidiness and style of the handsomest costume. Everything from shoes to gloves should be included in the general overhauling.

Every garment which is not put away in a drawer should be provided with hangers; two on each skirt and waist, so that they may not get out of shape. Have plenty of hooks in order that half a dozen garments may not have to be hung on one hook. If a garment is not carefully hung it will present a wrinkled and untidy appearance.

If there is not sufficient closet room, procure a few yards of cretonne which will harmonize with the other colors in the room, and make a curtain. Nail in a secure place on your bedroom wall a board on which are placed a number of hooks. The curtain should be long enough to almost reach the floor, and be hung onto each hook either by a loop of tape or buttonholes made in it. This is a very good protection from dust. Another way to preserve good dresses is to have long bags made of muslin which may be slipped over the garments after they are hung up. It is not a good idea to hang a skirt inside out.

Clothing will last twice as long if properly taken care of; gloves and stockings should be carefully mended as soon as a hole appears. Shoes should be wiped with a dry cloth and polished when taken off, and when not used be stuffed with paper. Little boxes for gloves, ribbons, laces, or other articles which women find so necessary, do not require much room and always tend to keep a room tidy-looking.

The secret of good dressing lies not in what

one has to put on, but in the way it is put on, and the way it has been cared for.

**Girls Should Learn**

That one hundred cents make a dollar.

How to arrange the parlor and kitchen also.

How to wear a calico dress and do it like a queen.

How to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gloves.

To dress for comfort and health, as well as appearance.

To make the sleeping room the neatest room in the house.

That tight lacing is uncomely, as well as very injurious to health.

How to cultivate flowers, and make and keep the kitchen garden.

To observe the old rule; "a place for everything, and everything in its place."

The important truism, that the more they live within their income, the more they will save and the farther they will get away from the poor-house.

**Transpositions.**

Transpositions is a game something like anagrams, but in many ways is an improvement upon it. The company being provided with pencils and paper, each player selects the name of some town or historical personage, or something of the sort, and transposes the letters that make up the proper name selected, so that the name may be as unintelligible as possible. In connection with this the player writes a brief description of the person or place in such a way that a good hint is given regarding it. These papers are then passed around the circle for each to examine, writing upon another piece of paper a conjecture as to the person or place designed. After each transposition has passed completely around, the solutions are given.

**Hunt the Slipper.**

In playing this game, which is more adapted to children than to grown people, the party is seated, and one is given a slipper. In the centre of the circle a player stands as the hunter. As the players bend forward, the slipper is passed from hand to hand beneath the knees in such a way as to be hidden from the hunter as much as possible.

The hunter, as he catches a glimpse of it, must snatch after the slipper, and catch it if he can. If he succeeds, the player from whose hands he takes it must become hunter in turn. It is permissible to throw the slipper in the centre of the circle if the player is hard pressed, when it is caught up by some one else; or, if the hunter gets it, the player who threw it must take the hunter's place.

**Wishes.**

Each one of the company should be supplied with pieces of paper of a uniform size and a pencil. Some one reads off these questions and time is given to answer each one. The papers are folded and collected. Then they are read by one of the party and the rest are to guess whose answers they are. The more ridiculous the answers the merrier for the company.

Whom do you wish to be, if not yourself?

Where would you wish to live?

How would you wish to look?

What would you wish to do?

Where would you wish to go?

Whom would you like to marry?

What accomplishments would you wish to possess?

What is the brightest saying you can recall?