



*Life is a business we are all apt to mismanage, either living recklessly from day to day or suffering ourselves to be gulled out of our moments by the inanities of custom. We should despise a man who gave as little activity and forethought to the conduct of any other business.—R. L. Stevenson.*

#### THE ROSE BUSH

How oft I passed in days of yore  
The rose bush to her open door,  
And how I called its perfume, sweet  
As lovers' kisses when they meet.

Today I pass the dear old spot,  
The bush is there, but she is not.  
She went away, ah, long ago,  
To that fair land, the angels know.

Yet as I pause, it seems to me  
Her spirit hovers lingeringly  
About the porch where now I wait  
To bear a rosebud through the gate.

#### GROWN SUDDENLY OLD

**H**AVE you ever noticed," said a woman recently, "how the women you know will go on appearing the same for years, and every season you will hear people say, 'How well Mrs. So-and-So is looking!' and then suddenly, without rhyme or reason, they will 'go crash'—and look about ten years older in one year? I have noticed it often. I do not mean the effects of ill-health, or worries of any kind; I simply mean, as I say, they 'go crash' for no apparent reason.

"I have studied the matter somewhat, chiefly with a view to my own appearance, and I have come to the conclusion that a great deal of it is in the way we dress, or, rather, contrive to dress, for it is the changing one's style that so often proves fatal. Of course, we must grow older—that is a foregone conclusion. But as long as we do our hair and dress in practically the same styles, the changes that must take place in even the best preserved women are not very noticeable, and in some women are hardly perceived at all. But it is a great mistake, for instance, for a woman who is past her first youth to change the fashion of doing her hair. It accentuates every mark of time, and calls attention to every defect. A change in the fashions too rashly adopted also often adds years to the appearance of a woman. The modes must be followed very slowly and cautiously.

"Bright colors also are a great mistake. I know a woman who wore mourning for many years, and was wonderfully youthful in her appearance. One spring she went into colors, and jumped from forty to fifty at a bound. Every one noticed it. If she had had the good sense to continue her black with just a touch of color, she would not have lost her reputation for youthfulness.

"Hat just now are dangerous to trifle with. A too youthful looking

hat has proved many a middle-aged woman's undoing. An English woman who is still beautiful in sweeping black gowns, Marie Antoinette capes and a modified cap of the same style, said to me once that every woman of forty should adopt a uniform costume—something that suited her, that her friends would get accustomed to identify her with, and that she would never change. I thought it such a good idea, and think seriously, even now, of adopting it.

"Do you know Mrs. A.—? A year ago she was the youngest looking woman of her age I knew. Well, I saw her yesterday in church, and she gave me a shock. She looked years older. 'Why is it?' I said to myself, and I set to discover what it was. Her face looked as fresh as usual. Then I noticed her hair. 'What a mistake!' I exclaimed inwardly, for she had dragged over the soft waves which usually rippled back from her forehead nearly to her eyebrows. 'I suppose that is on account of the new-fashioned top-tilted hat she is wearing,' I surmised to myself. But the hat and the hair gave her a worn and older look that I never noticed before. Why couldn't the woman have kept to her neat toques, which are still worn, and her softly waved hair, that grew so prettily around her temples? She has lost even her smart look in following the ultra fashions."

#### MRS. PRATTLE'S BABY

Mrs. Prattle looked at her visitor with reproach in her wide blue eyes, says the "Youth's Companion." "Talk!" she said, eagerly. "Our baby talk!" Well, I guess he can! He's three months younger than my

cousin's boy, and he's a year ahead of him in language. You know often people tell you their children can say things, and when you hear them you have to work and work with your imagination to tell what in the world they're saying.

"Now, there's my cousin's baby—the one I spoke of. They declare that child has a vocabulary of fifteen words, but, my dear, if you could hear him! He says 'bay' when they show him bread, and 'fis' for fish, and 'cang' for a candle, and 'hor!' for horse, and 'apa' for father. Those are just a few instances. Now, I'll try Harold with those very words, and you'll see the difference.

"Say bread, Harold, bread—bre-e-a-d."

"Wed," said the baby.

"Now, say fish, fish, fi-ish."

"Whish," said the baby.

"That's a splendid boy! Now can you say candle for mother? Candle—can-dle."

"Wangle," said the baby.

"And now, horse," said Harold's mother. "Horse, ho-or-se, hor-r-se."

"Woss," said the baby.

"And here's the last for a precious to say," declared Mrs. Prattle, gayly, and you say it best of all—father, fa-a-ther, fa-a-r-ther."

"Wahwah," said the baby.

"There, you see," cried Mrs. Prattle, in triumph. "He seems to catch the sound of every word. He has a vocabulary of twenty-two words, really; but I don't tell my cousin. She's one of those mothers who thinks no other baby is as smart as her own. I feel sorry for her. Now say good-by darling, and then nurse will take you upstairs. Goodby, goo-ood-by-y."

"Wy-yy," said the baby.



Where a dinner tastes good.