Of Interest to Women

Did you ever sit down and think about all the foolishness of life, and wonder why on earth you had made such a fool of yourself and fretted yourself 'most to death over things you didn't really want? Did you ever get it into your head how much, much better this world would be if people wouldn't wrangle over this, that or something else? For this, that and something else are seldom worth worrying about, and there have been wars, very unpleasant wars of history that weren't worth the powder and shot, much less the human lives, expended.

Some people seem to go around with a whole woodyard on their shoulders; no ordinary little chips for them, and a "don't you dare do it, or I'll show you" expression in their eyes that makes you feel as if you'd like to send two or three woodyards toppling over them. You do love to meet those people.

Once there was a woman, not more than a million miles from London, who had such an amiable disposition that she fought with everyone who came within grappling distance. Laundryman, butcher, milkman, iceman and servants, there was something wrong with all of them. Her two children yelled and howled all day because the whole atmosphere of the house induced yells and howls. How could they help it?

"Poor thing," said a charitable neighbor, "perhaps she's ill."

"Ill nothing," snapped an irritated one, "it's pure cussedness."

So it was, and yet it was even worse for her than for her victims. She uses up all her finer being, she hasn't any moments for big thoughts, any time for big books. She wouldn't enjoy "Les Miserables," because she would be listening for the gasman or planning things to say to her husband.

Some day, sooner or later, it will dawn upon that woman that the things she is fighting for aren't worth while; that ten cents too much on the gas bill won't kill you, while a tempest in the brain and heart use up all the vitality you have on tap, that a button off your shirtwaist is a mere detail, easily sewn on again, while a "lemonaded heart" is going to sour your whole existence.

It would be lovely to be great enough of soul never to quarrel with anyone. You can't help differing with people at times, but you needn't call them names or get into a passion, and the quieter and more dignified you are, the more influence you will have over them. To get into wild arguments and discussions, to rail at this or that, and to squabble with your servants is to be very cheap indeed and, even worse, it is common.

I heard of a woman who had an awfully good plan for curing crossness and bad temper. Whenever she thinks that she had been insulted and sat upon, she sits down and writes what she considers a very bright and brilliant retort. She works over it until she is convinced that she has made the justice of her side of the matter very plain, then she tears it up and goes out "to buy a bag of peanuts and a magazine," a much better plan than saying things which you can't take back or make your friends forget, for, after all, the wrath of today is only an unpleasant memory tomorrow.

There's nothing in the world so easy as getting furious, and there's nothing so difficult and so satisfying as keeping still. Sooner or later, fate and the world will settle things for you, anyway. There's a law of justice which makes all things right, sooner or later. There isn't anything worth fighting about, anyway. Let the other fighter have what he or she wants and end the thing. You may have to fight, sometimes, but, as a rule, the best thing to do is to go away and hide whatever it is, it will finish up all right, if you deserve that it should.

Ill tempers cause more ill-health, wrinkles and lack of beauty than all the late suppers on earth. The stomach is too sensitive an organ not to be affected by worries, frets and nerves. You have no appetite, you get thin and haggard and old and ugly. It's worse than typhoid and, moreover, when we have such a little stay on earth, why not make it profitable.

Love the nice people you know and forget the others, and remember that many wars might have been averted with a smile and a "soft answer." And when they are fought, the winnings aren't worth a hundredth part of the losses and that the greatest pleasure in life comes from freedom from hatred and in learning to hold one's tongue.

LUNCHES FOR THE BUSINESS GIRL

Inviting Midday Meals for the Working Girl to Carry to Her Business.

The matter of her midday lunch is an ever present problem to the girl who works outside of her own home and on a small salary. There are, of course, in all large cities inexpensive lunchrooms with respectable surroundings. But many of the young women attending business colleges and schools cannot afford even the moderate rates of the establishments.

Other toilers have a limited noon recess, which will not allow of their leaving the building in which they are employed, and therefore to them the dreaded lunch box is the only alternative.

Any physician will tell you that a wholesome and nutritious midday meal is an absolute necessity to the business woman, and that within the last ten years, since women have invaded so many branches of the business world, there has been a most alarming increase in their sex of nervous dyspepsia and all other ailments resulting from the lack of nutritious food.

There are many women who, rather than carry an uninviting lunch from home, become enthusiastic over a two-meal-a-day theory; but let me tell these foolish sisters that they may credit to this theory the splitting headache which comes so often in the afternoon, the failure to relish dinner, the dizzy head and sick stomach in the morning.

The putting up of a cold lunch is no simple matter, as many a housewife has realized, and it is the wise mother who is ever on the alert to find some new and tempting viand.

The first consideration is, of course, the selection of the most nutritious food, but variety and daintiness of preparation are of almost equal importance.

When you consider that the lunch must stand several hours before being eaten you will readily understand that it is apt to prove anything but appetizing, especially if the contents have been hurriedly packed with the regulation sandwich of thick bread and chunks of meat, cake and pickle.

First, a word about the receptacle in which the lunch is to be packed.

There are numerous articles for this purpose recently introduced and modeled on an up-to-date plan.

Among the best of these is the straw lunch basket with Japanese or American fittings.

The papier-mache and adjustable tin trays are very convenient and if carefully cleansed with hot water every day will remain clean and sweet.

Another good idea is the lunch box outwardly resembling a camera, which is furnished with separate compartments for holding the different kinds of food, dishes and vials required for a wholesome lunch.

A generous amount of waxed paper should always be kept on hand, for there is nothing that will keep the several articles of food so fresh and prevent one from destroying the flavor of the others.

Small glasses or cups with tight-fitting covers are another necessity which should not be neglected in the household where a lunch box must be prepared. For a custard or pudding these glasses are most essential.

Sandwiches are usually considered the staple article of the ordinary lunch box, but there is a vast difference in sandwiches, and, although many think it impossible, they can be made most tempting and palatable.

To be dainty the bread must be cut thin, and if sliced meat is used, spread the bread lightly with butter, but when minced ham, veal or chicken is employed, melt a small portion of butter and mix the other ingredients.

A small quantity of "made mustard" adds to the favor of minced ham, while for chicken or veal finely chopped celery will be most appetizing.

Chipped smoked beef makes a tasty sandwich which will often sharpen the most sluggish appetite, and bologna, which has been toasted over hot coals and lightly spread with French mustard is also inviting.

Rye and brown bread may often be substituted for the customary white bread, and are both nutritious and wholesome. A dainty filling for rye bread is Neufchatel cheese and chopped olives, softened with a little fresh cream and mixed to a smooth paste. For a relish, olives are preferable to pickels, while celery and radishes make a pleasant addition to the cold lunch.

The appetizing qualities of a deviled egg should be ample reward for the labor of preparation. Boil a fresh egg steadily for ten minutes, then put into iced water until thoroughly cold. Peel off the shell, and cut in half. Remove the yolk and add a pinch of salt, a dash of pepper and a few drops of table oil or melted butter; mix all together, and if preferred a taste of mustary or curry powder may also be employed. Refill the whites with this mixture and wrap each half in waxed paper.

Minced ham, sardines and American cheese grated may also be added as fancied by the individual taste.

When baking pies for home use remember to make several turnovers or tarts for the lunch boxes; they are so much more tempting in appearance than a piece of pie.

During the season when a variety of fresh fruit is obtainable a baked apple, stewed prunes, home-made jellies, marmalades and preserves may be securely packed in the little glasses, the same as the custard or pudding.

It is simply the little surprises and varieties that make the cold lunch palatable from day to day, and the home caterer who will bear this in mind will find that she is not only giving real pleasure to the business woman, but is also helping to a successful career, good health.

MAKE BABY FEEL GOOD.

A baby's temper depends upon how he feels. If ailing he will be cross, worry the mother and annoy everybody in the house; if feeling well he will be bright, active and happy. It is easy to keep your baby feeling good by profiting by the experience of mothers who give their little ones Baby's Own Tablets. One of these mothers, Mrs. C. W. Shore, Castleton, Ont., says: "Our child, eight months old, has always been troubled with indigestion. We had medicine from two doctors and tried other remedies without benefit. I then sent for a box of Baby's Own Tablets and found them just what was required. The child is now all right and is doing well."

Indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhea, simple fevers, in fact all the minor ailments of little ones are cured by Baby's Own Tablets. They always do good and cannot possibly do harm and may be given to the youngest infant with perfect safety. Sold by druggists or direct by mail, at 25c a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

The number of Catholics among Americans is 19,500,000. They are ministered to by one Cathedral, 17 Archbishops, 81 Bishops, 5 apostolic curates and 12,500 priests in nearly 1,000 churches.

"MAN IS FILLED WITH MISERY."—This is not true of all men. The well, sound of lung, clear of eye, alert and buoyant with health, are not miserable, whatever may be their social condition. To be well is to be happy, and we can all be well by getting and keeping our bodies in a healthful state. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will help all to do this.

CHRYSANTHEMUM COMPLEXION

What the Autumn Girl Does to Get a Lovely Clear Skin and a Pretty Color.

Have you seen the girl with the up-to-date autumn skin. The owner wears her hat a little back on her head, to show off her color the better, and she revels in bright browns and in chrysanthemum complexion? This is dull blacks, and all the other trying tones. She has the complexion of the season, and she knows it. The chrysanthemum complexion may be a clear bright red or it may be a lovely delicate pink; or it may be the heavy creamy tinge, which is associated with that rarest of chrysanthemum flowers.

In certain cases of beauty the skin is a combination of these. Red in the cheeks, pink surrounding the red, topped by a creamy forehead and finished with the tiniest of pink tips upon the chin and on the lobes of the ears.

Usually, though, the color is not so accommodating, for mother nature plays strange pranks. The red is placed, not in the middle of the cheeks, but up under the eyes, where it makes the wearer look dissipated. Or, worse still, the end of the nose is red, and then a woman's good looks are utterly destroyed. The nose should not be pink, but should be a pure flesh color, which is a cream tinge, and the forehead should be smooth and white and as broad as nature and art will allow. The red, the pink, and the cream must all be properly distributed, or the girl with the chrysanthemum complexion will be ruined.

When you see a pretty girl on the street with a skin so clear that it appears to be transparent, with cheeks that are a clear, glowing red, with lips that are a bright coral, and with a creamy forehead, you can say: "There is the chrysanthemum complexion."

But if the girl were to talk she would tell you another story, beside that of prettiness. She would tell you how difficult the chrysanthemum complexion was to obtain, and how long, how intelligently and how devotedly she worked to get it.

She would tell you how, at the end of the summer season, she came back to town, and how, on looking into the mirror, she suffered a shock. For two months she had not seen herself, for the tiny little looking glasses at the summer resort would not give her a broad look, and the mirrors in the parlors were hardly the place for closely inspecting her face. True, she had had glimpses of sections of her physiognomy in the hand glass. But they told her little.

Now, at home, before her own plate-glass mirror, a strange sight was revealed. Her skin, which had always been fairly good, appeared speckled and spotted. It was brown in splashes, like the egg of a guinea hen, and it was yellow in groups of dots, like a compound set of freckles. And then there was the texture! And, in this respect, no old salt ever had so rough a skin. It was blistered and cracked, and it had peeled in spots and left others hard and brown and dry.

The girl looked at herself well and be-thought herself of the face-bleaching parlors and the skin-you-alive preparations. That they would give her a new and pretty skin, she had little doubt. But the trouble was that she could not afford neither the time nor the money for them.

So what did she do? She took stock of her face, to begin with, and stated that, while many of the ravages were caused by the sunlight, others were caused by the sea, while a great bunch of blemishes, including freckles, came from the wind.

Then there were pimples, too, under the skin, but you could feel them with the finger tips; and these the girl was sure came from the uncertain diet of wayside restaurants and the things which one eats when away in the summer. Pickles and pie have many sins laid at their door in this regard.

The girl did not know exactly what to do. She wanted to rise for prayers that her skin might be nice once more.

But she took heart and began with the buttermilk baths. Getting three cents' worth of buttermilk, she plastered it on her face and sat down to let it dry. It was sticky and awful, but it made the face soft and the skin more even in texture.

That night the girl with the ruined skin took a great basin of very hot water and making it soft with boracic acid, she plunged her face into it, using a very little soft soap of her own making.

Her soft soap consisted of a cake of powdered toilet soap, melting with a tablespoonful of almond oil, and while the mixture was soft, she stirred in a teaspoon of powdered oatmeal. When all was nicely compounded she added a tablespoon of glycerine and a few drops of oil of rose geranium just to make it sweet.

This she plastered on her poor face at night and washed off well with very hot water. Not a particle of the soap was left upon the face.

Then this girl creamed her skin with benzoinated cold cream, also of her own making, and finally, when she had done all she could, she went to bed, and left the rest to work out its own salvation.

In the morning her skin was soft, but it had begun to clear and the blotches stood out worse than ever. It really looked like the map of the weather, for there was great lines running through it where the wind had plowed it, while fairer conditions prevailed in certain portions.

This treatment the girl continued every day for one week, and at the end of that time she was really a very good-looking girl.

Her next move was to take out the freckle spots with cucumber juice, and this she accomplished by splitting a cucumber lengthwise and binding the dripping portions on her forehead, cheeks and chin. She let the juice dry on, and so had a cucumber lotion in all its purity and strength.

The day following she took lemon juice and mixing it with rose water until it was just right, for the skin, she bound it on the worst portions, washing off the lemon juice afterward. It took three or four days to get the skin bleached, but it did bleach out at last, and very clear and nice it looked.

A friend of this young woman who was afflicted with superfluous hairs upon the upper lip went into a course of treatment at the same time and succeeded in taking away the hairs by pulling them out with tweezers. As the hair returned she bleached it with peroxide and ammonia, making it almost imperceptible in color. The ammonia tended to kill the roots, and soon her lip was as smooth as any one could desire.

The chrysanthemum complexion takes ten days or two weeks to acquire and while you are getting it there are many things to be done and to be omitted.

You must not go out into the air or the sun within an hour after bathing the face. If the face is wet or damp or moist it will immediately chap and freckle. One hour is little enough time to allow.

The woman who is going in for a good skin must eat no pastry nor must she expose the skin to extremes of hot and cold. If one takes ice cream one must not drink hot coffee immediately afterward, and if one takes hot soup one must not drink ice water after the soup course.

Self-denial is the price of a good skin, but the reward is so great and so apparent, so immediate and so great ifying, that it robs self-denial of its sting.

A woman who went in for a good complexion was asked how long it took her to acquire such a possession.

"I improved my skin from the very first day," she replied. "The second day I took out all my blackheads, and the third day I reduced the pimple problem to a nothingness. If you want to improve your skin, you can do it very quickly."

The woman who desires a good skin should work a little from the inside. All the good face powders in the world will not make a bad skin good. All the excellent face creams in existence will not make beautiful a skin that is blotched, nor will any other cosmetic work the miracle.

Cosmetics are good, necessary and just. There is no argument against them and no reason why they should not be used. They are as necessary as shoe buttons and hairpins, and a great deal more to a woman than her side-combs. But they will not do everything for the skin. They will only beautify it upon the surface.

The skin is largely controlled by the stomach. If one is bilious, one will be yellow, and if one is faint one will be pale. The woman who wants a pink skin should eat fruit every night before she goes to bed. She should take a very light dinner, say nothing more than soup; one small leg of chicken, and a taste of ice cream. Or she might omit the soup and the ice cream and take nothing else.

The woman who is in earnest regarding her complexion will not hesitate to deny herself all good things in the blessed hope that she will have a good complexion hereafter.

If the woman who wants a nice complexion will eat vegetables for a month turning herself into a vegetarian temporarily, and if she will fill up on fresh fruit every night before going to bed, she will see an appreciable improvement in her skin inside of a week.

The vegetarians are noted for the clearness of the skin. At a vegetarian dinner the first thing that strikes the visitor is the clearness of the complexion of those present. The women's complexion is of the peaches and cream order, while the men are clear in tone, not blotched and ruddy. It is all due to the diet, and, though vegetarianism may not feed the brain, it certainly does clear the skin.

An entire abstinence from meat is not recommended for all, for there are those who become weak and faint without its stimulation, and for these there can be the slice of beef, or, better still, where the complexion is concerned, the white meat of a chicken.

Diet is more to the complexion than medicine, and, though it is no harm to doctor the system, it is better to do the work by correct eating. Sudden changes in temperature are bad for the skin. If the face be washed in hot water it is very injurious to expose it to draughts by standing at an open window. If the face be chilled, it will very much injure the skin to dash cold water upon it. These things should be remembered and the patient should govern herself accordingly.

EVERY WOMAN CAN LEARN TO DETECT AN ARTIFICIAL GEM

Every woman who buys precious stones, and especially she who purchases them, as many are now doing, as an investment of money, should know a little more about them than as a usual thing she does.

Diamonds are always a good investment, because not only does one get the wear and pleasure out of the beautiful stones while they are in her possession, but if she desires to sell at any time the value is still there. There are few classes of "second-hand" goods of which this can be said.

Many thousands of years ago, when this old world was in its so-called infancy, precious stones were held in as great esteem as they are today. But the reasons for their value have altered somewhat.

In the "beginnings of history" the mystery with which these owers of the mineral world were surrounded was one of their chief attractions.

Today the trade in precious stones is a most important industry, but they are valued chiefly for the decorative qualities which they possess, rarity being a sine qua non with all precious things.

In the buying of precious stones great caution is necessary, for to the untrained eye a spurious imitation will often pass as the real thing.

So clever, indeed, are these imitations it is sometimes difficult even for a connoisseur to determine at first sight.

Therefore the safest way to buy is to deal with a firm of good standing which employs reliable experts.

But there are certain definite symptoms by which we may generally tell if a stone be genuine or not, and approximately what its value may be.

There is one point in which all imitations fail; that is hardness. Most spurious gems may be marked by a file, many by a sharp piece of glass. A diamond can only be scratched by another diamond, or by the diamond dust used for the purpose.

If the stones are unset this test may be applied on what is known as the girdle, the space between the base and the upper part of the cut gem. Specific gravity is another good test, the gem being placed in a vessel full of liquid of a known specific gravity, the position it takes in the liquid being noted.

But owing to the poisonous nature of the solutions required this test cannot be recommended in general use.

Imitation precious stones always show under a good miscroscope, and some even under a powerful hand magnifier, a number of irregularities, bubbles of air, lines and layers of unequal substances.

Though similar irregularities are present in bona fide crystals, they are small and angular, and easily distinguished.

All colored imitation stones change color in impure air and get tarnished.

They are a mixture of glass colored by various minerals, such as oxide of lead, nickel, copper, arsenic, etc.

In an impure atmosphere these metals soon proclaim themselves. A small amount of sulphur burnt in an iron saucer near such an imitation would at once decide the matter.

But the cleverest way of imitating precious stones is by the use of an inferior gem of the same family.

For instance, a pale sapphire has commercially but little value. One of these can be made to represent a fine gem of deep color by the exercise of a little knowledge and ingenuity.

The top of the gem is cut from the pale sapphire in the usual way down to the girdle, where it is planed off.

Then a piece of deep blue glass is cemented on, and the whole set in gold.

The top of this gem would answer the proper test for hardness, but the base would, of course, be easily marked.

To drop such a "faked" stone into chloroform or spirit would dissolve the cement and cause the two parts to separate.

Sometimes only the girdle or center of the stone is of glass, the top and bottom being a pale gem so as to answer the hardness test. Such a stone dropped into cold water declares itself at once by distinctly showing the layers.

The determination of the class to which precious stones belong is easily effected by means of a useful little instrument known as the dichroiscope.

This deals with the polarization and refraction of light through the gem.

By its aid the special property of colored gems known as "pleiochroism," the reflections of two different colors, or distinct lines of varying shades of the same color, is shown.

The diamond is the only "precious" stone which possesses the character of simple refraction, and it shows only one color by the dichroiscope.

The majority of the others are doubly refractive, but whether they show distinct colors or varying shades of the same depends on their nature.

TOLD AT THE CLUB

A party of clever Chicago club women had been arranging a history programme for next winter's study. From the rights and restrictions of sovereigns the conversation presently slipped to the prerogatives of queens, that of formulating marriage proposals among them. By and by one bright-faced, merry-looking matron glanced at another with a humorous grimace.

"They do say," she remarked, laughing, "that woman other than queens pop the momentous question at times."

The second merry-faced matron accepted the mischievous challenge in the spirit in which it had been flung.

"Well," she admitted, smiling in turn "my husband always says I proposed to him, and, although the statement isn't perfectly veracious, I—well, I suppose I did help him out a little. I'll tell you how. He had been coming to see me for ages. It was an open secret that he loved me. I suppose, seeing that we will soon celebrate our 35th wedding anniversary, it will do no harm to admit that I loved him in return. But my family was more prosperous financially than he was, and although nobody else dreamed of considering this circumstance, he did. So he never said anything definite, although I—well, yes," laughing and blushing, "I gave him every opportunity. It will do no harm again to admit it at this late day that I didn't mean to lose him for lack of a little quiet encouragement. And he wasn't my only suitor either, by any means. However, I suppose he'd have been calling upon me three nights a week—and never speaking—yet, if he hadn't received an advantageous business offer.

"He came to me one evening full of this offer. It meant success, financial prosperity, almost everything pleasant, but it meant also a prolonged sojourn on the other side of the world. After a long conversation, during which we both experienced a bitter heartache at thought of the seemingly inevitable parting, he finally remarked: 'I'll be pretty lonely, Bessie, out there, with not a soul I love, or who loves me, near.' Then I took my courage in both hands, stimulated by my natural provocation, and snapped out my views.

"'You needn't be lonely, if you weren't such an idiot!' I said.

"Well, I needn't bore you with what happened afterward. But—he went off on that trip as my husband, and he didn't go alone."

"I knew a woman once who 'helped out' her lover in similar fashion," spoke up another clever club member. "This lover, too, had been calling upon his lady-love for years without definitely proposing, and, as everyone supposed that they were regularly engaged, while she knew that he had never 'spoken,' her position by and by grew rather uncomfortable. Finally, one night—and this is her own story, for she told me herself, and in no particular confidence either—he found her very thoughtful and a little sad.

"'I always hate to say good-bye to old friends or see pleasant times come to an end,' she told him, quietly, when he pressed for the reason of her unwonted silence and depression. 'What old friends and pleasant times I am going to say good-bye to? Well, to you and our long-standing comradeship, Jimmie, if you must know.' 'Why?' he asked, for he was naturally very much astonished. 'Well, if you must know again, another man asked me an important question this morning, and if I presently write him the answer he begged me to make to this question, I'm—I'm afraid he won't like us to be quite such intimate friends as we have been, Jimmie, that's all.'

"Jimmie, not being altogether stupid, conquered his timidity and hesitation and rose to the occasion without further delay. The other man received a most disappointing answer, very promptly indited, and the girl became 'Mrs. Jimmie' before another month had gone by."

It was the turn of the rosy-cheeked, sensible, smiling Scotchwoman of the company to smile.

"The story you tell," she said, "reminds me of the story told me by an elderly aunt in the days when I was young and had my lovers, and when perhaps one of them was a little slow about coming to the point. My aunt's story dealt with the trials and troubles of a sonsy Scotch lassie who had waited for a dilatory suitor until her patience had quite given way.

"'Weel, Jamie,' she said to him at last, 'I suppose it's either your manliness or my maidenness that's got to be lost, if we're ever to come to an understanding. So, as I'm losin' my maidenly figure anyhow, an' growin' stout with waitin', here goes! Is it yoursel' or Sandy MacClintock that'll say the marriage lines with me, come Sunday fortnight?'

"And, according to my aunt's story, it was Jamie whom this courageous damsel married at the appointed time."

A matron of but few years' standing was observed to blush vividly at this juncture, and the other women unanimously insisted that she explain away the fascinating rise and flood of bright color.

"Well," said the pretty blusher, with deprecating determination, "I—well, I 'helped out' my husband a little also, although I didn't 'go for to do it,' as our country cousins sometimes say. But we had visited the theater together that evening, and on the way home—we had left the street car and were walking along a quiet, moonlit street—we fell to discussing the lovemaking of the star and leading lady. The man who is now my husband stoutly contended that the leading lady in particular was exceedinly natural in her love scenes. I as stoutly asserted that she was not.

"'They weren't engaged when he kissed her,' I said at last, determined to win the argument, 'and I'm sure it wasn't natural the way she acted. I'm just an ordinary kind of girl, Allen, but if any man should kiss me that way without being sure that his engagement ring was on my finger I'd either expect to kill him or to get engaged to him right away!'

"Well, I suppose you know what happened then—and happened so quickly that I was breathless for a long time after. And, since I couldn't very well kill him, I—I got engaged to him right away."

"Well, I believe I helped out my husband in much the same manner," was the blushing admission of a pretty bride, made amid the chorus of laughter that had followed the last speaker's story, "although, like my friend here, I had no idea or intention of doing it. But we had been talking of palmistry, which I was inclined to regard much more seriously than he was, and I showed him my palm to prove some mooted point.

"'Now, my hand, you see,' I explained seriously, 'ought by rights to belong to a married man.'

"'I wish you'd let it,' he exclaimed, willfully misunderstanding and taking possession of both palm and five fingers, and that—that was the way it happened to me. I think perhaps that a great many women render a little assistance at the critical moment, either consciously or unconsciously. Of course, I don't believe that any woman actually proposes——"

"I do," laughingly interrupted the oldest woman present. "I knew a woman once who not only confessed but proudly announced that she had 'talked sense into' her husband in this connection. She was a poor English woman, of the primitive cottager type, and she, while blind and lame, loved her next door neighbor, who was deaf and asthmatic, to say nothing of having an impediment in his speech. The woman told me that she knew he'd never 'speak' if left to himself, although she believed he liked her, so finally one day, she sent for him, and, to use her own expression, 'just up and did it.'

"'Andrew,' she began—and concluded operations by saying, 'what's the use of us two poor old fools living alongside of each other and get alone, as we do? Let's get married, Andrew, there's a good soul, an' let's get married tomorrow. Then I'll be ears an' tongue for you, Andrew; you can be eyes an' legs for me, an' it's one bit of sup an' fire will do for us both!'"

And then, amid much amused laughter and joking, the informal and unpremeditated "proposal session" broke up.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Children's Corner.

Strange Habits of the Cowbird.

The cowbird is black and a little smaller than the red-winged blackbird. There are three species, two of which—the common and red-eyed—migrate to our northern states and are found associated together. The male of the common cowbird has a head and neck of deep wood brown, while the red-eyed is wholly black, and very lustrous. The females are smaller than the males and duller in color, although the red-eyed female is quite black.

The bird receives its name from its association with cows, besides which it feeds, snatching up the insects that are disturbed by their heavy tread. About half a dozen usually attend a single animal or a bunch of cattle, part of which may be of one species and part of the other. Indeed, the two associate together as peacefully as though they were of the same species.

The most serious indictment against the cowbird is that it builds no nest and does not rear its own family. Its eggs are laid in the nests of greenlets, warblers, finches and other blackbirds, most of which are smaller than itself. Of the first five red wings' nests examined in 1902 four contained the eggs of the cowbird. The summer warbler was one day found burying the detestable eggs in the bottom of her nest, together with her own. Two orchard orioles' nests, not fifty feet apart, each contained the eggs of the parasite, probably of the same breed.—Country Life in America.

THE SAWING MATCH

In one corner of the old academy playground a group had gathered about two boys, Sandy Jardine and Max Guerney. Sandy was a tall, strong, large-featured chap, as opposite as the poles to the little, lithe dark youth who stood near him looking up in his face with laughing eyes.

They were leaders, these two, each of his particular clan; and respecting their popularity the school was nearly equally divided. A strong rivalry existed between them, good natured enough for the most part, though sometimes verging towards unfriendliness. Just now Sandy was evidently excited, almost angry. In a foot race the preceding Saturday Max had beaten him, gaining at supremacy which he might possibly hold.

"Yes, you did whip me fast enough, Sandy was saying, while a dull red mounted to his cheek; "but all the same I'll whip you to pay for it, any day you've a mind to set."

"The track was too short," cried one of Sandy's champions. "That's what's the matter. By the time Sandy got under headway he had to turn. The walk was laid out for little fellows."

Considerable laughter followed this sally, and "the little fellow," Max, joined in it heartily.

"Come, I'll match you in any way you like," continued Sandy. "Come, now—rowing, riding, running, wrestling—which shall it be? Come, I dare you, Max Guerney."

A little murmur of approval ran around the group and the boys waited for Max's reply. Well they knew he would never refuse a dare.

"I, as the challenged party, have a right to choose the weapons?" interrogated Max, with a side glance from his laughing black eyes. "Well then, I'll neither ride, nor row, nor run, nor wrestle; but I'll saw wood with you, Sandy, and you may beat me if you can."

"I'll tell you," Max's voice rose clear above the tumult, "I'm in earnest enough. There's old Uncle Nathan Blines and his wife poorer than double distilled poverty, and nobody to do a hand's turn for them since 'Siah died. I saw Uncle Nathan out sawing at his woodpile. You know they hauled him some cord wood last winter, your father, Sandy and mine. There's pretty near five cords of wood, I guess, and we'll have somebody divide and measure it for us. Then we'll saw to win, and if you whip me in it Sandy, the next Saturday I'll match you in splitting and housing it for him. What do you say?"

Sandy joined in the cheers and laughter with the utmost good nature.

"Done," nodded he, "I'll do it."

Up spoke a slim, wiry fellow at his elbow. "You shan't do the whole of it. Say, Charlie Bugbee, I'll split for Sandy and you for, Max."

"Agreed," said Charlie.

"And we'll wheel in for you two, Art Humphrey and I," declared Sandy's brother Jack. "Won't we, Art?"

"Whew! what a fine thing we are going to make out of it," laughed Max. "I'll tell you boys, we might have the match in Uncle Nathan's back yard; charge 15 cents or so admission and give Uncle Nathan the money."

"Hooray," shouted Reub Story. "My brother Bob works in Clarendon Star office and I'll get him to print our hand bills. He owes me 10 cents anyway."

"Good for you, Reub," cried Max. "Grand sawing match! Ditto splitting! Ditto wheeling. Fifteen cents admission. Children full price. Gate open from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m."

Next day the prospective sawing match was noised about the town, and a day or two later the hand-bills were out. It made a great deal of talk, both sportive and serious, in the little village.

"It's a good idee—fust rate idee." That was Captain Winty Cooolidge, you might know. "'It larns the boys that mixin' kindness to other folk with their fun don't hurt nothin'. It's wuth a quarter, and I'm a-goin' to pay it."

There was every indication that the sawing match would be a success financially.

"I don't believe the back yard will hold 'em all," laughed Max to the half-dozen boys who with him were taking their homeward way after school Friday night. "Have you got the tickets, Reub?"

"Yes, a hundred and fifty of 'em."

"Good! now all we want is a fair day."

Hazy clouds veiled the burning face of the sun and there was a cool breeze blowing. The sawing was to begin at 9 o'clock, and before that time the board benches ranged along the backyard fence were filled with merry lookers-on.

At precisely the same instant the first two logs across the sawhorses fell in twain.

How everybody cheered, sending little tingles of excitement thilling along every boyish nerve.

The hours wore on. The crowd came and went, surging in and out of the backyard with jolly chat and laughter. The saws shrieked, the axes flashed in the air, the wheelbarrows trundled from woodpile to woodshed. Peleg, who had been engaged to make music for the occasion, fiddled through and through his repertoire of tunes from "Yankee Doodle" to "Money Musk," and at length came high noon, with twenty minutes for refreshments.

In the afternoon the excitement waxed stronger. The boys sawed steadily on with scarcely any symptoms of fatigue.

Everybody was laughing and talking of the sport. Even Mrs. (Col.) Grosvener, the great lady of the village, drove up to the back yard in her carriage, bringing a demijohn of delicious iced lemonade for the young sawyers and their friends. Captain Winty Coolidge walked around rubbing his pudgy hands together, and sprinkling in encouraging remarks between the shrieks of the saws and the squeaks of the fiddle.

"It's a good thing to strengthen the muscles—the muscles. A long chalk sensibler than walking ten miles to the stretch, so 'tis, so 'tis! Good boys! Doing well—all on ye!"

And how earnest every one became, to be sure, when the sticks in each woodpile might be counted.

"You never saw anything like it," said Max to his mother, between huge mouthfuls of bread and jam, at the tea table that night. "Everybody who had a handkerchief shook it. I know, and Aunt Nabby waived her big checked apron. They were all singing out 'Go it!' and 'Good!' till a fellow couldn't hear himself think. Uncle Nathan sat in the door trotting his foot and wiping his eyes, though what for, I can't see. Oh, 'twas great! And when we counted up the money there was $29.60 clean cash for Uncle Nathan.

"Oh, yes'm, Sandy beat by twenty-four seconds and Sandy is captain again at the school, and, of course, Dickey Bird beat Charlie, because Charlie couldn't split my last stick till I sawed it, for they kept right on our heels the whole time. But Art caught up the wood in his arms quick as Charlie split it and ran into the shed with it and out while Jack was unloading his wheelbarrow. It gives a fellow an appetite," concluded Max with a sidelong glance from his laughing eyes, as he reached for his third helping of jam, "but it is a little hard on the arms."

A Merry-Go-Round.

G. Whillikins was a writer boid
Who never lost a chance;
While good at many sorts of work,
His best hold was romance,
He wrote a lively, stirring thing,
A tale of love and youth,
With a dashing maid and a clashing blade,
But, never a word of truth.
"It's very good," wrote the publishers, "but the public taste at present, is for character study."

G. Whillikins then hied him home
To make another start
He studied up psychology;
He took men's souls apart;
He learned the naive, the morbid,
The crazy, quaint and queer,
And wrote a book without a plot,
(Note: Time elapsed—one year.)
"Why didn't we see this before?" the publishers asked. "Political economy is what is selling just now."

Once more G. Whillikins set out,
With economic lore
He soaked [illegible] very being full—
It oozed from every pore.
He proved all poverty a crime,
And chose a "workingman"
For hero, one who ran a strike
Upon a novel plan.
"Excellent," was the publishers' verdict, "but not timely. We're doing the homely agricultural now."

G. Whillikins did some thinking,
And thought this time he'd wait
Until the wheel had made its turn,
Instead of chasing Fate.
"I'll bide my time," said Whillikins,
"Until romance comes round."
But when the cycle reached Romance,
It found him underground.
But his widow was wide awake, and drew royalties on some fifty thousand copies.
—Tudor Jenks in the Century.

There were cremated last year in the United States 3,153; England, 452; Germany, 856; Italy, 322; France, 4,805 (of which 305 were paid for, paupers are cremated); Switzerland, 217; Sweden, 44; Denmark, 44.