

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A boy's mother should remember that if she treats her boy as a gentleman she will do much toward making him one.

She should not treat her boy to perpetual frowns, scoldings and fault-finders. "Sugar attracts more flies than vinegar." Love wins her boy to a nobler manhood.

She should never be so busy or hard pressed for time that she cannot listen to him. If he lives to be a man he will all too soon leave her. She should make the most of him while she has him.

She should not deny her boy any opportunity to enjoy outdoor exercise or sports, and she should not forget to train him with a proper regard for his personal appearance.

She should never allow him to form such habits as coming to table in his shirt sleeves, neglecting his nails or teeth, or carrying soiled handkerchiefs.

She should not try to break her boy's will, but be thankful that he is manly enough to have a mind of his own, and devote herself to training it to the noblest uses.

She should not fail to instil in him a distaste for all that is vulgar. She should teach him good manners, which will be of the greatest benefit to him all through his life, and see to it that he is always polite and courteous to girls and women, and never forgets to raise his hat to them or let them enter a room first.

NO SUNSET FOR FIVE DAYS.

At the head of the Gulf of Bothnia there is a mountain on the summit of which the sun shines perpetually during the five days of June 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23.

Every six hours during this season of continual sunshine a steamer leaves Stockholm crowded with visitors anxious to witness the phenomenon.

At the same place during winter the sun disappears and is not seen for weeks. Then it comes in sight again for 10, 15 or 20 minutes, gradually lengthening its stay until it finally stays in sight continually for upward of 120 hours.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

When one faces a difficult problem or a crisis in his career, his courage is then at its lowest ebb. At these moments one can be forgiven for petulantly exclaiming, "Oh, what's the use?" or "Is it worth while?" But what excuse is there for the man who shirks responsibility or fails to make the best of his opportunities? Can he offer a logical reason for so doing? Opportunities to improve one's knowledge, to better one's condition, and to make the most of each hour, are plentiful. The one who wishes to advance will ever find willing hands to assist him. But it remains for him to take the initiative. It requires patience and toil to be great. The man who says, "Is it worth while?" at this stage, is making one of the gravest errors of his life. If he desires to loaf instead of accumulating useful knowledge that will enrich his future career, he will be another stone in the path of the world's progress.

THE NEW SPRING SHIRT-WAIST.

Broader shoulders characterize the first of the spring shirt-waists. The smartest designs for a linen shirt-waist is made with three deep plaits on each shoulder, back and front. At the back the plaits taper toward the waist. The pattern provides for a high band turn-down collar, but the waist is also finished with a neck-band, so that it may be worn with a stiff linen collar if preferred. The regular shirt-waist sleeve is used, finished with a straight cuff. The fastening of the waist is in front through the center box plait. The stitched plaits and the broad shoulder line give this shirt-waist an air of newness and smartness. Though this spring the lingerie waist will be more in vogue than ever, yet the tailor-made linen waist will also be much in demand. —Grace Margaret Gould, in Woman's Home Companion for February.

LUBY'S advertisement for hair restorer.

THE NURSERY OF THE NEW-RICH.

Elizabeth Duer, a well-known representative of the old-school aristocracy, writes of the millionaire women of yesterday and to-day in the February Woman's Home Companion. In describing the modern millionaire's nursery she says:

"Mrs. Pluto's nursery, under the guidance of physicians and trained nurses, is brought to the highest standard of modern sanitation. No black Mammy or Irish Nanna clasps her babies in fond but injudicious embraces! Perish the thought! The infant millionaires lie on their little backs in comfortable beds, or, at meal-time, on the laps of white-capped young ladies from the training-school, who administer Dr. H—'s formula through the medium of a Davidson bottle, and know by a weighing machine how the baby Pluto thrives. When the little Plutos emerge from the nursery their development is carried on with a corresponding regard to the last edicts in scientific and hygienic pedagogy. Oh! lonely little sheltered children of the rich—are you any happier—any healthier—than your great-grandparents who went to dames' schools at four years old, and found at that tender age a place in the great commonwealth we call the 'world?' I am sure I cannot answer my own question; there is a new race in the making.

"When the time for more advanced education comes, Mrs. Pluto has a definite goal—her child is to hold its own among its peers at home or abroad. It is taught to prattle French and German as readily as English; its manners are carefully formed, its tones of voice modulated; every outdoor sport and indoor game are used to perfect its body; everything that money and knowledge can provide is lavished upon its intellectual and moral growth. It ought to be an ideal human being; but is any system perfect? Are the children of the rich any freer from temptation than those of the moderately well off, those removed from actual poverty? And here I say 'Yes,' so far as the girls are concerned, because they are chaperoned, guarded and amused—mark the last point—amused, for pleasure denied is the source of most girlish indiscretion. But in regard to the boys I should say quite the reverse."

OUR HELPERS.

He loves me most who helps me to do and to be the best and the greatest in any human relation, not he who says the most comforting things to me when death has interrupted that relation. That fellowship, if it was true, will survive the touch of death; but if I have missed the heart of it by accepting something less than the best it had to offer, who shall call back the vanished years and restore lost opportunity? I part from my friends but I do not lose them; what I lose is the growth, the unfolding, the task, the vision, the chance of love in this present hour.

"Send some one, Lord, to love the best that is in me, and to accept nothing less from me; to touch me with the searching tenderness of the passion for the ideals; to demand everything from me for my own sake, to give me so much that I cannot think of myself, and to ask me so much that I can keep nothing back; to console me by making me strong before sorrow comes; to help me so to live that, while I part with many things by the way, I lose nothing of the gift of life." —Hamilton Wright Mabie.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

"For the home life an influence of paramount importance is that of the mother. As we turn the pages of memory's album, the first photograph is the fairest and the best. The mother makes the home. The word itself—Mother—is sweeter to the heart of man than honey and the honeycomb.

"The influence of a fond mother has saved souls in the forming of character, and the memory of her and a happy home has always exercised a restraining power upon

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC advertisement.

Proclaims Its Merits.

It is with gratitude and heartfelt thanks I pen these lines: My wife had lost all control of her nerves and could only speak at times, and was in a very low condition generally. She commenced using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic on August 4th and a few days afterward she could come into the parlor and sing to the music and execute the solo part of hymnals also, and able to do work about the house. I am sorry that I did not hear of this wonderful remedy sooner, for I could have bought twenty-five or more bottles for what I paid the doctor here, just to come and look at her, for he did no further good whatever. Pastor Koenig's Tonic will be a blessing to all, and I can strongly recommend it. I send to-day for another bottle for my wife, and also for one for another lady whose nerves are weak, and whom I told what your Nerve Tonic had done for us.

JOHN MITCHELL.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Four patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. PASTOR KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the

KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, \$5 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada: THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

the passions of man. Mother love brings brightness to the home. Let us analyze that love. It has two elements—sacrifice and devotedness. The duties of the Christian mother are solemn. She was free in entering into the compact, but once entered upon her course she became a power for the full force of the natural law and its consequent obligations for the good of the race and the preservation of public order.

"Maternal love implies devotedness. The whole being of the mother should be wrapped up in the interests of her children. She is the great priestess of the natural order—her altar the family fireside. While her husband is busy with the affairs of the world, into her hands is committed the care of an immortal soul, the most precious treasure ever fashioned by the hand of God.

"The moral training of her children must begin at her own knee. She must teach the tiny feet to walk in the ways of virtue and in the counsel of God. To do this she must make the home holy. The grace of the sacrament of matrimony alone will enable the Christian mother to accomplish this work. Insist on public order, as you will, and persuade parents of their natural duties, and after all it is religion that sanctifies the home. And if mothers lose sight of the Christian obligation, everything pure and holy is lost.

"Women may not be called to great deeds in order that they may be great. Joan of Arc and the Amazons of history are exceptions. Many unknown heroines, pure, sinless, uncomplaining, are working for the glory of God in misery and poverty, and they shall obtain their reward."

TIMELY HINTS.

To save lamp glasses from breaking, hold them over the steam of a kettle, and rub quickly with crumpled-up newspaper, and afterwards polish well with a soft duster.

To clean marble busts, mantels, etc., wipe free of dust, then wash with weak hydrochloric acid.

How to get the most juice out of a lemon. Before cutting the lemon open, roll it well with the palm of the hand on the table; then, when it is quite soft, cut it open and squeeze it.

When boiling a pudding in a cloth put a plate under it in the saucepan, and it will prevent it burning or sticking to the bottom.

When washing glassware do not put it into hot water bottom first, as it will be liable to crack from sudden expansion. Even delicate glass can be washed in very hot water if slipped in edgewise.

When boiling common starch sprinkle in a little fine salt. This will prevent the starch from sticking.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

A NEOPHYTE'S "REGRETS."

A young gentleman who had not familiarized himself with the forms of polite correspondence, and lacked the good sense to discover the form for himself, found it necessary to refuse an invitation. The Chicago News gives the note which he wrote: "Mr. J. Henry Newton declines with pleasure Mrs. Raymond's invitation for the twenty-first, and thanks her extremely for having given him the opportunity to do so."

Mr. Sooter—Sir, I have called to ask you for your daughter's hand.

Mr. Payer—Look here, young man, I'm not disposing of my daughter on the installment plan. Any time you feel as if you could take care of the rest of her, call again. Good-morning.

PUTTING HIM WISE.

His Wife—John, dear, I need a new dress awfully. Her Husband (gruffly)—I'd like to know what you need a new dress for?

His Wife—Why, I want it to cover the piano with, of course. You don't suppose for a minute that I intended to wear it, did you?

"Typographical errors," said William Dean Howells, the famous novelist, "are always amusing. When I was a boy in my father's printing office in Martin's Ferry, I once made a good typographical error. My father had written 'the showers last week, though copious, were not sufficient for the millmen. I set it up 'milkmen.'"

When Charles Dudley Warner was a newspaper editor in the early '60's he was accustomed to write his editorials upon the war with fervid haste, regardless of all consideration of handwriting.

One day a typesetter left the composing room and appeared at the editor's desk.

"Mr. Warner," he said, "I've decided to enlist in the army."

With mingled emotions of pride and responsibility, Mr. Warner replied that it pleased him that the man felt the call to duty.

"Oh, it isn't that," said the truthful compositor, "but I'd rather be shot than set your copy."

A young man was being examined by a life insurance official as to his family record. Among other questions, the following was asked: "Of what did your grandfather die?"

The applicant hesitated a few moments and then stammered out:—"I—I'm not sure, but I think he died in infancy."

A minister of Fulton, Kansas, was moved by the grief of a husband whose wife was to be buried, and sought to commiserate him in the following manner: "My brother, I know that this is a great grief that has overtaken you, and though you are compelled to mourn the loss of this one who was your companion and partner in life, I would console you with the assurance that there is another who sympathizes with you and longs to embrace you in the arms of unfeeling love." To this the bereaved man replied by asking, as he gazed through tears into the minister's face, "What's her name?"

LITERARY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

Following the example of President Roosevelt, who gave publicity to his views on child labor reform in the January number of the Woman's Home Companion, Senator Albert J. Beveridge has sought the same medium to explain his national child labor bill to the American people. Senator Beveridge convincingly presents the need of a national child labor law and incidentally gives his view of the important question of states' rights. In the same number of the magazine is an editorial by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, in which the distinguished American gives a characteristic view of club women and what they should do for their country's benefit.

Gertrude Atherton also writes of the club question in an article entitled "The Club Man and the Club Woman," and Elizabeth Duer contributes an article on "The Millionaire Women of Yesterday and To-day," in which she compares the modern woman of wealth with her rich sister of decades past. This article is the first of a series of four on the general theme "The Woman of Millions." The fiction in this number includes a charming short story by Myra Kelly called "Veni, Vidi, Vici;" "My Inherited Maid," by Clara Morris; "Captain Murch's L'opemunt," by Holman F. Day; "The Transformation of Kate," by Francis Lynde, and two serials—"The Sacred Fire," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and "Jerry, Junior," by Jean Webster. Music lovers will be pleased with the original song and music, "With Roses," contributed by Louis F. Gottschalk. In "The Dog That Found Himself," Homer Davenport tells of a canine tragedy connected with his recent trip to Turkey and the Euphrates. The departments conducted by Grace Margaret Gould, Anna Steese Richardson, Mrs. Sangster and Fannie Merritt Farmer offer many valuable hints to women-kind in general, while Aunt Janet and Dan Beard take equally good care of the children.

Butterfly Suspensives. A Gentle man's Brace, "as easy as nose," 60c.

THE POET'S CORNER

INTO OBLIVION.

Thousands are round us, tolling as we, Living and loving, whose lot is to be Passed and forgotten like waves on the sea. Once in a lifetime is uttered a word That doth not vanish as soon as 'tis heard; Once in an age is humanity stirred. Once in a century springs forth a deed From the dark bonds of forgetfulness freed, Destined to shine, and to help, and to lead. Yet not e'en thus escape we our lot; The deed lasts in memory, the doer is not; The word liveth on but the voice is forgot. Who knows the forms of the mighty of old? Can bust or can portrait the spirit unfold, Or the light of the eye by description be told? Be we content then to pass into shade, Visage and voice in oblivion laid, And live in the light that our actions have made. —Arthur H. Clough.

PHANTOMS. Whence do they come? What may their import be— The flitting, flashing phantoms of the mind— That half awake and half in dream we see; That never can be captured or defined? They hint at something lost, something desired, Something whose ownership would make us glad— Perhaps at thoughts with subtle meaning fired, Or truths unrecognized because unclad. They may be glints of half-forgotten dreams, They may be memories long buried deep, That from their ashes give out fitful gleams, Before they sink to their long final sleep. Perhaps electric lines from other brain Are tapped and flashed by crossing with our own, Perhaps some floating shreds or bits remain Of former life that we somewhere have known. Perhaps they are the signals loved ones send Who wait our coming on the other shore; Too spirit-full with earthly sense to blend.

AN EXILE. Oh the green is on the meadow, an' the laughter in the rills; An' the maple-buds are swellin', an' the flush is on the hills. Shure the very trees are laughin', an' they seem to wink an' nod, Spillin' dainty fragrant blossoms all across the smilin' sod; Oh, the air is soft an' balmy, an' it stirs the blood like wine.— For I know the sun is shinin' far across the ocean's brine, Kissin' all the hawthorn hedges, till they're white with fragrant snow, As they were that fair spring mornin' when I left them—long ago.

Tommy's father owned grove in the lake regions. One evening it seemed to be colder, and he made trips to the thermometer piazza north of the house. "I do hope it won't enough to do any damage," heard his father say, as he for the fourth or fifth time to the piazza. "How does it get down, asked Tommy. Mr. Williams explained that ver line inside was called and that when it got down and if it kept going down damage would be done. After his father left Tommy to the piazza and climbed chair to see if the mercury going down. And the idea came to him. When Mr. Williams returned, amine the thermometer on was gone. "Oh, Tommy," he called, the thermometer?" "It's all right, papa," Tommy gleefully, as he darts wards him. "That mercury gone up ever so higher'n when you was here. It's nice and warm," and he led to the henhouse and drew thermometer from under a hen. Sure enough! The had gone up ever so high, indicated such warm weather father was obliged to turn his face to laugh.

LITTLE AIDS TO MEN. Two hundred bones you enough To make a little chap; Add forty more, and you The number to a rap. Night red, morning grey, Sure to be a fine day; Night gray, morning red, Sends many shepherds back Which should come first, the e? A question which sorely puns The answer lies in this riddle: I before e, except after c.

SURPRISE SOAP advertisement with illustration of a woman washing clothes.

Boil it Down. To make quite sure of your wish, my friend. Boil it down. When writing an article for the press, Whether prose or verse, just try To utter your thoughts in the fewest words, And let them be crisp and dry, And when it is finished, and you suppose It is done exactly brown, Just look it over again, and then Boil it down. For editors do not like to print An article lazily long, And the busy reader does not care For a couple of yards of song; So gather your wits in the smallest space, If you'd win the author's crown, And every time you write, my friend, Boil it down.