

November, 1905

and awkward. I pity such boys, and blame their parents for not teaching them by precept and example the plain easy rules of good etiquette.

A man should rise when a guest enters the room, or leaves the house. He should remain standing until a lady who has entered the room is seated.

He should: Give her his chair if there is no other.

Rise when any person, man or woman, is introduced to him.

Open the door for a woman to pass through.

Hold it open and let her pass through first if it opens toward them.

Pass through first and hold it open for her if it opens from them.

Turn and walk with her if he joins her on the street, and not stop her to converse.

Throw his cigar or cigarette away before he joins her, of course.

Not offer to pay her car fare unless he is her escort by intention, and not merely her companion by accident.

Remove his hat completely when greeting a woman or when his woman companion greets an acquaintance.

Take the curb side of the street when walking with either one or two women.

Assist his feminine companion in and out of a carriage, trolley, train or any conveyance.

Precede her in entering a theater, hotel lobby, restaurant or any public place, except a church, when a woman goes first, unless there are no ushers, in which case he goes first to find seats.

Permit her to step into an elevator first, always. In getting out, if it is into a public place, he leaves first.

Invariably proffer his seat to age,

infirmity or helplessness, in whatever guise they appear. This is not more good manners than the kindly instincts of a gentleman toward whoever is weaker than himself.

Offer his seat to any woman who seems less able to stand than himself—not because she is pretty, or smart, nor even because she is a woman, but for the reason set forth in the foregoing paragraph.

Remember that these observations are not foolish, meaningless subserviences to women, but that they make for that gentle courtesy and thoughtfulness which makes all human intercourse more pleasant.

Some Facts About Norway.

On pay day saloons are closed and savings banks open until midnight.

Servant girls hire for half a year at a time by contract at public registry office.

There is a telegraph box on every street car. Write message, put on right number of stamps, drop in the box.

Young farmers can borrow money from government at 3 per cent.

Practically no illiterates. Men perhaps the finest in the world physically. Army service universal; only 2.3 per cent of youths rejected for physical defect.

Health splendid. Death rate for men 18.3, because of dangerous fishing; for women, 16.5. Average expense of living less than any other civilized country perhaps. Average wage earnings \$88 a year. More reindeer than horses, more sheep than cows.

Illiterates—Two men in a thousand in Sweden, 3 in Norway and Denmark, 78 in Russia, which wants to "improve" Norway and Sweden by dividing and conquering them; 13.6 even in England.—New York World.

Blue Eyes.

Oh, Blue Eyes, so fond and so tender,
Oh, Blue Eyes, so dark and so deep,
Now sparkling with light and laughter,
Then, dark like the shadows that creep
Down the glades in the quiet twilight
Where the pines their vigils keep.
So full of changing emotions,
Compassionate, tender and wise,
Methinks thou hast borrowed the sunlight
And hidden it in thine eyes.

Oh, Blue Eyes, I love thee, I love thee;
And would guide my life by thy light,
As mariners on the ocean their vessels
Guide aright
Whilst they gaze on the steadfast polestar
On a dark and stormy night—
Should'st thou ever turn coldly on me
In doubt, or anger, or hate,
Heaven help in that moment of anguish,
For I know my heart would break.

Oh, Blue Eyes, so cold and unyielding,
Oh, Blue Eyes, of pity bereft—
Take not from my life all the sunlight
For ye know I have now nothing left.
Cold as the frozen iceberg,
As it rears its head toward heaven
Unmindful of the vessel,
By its cruel corners riven—
Cruel as the biting north-wind
As it rushes through the night,
Now chilling the heart of the traveller,
Then laughing at his plight—
Oh, Blue Eyes, I dread thee, I dread thee,
Let me hide from thy scrutiny keen,
The anguish I feel in thy presence,
The anguish too readily seen—
Oh, Blue Eyes, so cold and unyielding,
Thou hast only too well done thy part,
For the light of my life has been darkened,—
For, Blue Eyes—thou hast broken my heart.

M. L. Claypole.

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is not really a sickness, but a symptom. It is a symptom that a certain set of nerves is ailing. Not the voluntary nerves that enable you to walk and talk and act—but the AUTOMATIC STOMACH NERVES over which your mind has no control.

I have not room here to explain how these tender, tiny nerves control and operate the stomach. How worry breaks them down and causes indigestion. How misuse wears them out and causes dyspepsia. How neglect may bring on kidney, heart, and other troubles through sympathy. I have not room to explain how these nerves may be reached and strengthened and vitalized and made stronger by a remedy I spent years in perfecting now known by physicians and Druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. (Tablets or Liquid.) I have not room to explain how this remedy, by removing the cause, usually puts a certain end to indigestion, belching, heartburn, insomnia, nervousness, dyspepsia. All of these things are fully explained in the book I will send you free when you write. Do not fail to send for the book. It tells how the solar plexus governs digestion and a hundred other things every one ought to know—for all of us, at some time or other have indigestion. With the book I will send free my "Health Token"—an intended passport to good health.

For the free book Book 1 on Dyspepsia, and the "Health Token" Book 2 on the Heart, you must address Book 3 on the Kidneys, Dr. Shoop, Box 98, Racine, Wis. State which book you want. Book 4 for Women, Book 5 for Men, Book 6 on Rheumatism.

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