

For Boys and Girls

A Queer Nest.

By E. H. K.

Kitty and Joe Major were little city children who were spending the summer vacation in North Dakota, with their Aunt Sue, and her husband, Dr. Morris. One morning the doctor told them that if they cared to they could go with him to see a sick Norwegian woman who lived about ten miles across the prairie. Of course, they were delighted, and were soon off. I should like to tell you of the beautiful drive they had; of all the barrels and roses and white bed-straw which grew on every side; of the hawks and owls and badgers and gophers they passed, and of little Nels, the hard-boiled, and his spotted pony. But if I did, you might not hear about the poet I meant to tell you of. They had driven about an hour and a half, when they came to the house where the sick woman lived.

It was the queerest house you ever saw. It was made of sods and piled one on top of another, as you would build a house. The roof was fastened to the walls by the dirt from falling from the people's eyes and food, and the walls were made of sods. The yellow-haired girl was named Lena, who, before the doctor came, had been working while the doctor was away.

In the larger bed was the sick woman, a very little, very red-headed baby on her arm. The woman's "nurse" hung across a beam just over the bed.

"What?" you say, "her nurse hung across a beam?" Yes, but her nurse wasn't a nurse, she was a woman, who wore a big white apron, and had gentle hands. When she wanted to move herself along with its help, just as you would pull yourself up by taking hold of your papa's hands.

A Norwegian Bible and hymn-book lay on a shelf at the head, and a big pitcher of lovely wild roses filled the room with their sweetness. Two little white-haired children were asleep in the smaller bed.

Kitty and Joe perched themselves on one of the benches, and used their eyes while the doctor talked with the sick woman, having Lena as an interpreter. One of the first things they noticed was a pretty white hen hopping over the door sill. They didn't quite think that hens ought to be allowed in the house, but as they were only visitors they politely kept quiet.

Biddy put her head first on one side and then the other, making all the time a cosy little sound. Then she stepped daintily across and flew up on to the bed where the children lay asleep. She began to pick the bed-quilt and to flap her wings, till the children woke up. For a minute they looked shyly at their young visitors, while the little hen kept up her fussing. The sick woman said something in Norwegian, speaking with a beautiful voice, full of gentleness. The little boy smiled, and began making a nice hollow in the bedclothes. When it was all fixed, the white hen nestled down in it very comfortably. The children smoothed her wings with their brown little hands, and spoke to her in their queer Norwegian language.

By the time Dr. Morris was through talking with their mother, the little hen had laid a warm yellow egg, and had gone out of doors with a great flutter and cackling. The little boy took the egg in his hand and trotted over to his mother's bed to give it to the new baby. In her funny broken English Lena said to Willie and Joe that the white hen had no mother when she was a very little chicken, and that the two children had had her for their pet ever since. She had followed them about everywhere, and when they took their naps the chicken had crept close to them and slept, too. She laid her first egg on the bed on the morning that the new baby came, and had left a fresh one there every day since. Lena said that the little boy, Lars, was sure that his hen knew about their baby and that it had no teeth to eat bread and meat with, and so had brought it those nice yellow eggs.

To pay for her being so kind Lars had let her share his bread and milk and cottage-cheese every day since the baby came.

After Dr. Morris had made some powders for the sick woman and told Lena how often to give them, they all said good-bye to the gentle children, who had so nice a pet as a dainty white hen.—The Outlook.

A Laugh-A Smile.

"It is queer," said Mrs. Blocher, "that a man can take enough interest in his wife's letters to open them, but not enough to mail them."

"I cannot understand the language," said the despairing Frenchman, "I learn how to pronounce the word 'hydropobia,' and then I learn that it does sometimes pronounce it fatal."

Lucy—Mamma, may I go over the bridge? Mamma—Why do you want to go over there, my dear? Lucy—Oh, I just want to gargle my feet in the brook.

A good Irishman offered an old saucer for sale. His children gathered around him and inquired why he parted with it. "Ah, me honey," he answered, "I would not be after parting with it but for a little money to buy something to put in it."

An American tourist recently tramping through Cornwall, met some members of a village church choir returning from rehearsal. He asked one of them what music they had been singing. The answer was: "Handel." "Well," said he, "but don't you find Handel rather difficult?" "Why, no, sir," replied the Cornishman, "not very. You see, we alters him."—New York Tribune.

The little four-year-old daughter of a north-easterly knelt to see the stars on the other evening. After invoking a blessing on all the members of the

family she wound up by saying: "And bless the stars, Amen." Then she rose up, but immediately knelt down again. "I don't mean the Mr. Blocher who that thinks he's so smart, Lord, but the poor old Mr. Blocher—Oh, bless only one eye, and always gives me casky, Amen."

It would probably take many generations of uneducated and undesirable Americans to train Americans into the far-seeing thinness of the Scotch. An illustration of this thinness is contained in the story of a Scotchman who had been promised a present of a new bonnet by a lady. Before she made the purchase, the lady called and asked the good woman:

"Would you rather have a felt or a straw bonnet, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Weel," said Mrs. Wilson, "I think I'll tak a straw ane; it'll maybe be a mouthfu' to the ood when I'm done wi' it."

In a composition on boys, a little girl says: "The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoken to, and then they answer respectably and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grown-up girl is a widow and keeps house."

A French Journal, by way of ridiculing the ignorance of art critics, tells the story of a lady, who, with a maid, went to purchase a still-life picture for her dining room.

She selected a canvas on which were painted a bunch of flowers, a pie cut in two, and a half-penny roll, and was paying five hundred francs for it, when the maid approached to whisper in her ear.

"Madam," said the servant, "you are making a bad bargain. I saw a picture very much like this sold the other day for four hundred francs."

"And was it as good as this?"

"Yes, madam, it was better; there was a good deal more pie in it."

Justice.

Three men went out on a summer night;

No care had they or aim;

They dined and drank—"Ere we go home,"

Said they, "We'll have a game."

Three girls began that summer night

A life of endless shame,

And went through drink, disease, and death,

As swift as flying flame.

Lawless and homeless, foul they died;

Rich, loved, and praised, the men;

But when they all shall meet with God,

And Justice speaks—what then?

—Stopford A. Brooke.

Riding With Nancy.

She has tightened her cinch by another inch, she has shortened her stirrup-strap,

And she's off with a whirl of horse and girl, and I'm a lucky chap!

With a "Catch if you can! I'm as good as a man!" at a breakfast-table we ride;

I have all but placed my arm round her waist, as we gallop side by side.

When "Roop! Kii! Yi!" and her elbows high she spurts in the cowboy style;

With a jerk and a saw at her horse's jaw, she's ahead for another mile!

And it's Nancy's dust, that breathe I must, and it's Nancy's trail I follow.

Till I leave the rut for a deep short cut, and I have caught her down in the hollow.

Then into the creek, with a splash and a shriek, to her saddle-girth she dashes;

"Oh, make for the shoal, or he'll stop and roll!" But it's little that Nancy cares.

And up the hill she's ahead of me still, and over the ridge we go!

And my steaming nag has begun to lag, but it isn't my fault, I know.

Oh! fair astride does Nancy ride, and her spur she uses free,

And it's little she cares for the gown she wears, and it's little she cares for me!

But the strawberry-roan, with the deep backbone, that Nancy rode that day,

He doesn't forget that Saturday yet, when Nancy led the way.

—The Tar.

Fairest and Best.

When I go to that beautiful country,

Away from this mortal unrest,

And am asked what I choose for my portion.

By the angel who loveth me best;

I think I shall kneel by my angel,

And kissing the hem of her gown,

I shall whisper, Oh, fair and beloved,

The harp and the glory and crown.

And all of the splendor awaiting

The pilgrims that heavenward roam,

Would oppress and appeal me, beloved,

I ask of thee only a home.

One fair little spot unmolested

By even the harps of the blest,

Where sheltered and happy the children

Might grow in a quiet home-nest.

I have waited so long, blessed angel,

I may not be worthy a crown,

But if all of my travel-stained garments

I might for a moment lay down,

I would ask for the robe of a mother,

Who sits with her baby to rest;

For this is my dream, blessed angel,

Of all that is fairest and best.

—Agnes Leonard Hill.

How to Cure Skin Diseases.

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for "Swayne's Ointment." Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Woman and the World.

"The Art of Living Together."

(The Outlook.)

It would not be easy to select among recent publications a more wholesome and suggestive little book than Dr. Horton's comments on "The Art of Living Together," which bears the imprint of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. Dr. Horton lays great emphasis on the importance of self-control in order to secure sweetness of relation between man and woman, and to get the best out of those relations. It is by the development of the power of self-control that one gets that delightful quality of tact which goes so far to soften the asperities of the most disagreeable people. It is course refreshing and restful, and it is through the exercise of self-control that we make those minor adjustments of the peculiarities of others which do so much to remove friction. Most people need to be humored on one side or the other, and it is a matter of good sense as well as of brotherliness to know how to do it. Everybody has its sensitive point, and the wise friend is one who recognizes the sensitive point and avoids it. On one occasion, when Sir Thomas More was meditating on his house, a lunatic suddenly appeared and announced his intention of throwing the philosopher over the parapet. With perfect composure, More suggested that the sport should be prolonged a little by first throwing over the dog which happened to be on the roof with him. This pleased the lunatic, who instantly proposed to go down and pick up the dog. The philosopher then proceeded to lock the door on his dangerous companion. "Let us first throw over the dog," Dr. Horton says, is an admirable way of keeping the peace. But we need not only to exercise self-control in dealing with the weaknesses and follies of others; we need to exercise it in recognizing and endeavoring to overcome our own weaknesses and follies. Many of us give way to moods which could be easily overcome, but which cast their shadow over a whole household. It was a wise resolution of Sir Walter Scott—one of the sanest and most delightful men to live with—to do his best, whenever a pet mood came upon him, to conceal it. He thought it had enough to go through a fit of depression without infecting it upon others. This is in line with that maxim of our great philosopher, "Own your own smoke." Sufferings of all sorts were meant to be endured, not to be ostentatiously displayed, and Emerson, who said so much about the things about practical living as well as about literature and the speculative life, declared that there is one topic which is "peremptorily forbidden" to all rational mortals—namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have the headache, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke, I beseech you by all the angels to hold your peace and not pollute the morning. Come into the azure and love the day. These words ought to be written on the conscience of every man and woman who is the prey of the disease of depression and moodiness. A mood, which is nothing more than a fog from a disordered physical condition, is often suited to one member of the household, but to like a fog over a whole household, sometimes for days together. A man who has not learned to conceal his moods has failed to learn an elementary lesson of self-control. No man can wholly avoid moods, but every man can avoid displaying them. The secret is to keep them to himself, and the learning of that lesson is a duty to all those with whom he lives. A moody man neutralizes great gifts and a delightful disposition just as surely as the drunkard, who when he is sober, is the most charming of companions, but when he is in his cups is little short of a brute to those with whom he associates.

Arranging the Hair.

Harper's Bazar.

It is a matter of wonderment to many rich people that women who have very small incomes often look better than those who spend double the amount of money on their personal adornment. The clever woman who always looks as though she were dressed in the very latest fashion has some one point about her costume that is required or that is becoming to her.

It may only be the ribbon about her neck that is tied in a new style. The trimming of her hat is put on in a chic way that has only just made its appearance, or she arranges her hair with taste.

The present style of hair-dressing is somewhat startling, and it will not follow it in the extreme mode which some women have adopted.

The flat has gone forth that "bangs are out," and the hair is to be pulled back to the crown of the head, and the hair should be so tightly dragged off the face that it almost interferes with shutting the mouth. Age shows first of all on the temples, where the hair grows thin, and the pulling back of scanty locks would be trying to the Venus of Milo. To attain the very full Pompadour roll which some people affect requires a "rat" under the hair, but this is not necessary for an exaggerated effect, and small combs put under the side locks will give all the fullness that is required or that is becoming to her.

These combs—side combs, as they are called—are now worn inside as well as outside; when used for the former purpose they are quite plain; for the latter, are ornamental.

To put the side combs under the hair, a parting must be made directly in the center of the head, and the hair again divided from the crown to the ear. The combs then are put in, as far forward as possible, and the hair turned sharply back over them. Even the straightest locks assume a wave that is extremely pretty when turned back in this fashion. Then, after the front roll is satisfactorily arranged, the side locks must be pulled out to give also a full effect—loose and flying, but kept down with little fancy combs. Pulling the hair out to look full and soft makes it becoming to any woman's face, and it is even permissible to have a thin curl or two stray over the forehead. At the back the hair is arranged in a round knot; but there is an evident tendency to arrange the hair in the shape of a crown, that is, a fashionable years ago. A broad, flat effect must be given, at all events.

With evening gowns the hair always looks best arranged high on the head, and the hair is to be pulled out to give also a full effect—loose and flying, but kept down with little fancy combs. Pulling the hair out to look full and soft makes it becoming to any woman's face, and it is even permissible to have a thin curl or two stray over the forehead. At the back the hair is arranged in a round knot; but there is an evident tendency to arrange the hair in the shape of a crown, that is, a fashionable years ago. A broad, flat effect must be given, at all events.

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ones did, and life is not now a burden in arranging the hair every time one has to put on the hat.

Some Ways of Amusing Children While Traveling.

The Outlook.

Nearly everyone who has taken a long and tedious journey has been pained at watching the futile attempts of tired and worn-out mothers to amuse their equally tired and worn-out children. We all remember sweet, tactful people who at such times have been able to divert and interest these little ones, to the rest and comfort of the mothers and to the delight of the little ones themselves.

Finding it necessary to take a three days' trip with my own little son, not 2 years old—and a most active, restless fellow—I fell to thinking how I could make the journey endurable both for him and myself. The results of my effort were so satisfactory that I have ventured to give them to the Outlook's readers.

First, on the outside of my traveling bag were written what I knew to be perfectly irresistible to any child, viz., a few new picture books. In selecting I got the best—not necessarily the most expensive, however, but such as are approved by the followers of Froebel and Pestalozzi.

Inside my bag, besides pencils and paper for drawing cars, steamboats and other objects, I put a good-sized bag of animal crackers and a paper of small pins—for in previous moments of meditation on this all-absorbing question it occurred to me that although one animal cracker would not stand alone, two of a kind, placed side by side, with a pin through the bodies, would stand upright. The car window-sill, upon which they were placed, was very soon turned into a zoo, not only to the delight of my own little son himself, but also to the amusement of several other children who sat near by.

Also, in anticipation of our journey, I had cut from papers and magazines verses, especially of the descriptive kind, and had told of cats that "mew" and dogs that "bow-wow." These, being read in a dramatic and expressive tone, were fully appreciated.

Along with the picture books was strapped an illustrated catalogue of a large retail firm in New York. The pictures of the most attractive boys and girls in the catalogue were cut out and pinned to the cushioned back of the seat in front of us. The clocks, chairs and other articles of furniture were also cut out, with strips of paper left on to serve as "props."

So absorbed was the little fellow in all these diversions that he did not even notice the inevitable candy and popcorn vendor who appeared frequently and succeeded in tempting the other little people with cheap and health-destroying sweets.

And so I found that, by a little planning and forethought before the journey, and by the employment of a little "it" while on the way, a much-dreaded trip was made an event to look back upon with pleasure.

Health Culture Society.

There has been organized in Brooklyn a Health Culture Society. The aim of this society is to interest women to wear skirts that will not touch the sidewalk. It is the intention of the members to devise and wear a rainy-day dress that will be hygienic and not remarkable. A similar attempt was made in Boston a few years ago, but it did not succeed. During the exposition in Chicago about 100 women, residents of that city, adopted a suit that was a cross between a bathing suit and a bicycle suit. Many of the bicycle suits would make attractive rainy-day dresses by the addition of a cape or a warm jacket in winter. A tailor-made gown, with the skirt slightly shortened, makes a satisfactory rainy-day gown, as many women have proved to their own satisfaction. Women are dressing more in accord with the rules of health than ever before. The bicycle has accomplished much. Shortened and narrowed skirts pass almost unnoticed. Bicycle dresses are worn to breakfast and lunch as a matter of convenience. They answer for tramping and rowing. So great is the advance in the matter of dressing hygienically that a woman feels like apologizing if she wears for a tramp in the country a gown that requires to be lifted from the ground.

To Cure Mosquito Bites.

The New York Tribune says that "a mixture of glycerine and carbolic acid is said to form a wonderful protection from mosquitoes as well as a cure for the bites. Take about twenty drops of the mixture and mix it into a bottle containing an ounce of glycerine and half an ounce of rosemary water. It used freely at night, the stinging of the bites will be almost miraculously cured, and the disfiguring blotches removed by morning."

Medical Inhalation Co.,

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