food (at regular intervals only) or some little change is necessary, or the child's bowels are not working properly, or it is thirsty and needs water, which should be given once or twice during the day in any case. It is always safe to give, in a clean bottle, an ounce or two of water when the child is fussing, and let it take what it will. Never have re-course to "baby comforts," they are abominations. It is a foolish thing to be too economical with nipples. They are not expensive, and are a source of great danger if not perfectly clean, and I think they should be thrown away on general principles after two or three weeks of use. Enough should be kept in use and sterilized to provide for accidents. Some babies make a point of throwing their bottle out of the bed or carriage whenever they want to rest in the course of a meal, and a fresh nipple should be put on before it is given back to them. Nipples are supposed to be turned inside out, scrubbed, turned the right way again, and left to soak in baking soda and

water; and this is a good thing to do: boiling them morning and night, but it takes considerable time with the kind of nipple in general use, is apt to be skimped, when it might as well not be attempted, and the same result is attained by boiling in soda, the great point being to put them to soak immediately after using. In getting the bottle ready, handle the nipple as little as possible, and do not let it touch anything at all. It is well to pour a little food into a clean spoon and taste it to see that it is all right, but do not suck the nipple for that or any other purpose, for by so doing you make all your care in sterilizing absolutely worthless.

To prevent soreness in the baby's mouth, wash it out morning and night with boracic acid and water, and a soft, clean rag, and if soreness is already present, do this after each feeding, and it is a good plan to keep the nipples (after sterilizing) between feedings in a solution of boracic acid and water.



## Tommy's View.

By Susan Hubbard Martin. Turkey in the pantry, Chicken in the pot, Mother choppin' apples,

Oven roastin' hot. Grandma seedin' raisins, Molly mixin' spice. Gracious, but the kitchen Smells uncommon nice.

Cranberries a poppin', Pies all in a row, Gee, but don't that mince meat, Tempt a feller, though.

Silver spoons a shinin', Cake with frostin' thick, Say, I think the Governor's A regular old brick.

Givin' us a holiday, No lessons to be done, Kinfolks here to dinner, Havin' all such fun.

Wish it would come often, Best of all, I say, Is this October Thursday Folks call "Thanksgiving Day."

## Jimmy's "Club."

A TRUE STORY.

puzzling his head over a perplexing question. He was the agent of a benevolent society, organized to help the poor of a great city. The trouble was this: Thanksgiving was at hand, and he had not money enough to do all that he wished to do on the coming day. He knew, too, many families who lived at starving-point, to whom Thanksgiving gave little apparent reason for thanks.

He knew young men who did not hesitate to spend three dollars on a single He knew young ladies who rose. thought nothing of wasting more or less dollars a week on candy. Twenty-five cents would buy a sumptuous dinner for a starving child.

Many hundreds of the extremely poor looked to this man for one good dinner at Thanksgiving time. For one day in the year they hoped to have enough to How was he to give it?

Suddenly three or four dirty faces peered through the window; a timid knock followed. Five street boys and two somewhat tattered little girls trooped in. The agent recognized them as members of a mission Sabbath-school. He said, pleasantly:

"Well, children, what can I do for you to-day?"

"Nothin'," answered the children,

vaguely. 'You, Jimmy, you tell," said one of the girls, giving the tallest boy a shove. Jimmy fumbled in his ragged pocket, and slowly produced a large handful of pen-

nies and small change.

"There's twenty of us, grand air. mister.

'We girls are in it, too," interrupted

the girl who gave the shove. "We come from Cummin's Alley, and we're a club to help Thanksgivin'. Here's-here's-nine dollars and ninety cents.

The agent stared at the large sum, collected at what cost of self-sacrifice only the givers could say.

It's for them that can't git no dinner," explained the little spokesman.

" Is it?" exclaimed the good man. He hardly knew what to say as he glanced at the poor clothes and shrunken cheeks

of the "club."
"Yes," said Jimmy, stoutly, "there's plenty poorer than us, mister; we're a club to help 'em. We didn't care if we didn't have a dinner for two or three days so'st we might give real poor folks

How many dinners will nine dollars and ninety cents get?" asked a little girl, rather hungrily.

"What kind of a dinner?" inquired the agent, with a perceptible weakening in his

"Oh turkey and stuffin', and-and puddin' ! " cried the children, eagerly. "That will cost perhals twenty-five cents apiece." said the agent, " and your money will give a fine Thanksgiving dingentleman sat in a plain office, her to as many as thirty-five hungr people. You have done nobly, children, and I am delighted that you have been so kind and thoughtful for others.

The dinners were bought. distributed them. The children's first plan was to put a cabbage in with each dinner, the agent says. But there were not cabbages enough to go around. So they cut each cabbage into quarters, and put one piece into each bag.

That club of twenty poverty-stricken children worked until nine o'clock at night on the day before Thanksgiving, distributing thirty-five dinners to people poorer than themselves.

This is a true story, and one that should make our easy blood tingle with something akm to shame.—Sele ted.

## Who Ate the Dollies' Dinner.

"Why can't dollies have a Thanksgiving dinner just as well as real folks, mamma?" asked Polly Pine.

"I don't know why," said mamma, laughing. "Go and dress them in their very best clothes, get the dolly house swept and dusted, and the table ready, then I'll fix their dinner before we go downstairs."

Oh. lovels ! " cried Polly Pine.

The dolly hous stood in the nursery It was very big and very beautiful. It was painted red, it had tall chimneys. and a fine front door with "R. Bliss" on a brass plate. There were lace curtains at the windows, and two steps led up to the cunning little piazza. Polly We are a club," said Jimmy, with a Pine swept the rooms with her tiny



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