

HOUSEHOLD.

The Influence of the Baby.

It was in one of the big department stores. Two women stood near each other before a counter where the belongings of very little children are sold. Both looked with wistful yet widely different expressions at the tiny garments displayed. The one woman asked to be shown knitted undersuits for a baby. The saleswoman drew out a box and took from it some absurdly small garments, soft, creamy, fleecy, the most delightful combination of silk and wool. The woman—a young woman, she was, almost a girl—took them in her hands with evident delight.

"How much are they?" she asked. The saleswoman named a price that was twice the size of the tiny shirts. "A piece!" asked the would be customer timidly.

"Yes," answered the saleswoman. The customer put down the little garments. She looked tired and weak and bitterly disappointed. It's heartbreaking not to be able to buy what you want for your baby.

"Show me something—something cheaper," she said, swallowing a lump in her throat.

The other woman, who had been looking into the showcase, had seen it all. She spoke to the saleswoman brusquely: "I can't wait any longer," she said. "Tell me the price of that bonnet over there."

The saleswoman hurried to obey. One doesn't keep a chinchilla collar and an imperious manner waiting if one knows one's business. There was a moment's whispering, and the saleswoman returned to her waiting customer. From another box she produced some garments precisely similar to the too expensive ones.

"Here's some shirts," said she, "that we've marked down to close out. We have only a few left. They're only ——" And the "only" was exactly half the price she had named before. It wasn't cleverly done, but it deceived the tired woman. She went away with the wistful look gone from her face. The chinchilla collar went down in the same elevator with her, and the face above the collar wore a look almost of envy added to its wistfulness. I fancied, though it's folly, of course, to imagine that women with chinchilla collars and imperious manners ever envy tired little women who have to ask for something—something cheaper. —Washington Post.

Royal Unselfishness.

The Duchess of York, the wife of the second heir in succession to the British throne, has ever since her childhood been tenderly considerate toward the poor. Her mother, the Duchess of Teck, was for many years deeply interested in the work of the London Ragged School union, and the young princess early showed her interest in the work of this institution and in those it seeks to benefit. The following incident, which came to the knowledge of the writer at the time of its occurrence, between seven and eight years ago, will illustrate this fact:

White Monday is a legal holiday in England, and Lady S. invited a number of Ragged School boys to visit her on that day, in 1891, that they might spend the day in her grounds and have a good time in the various amusements provided for them. But it turned out to be a very wet day, and some time during the forenoon the princess said to her mother: "What a day for the party of Lady S. I! How disappointed the poor boys must feel!"

The result of this talk was that the carriage was ordered, and the princess and her mother were driven several miles in the rain to the house of Lady S., the princess taking some music with her that she might sing and play for the boys and thus help to alleviate their disappointment at being hindered from the out of door amusements which they were expecting. —Boston Transcript.

Good Rules to Follow.

Sleep on a very low pillow or none at all. Sleeping on a flat bed will help to give straight, firmly poised shoulders.

Walk from one to three miles every day in broad soled shoes and loose clothing, leaving cares at home. You may find them when you return or they will have fled entirely.

Walk with the limbs swinging from the hips, like a pendulum, and to this keep the weight of the body forward on the balls of the feet. This is the secret of a graceful strolling carriage.

Take a morning sponge bath with as much regularity as you eat your dinner.

Do not retire in a bedroom in which the gas has been burning for hours. Put out the light, throw open the windows as wide as possible and get pure oxygen before retiring. Then leave the window so that there is circulation of good air all night long.

Regular hours for sleeping and for eating are the best means of keeping perfect health. A dentist on looking at a girl's teeth found no cavities to fill. She asked in surprise, "How is that?" He replied that she had probably been sleeping regularly, eight hours a night, and jokingly added that there is a science in "teeth reading" quite as real as palmistry.

Table Manners.

"It is easier," said a matron of great experience, "to train a child in good table manners than one would think, but one cannot begin too early. It is a fatal mistake to consign the little one to a nursery table in charge of an uneducated woman and allow habits to be formed which are almost impossible to eradicate.

"At one meal a day at least the mother should have the child brought to the family table, and, although at first a tray and a bib are necessities, they should be dispensed with as soon as possible and only used as punishment for untidiness. A child is nothing if not imitative, and it will quickly recognize the fact that the elder members of the family have no use for such accessories and will understand the reason therefor.

"This plan will invariably result in a great improvement in the eating habits of young children. In most cases, however, a tray is simply used to allow slovenly

eating and as a protection to the cloth, in stead of, as it should be, an aid in education." —New York Tribune.

The Paint Came Off.

"Excuse me," said a gentleman lately to a young woman just coming out of a store in process of renovation and whose cloth jacket bore several long streaks of the white paint which she had just encountered. "I hope you won't think I'm trying to flirt, but I want to tell you the easiest way to get that paint off. Just wait until it dries, then rub the paint streaks together in your hands, so—crushing up imaginary folds and rubbing them vigorously together. The young woman was somewhat skeptical, but later in the day, when the paint had dried, tried the remedy suggested with complete success. Not a suspicion of paint remained to tell the tale.

Horse Cars as Curiosities.

Did you ever stop to consider how rapidly the world grows away from customs that have given place to more improved methods? For instance, only a few years ago horses were used on many of the Chicago street car lines, and the jingle of their bells as they plodded up and down between the narrow rails was one of the most common sounds in the business portion of the city. In the suburbs horse cars were used wherever there was a street car line. Soon electricity drove the horses from the tracks, and now many of the little boys and girls never saw a horse car. One small 4-year-old, living in Auburn Park suburb, visited the down town district. It was a day of wonders to the child, but when she got home the first thing she told her father was that she had ridden in a car that was pulled by horses. She had ridden in a trolley car many times, but never before had seen a horse car. —Chicago Record.

A Poor Little Girl.

She never ran with a hoop, nor blew Soap bubbles out of a pipe, nor knew in all her days what a world of fun it was to scamper and jump and run; She was born to wealth and a house of pride, And must be proper and dignified.



Dear little girl, I am sad for you! They have filched your world of its rose-ate hue: They have robbed the sweets of your childish play And stolen your years and your dreams away: And you are a little girl no more, Poor little martyr in pinafore.

I frankly own I would shrink to face Your accusing eyes at the throne of grace: I tremble to think what the king may mete To the culprit couched at the judgment seat.

Who has taken a child that was made to sing And stifled the song and deceived the king! —Joseph Dana Miller in Criterion.

It Naturally Follows.

"They say that married people get to look alike."

"Of course; a man's wife is bound to look like him when she wears all his collars and cravats." —Chicago Record.

A Boy Who Chums With Euclid.

England has discovered an infant prodigy. He is Alexander Bowley, 11 years old. Alexander fairly revels in trigonometry, is a Latin and Greek scholar and has made good progress in music and drawing. He has read Mallory's "King Arthur," Spenser and Chaucer.

The most surprising thing about the boy is that he has never been to school and is practically self taught. He began



to study Euclid when he was 8 years old. Recently out of 26 trigonometrical transformations set before him the boy solved 18 and 6 out of 7 of the more difficult examples of junctions of two angles from Todhunter's larger work. He rarely studies more than four hours a day and never more than five hours. For the rest of the time he is a healthy, mischievous boy, full of spirits and decidedly "cheeky."

THE MODE.

Fashions For Winter Are Becoming Permanently Established.

Applications of dark cloth on cloth of a light tint are a simple but effective decoration employed for the collar, revers, cuffs and the foot of the skirt. Little plaitings and puffings of gauze or satin continue to be used also, revers and collars being usually enriched by much trimming.

The form of bodices and skirts seems to be fixed for the present and shows no indication of changing for some time. When it does change, it will doubtless be in the direction of increasing tightness. Sleeves will lose the amplitude at the shoulder which they still retain, skirts will become tight all the way down in-



VISITING GOWN.

stead of flaring below the knees, but this state of things has not yet arrived and need not be considered just yet therefore.

The fact that plain skirts still hold their own is shown by the accompanying sketch of a winter model gown. It is of pearl gray cloth. The skirt is entirely untrimmed. The bodice consists of a bolero adorned with three inches of pearl gray velvet coming together in front under a velvet knot. This bolero is worn over a lower bodice of russet lace. The collar and belt are of gray velvet, each fastening with a turquoise and gold clasp. The wrists of the plain sleeves are bordered with a velvet ruche. The black velvet hat is trimmed with black plumes and pink flowers.

JUDIE CHOLLET.

VARIOUS NOTES.

Straws Which Indicate the Direction of the Wind of Fashion.

Chinchilla and astrakhan are the favorites for young girls. Four leaved clovers continue to be a fashionable trinket. There are the gold, silver and enameled brooches, stickpins



TEA GOWN.

and pendants made in that form, and also the real clover leaves, placed under crystal and used in the same manner.

Circular ruffles are almost the only kind now seen. They are used in profusion in both wide and narrow widths, and singly or in superimposed rows.

Fur is exceedingly fashionable. It is never worth while to buy cheap fur, as it does not last. In order to keep fur in good condition and prevent it from becoming matted and moth eaten it should be frequently shaken, but neither brushed nor combed. Beating it with a thin rod cleans and does not injure it.

Fur appears upon house gowns as well as upon wraps, hats and street costumes. The tea gown illustrated consists of a redingote of mauve and gold broche silk, surrounded by a circular flounce headed with a band of sable. The flounce is of plain mauve silk, and the redingote opens over a bloused front of mauve silk. The fronts of the redingote are gathered slightly at the waist, and there is a belt of mandarin satin, terminating at the side in loops and an end and fastened there by a jeweled buckle. The sleeves of broche silk have bands of fur at the wrists, and there is a large cravat of mauve silk.

Rats avoid a house wherein a guinea pig is permitted to roam at will.

FRESH FISH STORIES.

Great Catches as Remembered by Skillful Anglers.

SCIENTIFIC AND STATISTICAL.

Wonderful Experiences Truthfully Told by a Colonel, a Doctor, a Judge and a Commercial Traveler—Secrets of Successful Fishing.

They were four old fishermen, and they chanced to meet in the smoking room of a St. Lawrence river steamer after an unsuccessful week on the Saguenay, waving the wily ouananiche. And, like most old fishermen, they got talking about historic catches and old times and wonderful experiences in years gone by.

This is how it all began. The colonel, who came from Maine, was telling how he once went fishing out west with an Iowa senator at Yellowstone park. The Iowa senator came in at noon with a haul of boiled salmon. He said he had simply dropped his hook in one of the boiling springs of the park and had hooked one of the finest boiled salmon ever landed. "The salmer was all right," went on the colonel, "and all it needed was a little salt and pepper. I didn't say much, but went around to that spring myself, and the first thing I found was an empty tin with 'Canned Salmon' marked on it. I put it in my pocket, and that night when the senator was blowing about his wonderful boiled salmon I handed it over to him and told him he shouldn't leave its scales lying around loose. You just ought to have seen that senator's jaw drop!"

The judge from Massachusetts puffed thoughtfully at his cigar. "Of course that boiled salmon story is ridiculous on the face of it," he said, "but speaking of actual occurrences, I saw a very funny thing happen once out west. It was among the Wisconsin lakes, in the early days when fish were so thick you couldn't even fall overboard without killing a couple. Well, a Chicago man and I were punting across one of those lakes. The Chicago man was wearing a red necktie, and before we got 200 feet out the boat was swamped. Yes, by the fish, of course! They saw that red tie, and they simply jumped for it. But the funny part of it was that the Chicago man nearly had his throat cut by those fish!"

"Speaking of unusual experiences," said the doctor from Buffalo, "I went down to Long lake one summer to fish for croppies. One day there I had splendid luck, and after pulling in a few dozen I strung them and hung them over the side of the punt to keep fresh. Then I went ashore and had lunch and a quiet smoke under the trees, going out again later in the afternoon to see if I couldn't make that string of croppies about two feet longer. After fishing for about five minutes I pulled in a nice plump bass and reached over the side of the punt for my string of croppies. It was gone. There was not a sign of all those croppies. The discovery made me sick, and I was on the point of going home in disgust when I saw a monster black snake lying stretched out in the sun near a little bush on the bank. That was a pretty big snake, but he had a sleepy look about him, so I got enough grit together to go at him with an oar. It's body was so distended that my curiosity was aroused, and I performed a Casarean section on him with my jack-knife. You may not believe it, but he had bolted my whole string of croppies, and there they were, some of them still wriggling. Did I throw them away? Not much! I just dropped them in the 'drink' for an hour or two while I caught half a dozen more. When I got home, I gave the whole string to a friend of mine, who told me afterward he never ate better tasting croppies in all his life."

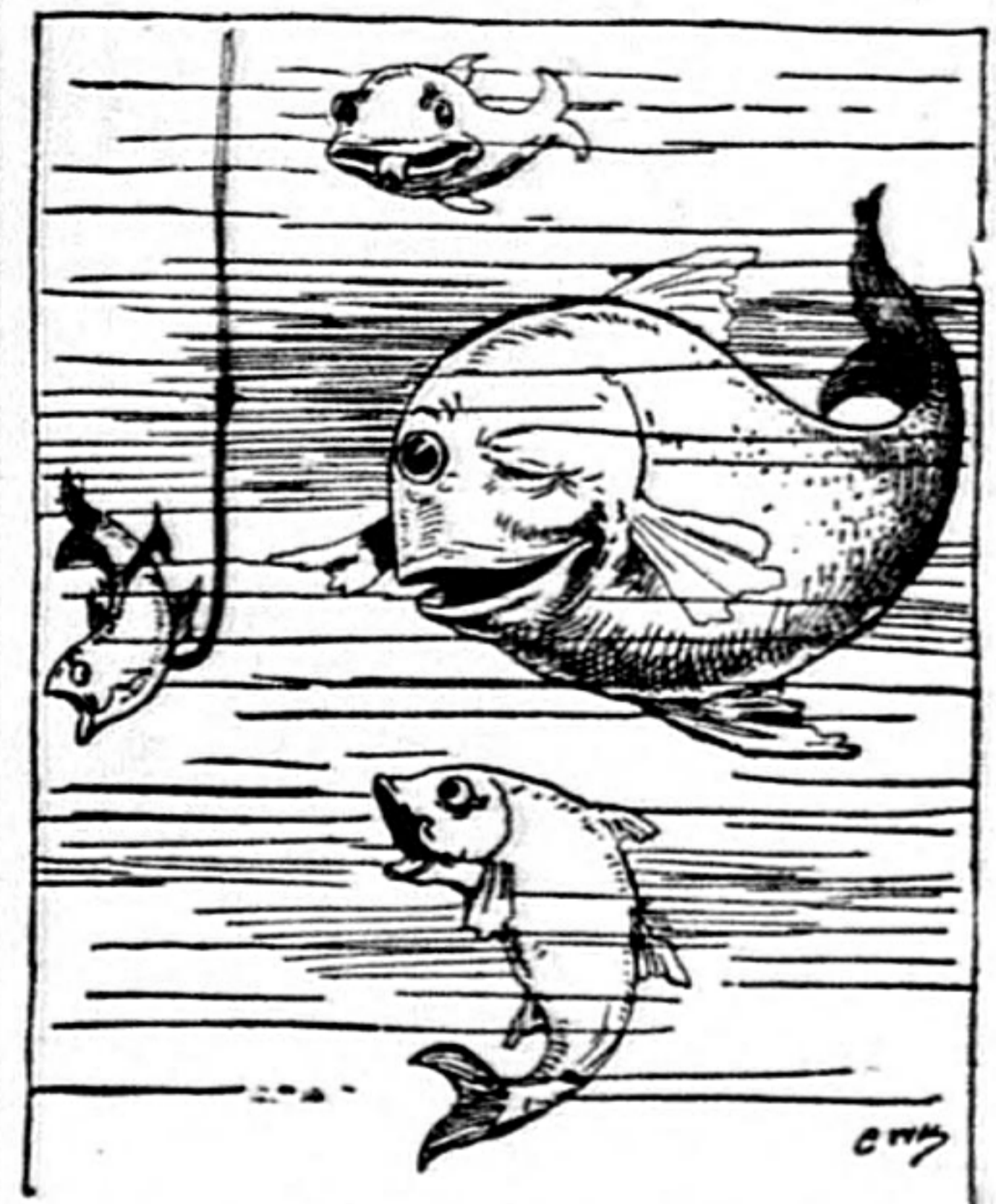
"That's a pretty good story," said the commercial traveler from nowhere in particular, "and I can quite believe it, for I've seen some pretty peculiar things happen with fish. Now there was my friend Wilson. Wil-on got hold of a lot of fine English carp and put them in his pond, and one Sunday afternoon Wilson's little boy, who he opened to be playing with his father's stem winding watch, dropped that watch into the pond. Now a good sized English carp, you know, is a regular aquatic Shyluck. Wilson felt bad about losing his watch, for he told me about it at the time. Well, two years after that Wilson hooked a fine carp out of that pond for dinner. In the throat of this carp, just behind his gills, he found his lost stem winder, but that isn't the strange part of this story. That watch was still going! And it was right to a minute! Every time that carp had wriggled his gills he had shoved around that stem winder and kept the watch wound up for two years!"

The colonel looked at the judge, and also the judge looked at the doctor, but they said nothing.

There was a reminiscent light in the colonel's eye when he finally broke silence. "Once about four years ago," said he, "I was whipping a little trout stream up in Quebec province. I was up to my knees in the water, and it was pretty cold. But I was having first class luck, so I didn't mind the liquid ice I was wading in. The stream was a very crooked one and narrow and I was pushing my way under one of the willow branches when one of them snapped back and struck me a stinging blow across the eyes. For a few minutes it blinded me. My fly had been floating ahead of me 20 yards down stream, and I was afraid it would get fouled in the brush. I was just on the point of taking it up when I felt a tremendous tug on my little split bamboo pole. As my line ran out the reel sang away like a grasshopper in an August wheatfield, and I knew I must have at least a two pounder on the hook. But that willow branch had blinded me, and for the life of me I could not open my eyes. I was shaking with excitement, for I had not had a strike like that all summer, so when the reel stopped humming I felt for the handle and started to take in a little slack if possible. It was the strangest fishing I had ever done. Im-

agine trying to land a two pound speckled beauty that you couldn't see, with simply those thrilling tugs coming every minute on your pole. I managed to wade ashore, but I had to give out 30 yards of line in doing it. Then something happened that made me doubt my own sanity. The fierce tugs kept up, but instead of coming from down stream they seemed to come from straight up in the air. The thought paralyzed me. I knew there were no flying fish hanging around those Quebec creeks, and the mystery of it all made me weak. I just sat down on my pole and dipped my handkerchief in the cold water and bathed my eyes. In a couple of minutes the sting went out of them and I could open them and see a little bit. And when I reeled in that line what do you suppose had happened? Why, I had hooked a young wild goose that had been feeding around the bend, and there he was flapping away for all he was worth. I had a good deal of trouble landing him, but I've got him stuffed now up in my den at home."

"That story of yours, colonel," said the doctor, lighting a fresh cigar, "reminds



"THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD STORY."

me of a peculiar experience I had with a professional friend of mine down in Pennsylvania. He had a farm of a couple of hundred acres with a good fish stream on it. We had been trying our luck in this stream one day and were coming back without getting a strike. As we were passing a disused artesian well in one of the fields, where some prospectors had been boring for oil, an idea suddenly seemed to strike my friend the doctor.

"How much line have you got with you?" he asked me.

I said about 200 feet altogether.

"Then lend it to me for a few minutes," I handed him over all the lines I had in my kit, wondering what he was up to. He set to work tying them together, saying as he did so: "This well is about 400 feet deep and strikes a subterranean stream. Now, most of these subterranean waters, as you ought to know, are stocked with Amblyopsis spelens, so what's the matter with our trying for one or two right here?" I openly laughed at the idea. But he gravely put a big "night walker" on the hook and let down his 400 feet of line through that artesian well piping. He stood there over the top of the pipe, gently lifting his tackle up and down. It was the funniest fishing I ever saw. Did he catch anything? Well, I should say so! You may not believe it, but in 40 minutes he caught five beautiful eyeless Amblyopsis spelens, and might have landed a dozen more only his hook caught on the bottom of the well piping and he lost 200 feet of my best line."

During the silence that ensued the commercial traveler from nowhere in particular could be seen meditatively puffing at his cigar with a solemnity which his friends had come to recognize as a very serious sign.

"Well, what is it?" said the judge as he noticed the expression on the commercial traveler's face.

"I was just thinking," said the knight of the gripsack, with a long drawn sigh, "of a fishing experience I had up in Canada a few summers ago. I was one of a surveying party at the time, and we were laying out a little railway line up in Muskoka. It's a pretty rough country up there, and of course we had to carry along our own provisions. But, speaking of fish, that country was simply running over with fish! I was overseeing a gang of men who were fencing in our right of way when the thing I am going to tell you about happened. We had run out of provisions and were thinking of killing a couple of the horses until our relief expedition arrived in camp, for we didn't have any sort of tackle for catching trout, though we could club enough to worry along on. Well, we were working away one afternoon stretching fence wire through the bush and it was my job to see that the reels plied out all right, for we used a heavy team to pull out that wire. I didn't notice it at the time, but it happened that our last sack of bacon had been left lying on the ground beside one of those big trout streams up there, and at the barbed wire was pulled out by the two horses across the stream every barb scratched off a little shred of fat bacon. The man with the team started them off as usual and I could hear him whipping them up through the bush. But before he had gone a quarter of a mile his team gave right out! Why? Why, because that baited barbed wire had been dragged through that trout stream, and every barb on that wire came out of the water on the other side with a two pound trout wriggling on it. Before 300 yards of wire had been plied out that team was dragging along about three tons of fresh fish. Why, we had enough trout there to ballast a mile of railway. Wonderful? Well, I guess it was wonderful, and the ordinary man of intelligence wouldn't care to believe it if he had never been up in that country."

The colonel looked at the doctor and the doctor looked at the commercial traveler. But the silence remained unbroken.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

Public libraries spend vast sums of money to make their collections complete. In the Boston Public Library is a collection of works relating to Shakespeare which cost \$50,000.