WOMAN AND HOME

CHEERFULNESS AT TABLE.

Make Every Meal an Occasion for the Interchange of Entertaining Conversation.

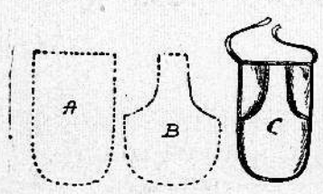
An old lady, who looked as though she might have belonged to the "sunshine society" all her life, was asked by a friend the secret of her never-failing cheerfulness. Her answer contains a suggestive lesson for parents. "I think," said the clever old lady, "it is because we were taught in our family to be cheerful at the table. My father was a lawyer with a large criminal practice. His mind was harassed with difficult problems all the day long, yet he always came to the table with a smile and a pleasant greeting for everyone, and exerted himself to make the table-hour delightful. All his powers to charm were freely given to entertain his family. Three times a day we felt this genial influence, and the effect was marvelous. If a child came to the table with cross looks, he or she was quietly sent away to find a good boy or girl, for only such were allowed to come within that loving circle. We were taught that all petty grievances and jealousies must be forgotten when meal time came, and the habit of being cheerful three times a day, under all circumstances, had its effect on even the most sullen temper. Grateful as I am for all the training received in my childhood home, I look back upon the table influence as among the best of my life."

Table manners are, of course, essential, but the most important thing is to make the meal an occasion for the interchange of delightful and entertaining conversation. Let such gatherings, fathers and mothers, make the most happy hour of the day, and the influence on the children may be beyond estimation.—N. Y. Weekly.

BAG FOR CLOTHESPINS.

It Does Away with Continual Stooping and Habit of Putting the Pins in the Mouth.

Here is a drawing with directions for making my clothespin bag. Take a piece of blue denim two-thirds of a yard long and a half a yard wide, and cut like a; then take another piece the same length and 21 inches wide and cut like b; bind the pocket edge with white braid or tape, sew both



A CLEVER IDEA.

pieces together and bind all around with the tape, sew around the top a waistband and finish with button and buttonhole. When hanging up clothes one can button the bag around herself, and it does away with continual stooping for clothespins and the unsanitary habit of putting them in the mouth.—Mrs. Nellie Norton, in Good Housekeeping.

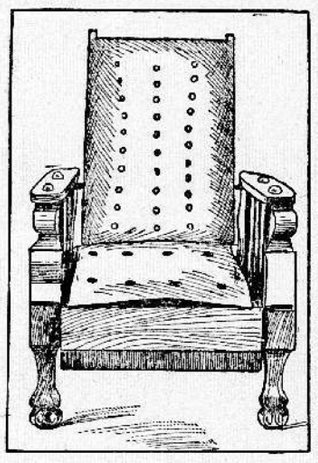
Queer Place for a Nest.

G. E. Fairs, goods agent at the Worthing railway station, supplies an interesting piece of nesting information, says the Pall Mall Gazette. A pair of robins have built their nest in an old beer can, lying between the rails of one of the lines in the goods yard at Worthing station. Trucks are shunted over it daily, and the unloading and carting of goods take place almost every hour of the day within two feet of the can. The nest at present contains four eggs, and the birds do not appear to be concerned in the least at the constant noise about them.

NEW BEAUTY CHAIR.

Sitting in It Is Said to Restore Youth, Strengthen Muscles and Replace Tissues.

The latest thing to renew health and prolong life is a vibrating chair. By means of this peculiar bit of mechanism it is claimed that youth can be restored, muscles strengthened and wasted tissues replaced. The principle upon which the vibrating chair is worked is an old one. The chair has a heavy rubber seat and back. Underneath this is a coat of thin rubber. The heavy rubber contains per-



VIBRATING BEAUTY CHAIR.

forations which are covered by the thin rubber. The seat and back of the chair are filled with water when the patient sits in the contrivance, and then a hammer, which strikes a rubber disk, is set in motion. This hammer starts vibratory waves in the water, and these waves are communicated to the body by means of the perforations in the chair. Lilian Russell and Bernhardt are using vibratory chairs, and this means of acquiring strength without expending energy is becoming quite a fad in New York. The vibratory chairs cost from $200 up, and consequently will never become popular among the majority of beauty seekers.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WHEN WE FALL ASLEEP.

Some Senses Become Dormant Before Others, That of Seeing Being the First.

When a man drops off to sleep his body does not do so all at once. Some senses become dormant before others, and always in the same order. As he becomes drowsy the eyes close and the sense of seeing is at rest.

It is quickly followed by the sense of taste. He next loses the sense of smell, and then, after a short interval, the tympanum becomes insensible to sound—or, rather, the nerves which run to the brain from it fail to convey any sense of hearing.

The last sense to leave is that of touch, and in some hypersensitive people it is hardly ever dormant. This sense is also the first to return upon awakening. Then hearing follows suit; after that taste, and then the eye becomes able to flash impressions back to the brain.

The same gradual loss of power is observed in the muscles and sinews. Slumber begins at the feet, and slowly spreads up the limbs and trunk until it reaches the brain, when unconsciousness is complete and the body is at rest.—Chicago American.

Novel Idea for Weddings.

Of course, the groom must give his ushers some small souvenir of his wedding. This has been the custom for years and years, and many changes have been rung on scarf-pins, cuff-buttons, etc. Nothing so original has been heard of "in a twelvemonth" as a groom giving his ushers gold buttons with their initials engraved on them. The very swagger thing is to wear white pique or duck waistcoats for weddings, the gold initial buttons making an excellent "set off" for them. The buttons are about the size of a quarter of a dollar, and the initial is deeply cut.—Woman's Home Companion.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT

THE WEDDING.

What's all this stir in among the toys?
The rustle and stir? The donkey creaks,
The paper rustles, the little ball rolls,
The round drum rumbles, the rabbit squeaks.

There's not a toy but means to see,
In all the closet, from wall to wall,
The wedding between the Jack-in-the-box
And the prettiest china doll of all.

She looked so timid, and he so proud,
And both were as happy as they could be;
And the moon shone in through the closet door—
It was really a beautiful sight to see.

But when it was over, and all the toys
Had settled again upon the shelves,
Where Jack and the dolly could not hear,
They talked about it among themselves.

The little boy doll who came from France
Sighed as he shook his flaxen head:
"'Twould have been all right for a wooden doll,
But she might have done much better," he said.
Said Mrs. Noah: "I really think
'Twas a very stupid and slow affair;
I hope we shall find when we reach the ark
The animals all in order there."

But Jack-in-the-box and the little doll
Smiled at each other tenderly;
They did not hear, and they did not care,
But both were as happy as they could be.
—Katherine Pyle, in St. Nicholas.

THE ALBINO ROBIN.

Bird Was Entirely White, with Pink Eyes, But Too Weak to Take Care of Itself.

In the summer of 1900 some friends of mine came to me with a story of a strange white bird that had been seen several times among the trees of a small grove in southern Ohio, the state in which my home county is, writes Henry Holcomb Bennett, in St. Nicholas. Finally another friend told me that he had seen a pair of robins feeding it, and, between us, we agreed that it must be a white robin—an albino.

An albino among men is a person whose skin and hair are unnaturally white. Among birds and animals an albino is one which is white, differing from others of its species. A bird or animal the normal color of which is white, or which changes to white feathers or fur for winter, is not an albino. The perfect albino has pink eyes, and no color about it. The white robin I saw was a perfect albino.

The rest of the brood, of which the albino was one, had scattered and were looking out for themselves; but the parent birds were still feeding their white fledgling. The other birds in the grove took a great deal of interest in the strange inhabitant, especially the purple grackles. As the white robin sat on a bough the grackles would perch near it, looking at it with their heads turned, shrewd-

THE WHITE ROBIN.

ly to one side, or hopping from place to place, as though to get a better view. All the time they kept up a blackbird conversation about the object of their curiosity, clucking and chuckling away at a great rate.

The white robin did not hunt food for itself, although it was fully old enough to do so, but depended on its parents. When it flew, it did so awkwardly and blunderingly, and generally seemed to prefer staying in one place.

A day or two afterward two boys brought to my office the white robin, dead. One of the local papers had said that an albino robin might be sold to a museum, and I accused the boys of having killed the bird on the chance of selling it. This they stoutly denied, saying that they found it dead. I took off the skin for the purpose of mounting it, and found that the boys had been telling the truth, for there was no sign of an injury. The poor robin was very thin, and its stomach was almost empty, except for the remains of one bug. I wondered if its parents had grown tired of feeding it. I found, also, that the reason it flew so poorly was because its eyes were defective, and that it must have been almost blind. Had its parents fed it until the time of the fall migration southward, the white robin could not have gone with the rest, and must have starved. The robin was entirely white, with pink eyes, a pinky-white beak and pinkish legs.

Albinism, by the way, is caused by the lack of pigment, or coloring matter, in the quills. Birds so afflicted are, usually, not well developed, and suffer from attacks of individuals of their own species.

These Birds Are Sagacious.

Mexico has a clever bird called the malanarpes, which has discovered a new use for the telegraph pole. At the foot of the post this bird makes a large hole, in which it rears its family; somewhat higher up the post it makes an observatory, from which bored holes permit it to observe the horizon in every direction; still higher this sagacious bird makes its storehouse, and thus the pole serves as its home, fortress and warehouse.

Keeps Him Tired Right Along.

"Don't you ever get tired doing nothing?" asked the housekeeper.

"Lady," replied the tramp, "I git so tired doin' nothin' dat I can't do nothin' else."—Philadelphia Record.

Not Used to That Kind.

Playwright—My play is a clean play.

Manager—Well, I'll try it, but I don't know how the public will stand it.—Brooklyn Life.

DISAPPEARING COIN.

A Parlor Trick for Boys and Girls Which Is a Never-Failing Source of Fun.

The performer takes a large coin, marks it before the eyes of the audience, covers it with a handkerchief, and asks somebody to hold coin and handkerchief over a glass filled with water Fig. 1). Stepping back a few paces, he asks the person holding glass and coin to let the coin drop into the glass. Then he removes the handkerchief and—the coin cannot be found in the glass. The performer claims that the coin must be in somebody's pocket, etc., and stepping up to some one pulls it out of its hiding place and shows it to the audience.

To perform this trick provide yourself with a round piece of glass (Fig.

DISAPPEARING COIN TRICK.

2 and 3a), and a piece of thin rubber band, on one of which a hook made of a pin is fastened, while on the other one a small piece of wax is stuck. The rubber band is fastened by the hook to the lining of the sleeve. After the coin has been returned to the performer—having been marked and given to the audience for inspection—the wax is pressed to the coin so that it will disappear under the cuff as soon as the rubber band is let go. Instead of the coin, the piece of glass the size of the coin is covered with the handkerchief and given to one of the audience, together with the glass filled with water. When the order to drop the coin in the water is given, the piece of glass (being transparent) will not be seen in the water, and the coin will have disappeared.

To find the coin in somebody's pocket is easy. The performer pulls it out of the cuff while everybody is looking at the glass of water, pulls it from the wax with the index finger, and is now ready to make it appear wherever he wishes.—Chicago Tribune.

SUBDUING AN ELEPHANT.

Keeper Gave Him a Violent Beating and the Animal Never Forgot the Lesson.

There are probably not many people who know why elephants are so easily controlled by their keepers.

It is true that an elephant never forgets or forgives an injury, and that is the very basis from which all trainers derive their power.

Some years ago there was a very unruly elephant belonging to a certain circus. The man who had been his keeper was getting old and wanted to give up his position, so another man was found who was willing to take his place. The transfer of keepers was made in a small town in Indiana. Early one morning the elephant was led into an open space outside the tent, and was then chained very securely. His new keeper took a position near by where he could be seen constantly by the elephant's cruel little eyes. By a little teasing he succeeded in annoying the animal until he struck viciously at him with his trunk, which was exactly what the new keeper wanted. At that instant he and some circus men who had been waiting out of sight behind the elephant began to beat him and prod his tough hide with elephant hooks. He shrieked with pain and rage and tried to reach the new keeper, who was the only man his chains permitted him to see. But at each attack the elephant tried to make the blows descended harder and harder and finally he ceased, convinced at last.

After he had stopped trying to fight and had become quite conquered, his new keeper advanced boldly, loosened his chains, and triumphantly led him back to the circus tent. He never forgot the beating, and he never risked getting another by being ugly to his keeper.—N. Y. Herald.

A ROAD TO FAILURE.

Doing One Thing and Thinking of Another Has Never Yet Worked Successfully.

"I don't like Cousin Fanny," said a little girl, with the outspoken frankness of "seven times one," and on being questioned, she thus explained her prejudice. "When she tells me fairy stories, she always acts as if she were thinking of something else."

Those of us who do not have the pleasure of Cousin Fanny's acquaintance know her kind. There are some people who never seem able to give more than a partial attention to those with whom they are conversing. They come back to the subject under discussion with a start, as if they had just been wakened from a comfortable nap.

Whatever one happens to be doing, if it is only telling a child fairy tales, it pays to be "all there." No business man wants a boy in his office who over his bookkeeping falls to dreaming of golf. And on the other hand, the boy will not make a success on the links, if along with his putter he carries some worry over his accounts.

Doing one thing and thinking of another is a sufficient explanation of the failure of so many. "Be all there" when you are working, and so earn the right to throw yourself into your recreation. No one gets less satisfaction out of life than the person who never can spare more than a fraction of his attention to the matter in hand.—Wellspring.

Peculiar Gypsy Custom.

The gypsies employ a very simple method to check that member of their band of musicians who has to make the collection. They give him a plate to hold in his right hand, and a live fly, which he has to keep imprisoned in his left as he goes collecting the money.

INDUSTRY & MECHANICS

DURABILITY OF WOODS.

Scientific Experiments from the Results of Which Many Practical Lessons May Be Learned.

Experiments have been lately made by driving sticks, made of different woods, each two feet long and one and one-half inches square, into the ground, only one-half an inch projecting outward. It was found that in five years all those made of oak, elm, ash, fir, soft mahogany, and nearly every variety of pine, were totally rotten. Larch, hard pine and teak wood were decayed on the outside only; while acacia, with the exception of being also slightly attacked on the exterior, was otherwise sound. Hard mahogany and cedar of Lebanon were in tolerably good condition; but only Virginia cedar was found as good as when put in the ground. This is of some importance to builders, showing what woods should be avoided and what others used by preference in underground work. The duration of wood when kept dry is very great, as beams still exist which are known to be nearly 1,100 years old. Piles driven by the Romans prior to the Christian era have been examined of late and found to be perfectly sound after an immersion of nearly 2,000 years. The wood of some tools will last longer than the metals, as in spades, hoes and plows. In other tools the wood is first gone, as in wagons, wheelbarrows and machines. Such wood should be painted or oiled; the paint not only looks well, but preserves the wood. Petroleum oil is as good as any other. Hardwood stumps decay in five or six years, spruce stumps decay in about the same time, hemlock stumps in eight to nine years, cedar eight to nine years, pine stumps never. Cedar, oak, yellow pine and chestnut are the most durable woods in dry places.—Boston Budget.

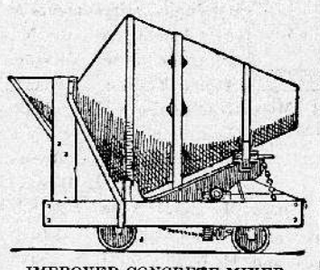
Some Facts About Moss.

A familiar belief is that moss grows chiefly on the north side of trees. The notion is not established by science, and an examination of many trees has shown Prof. Henry Kraemer, a Philadelphia botanist, that ten per cent. had the moss on the west side, ten per cent. on the northwest side, ten per cent. on the north side, 20 per cent. on the northeast side, 35 per cent. on the east side, and 15 per cent. on the southeast side.

ROTARY CONCRETE MIXER.

Designed to Replace the Bulky and Clumsy Mixing Boards Now in General Use.

While the apparatus shown below may look a little like a cannon, it is intended for the more peaceful service of laying and repairing street pavements. With the machine concrete can be mixed rapidly and discharged at intervals as needed, the feeding of the material and rotation of the mixer not interfering in any way with the delivery. As will be seen, a rotary drum is mounted on rollers on a supporting carriage, with a discharge outlet at one end and a charging opening at the other. The stone, cement and



IMPROVED CONCRETE MIXER.

water are fed into the hopper at the rear end as the drum is revolved, power being obtained either from a electric motor connected to the trolley wire or from a steam engine. As the material becomes thoroughly mixed and ready for discharge the pivoted beam on which the drum rests is tilted forward, without interfering with the rotation of the mixer, which then delivers a portion of its contents into a barrow set beneath the mouth, to be wheeled to the exact spot where it is needed in preparing the roadway, or by keeping the machine in close touch with the workmen the concrete may be delivered direct to the roadbed without further handling. As the machine can be built with a large capacity and is thorough in its work it will probably be found more economical in use than the flat mixing boards on which the concrete is now commonly mixed with hoes in the hands of laborers. William J. Judd, of New York city, is the patentee.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cooking Reduces Meat Bulk.

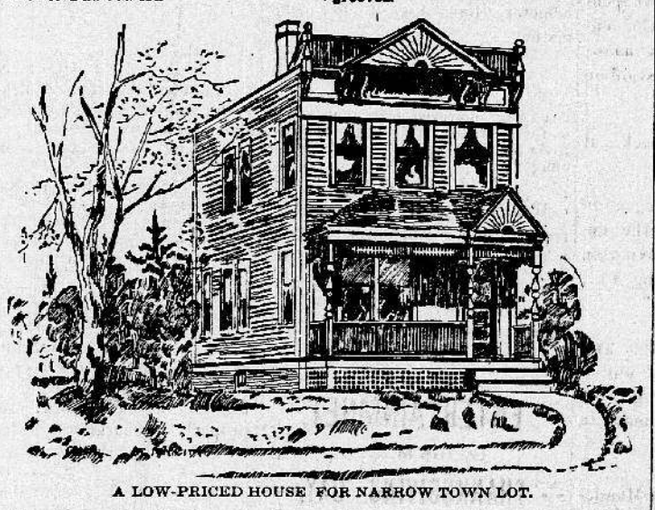
Meat in cooking loses much of its bulk from evaporation — small pieces more than large. In late experiments a pound piece of lean beef lost 45.6 per cent. in weight, but a five-pound piece was reduced only 39.8 per cent. Loss in nutrition was much less than this would indicate.

FLAT-ROOFED HOUSE FOR NARROW LOT

THE perspective view and floor plans as here shown represent plans and designs for a very neat, attractive and low priced flat-roof dwelling house, suitable for a narrow lot.

This house as here shown can be erected in most locations for about $1,200.

The floors throughout are of hard N. C. pine flooring boards, finely tongued and grooved.



A LOW-PRICED HOUSE FOR NARROW TOWN LOT.

There is a cellar under the entire house built of brick walls, with cement floors, etc., complete.

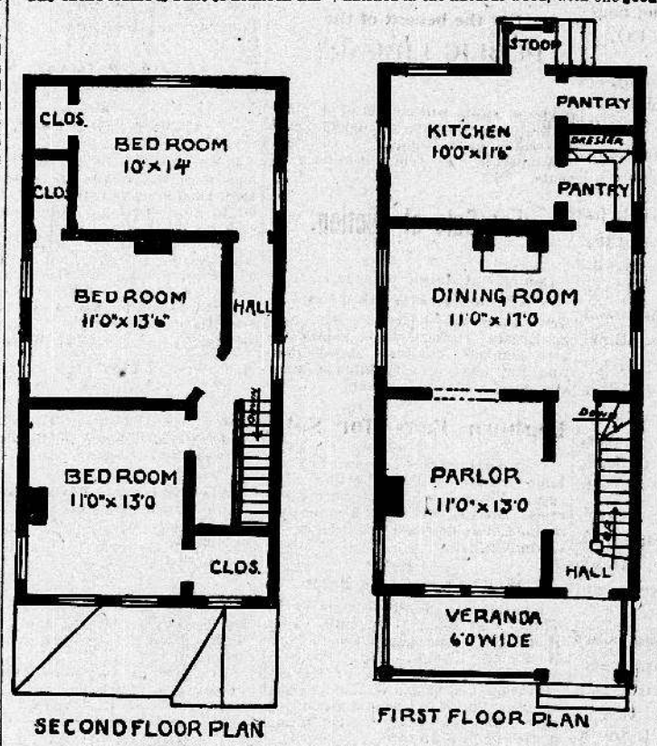
The entire frame is built of hemlock timber and lumber complete, and is sheathed, sided, papered and shingled as shown in the picture.

The main roof is covered with tin, and porch roof is shingled.

The walls are all plastered with patent plaster white finish.

All of the trim throughout is of cypress, finished in the natural wood, with one good coat of wood fillers and two good coats of interior varnish.

Plans and designs for this house are made by Stanley A. Dennis, architect, of 280 Broadway, New York city.



An Embarrassment

"Why don't you praise your wife's cooking once in awhile and cheer her up?"

"I'm afraid to try. Everytime I say anything is particularly good it turns out to be something that was purchased at the grocery."—Washington Star.

Something Still Missing.

Mr. Botts—I think, my dear, I have at last found the key to success.

Mrs. Botts—Well, just as like as not you will not be able to find the keyhole.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

When Hubby Has a Chance.

"About the only time some women ever give their husbands a chance to say anything," remarked the Observer of Events and Things," "is when they are in front of a soda water fountain. Then she is willing to let him say: 'What'll you have?'"—Yonkers Statesman.

Concerning Length.

"Have you been married long?" asked the lady, who was making conversation, of the six-footer.

"Just as long as I am now," he replied.—Ohio State Journal.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

Among English artists probably the quickest worker is Caton Woodville, the brilliant painter of battle scenes. Mr. Woodville has been known to commence and finish an elaborate canvas within three weeks.

A girl in London a few days ago died suddenly while singing at a Salvation Army meeting. The doctors found that death resulted from valvular disease of the heart directly produced by tight lacing.

Two Franciscan monks, dressed in the robes of their order, have just made the ascent of Mont Blanc, accompanied by three guides. They are stated to be the first priests who have ever accomplished the feat.

Sir Joshua Fitch told a story at the nature study exhibition in London illustrating the popular wonder at scientific knowledge. Sir John Avebury was showing the heavens through his telescope to some neighbors and servants, when one exclaimed: "I do not wonder, Sir John, that clever people find out the sizes and distances of the stars and how they move; but what beats me is how you ever could tell their names!"

The official executioner of Tokio died recently. His death was curious in itself and, considering his profession, was little short of remarkable. He was crossing a railway track near Tokio when he was run down by a fast express. The body was found by the track with the head as neatly decapitated as any which had been cut off by the official executioner himself. Otherwise there was not a mark on the body.

The late Senator McMillan, of Michigan, used to tell about a green Irishman employed on his country place near Detroit. He had a severe attack of malarial fever and the senator sent him a box of five-grain capsules of quinine. Upon the occasion of his next visit to the farm the senator called on Pat and asked him if he received the medicine all right. "Yes, sor," said Pat, "and it cured me, too, but it was a lot of trouble to dig the medicine out of those little shells."

Pillsbury, the American chess expert, is entitled to be called the greatest "second" chess match player in the world. He has the habit of generally finishing second in a match. If Lasker is entered, Pillsbury will be second to him, but if Lasker is not entered, Pillsbury, who, barring Lasker, ought to be first, will continue to end second to some player of the second class. He has thus been second in more chess matches than any other expert. Only once did he take first place, and that was in his first international contest. In the recent match at Hanover, Pillsbury's failure was chiefly due to a very bad start.

NATURE'S GOOD COMPANY.

The Grandeur and Comforting Influence of Great Old Trees Feelingly Described.

It is good to live with fine old trees. They are the best of company to one who has learned their language. They listen or speak as one chooses—and they never tell secrets, says Youth's Companion.

In the fair Kentish country of England there is a certain pair of English oaks standing sentinel before a pleasant English country house. Their proportions are noble beyond praise. The great sweep of their branches has gone, for they are old—very old. But friendly ivy growing thick and lush about the limbs lopped by the hand of time conceals the wounds.

Their gigantic trunks are three times the stretch of a man's arms. At night, sitting beneath them, one is surprised by a whisper of wings, and a ghostly company of white owls sail forth, noiselessly and weird, seeking their meat while the world sleeps. They are the most timid of birds, but the old trees are their friends and protectors against intruding human curiosity. In the depths of their hollow arms the solitary birds are safe.

Five, six, seven hundred years these trees have stood, looking on the human life that has ebbed and flowed about their roots. What lovers' vows have they registered! What lovers' partings have they sheltered! What children's games have been played around them! What weddings and funerals have passed under their shadow! What bitter quarrels have they heard, and what lonely repentance have they sighed to see! What crimes have been desired or devised beneath their branches! What gentle deeds of mercy have been wrought within sound of their rustling leaves!

Gazing upon them now, there comes to the sensitive spirit a vision in which all ordinary human life has the flimsiness of a dream. Before the dignity, the silence, the age of these gigantic trees human discontent sinks away abashed, and one trusts, childlike, the power that has nourished through centuries these great oaks, and has kept them ever more beautiful from youth to age.

The World's Zenith City.

The population of Moscow shows a remarkably rapid increase. Within the comparatively short period of 30 years the number of inhabitants has just about doubled. At the time of the French invasion in 1812 the urban Muscovites numbered about 300,000, although the official figures were 252,000, says the London Standard. In 1871 the official census gave the population as 602,000, in 1882 it was 768,000, and according to the reckoning now completed the historic capital contains 1,173,500 inhabitants, thus taking the tenth place among the most populous cities of the world. Moscow covers an area of 101 square kilometers, or only two kilometers less than that of St. Petersburg. Area is not, however, by any means a general criterion, in questions of populations, as appears from the fact that whereas London, with the largest population of any city in the world, covers 303 square kilometers, New York, with a population numbering more than a million less than that of the British metropolis, has a total area of 795 square kilometers. The population of Moscow is less dense than those of St. Petersburg, Glasgow, London, Berlin and Paris.

TWO SUGGESTIONS FOR AUTUMN

THE first gown is of almond green cloth. The skirt is trimmed with groups of narrow folds, or tucks, arranged in festoons and with festooned bands of velvet bordered with little gauze ruffles of the same shade.

The blouse is trimmed with the festooned folds and with little straps of the cloth and velvet fastened with gold buttons. These straps border the fronts which open over a lace jabot. The sleeves are trimmed to correspond and the puffs are of guipure striped with bands of the cloth. The girdle is of velvet.

The second gown is of black taffeta. The skirt is trimmed at the bottom, simulating a flounce, with bands of the silk bordered with cream lace beading, in which black velvet ribbon is run. These bands are ornamented with motifs of cream lace.

The bolero and sleeves are also trimmed with these bands and motifs and the former has a shoulder collar of guipure which extends way down over the sleeves, forming long, odd epaulets. The sleeves are finished with cuffs of original design composed of shaped folds of black velvet. The bolero opens over a blouse of white silk, or lawn, with fancy cravat and girdle of light blue silk, or satin.