



The Master of the House--A Honey-moon Conversation



The Newcomer Assumes Command--By the Author of "The Digressions of Polly"--Mlle. Merri's Suggestions and Margaret E. Sangster's Letter

"WHAT'S in a name?" I quoted airily, as Polly, looking very pale and pretty in the soft white folds of her dressing-gown against the red damask of her invalid's chair, faced me with gentle defiance. "He means, or out for what he wants like the baby; he can only go on being hopelessly lonely. And Jack--"

"Yes--Little Mother!"

"Let's split the difference about that name. Nurse called him John Reginald. It sounded rather nice, don't you think?"

"It is a beautiful combination of sense and sentiment, Polly."

"And Jack?"

"Yes, Sweetheart?"

"If you'll let me pick out the kindergarten, I'll let you choose the college."

"Agreed!" declared Polly. "He is sure to go to the kindergarten and, by the time he grows up he may not want to go to college at all."

Impelled Polly down on the arm of my chair, took out a cigar and lit it.

"It is nice," I remarked leaning back and puffing luxuriantly, "to be master of the house once more--even on sufferance."

"Oh, but you're not!" cried Polly.

"What?"

A long wild wail came faintly to my ears as if in answer. Polly sat up straight and stared at me.

"Sh!" she exclaimed with a finger to her lips and a light in her eyes I had never seen there before.

"What is it?" I asked wonderingly.

"It is the voice of the Master of the House!" said Polly softly.

--Helen Rowland.



A JOHN WESLEY AND A BITTLE.

she ran toward me, like a flurry of snow and hung her arms about my neck.

"Poor old Jack!" she laughed, taking my head on her shoulder and leaning over me with all her wealth of warm sweet womanhood. "Poor old de-throned Jack! But it shan't be so. I shan't let him come between us and even the privilege of naming my own son--"

practical joke, Jack. It sounds like family and blue blood--"

"And cold cash," I interrupted.

"People who meet him will be immediately seized by a desire to borrow money--"

"Reginald Stuyvesant Cutting!" broke in Polly musingly. "Why, he'll be invited everywhere, Jack. With a name like that a man could enter the kingdom of heaven--or Mrs. Astor's ballroom. When he seats in his card to a Wall Street magnate, the magnate will wrinkle his brow and feel perfectly certain that he has met him somewhere before. No girl he might fall in love with could possibly object to sharing his name. Besides an impressive name, like impressive clothes, gives one a consciousness of superiority, an air, a confidence of manner. What's in a name? Why, everything! Sometimes there is a fortune in it!" and Polly looked at me triumphantly. "Some day," she added confidently, "he'll thank me for it."

"Don't be quite so certain of that," I replied. "He won't know much about it until he is middle-aged. At school he'll be called 'Foxy' or 'Bat,' or 'Buck.' At college they'll dub him 'Fatty' or 'Shorty' or 'Skinny.' The girls will nickname him 'Reggy' or 'Van,' while his employer will address him as 'Cutting.' His wife will call him 'Dear,' when she's seasick and 'Darling' when she wants a check, his children will call him 'Papa' or 'the old man' or 'the Governor,' and--"

"Oh mercy!" cried Polly, putting her hands up to her ears tragically. "Don't tell me any more! Don't!"

"Well, I argued, 'I only wanted to prove that a man's name isn't of importance, after all--'

"Nonsense!" declared Polly. "It will be on all his visiting cards and his letter heads and his bills--"

"Don't remind me of the bills," I pleaded.

"Uncompromisingly plain," "Simply commonplace," or "Born Plebe." When he goes to Yale--"

"But he is not going to Yale," I interposed. "He's going to Harvard. The men of my family have graduated from Harvard ever since there was a Harvard."

"Is that why they're all so oppressively stupid and stolid and tamely respectable and exactly like--like dolls cut out of the same paper and--set to dry?" inquired Polly with acrid sweetness.

"Please ma'am," said the white-capped nurse entering at this moment, "John Reginald won't go to sleep. He--"

"I'll go to him at once," said Polly.

"But I wanted to talk to you," I ventured. "What do we hire a nurse for?"

Polly's look of reproach should have struck me dumb, but I went on querulously.

"Oh, well; then give me my pipe and my slippers and I'll be good," I growled.

"I'm sorry," replied Polly, turning apologetically in her majestic flight toward the door, "but--but Regi--the baby broke your meerschaum this morning."

"What?"

"And he was playing all day with your slippers and now I can only find one of them."

"Look here!" I cried. "How long is this going on? Am I master of this house, or only an adjunct in it? I don't wonder that race suicide is becoming fashionable. A father has no claims when the children are. I have no right to my wife's society. She denies herself to me, refuses me my pipe and throws away my slippers. I am an outcast, a subordinate, an unnecessary piece of furniture! I have not even the privilege of naming my own son--"

memory refuses to serve us because we turn it out to pasture and let it idle there, like a horse without its shoes, when we should treat it as the traveler in the Andes treats his pack-mule. Memory will carry weight and be sure-footed if we give it something to do every day.

"Take up some line of work in which you excel; whatever it was, begin again, review a little, investigate a little. Do not suffer yourself to be defrauded of what belongs to you. After a short time you will discover to your surprise that old ideas, associations and traditions long dormant are springing up like new life in you a second harvest."

"Take the very common illustration that is to be seen in almost any house where there is a piano. In the days of her girlhood, the mother used to play. Her music was creditable, if not extraordinary, and it gave a good deal of pleasure to her family and friends. But she lost her proficiency. She continued to practice during the months that followed the honeymoon, but the dimpled finger of the first baby laid an arrest upon her hands. For years she never touched the keys, altho in the intervals of patching trousers, darning stockings and mending bread she often paused to correct the time or assist the reading of one of her little daughters who was taking lessons. The girls, and very likely the boys, play very well, and the home does not lack the enjoyment of good music well rendered. But the mother's talent, long since food by a napkin, is buried so deep that she cannot find it. If she ventures now and then to stray into an old-fashioned arrangement, or play haltingly, one of the waitresses that used to be popular, she is ashamed and self-conscious, and afraid that the young people will laugh at her. Yet women may slip into an armchair and sit with rictus and with intention and earnestness may set about the difficult task of recovering what they have lost. By dint of daily exertions, by beginning over again, practicing as faithfully as if they were children, and attending classes in music, they may succeed in recovering lost ground, to their very great satisfaction.

"One of the most futile things that any of us can do is to give up supinely to the encroachments of the years. We may still do whatever we wish, if we have courage, belief in ourselves and enough ambition for faithful endeavor. Nobody who is early subsides into an armchair and sits with slumped feet on a hassock will ever keep pace with the juniors. There must be scorn of languor, determination to forge ahead, and initiative that does not lack individuality, if we are to remain young in the face of time.

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AM I MASTER OF THIS HOUSE OR ONLY AN ADJUNCT?

esses." All persons were to be addressed by their first names and there would be a penalty imposed if the pronouns "thee" and "thou" were not used exclusively. It is needless to say that it was a most enjoyable afternoon, and the girls looked so bewitching in their plain skirts, snowy kerchiefs and simply dressed hair, that some of the men who "just dropped in," all who wished that they had become the fashion. These wholesome refreshments were served, gold-banded white china and perfectly plain silver spoons being used. Chicken salad, hot biscuit, custard in old-fashioned glasses, with brown crusty sponge cake, tea and coffee.

A Variety of Entertainments

Mlle. Merri's Suggestions for Affairs

THIRTY-SIX persons were invited to this enjoyable affair. Six tables were distributed in the rooms at which six guests were seated and served, and stringed instruments played softly during the repast. The place cards bore a musical quotation, and a violinist, a pianist, a soprano and a baritone took part in the program. They were all good friends of the hostess. Each table had a different flower, with candle and shade to match; for instance, one table had a long-stemmed American Beauty rose at each place, with the candle shade of the same beautiful crimson; one table had snow-white lilies, another yellow roses, and another carnations, etc. The menu was very simple, but exquisitely served. First, grape fruit thinned, chilled, sweetbread grilled on toasted bread-fingers, potato croquettes, asparagus salad, orange ice, bon bons, salted nuts, French coffee and cheese wafers. Here are some of the quotations which were done in fancy lettering:

"Here will we sit, and let the sound of music break on our ears."

"And softly the delicate viol was heard, like the murmur of love or the notes of a bird."

"We know they must be heaven."

"It music be the food of love, play on."

"There's music in the air."

"There's music in all things, if men had ears."

There were eight numbers on the program and encores were not responded to; it is wisdom to have one's entertainment too short rather than too long.

This was a luncheon given to a young woman on the eve of her departure for Europe. The table centerpiece was a toy dray piled high with miniature trunks, and the place cards were dress suit cases with the name of the guest written on the handle. A silver traveling cup in a case of leather was the favor at the guest of honor's plate. After the luncheon had been served, the maid brought in a pile of steamer letters, one from each person; they were read "en voyage." When the desert was served, the maid appeared with telegrams, and one by one they were read by the favored guest. Of course, these had all been previously prepared and sent to the hostess. At the finish of the menu, before the guests left the table, the little dray, with its horses, was helped to go the rounds of the board, and a trunk was unloaded at each place; they were filled with after-dinner mints. The trunks and dress suit cases were candy boxes, and the dray was borrowed for the occasion from a small boy in the neighborhood.

After luncheon, the hostess passed on

velops, each one containing a souvenir card cut into odd bits, puzzle fashion. The person who succeeded in putting together her card first was awarded a souvenir--a foreign photograph plainly framed.

A gift sent to a friend is doubly welcome and much more appreciated if accompanied by a sentiment-appropriate to the occasion. It gives a touch of individuality and recalls to mind the old saying, "A gift without the giver is bare." The following jingle may just fit an occasion:

To go with an umbrella:

"Open me and raise me high,
And in damp weather keep me right;
I'll keep my rays from you all right."

To go with a pair of gloves, sent as a valentine:

"A little hand, a soft white hand,
These gloves will fit. So may I say
That gloves and hand be mated."

To send with a brooch at Christmas time:

"I'll hold your neck, or ribbon bow;
I'll keep you warm, you know;
On breast or belt or tie, I'll stay
And stick there tight, this Christmas day."

To send with a penwiper:

"Oh! when in distant lands thou art,
And miss the true spirit of hospital;
And rivers roll 'tween me and thee,
Perchance thou'lt write a line to me,
Then, wither being reached, then
Here's wherewithal to wipe your pen."

To go with a purse:

"May your purse be heavy and your heart light."

To go with a cup and saucer:

"When out of this cup you are drinking your tea,
Perchance you will then think kindly of me."

To go with a wedding ring:

"I take you as a gift that God has given,
And I love you."

A novel economy contest between four housekeepers may not be without interest to our readers. It all came about in talking over the extravagance and work connected with entertaining, and how far the true spirit of hospitality seemed to have been overlooked in the mad rush and endeavor of each hostess to do just a little more than "Mrs. So-and-So." So out of this discussion it was agreed that each one would give a luncheon, the cost for the four not to exceed one dollar; that they should wear the simplest of gowns, and that they should bring their work, and one should read aloud for one hour; also each person was to tell or read some item of current interest. Gossip was to be tabooed, and meetings were to be held once in two weeks. This is certainly a step in the right direction. Let

us hope that there may be many more economy clubs, for they are greatly needed all over the country.

For a change from things Japanese, we shall call this affair a Chinese party. Send out invitations on red cardboard, with the writing running up and down the page; watch a Chinaman in a laundry make out his bill, and you will get the idea. The gorgeous flag of our oriental friends may be used most effectively with the bright cotton cloth, known as Turkey red. Use quantities of red and yellow flowers either real or of tissue paper. Of course, the ever pleasing Chinese lantern will swing from every available spot; also the paper umbrellas and fans. Throw superlatives to the winds and arrange peacock feathers in tall vases against a red background. They are in great favor with our yellow-skinned neighbors.

Spread the dining-room table with a scarlet cloth and if possible use the beautiful Canton china. The centerpiece should be a Chinese lily; the bulbs may be purchased; they are not expensive, nor hard to grow. Rice and chopsticks should figure in the refreshments; then there could be sandwiches made from salmon or sardines, tea both hot and cold, and candied ginger buns.

At a wedding supper, the guests found at each plate a dainty little white basket made from spun sugar and filled with candied puffed rice, colored pink.

The question was asked why rice was always used at a wedding, and one of the guests related this pretty tradition:

In the early ages doves were symbolical of peace and happiness. A bridal party in passing along a thoroughfare so frightened these gentle birds that they flew away in alarm. To avert the bad omen which their flight signified for the newly-wedded pair, rice was thrown in profusion to allure them back. The strategy was successful, and the couple were so prosperous and happy that ever since rice has been used as a symbol of good luck, peace and plenty.

A jolly set of girls were deploring the dilapidated condition of their wardrobes, after the summer at various resorts, and were wondering how they could get ready for an "afternoon" for a strange girl whom they wished to do special honor. They solved the problem by issuing invitations for a "Quaker tea party." The guests were asked to come attired as "Quaker-

Keep Pace with the Children

Parents Shouldn't Take a Back Seat

ONE in a while the older ones in the house are not only very much impressed with the amount and quality of the knowledge which is the birthright of the juniors, but also they are a bit discouraged because they cannot keep pace with them.

We often hear middle-aged men and women comparing their school days unfavorably with those of their boys and girls. It appears to be taken for granted that everything in the present is necessarily very much better than anything in the past. About this, I am not so sure. I am of the opinion that far too much is attempted in the ordinary school curriculum now, that too much strain is put upon growing children, and that teachers, as a rule, are compelled by fierce competition to work beyond their strength, and at a fearful expenditure of nervous force.

There are too many studies undertaken at one time. The hours devoted to a week to mathematics, literature, science, music and art, spread over too many subjects and are therefore like gold leaf, rolled out thinly, rather than like gold nuggets, which may be transmitted into useful coin. We attempted less in older days. The children and the teachers of the period are alike caught in the coils of a vast educational system, before which we all bow down, and at the altar of which we all pay costly tribute.

Sometimes this payment is wrung out of the lives and health and future careers of our children. Sometimes it is paid at a liberal rate by their teachers. When, as frequently happens, teachers are compelled to spend their entire vacation in arduous study that they may be ready for another year's work, it is from them the system claims its tribute. However this may be, one thing is certain, and that is the fact that before very long the juniors will think, as juniors always do, they know more than their parents, guardians and the rest of the community. Youth is a season of ferment. During its earliest years docility and respectfulness distinguish it, and in consequence childhood is lovely, and in all the world there is nothing so sweet as the heart of the child. But somewhere between 14 and 20, when the currents of the world's activities begin to attract a young soul, there come an aggressiveness and an assertiveness, that are rather confusing to easy-going fathers and mothers. Is this lad, so confident, so conceited, so aware of his own powers, and convinced of his own powers, our modest Tom, who, the other day, was all respect for our judgment and deference to our views? Is this

Woman Stalked by Lions

The Thrilling Experience of Mrs. L. Hinde in Africa.

MRS. L. HINDE, whose husband is sub-commissioner of the British East Africa Protectorate, has had the remarkable experience of being stalked by lions, and the still more remarkable fortune of living to tell the tale. It was on the Uganda railway, in a spot historic for the ravages of man-eating lions, that Mrs. Hinde met with the thrilling adventure which she relates.

Camping out, the party in which Mrs. Hinde was could hear with horrid regularity the screams of the wretched victims as they were carried off for the man-eaters' nightly repasts.

The camp was seventy miles from the nearest connecting link with the outside world, and communication had to be kept up daily by native mail runners. It was the habit of the lions to keep pace in the long grass with the runners on the track, and, having selected the most appetizing member of the party, to pounce upon him and carry him off.

One occasion, when out map-making, Mr. and Mrs. Hinde came upon a party of a dozen lions, possibly the man-eating troop. Mr. Hinde fired twice, dropping two of the beasts. He then suggested that Mrs. Hinde should ride back to camp, while he approached the lion, who might be dangerous, even the man-eating lion.

After riding for half an hour Mrs. Hinde looked back and saw six of the lions following her. The two native gun-bearers ran away, leaving her unarmed, alone with her sais, at hour from camp.

She set off at a fast gallop, the sais running by her side. At the last moment she decided one. In case of perchance, these are so-called helms, which would be genuine antiques, and such pieces of furniture are either in perfect condition or could be made so, and these pieces are designed in desirable and if possible architecturally classic lines. It would be wise to keep the same and complete a room on the same lines or in the same style. Otherwise it would be more reasonable and sensible to choose well-made reproductions if these designs are free from modern and incongruous additions. If the intending purchaser could witness the manufacture of so-called antique pieces of furniture, how new wood is placed in the ground for months or treated with acids, riddled with fine shot, crudely made up, carved and put together; chairs, divans or sofas are covered with raggy silks, damasks, haircloths or leather, discarded by second-rate upholders, and then shipped to this country from England, Holland or Germany as pieces that were rescued from

positive and opinionated Emily the amiable little girl who only a year ago was like wax in maternal hands? Sometimes parents resent the charge, sometimes it puzzles them, sometimes they meekly bow their heads before it, and are willing, in the slang of the day, to be turned down, to be effaced by the juniors, to take a back seat, and stay there.

The mood of discouragement is the worst of moods. It has not the slightest excuse for itself. Whatever other advantage your children may have, you, being older, are their superiors in several absolutely indispensable things to those who travel the road of human life. You know instinctively what like of school does not teach and cannot impart. Your angles have been rubbed off in the conflicts and the frictions which come socially and in business to grown-up men and women. You have had experience. She is a hard teacher, but her lessons are immensely valuable. You know instinctively what like of school to take in emergencies which baffles those who are unskilled in meeting new situations. A knowledge of men is often worth much more than mere technical discipline, and this is why we must always discount the brilliant graduate, who has only academic honors and has never been tried in the school of practical life.

There are ways of keeping pace with the juniors that are well worth trying. I have received not once, but times without number, letters from mothers who felt that they must hide their diminished heads in the presence of the cultivated sons and daughters, who had brought home from college and university shelves of learning which the mothers could never hope to touch.

"About all I am good for," wrote a mother one day, "is to dust Amy's books and make her clothes, and keep her friends outside her door while she is writing poetry." Poor little mother! The sentimental girl who would sit writing verses which she fondly fancied poetical, while her mother continued to drudge for her, was not worth her salt. No honest father or mother should entertain a feeling of awe because their sons and daughters have bright weapons while their own have grown rusty. In the last resort, a good working knowledge of arithmetic is all that remains for most of us after long courses of advanced mathematics, and as for Greek and Latin, if we remember a few phrases we are doing very well.

It will be the same with the juniors and by. They who would keep pace with them should take pains to study a little while every day, if only for ten minutes. I do not mean by this mere desultory reading. As we grow older,

memory refuses to serve us because we turn it out to pasture and let it idle there, like a horse without its shoes, when we should treat it as the traveler in the Andes treats his pack-mule. Memory will carry weight and be sure-footed if we give it something to do every day.

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Information for the Woman Who Wishes to Improve Her Home

THE furniture is the starting point from which one chooses the color for walls and woodwork. The light plays the next important part, and subordinates the need of using rugs already on hand, as these can usually be brought into harmony by the selection of curtains.

In rare cases it is well to enamel furniture when it is possible to get the plain designs of unfinished fine furniture.

A dining-room was successfully furnished in this way, the chairs being of plain wood with many rungs in the backs. The sideboard was a kitchen dresser, with space on the shelves for upstanding plates. These and the unfinished pine dining table were enameled by a professional, and the woodwork was also done in white. The walls, left in the unfinished plaster, were done in red. The chair cushions were of plain red reps, and the curtains were of dark red, partly transparent, and with something of greenish tinge.

A dining-room in which the furniture was black walnut, shading to the lighter tones, was brought into harmony by us-

ing a golden brown crepe paper and by painting the woodwork in dull black. Blue was introduced with tan color in the rug and curtains.

Black walnut, which is unfortunately considered impossible by many housekeepers, made the best effect with a lavender color scheme in a bedroom. The lavender, which seems to be a pet color of women, was put into the walls, and portieres, which were on the rag carpet order and woven according to direction. A little green was introduced for relief, and the woodwork was white and the curtains were of white ground, figured strongly in purple elements, with a less amount of green in the stems and leaves.

Oak furniture does not go well with red, and where it is necessary to retain a red rug if the latter is at all dark a dark yellow will be successful on the walls. The walls and paper can then be harmonized with flowered curtains in red and yellow madras. Blue back of oak is always a good choice, and there are many greens that go with it well. Mahogany, for which there are many

good settings, is never so well shown as with green walls and white enameled woodwork. The white enamel is especially good in throwing out the outlines of the mahogany. A pretty parlor scheme has paper and portieres of a strong rose, with white enameled woodwork. The mahogany furniture is upholstered with satin damask, the larger pieces in old rose and the smaller ones in a mixed tapestry of old rose and green. Green over curtains were used at the windows, which gave the variety of a two-toned effect.

Never let a mirror be hung where the sun's rays fall upon it. The light and heat produce a chemical disintegration of the quicksilver at the back, which injures the reflective power and makes the glass dull.

A subject of interest to many intending purchasers is, should they purchase antique furniture, antique rugs, or modern reproductions. To answer this point pertaining to the furniture we may offer the question, would the same

purchaser wish to wear antique clothes, or in plainer language, second-hand clothing? The answer invariably would be decided one. In case of perchance, these are so-called helms, which would be genuine antiques, and such pieces of furniture are either in perfect condition or could be made so, and these pieces are designed in desirable and if possible architecturally classic lines. It would be wise to keep the same and complete a room on the same lines or in the same style. Otherwise it would be more reasonable and sensible to choose well-made reproductions if these designs are free from modern and incongruous additions. If the intending purchaser could witness the manufacture of so-called antique pieces of furniture, how new wood is placed in the ground for months or treated with acids, riddled with fine shot, crudely made up, carved and put together; chairs, divans or sofas are covered with raggy silks, damasks, haircloths or leather, discarded by second-rate upholders, and then shipped to this country from England, Holland or Germany as pieces that were rescued from

the auction sale of the belongings of an old ancestral baronial family, or whatever other story may be connected with these so-called antique pieces, the purchaser would be cured for life from hunting for such antiques, not speaking of vermin, etc., that may be attached to a genuine article which at rare intervals might be offered to them, not considering all this time that the best reproductions of furniture in any style, excepting the orientals, are made in this country, constructed by a manner far superior to any ever produced by the often so much admired or preferred foreign nations.

When washing flannels, get rid of as much dust and dirt as you possibly can by shaking and brushing before plunging into water.

Unless washed with great care, black stockings soon turn a greenish color. They should be washed with soap that is free from soda and rinsed in water to which a teaspoonful of vinegar has been added. When damp, press them into

shape, but do not iron, as the heat tends to destroy the color.

A boy's room or den can be delightfully fitted up in the attic. Rugs of skins and Navajos could be used, with the bed arranged so as to be disguised by the same blankets in the daytime. The walls, if in rough plaster, are better left white, for the hanging and displaying of decorations. A shelf and seat should be built to inclose as much of the space as possible, at least that part of it which centers into the sitting-room. The upholstery for the seat and the curtains should correspond, while the shelf is made attractive by attaching small iron candle fixtures all along the edge of it, which can be lighted with red candles, with what will surely prove a pleasing effect to the owner.

A cozy lamp and large center-table, with one or two big easy chairs, should be provided, and the curtains should be on rings, so that they will be of the draw-over side if a hanging is fitted. A drawer that slips into the thick side of the chair when it is closed.

"extensions" to the attic some arrangements for a work corner in the way of table and toolchest should be included. The possession of this kind of a den leads directly to the wish for manual training, born of the desire to "make things" which are suggested to the owner, and with the boy of any mechanical ability the working annex is almost sure to be the most appreciated part.

Zinc placed upon the fire in a stove will extinguish a chimney fire. The fumes from the zinc create a gas which smothers the flames. Salt is also useful in the same capacity. Remove funnel and throw salt in.

Should a chimney refuse to draw and the stove smoke, tie a rope to a fatiron and drop down chimney.

A new stuffed armchair has been invented which has reading attachments similar to those of an ordinary wooden chair. Under the overstuffed arm there is a reading shelf, which turns out to the under side of it. It is fitted a drawer that slips into the thick side of the chair when it is closed.