

IN THE BABY'S EYES.

What is the dream in the baby's eyes, As he lies and blinks in a mute surprise?

What does he wonder and what does he know, That we have forgotten so long, long ago?

Out of the yesterday teeth he get The things that in living he soon shall forget.

Speak to me, little one, ere you forget, What is the thought that is lingering there yet?

Where is the land which the yesterdays meet, Waiting and waiting the morrows to greet?

What do you wonder, and what do you think, Bright as the moonlight asleep in the skies, What is the dream in my baby's eyes?

—Tom Corby, in Minneapolis Messenger.

MUCH ADD ABOUT NOTHING.

By MILDRED AUGUSTA THOMPSON.

The barge with its score of laughing and singing girls dipped over the curve of the hill and disappeared behind the birches.

"I suppose it was rather rude of me not to go with them this afternoon," she chided herself, as she dropped down among the cushions in a hammock.

Dorothy tried for a while to read—her attention was oftener turned to the cliffs below the cottage, or to the blue surface of the lake, than occupied with her book.

Why, after a whole year of steadfast self-control, should it all come back to her with such tantalizing vividness? Of course she was right in sending back the ring and the letters, yes, even that unopened one.

Dorothy sprang to her feet and rushed down to where her canoe lay on the little landing. Oh, how perfectly exasperating to be obliged to think about something one has resolved never to think about!

In five minutes she was skimming lightly over the water. She paddled with an almost feverish energy, as if each vigorous stroke contributed something of new poise.

Dorothy had not spent half her summers at Whalesaukie without knowing what that meant. "It's home now, or swim," she thought, and turned her canoe about.

In twenty minutes, however, she was battling with waves that might have done credit to the Atlantic—a good mile from any shore, with a gale forcing her out in spite of every effort.

Imagine her joy when the distant puffing of a gasoline launch reached her ears, and she was able to make out the dim outline. Desperately she determined to keep afloat a little longer. It seemed an age before the launch came within hailing distance.

The girl stared in dismay and shrank from his outstretched hands. "Ralph! Oh, I can't go into your boat!" In that instant there was a vivid flash and the mist closed them in.

Dorothy realized only vaguely the torrents of rain that engulfed her canoe and the strong arms that pulled her out of the water and wrapped a heavy coat about her, so rapidly did it all happen.

It was an exciting time that followed, spent in dodging sunken ledges and steering around islands, but at last they found themselves again on land, two thoroughly drenched figures, but safe.

"Mr. Hunter," said Dorothy then in the most impersonally polite tone she could command. "I thank you for rescuing me. I want you to know that I appreciate it fully, but you surely understand I would not have signalled you if I had dreamed who you were."

She took no notice of his murmured "Mighty lucky you didn't dream," but turned into the path that led homewards. He kept at her side, in spite of her exasperatingly polite assurance that she would not trouble him further, saying that he should certainly see her safe to the cottage.

"I certainly don't. I know you sent back our engagement ring and all my letters, but you didn't say why. And every time I tried to see you, you refused. Maybe I am a consummate fool for following you up here this summer, but I felt as though I couldn't give you up without trying again to find out what was the matter."

"I should think your duty lay more with Miss Whitcomb," sarcastically. "Miss Whitcomb! Ethel Whitcomb?" He spoke with such genuine astonishment that Dorothy was startled into making one enlightening remark.

"Perhaps being engaged to another girl doesn't trouble Miss Whitcomb. But you ought to know that I am not one of that kind."

"Do you mean that you think I am engaged to Ethel Whitcomb? Is that the trouble, Dorothy? Why I never dreamed of such a thing, and I am sure Ethel never did. She eloped with Harold Nixon a month ago. Besides, she's my second cousin."

Dorothy stared. "You—you should have told me that." "Oh, Dorothy, I thought you knew. I am so glad it's all settled."

His arms were closing hungrily about her. But she drew quickly away. "No, no, it isn't settled at all. Do you expect to excuse yourself for not meeting me in Jersey City that afternoon and obliging me, a girl all alone there, depending on you, to miss my train in New York and have to hunt out a hotel and stay there all night? For all you appeared to care, I might have sat in the station all night."

"Dorothy! I telegraphed to save you that!" "Telegraphed! Are you sure? I never received any telegram."

"I sent it about 5 o'clock—to the station. I remember the very words: 'Impossible to meet you. Take next train home. Explain to-morrow.' And my letter next day told you all about it—how father was taken seriously ill that very noon, just after luncheon. We didn't expect him to live over night, and of course I couldn't leave home. He was ill for weeks."

"That must have been the letter I didn't read." The remark was just audible, but Hunter caught at it. "Is that true, Dorothy? No wonder you didn't understand."

"But that isn't why you sent the ring back." "No, it wasn't that, Ralph. I didn't mind so much your not meeting me, but when they told me you had been engaged all the time to Miss Whitcomb I—"

"Who told you?" "It doesn't matter now, Ralph, since it isn't true. I am ashamed that I was so unjust to you. Can you forgive?" "She held out her hand, still moist from her recent bath. Hunter grasped it eagerly. "Of course I do. But I want more than your hand, you know," he murmured, as he drew her to him. And then, as her wet hair touched his wetter shoulder, "I'm sure it was fate sent me out on the lake this afternoon, Dollie."—Boston Post.

A Popular Floor.

Whenever the man who runs the elevator in a Sixth avenue store feels particularly frisky he announces the third floor in this fashion: "Third floor—waists, dresses, alterations, and complaints, particularly complaints."

Since a fair proportion of the passengers who get off at that floor are there for the purpose of registering complaints, they smile upon him benignantly for anticipating their needs.—New York Times.

Caught.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Miss Yerner, impatiently. "I'm sure we'll miss the first act. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," Mr. Sloman retorted rather crossly. "Ours? Oh, George," she cried, and laid her blushing cheek upon his shirt front.—Catholic Standard.

Correct Invitation Forms.

Latest Details of Formal Social Correspondence—Place Cards and Invitations to Afternoon Receptions—A General Utility Card—Rules of Acceptances—Letter of Introduction and How to Present It.

There is no very marked change of style from the engraved invitations in use last year, but there are several innovations of form in the size, text and wording, says Vogue, which are worth noting by the hostess who would be absolutely correct in such matters.

The preference for both the Old English and Colonial text, and also for the English script, continues. Although the Roman text may still be preferred by those who are accustomed to its use it will not be nearly so much in vogue as in former seasons, the Colonial having almost altogether superseded it.

The place card—for luncheons, dinners or card parties of any sort—may be three and a quarter inches long by two and a quarter inches wide or smaller, and preference is given to a thick bristol board card that has a bevelled gold edge and rounded corners. If there be a crest or coat of arms in the family this may be embossed in gold, silver or white in the centre at the top of the card, the guest's name to be written in ink below.

The plain card of this sort, without a crest, is equally good form—possibly better in America—and the same card may be decorated on the left side with an illuminated long monogram in gold or a color. But this must not be used for anything except a luncheon or card party, where the husband of the hostess does not appear. It would be entirely out of place at a dinner.

An unusual feature in the "At Home" card, where the hours are named from 4 to 7 o'clock, is the introduction of the host's name, and such a card is shown; it measures 4 1/2 inches long by 2 1/2 inches wide.

Another style for an afternoon reception, and that most used, is engraved in the English script and omits the name of the host, but has that of a daughter, already socially launched, on the second line. No numerals or abbreviations are admissible; every word should be fully spelled out, and the size should be 5 1/2 inches long by 3 1/2 wide.

In the same size and similarly minus the numerals, on a heavier quality of card, may be engraved the invitation for an evening reception, and for the latter, the form "Mr. and Mrs." is correct.

An appropriate afternoon reception card for a mother and daughter who is not a debutante is an ordinary visiting card, 3 1/2 by 2 1/2 inches, with the address engraved in small script in the lower right hand corner, only the house number appearing in figures. In the left hand corner opposite, in the same small script, may be given the day, date and hours ("from 4 until 7") in three separate lines.

An excellent form for an aunt who wishes to entertain for her young niece, or an older sister for a younger one, where there is no mother, is also shown in size 5 1/2 by 3 1/2, English script. Individual preference may vary the hours named, which may be "from 5 until 7 o'clock" but in this script even the house number must be fully spelled out.

For a breakfast invitation the card may read either "Mr. and Mrs."—for instance a hunt breakfast—or may be sent out in only the hostess' name and the text used should be the shaded Colonial. The time is set at the hour most appropriate for the special occasion. The whole form, with the address, covers seven lines on a rather stiff card 5 by 3 inches in size.

A general utility card, which a hostess who entertains a great deal will find almost indispensable, has a number of blanks to be filled in, whereby it may be made to serve for a luncheon, afternoon at bridge or musicale, as she may desire. It may also be utilized for a dinner invitation or for an evening reception by adding in writing "Mr. and" before the "Mrs." on the top line. This smart, rather heavy card displays the shaded Old English text and is 3 by 5 inches in size.

Dead white cardboard is conventional for all of these invitations, and where cream colored tinting is used it must be regarded as a matter of personal eccentricity and preference, although the gold edged place card admits of rather more latitude in this respect and may be slightly creamy of tint, showing a smoother surface.

Invitations for a man should usually be addressed to his residence or club, not to his office. An invitation for a married woman should include the husband with the wife, unless the entertainment is exclusively for women. Even though the husband is not known personally to the sender, his existence cannot be ignored. Invitations to dinners and lunch-

eons are of course not sent to persons who are in mourning, as that would be an empty form, but invitations to weddings, receptions, etc., must be sent as a mark of remembrance, even when it is known that these friends will not accept.

In general, the correct style for an acceptance may be derived from the invitation itself, as the answer is always written in the same degree of formality. The best course always is to observe very carefully the formula of an invitation and follow it precisely in your reply.

If it is in the third person the reply must be in the third person. If it is in the first person it must be answered by an informal note in the first person. A first invitation should be accepted if possible. An invitation to a church wedding does not need a written reply.

There must be no delay in answering an invitation to a dinner, luncheon, home wedding, wedding breakfast, card party, or theatre party. A note of invitation to a dinner, luncheon or theatre party should have a written note of reply within twenty-four hours, so that the hostess may have time to fill the place should a guest be unable to accept.

It is important to repeat the date and the hour even in an acceptance to an informal invitation in order to avoid any misunderstanding. One is not obliged to give reasons for declining an invitation when writing a formal reply.

After a visit of any length of time whatever a letter of thanks for the hospitality extended is expected.

Plain white or gray sheets folding once into their envelopes and black ink are the approved materials for social correspondence. If it is ill advised for a woman to use a pronounced style of stationery, for men anything but the most plain and simple is quite inexcusable.

White, gray or gray blue bank note, linen or cream laid papers, all severely plain, are the only varieties a man should use for his social correspondence. Crests, monograms and addresses may be engraved, stamped or embossed on the stationery of both men and women.

Begin a note of acquaintance with "My dear Mrs. (or Mr.) Blank," only dropping the "My" if there is a certain degree of intimacy between the sender and recipient of the note.

A married woman should sign herself Margaret Blank, not Mrs. Charles Blank, in social correspondence. In concluding a business communication, if she has doubts whether the person to whom she is writing knows her married title, she writes it in brackets beneath her name, thus: Margaret Blank [Mrs. Charles Blank].

An unmarried woman signs her notes Louise Blank unless a business matter is the subject of her correspondence. Then she precedes her name by the word Miss in brackets.

A woman's name is invariably preceded by the title Mrs. or Miss. An address should never be in this form: Mrs. Captain Brown, Mrs. Judge Long.

A CENT'S WORTH OF POWER. Some Things That Can Be Done With a Pinch of Electricity.

Probably few people have ever stopped to think what a power electricity is. If you have never thought the matter over it will be surprising as well as interesting to know what can be done with one cent's worth of this marvellous power.

On the average rate and discounts of the ordinary consumer, says Harper's Weekly, a cent's worth of electricity will operate a twelve-inch fan for ninety minutes.

Will operate a sewing machine motor for three hours.

Will keep a six-pound electric flat-iron hot for fifteen minutes.

Will make four cups of coffee in an electric coffee percolator.

Will keep an eight-inch disk stove hot for seven minutes, or long enough to cook a steak.

Will operate a luminous radiator for eight minutes.

Will bring to a boil two quarts of water or operate the baby milk warmer twice.

Will make a Welsh rarebit in an electric chafing dish.

Will operate a seven-inch frying pan for twelve minutes.

Will keep a heating pad hot for two hours.

Mrs. Dr. Jones, for in America a woman does not assume her husband's honorary title. In writing to a practicing woman physician, the address, when the communication is professional, should be in this form: Dr. Mary T. Blank. For a social communication it should be in this form: Miss Mary T. Blank or Mrs. James L. Blank.

When introducing a friend to a friend through the agency of a letter it is always safest and best to write privately, in advance of the presentation of the letter, giving the person to whom it is addressed some notice of its coming, and also more intimately outlining the character, tastes and social position of its bearer than could possibly be done in the letter itself.

Letters of introduction usually are in the form of brief notes. They may begin thus: "My dear Mrs. Wilson: It gives me the greatest pleasure to introduce to you my friend, Miss B." and then follow a few personal remarks about some common interest.

It is rather difficult to present in person a note, though men occasionally prefer to do so. The usual custom is to mail the envelope containing the introductory note or card, together with a card giving one's name and address.

When the bearer of a note or card of introduction is a woman a call must be paid promptly—that is, within forty-eight hours of the reception of her note or card. The call should then be followed by the offer of some hospitality. If it is impossible to call a note should be written acknowledging the receipt of the introduction and unless mourning, illness or a speedy departure from home prevents, a very earnest effort to entertain the bearer of the introductory missive is requisite. A woman should follow this latter course in dealing with a note of introduction presented by a man.

A man must first call upon and then entertain to the best of his ability a man introduced to him by letter. When a lady bears a note of introduction to a gentleman she posts it to him with her card, and he responds by a call at the very earliest opportunity.

About Advertising.

In these days of progress the man who would succeed must advertise. This is an established fact, and it is also a well-known fact that the most successful business men not only in this town but throughout the country are large advertisers. Now occasionally we find a merchant who does not believe in advertising at all. He tried a small ad for a month perhaps and then stopped it. Thought it did not pay. Did he take down that big sign over his store front at the same time? Oh, no. Now, then, what is the difference? Both your sign and your advertisement are used to draw trade. Both are necessary to your success. Of the two your advertisement is the most important because its influence is greater. It reaches the people—not when they are hurrying past your store on the opposite side of the street, but in their leisure moments, when they are given to good sober thought, and it is your own fault if you cannot at such a time present your business in such a manner as to make a lasting impression on them. Yet, very few men are convinced by the first appeal. It is like the gospel of grace. It must be "precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little." It is in this way buyers are won.

- Will keep the foot warmer hot for a quarter of an hour. Will run an electric pianola for one hour. Will vulcanize a patch on an automobile tire. Will heat an electric curling iron once a day for two weeks. Will pump 250 gallons of water 100 feet high. Will keep a big glue pot hot for an hour. Will drive the electric clipper while shearing one horse. Will raise ten tons twelve feet high with an electric crane in less than one minute. Will raise a large passenger elevator five stories a minute. Will brand electrically 150 hams.

Ye Editor's Needs.

It is reported, says an exchange, that one of our newly married women kneads bread with her gloves on. The incident may be peculiar, but there are others. The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on; he needs bread with his shirt on; he needs bread with his trousers on; and unless some of the delinquent subscribers of this paper pay up before long he will need bread without so much as anything on—and this is no Garden of Eden, either, in the winter time.—Enid (Okla.) News Wave.