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# The Millheim Journal.

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 Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.  
 All work neatly and promptly Executed.  
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 Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of a competent lady Principal.  
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**Mrs. Sarah A. Zeigler's**  
**BAKERY,**  
 on Penn street, south of race bridge,  
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of superior quality can be bought at any time and in any quantity.

**ICE CREAM AND FANCY CAKES**  
 or Weddings, Picnics and other social gatherings promptly made to order.  
 Call at her place and get your supplies at exceedingly low prices. 34-3m

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**Sewing Machine**  
**OFFICE,**  
**F. O. HOSTERMAN, Proprietor,**  
 Main St., opposite Campbell's store.

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**World's Leader**  
 AND THE  
**WHITE**  
**SEWING MACHINES,**  
 the most complete machines in market.

Each machine is guaranteed for five years by the companies.

The undersigned also constantly keeps on hand all kinds of  
 Needles, Oil Attachments, &c. &c.  
 Second Hand Machines  
 sold at exceedingly low prices.  
 Repairing promptly attended to.  
 Give me a trial and be convinced of the truth of these statements.  
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**ON PROBATION.**

Mr. Linsay was preaching in the Lennox parish on probation; that is, he had been engaged for a year. After that time, if he suited Miss Rich, who had the parish in charge, so to speak, who canvassed for money to paint the church, looked up poor children for christening and Sunday school, exhorted the young people to join the confirmation class, mapped out work for the sewing society, and made the parish her hobby—if he suited Miss Rich, if he was High-Church enough for Mr. Grimm and Low enough for Mrs. Phelps, if he believed with Dr. Slow in the doctrine of election—why, then, they were sure to settle on him.

"What a capital wife Lucretia Shaw would make Mr. Linsay," vouchsafed Miss Rich, shortly after he adorned the Lennox pulpit. "She's just the person for a parson's wife—bustling and—" "I'm afraid she'd take the parish off your hands, Miss Rich," answered Mrs. Phelps, who having no desire to do the hard work which her neighbor loved, yet grudged her the credit of it.

"Well, there's work enough for two of us in the parish, Mrs. Phelps. I wouldn't be a bit afraid but I'd git my share."  
 "To be sure," pursued Mrs. Phelps, "Lucretia's smart, and I don't believe in a pastor with a doll of a wife who can't darn the children's clothes, and is too feeble to get along without help."  
 "Yes," put in old Mrs. Smith, "she'd be no end of a stepmother to Mr. Linsay's boy and if ever a boy needed a stepmother, it's him. Lucretia's powerful smart, as you say, and she'd make him walk Spanish."

"Yes," was the reply of Miss Rich; "a widower somehow needs a wife more'n anybody, to sympathize with him in his loss. I shouldn't wonder if Lucretia would bring the boy up to the ministry if she had her way."  
 "Between you and me," said Mrs. Phelps, "I think that the parson goes to the Shaws' rather more than is necessary for the salvation of their souls."  
 "You can't tell. Perhaps Lucretia has doubts."

"And perhaps," said Dr. Slow—"perhaps it's Miss Susan."  
 Everybody laughed, and cried "Miss Susan!" with fine irony in their tones.

"Who ever heard of Susan having attention?" asked Mrs. Phelps.  
 "I've engaged Lucretia to embroider a new altar-cloth," explained Miss Rich; "I raised the money for it last month—I tell you it's like pulling teeth to get money out of this parish—and I suppose the parson has to advise her about the proper design and things; Lucretia ain't well drilled in symbols and such you know."  
 In fact everybody in Lennox had decided that Mr. Linsay should marry Lucretia, and perhaps Lucretia had decided so too, for she was an everlasting time over that altar-cloth, and needed no end of advice and instruction; her ignorance and interest were quite touching. And Mr. Linsay seemed quite willing to spend his leisure under the Shaws' roof, and watch the sacred symbols growing under the white and shapely hands of Miss Lucretia.

"That hand of Lucretia's will be sure to do the business," somebody had said. "Mr. Linsay's a man of taste, if he is a clergyman"—as if the two were not usually found combined—"and I heard him say it was fit for a duchess."  
 Miss Lucretia's hand was, indeed, her loveliest feature, so to speak—white as snow, with the prettiest taper fingers, pink at the ends. Once when Mr. Linsay had mentioned them flatteringly, Miss Susan, who was doing the week's mending near by drew her own hands under her work, he noticed. Nobody ever took the trouble to flatter Miss Susan. Lucretia sang in the choir, although her voice was thin as muslin, and she had no ear; nobody dreamed or cared if Susan sang like a seraph; she sat in Lucretia's shadow, and people almost forgot she was there till they needed her help. Mr. Linsay had taught the choir himself, and after the altar cloth could no longer be made a pretext to cover a multitude of calls, there were the chants and fugues to practice. One morning, as he drilled Lucretia for half an hour ineffectually, he suddenly turned to Susan.

"Come," he said, "try this chant with us, Miss Susan," and Susan opened her mouth and chanted as nobody in the choir had ever chanted before.  
 "Bravo!" he cried. "When did you learn it?"  
 "Why, I have heard it all my life; why shouldn't I know it? I couldn't help it."  
 "We must have you in the choir," he said.  
 "Susan Shaw in the choir!" gasped everybody on the way out of church.

"Mr. Linsay is bringing her out."  
 "She's Lucretia's sister, you know," explained Miss Rich.  
 "And her voice rather drowns Lucretia's," said Dr. Slow.

Mr. Linsay was giving great satisfaction. The parishoners talked of remodelling the old rectory, adding a wing and a bay-window, an even spoke of taking in an adjoining field, so that "Lucretia might have a flower garden." They even meditated an increase of salary as soon as he should be settled in the parish, and Mr. Grimm thought he should add a codicil to his will, in favor of the new pastor and Lucretia's husband.

"When they're married," reckoned Miss Rich, unchristian thrift, "we shall have all our shure trappings embroidered for nothing I suppose."  
 "Do you think Susan will live with 'em?" asked Mrs. Phelps. "Perhaps he won't care about marrying the whole family."  
 "He's powerful kind to Susan, though."  
 "He takes a sight of notice of her."  
 "You kinder forget she's Lucretia's sister," put in Miss Rich, "an' all she's got."

It was surely plain that Mr. Linsay took pleasure in the society at the Shaw homestead. At picnic, at prayer meetings or choir meetings, he was always at hand to take Lucretia and Susan home; he lent them his books, and directed their reading; he brought them flowers from town when he happened to go up.  
 "I shall be so glad to give up the presidency of the Bethel society and the Dakota League to Lucretia," said Miss Rich. "It's only proper for the clergyman's wife to be at the head of them."  
 "You'll feel sorter lost without 'em?" asked Mrs. Phelps.

"The parish is a large field. I think I can spare them to Lucretia. Do you know, the other night as I was going to watch with Miss Hart when she had inflammation of the lungs, I came across Lucretia and Susan and Mr. Linsay. I must say I should think Susan would have more taste than to follow 'em anywhere. Why don't she keep herself in the background?"  
 "She's been pretty much in the background all her life," said Dr. Slow.  
 "Perhaps she's tired of the situation."  
 "But she ought to have more consideration. Pr'aps the lovers don't mind her. There they were all three 'em, watching the comet and studying the heavens."

"A proper study for a clergyman," said Dr. Slow.  
 "And he was pointing out all the constellations, and it seemed to me they was looking at him instead of the stars," pursued Miss Rich.  
 "It would be a complication," suggested Mrs. Phelps, "if while he's courting Lucretia, Susan should get in love with him."  
 "It wouldn't be no use," said Mrs. Grimm. "Lucretia's that smart she'd make him believe it was her he was dying for."  
 The Shaws had enough to keep the wolf from the door, but nothing to spare; they owned their house, but kept no servant. "Help would be dreadfully in their way," Miss Rich declared. "I wonder they don't feel glad they can't afford any."

Susan always wore the simplest garments, which she designed and executed herself, while Lucretia—"Well, if there's anything that unfits Lucretia for her future position at the head of the parish," confessed Mr. Phelps, "it's her love of finery."  
 Lucretia always blossomed out in a pretty spring bonnet—while Susan made her last year's one answer—and a smart new suit made in the latest wrinkle.  
 It was about this time that the parish picnic occurred—an institution which everybody believed in. Hadn't there been more matches made at the last than during all the year besides? And wasn't it a fine chance to test Mrs. Phelps' recipes, Miss Rich's cream-pies and Mrs. Dr. Slow's tarts? Of course Lucretia went, and Mr. Linsay with her. Susan happened to be making preserves and pickles that day, and the berries wouldn't keep, and so she staid at home. At about the middle of the afternoon, when they had had dinner and cleared away, and things were a little slow and they wanted somebody to start some music, Mr. Linsay was nowhere to be found.

"Oh, he's going off with Lucretia somewhere," said Miss Rich, who felt it her duty to account for him.  
 "No; there's Lucretia now talking about free-will with Dr. Slow."  
 "Pr'aps he's gone home to write his sermon," suggested somebody else, the picnic grove being only half a mile from town.  
 "Or he's finding 'tongues in trees and sermons in stones' out here."  
 But at sunset Mr. Linsay strolled back, with Susan on his arm, in time to join them at tea, and he and Susan made the coffee, and pitched the tunes they sang before the day ended.

"Now wasn't that real thoughtful in Mr. Linsay to go after Susan? That's what I call real Christian, and a brother-in-law worth having," commented one old lady.  
 But when Mrs. Bishop, who had staid at home with a teething baby, reported that Mr. Linsay had not gone home to write his sermon, but had walked straight into Susan's kitchen, and had helped her seal up the preserve jars and set them away, and had sat in the front porch an hour or two afterward with her—when he might have been with Lucretia—reading secular poetry, and not Dr. Watts or Charles Wesley, either, the parish rose in its wrath to a woman. This would never do; Lucretia must not be trifled with. Mr. Linsay had inspired hope in her gentle heart; he must marry Lucretia or leave the parish.  
 "You see," explained Mr. Phelps, "we want to settle you, Mr. Linsay. You suit us to a T, but it kinder seems as if you ought to propose to Lucretia Shaw, you've been so attentive."  
 "Propose to Lucretia Shaw!" repeated the young man, with a startled air. "What has that to do with settling me? Is every clergyman who comes to Lennox obliged to propose to Lucretia Shaw as a preliminary preparation?"  
 "Well, no, not exactly," laughed Mr. Phelps, "not unless he's give the parish reason to expect it. You know we don't want the credit of settling a philandering parson who makes love right and left. I'd no idea the thought would be new to you, but the parish has set its heart on the match, you see, and we wouldn't like to see a man, if he was eloquent in prayer, who'd trifle with the affections of one of the flock, you know."  
 "But, my dear sir," said Mr. Linsay, "I'm not in love with Lucretia Shaw. You wouldn't have me perjure myself?"  
 "Not in love with Lucretia? The parish won't believe its own eyes again, I reckon."  
 "Well, said Mr. Grimm, severely, "we couldn't think of settling a preacher that hadn't no more principle than to throw over Lucretia Shaw after taking tea so much at her house, and raising her hopes, as it were."  
 "Perhaps," said Mr. Linsay, after a pause—"perhaps you will be able to forgive me for not proposing to Lucretia when I tell you that I have already proposed to Susan. You see, it would complicate matters a little if I were to accede to your wishes. However, I have lately received a call from a Western parish, and should feel obliged to decline the Lennox parish, even if you had thought me worthy of it, as this other furnishes a wider field of usefulness."  
 "And larger salary, I suppose," added Mr. Grimm.  
 "And larger salary," allowed Mr. Linsay. "Double, in fact."  
 "I suppose," persisted Miss Rich, after the wedding—"I suppose Lucretia must have refused him first."

**To Mothers.**  
 If you say no mean no. Unless you have a good reason for changing a given command, hold it to.  
 Take an interest in your children's amusements: mother's share in what pleases them is a great delight.  
 Remember that trifles to you are mountains to them; respect their feelings.  
 Keep up a standard of principles; your children are your judges.  
 Be honest with them in small things as well as in great. If you cannot tell them what they wish to know, say so rather than deceive them.  
 As long as it is possible, kiss the children good night after they are in bed; they like it, and it keeps them very close.  
 Bear in mind that you are largely responsible for your child's inherited character, and be patient with them.  
 If you have lost a child, remember that for the one that is gone there is no more to do; for those left, everything.  
 Make your boys and girls study physiology; when they are ill try to make them comprehend why, how the complaint arose and the remedy as far as you know it.  
**HIGH ART.**  
 Two Texas ladies were talking about the children.  
 "How is your boy coming on at school?"  
 "He is quite an artist. He is drawing live animals."  
 "So is my boy, Bill. He drew a cat up in a tree. He drew it all by himself too."  
 "Did he use a crayon?"  
 "No; he used a rope."—Siftings.  
 There are over 6,000 miles of overhead wires in New York city, and 122 miles of streets are defaced by them.

**APPROVED FOLLIES.**

BY MARY SIDNEY IN FARM JOURNAL.

In my last article my remarks were directed more especially to actions of men. It would become me now, perhaps, to train my batteries upon my own side of the house, for by going around with a doubled-barreled microscope, one can detect several things among our lovely sex that must be called follies, though they do seem to meet with general approval.

There is no class of women, probably, who have a better faculty for making home uncomfortable than the real nice woman. They are looked upon as being most estimable, industrious women, good housekeepers, models of propriety, and stay home and attend to their own business in a commendable way; indeed they have no time to go anywhere for the sake of sociability, or take a hand in any work in the interest of humanity, for the stove wants blacking, there are some spoons and dippers awful dirty that must be scoured, and the back yard has not been cleaned up for three days, maybe four. To go into the house of one of these nice women makes one feel like a miserably slattern; and in nine cases out of ten, you catch the complaint, and go home and set to scrubbing and polishing up things, determined that hereafter you will live as clean as other folks.

One of these patterns in a neighborhood is enough to leaven the whole batch. Fortunately, their influence is confined to a narrow circle; they can not leave the dish-cloth long enough to make many acquaintances; and so there are many men to-day walking in the house with their boots on, who would not be permitted such a privilege were their wives more frequently subjected to these spotless examples.  
 I once saw a woman get up from her needle-work and go with a dust-pan and brush to sweep up the dirt her husband had just made in trimming and cleaning his finger nails. Pleasant for a man to see his wife so attentive; but if I was the man I would give her scope for her industry. I would not trim more than one nail at a time, and thus let her have ten sweeps instead of only one—she would feel more scriptural, more mindful of the day of small things, than by such wholesale work as brushing up after the fingers and thumbs of two whole hands at once.

It is no uncommon thing to find those housekeepers who are so excessively neat and nice in some particulars, just the reverse, if not to say filthy in others. In houses where dust dare not settle, nor flies light; where clothes are washed before they are dirty, and everything else done prematurely on the principle that we eat sometimes to keep from getting hungry, one often finds parlors, halls, and spare rooms shut up tight, with an odor of most about them; sunlight and pure air carefully excluded, indeed every room in the house so shaded that it is impossible to draw a life-giving breath in them. Houses should be made without windows for some women. They know no use for windows except to wash and hang with curtains. With them windows are an invention of Satan to fade carpets, and they out-wit his majesty by closing them up. A little more or less typhoid and malaria in the family will pass for a dispensation of Providence, that can be put up with; but faded upholstery will be laid to the housekeeper's bad management, and she'll have none of it. I have been in houses where bed-rooms and even water-closets were aired from the inside, instead of out; where it was deemed sufficiently women to leave the doors open leading into halls, while the halls themselves had little or no escape for foul air. This is tidiness with a vengeance! This, too, from housekeepers who are apt to be caught with their cellar steps dirty and a loose shawl or hat lying around outside.

Yes, there are a great many women who pass for models, but who are really murderers. They don't kill with an assassin's knife or bullet, but by slow torture. They are not amenable to law, [they ought to be,] nor do they even know themselves the work they are engaged in, but the fact remains, nevertheless.  
 Woman's education embraces everything but what she most needs. Does anyone imagine for a moment that there would be such a fearful mortality among infants if the mothers did their duty? Does anyone suppose there would be such an array of puny children, if they were properly cared for? Go into a public school and examine the dinner kettles of the children—pie, cake, doughnuts, &c., tell a tale. Go into a boarding school and into the bedrooms; explore in closets, drawers, sly boxes and hidden places, and it will almost give you the nightmare to contemplate the pickles, sardines, candies, and general sweet meats that are sent there by the dear kind mothers for their precious children to nibble at between meals; because boarding school fare is so poor, and the pet lambs must have something nice from home that they can relish. The proprietors of these schools are mostly cultivated and intelligent, and consider the health of the

**MAKING A NEW MEMORY.**

A Washington Professor Who Teaches Pupils How Not To Forget.

Washington has a "teacher of memory" who says: "In a few lessons I enable one to remember the most difficult things without an effort."  
 "How can that be done?" asked the reporter.  
 "Oh, it's a matter of association according to a system I have worked upon for twenty-five years. It is all based upon the alphabet and numbers. I take persons and in a few hours get them so that they can repeat or reproduce a long poem which I have read to them twice, or, at most, three times. They can repeat it backward or forward, or give you any line you call for by number. I had a boy about twelve years old who, after learning the system, went to hear Beecher and Cook lecture and afterwards repeated the lectures to an audience without having taken a note. He repeated Beecher's lecture at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms on New York avenue. Of course, he did not give every word the lecturer used, but he covered every point in its regular order, just as the speaker had done, curtailing it sufficiently to be able to give in half an hour what it took an hour to deliver originally."  
 "Do many come to you to have their faculties cultivated?"  
 "Yes, a great many. Some students, reporters—more particularly official reporters of the Senate and House—lawyers and preachers. Preachers and lawyers particularly; the former to acquire an aptness in memorizing their sermons and the latter to memorize authorities and dates. Orators also, who memorize their speeches.  
 "Then there is another class—the department clerks and persons preparing for civil service examinations. Before going in for an examination many of them come to me to memorize dates and events, location of rivers, historical, statistical and practical facts."  
 "I had a navy officer here not long ago who was preparing for an examination for promotion and he perfected himself in the system so that he could without difficulty remember anything he desired."  
 "There is an old lady between 70 and 80 years old who, with her daughter has taken instructions, and she says that she finds no difficulty in remembering and repeating all that she reads. She says she can take two poems she has read and repeat them alternately, a line from each."

Mexican merchants complain that they are constantly victimized by receiving goods from the United States which are much inferior to the samples displayed by drummers.  
 In politics the looser gets the same returns as the winner.

children of the utmost importance, in making up bills of fare, and sanitary rules to govern them. If the tender-hearted simpletons called mothers, with their boxes of goodies, and purses of spending money could be kept out of sight and hearing, all would go well. There would be less grumbling at boarding school fare, and less use for their nurseries. But it would never do for the faculty of a school to set up opposition to the parents. They must respect the parent's authority even when they know it to be wrong. Here and there a school of the higher order advise in their catalogues that these objectionable things be not sent to the children, but they are there all the same, slipped in on the sly, like lovers of 'rum sneak down the ardent when they are where it cannot be had openly. If a man thing must be done, it is as well to do it behind the door, so that the example may be lost.

It is not in schools alone that the mother's penchant for stuffing her children with unhealthy eatables crops out. "We fry nearly everything we eat," said an indulgent mother, three of whose children are dead, "and the rest frequently in the doctor's hands. The children like fried meat and things best." "Yes," said the father, "she cooks to please the children, she don't care a cent what I like." One would think after a parent had lost two or three children she would begin to think there might be something radically wrong about their system of living and make a change. It would be a simple experiment at least to try a little sun and air, and a little less frying-pan and sweet-meats.

The list of popular follies is too long to even touch all, and it would be useless for me to set up opposition to the world. One voice crying in the wilderness will not be heard. But I'll not lay down the pen without saying that if parents permit their boys to spend their evenings out in uncertain company, and their girls to undermine their health by foolish habits, they must never expect their descendants to rise up and call them blessed. They don't rise up in that way. Accept this as my New Year greeting.

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 "Oh, it's a matter of association according to a system I have worked upon for twenty-five years. It is all based upon the alphabet and numbers. I take persons and in a few hours get them so that they can repeat or reproduce a long poem which I have read to them twice, or, at most, three times. They can repeat it backward or forward, or give you any line you call for by number. I had a boy about twelve years old who, after learning the system, went to hear Beecher and Cook lecture and afterwards repeated the lectures to an audience without having taken a note. He repeated Beecher's lecture at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms on New York avenue. Of course, he did not give every word the lecturer used, but he covered every point in its regular order, just as the speaker had done, curtailing it sufficiently to be able to give in half an hour what it took an hour to deliver originally."  
 "Do many come to you to have their faculties cultivated?"  
 "Yes, a great many. Some students, reporters—more particularly official reporters of the Senate and House—lawyers and preachers. Preachers and lawyers particularly; the former to acquire an aptness in memorizing their sermons and the latter to memorize authorities and dates. Orators also, who memorize their speeches.  
 "Then there is another class—the department clerks and persons preparing for civil service examinations. Before going in for an examination many of them come to me to memorize dates and events, location of rivers, historical, statistical and practical facts."  
 "I had a navy officer here not long ago who was preparing for an examination for promotion and he perfected himself in the system so that he could without difficulty remember anything he desired."  
 "There is an old lady between 70 and 80 years old who, with her daughter has taken instructions, and she says that she finds no difficulty in remembering and repeating all that she reads. She says she can take two poems she has read and repeat them alternately, a line from each."

Mexican merchants complain that they are constantly victimized by receiving goods from the United States which are much inferior to the samples displayed by drummers.  
 In politics the looser gets the same returns as the winner.

children of the utmost importance, in making up bills of fare, and sanitary rules to govern them. If the tender-hearted simpletons called mothers, with their boxes of goodies, and purses of spending money could be kept out of sight and hearing, all would go well. There would be less grumbling at boarding school fare, and less use for their nurseries. But it would never do for the faculty of a school to set up opposition to the parents. They must respect the parent's authority even when they know it to be wrong. Here and there a school of the higher order advise in their catalogues that these objectionable things be not sent to the children, but they are there all the same, slipped in on the sly, like lovers of 'rum sneak down the ardent when they are where it cannot be had openly. If a man thing must be done, it is as well to do it behind the door, so that the example may be lost.

It is not in schools alone that the mother's penchant for stuffing her children with unhealthy eatables crops out. "We fry nearly everything we eat," said an indulgent mother, three of whose children are dead, "and the rest frequently in the doctor's hands. The children like fried meat and things best." "Yes," said the father, "she cooks to please the children, she don't care a cent what I like." One would think after a parent had lost two or three children she would begin to think there might be something radically wrong about their system of living and make a change. It would be a simple experiment at least to try a little sun and air, and a little less frying-pan and sweet-meats.

The list of popular follies is too long to even touch all, and it would be useless for me to set up opposition to the world. One voice crying in the wilderness will not be heard. But I'll not lay down the pen without saying that if parents permit their boys to spend their evenings out in uncertain company, and their girls to undermine their health by foolish habits, they must never expect their descendants to rise up and call them blessed. They don't rise up in that way. Accept this as my New Year greeting.