

KING HEROD'S SON.

The rose-red sunlight faded into dawn, And gleamed in mists of gold Jerusalem...

With weary lids all rust with desert sand, Hard by the pillared porch of Herod, king, The mounted Magi drew the fringed rein...

Herod within his cedern closet sits, Drunk with the poisoned draught of sullen crimes, That feed upon his soul. Around him hangs Rich arras picturing frantic lures of lust...

Do homage to his brooding, lo, what power Wats to his sense, when his chamber walls Strange words to shake him from his haunted dream...

The Magi pause outside the brazen gates, Where smoking torches blur the starry night, Mid winking of centurion tongues. Pale-robed...

Now Herod's favorite son felt Herod's hate, On hearing of the new born rival king, As, noted not, he stood behind his sire, With frowning face while feasted the wise...

Out through the sentry-guarded city gate, Which at a glint of Herod's signet-ring Yields grudgingly to the caravan—

Always the Magi's aged eyes upraised Into the lustre in the calm mid-air, And on their lips a holy murmuring...

With gold and divers costly offering, To lay before an infant's swathed feet, Like forms of dream they tread the olive groves...

The white, confusion reigned in Herod's house, At knowledge of the prince's secret flight, And some davened the meager love of the city streets...

Tearful, the queen cast arms about his neck, Thinking no thine escape save joy of his return, But Herod, worth, bade him declare the thing...

Then fourth went Herod's edict on the land That babes of ten or years be forthly slain, And at the news wild grief assailed the boy...

To move him to his hidden filial mind, Instant he fled the palace as before, Passionate to warn the parents of the child, And lo, he learned how they had left the place...

And hastened into Egypt, at the news He turned rejoicing near the palace gates, The hirings found and bore him to the king, Then did he cry: Put by thy sword, O Siro!

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—Edward A. U. Valentine in December Dialect.

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

A LITTLE MOTHER.

The hot-sweating weather had come and the city gasped and choked to breath in the blistering heat. It was undeniably the hottest summer known for years.

These were hard times for Steenth street. It was low and malarial and the breeze that came up from the East river blew fetid breaths in the day and tantalizing hopes of coolness that were never realized in the night.

The Pure in Heart could do little to relieve the distress. Within its rooms there was as much discomfort as in the other tenement houses. There was but one class kept going, the Saturday morning sewing class, and that was small enough.

It was one particularly hot Saturday morning and the little class of seven sat clustered about their tired teacher in varying attitudes of inattention. A hot breeze came in now and then through the two open windows and lazily fluttered the dusty curtains.

Annie Berkeley shifted the weight of year-old Little Brother on one arm to the other, and sighed a tired little sigh as she peered down into his sleeping face.

Mrs. Morton looked up from her work and then glanced at Susie Thompson's frantic endeavors to still the restlessness of her little sister Viola.

"We shall have an outing for these little folks," she said quietly to the teacher, "and the 'little mothers,' especially, and we shall see that it is a day of rest for them."

It did not take long for the rumor to be abroad that an excursion of some sort was afoot, something even better and more original than a May walk. Despite the heat and the general feeling of lassitude prevailing, certain members of "de gang" began to loiter around the door of 322, although there was no reason for their being about.

But, somehow, it may have been that Dobson made specific inquiries; it may have been that the little girls of the sewing class had talked the matter over, but it soon became known that this special excursion was for the small folks alone, and small folks who wore dresses, and had to mind baby brothers and sisters.

Among the little girls there was much excitement, which vented itself by violent whispering in class and much running in and out of each other's rooms, and many small groups gathered in important conclave on the sidewalks. Comments, chiefly on the desirability of such a trip, were made and wise remarks offered as to the final outcome. On the day before the great event a cluster of little skirts were in front of 322, and now and then an anxious head peered furtively in the doorway, as if expecting developments this early. Just then Mary McMahon came up and surveyed the group with an assumption of careless indifference which sat ill upon her, because there were tears stains upon her face.

"Mary's ma ain't gointer let her go," said Ada Middleton, with a little hop of triumph. Between her and Mary there was a violent but tacit dislike, caused by certain marks of favoritism shown the latter in school.

"Aw, I don't care," said Mary, bravely, "I wouldn't go to de ol' beach. Ain't nuttin' dere. My pa's gointer to take me to Coney Island."

She tossed her head and sniffed contemptuously, and for a minute there was an awkward silence in the group. In the face of such fortune as this there was nothing to be said. Annie Berkeley drew a long sigh of blissful contentment, and patted her baby brother's head.

—Edward A. U. Valentine in December Dialect.

places were practically invisible. High above the rest her voice chattered and laughed in a gay, almost hysterical volubility. For so long had her arms been baby-burdened, for so long had her days been as one to the other, that the prospect of the holiday was as strong drink to her. Little Brother, in the arms of his mother, who had given up this day to his care, waved a pudgy and solemn farewell to her from the corner, and Ann called back shrilly, kissing her hand. Not even at the moment, a something gulped up in her throat and her eyes filled for an instant.

It was very gay on the boat. The waters sparkled cool and gleaming in the sun, and when the rocky dangers of Hell Gate were being passed with its great bowlders, foamed and gurgling merrily, the joy of the children knew no bounds. Annie Berkeley was the first in the crowd who discovered the new sights. She clapped her hands at the green shores, and the islands with their fortresslike buildings. She pointed out the big houses on the water side, and stood tiptoe craning her neck across Manhattan island to catch a faint, far glimpse of Grant's tomb, white in the distance. Then, with a sudden change of movement, she turned her thin little face to and fro and glanced down at her empty arms.

There was an Italian orchestra on the boat, whose harps and violins sounded weirdly on the children, above the rush of the water and the creaking of the boat's machinery. Some other passengers, taking pleasure in the children's delight, contributed pennies to keep the music going. Annie and Ada Middleton whirled dizzily round in ever increasing time to a popular waltz tune. Annie gasped joyously as the music ceased and for a moment a serious little shade crossed her pinched face, as she cried unconsciously to Ada.

"Oh, wouldn't Little Brother laugh?" "Ada regarded her in silent scorn for an instant, and walked away in disgust. By the time the boat had landed at the beach, a vague sense of the incompleteness of human pleasures was beginning to dawn upon Annie, and it was with a rather sober mien that she regarded the wonders about them as they walked in a group over the pier. Such wonderful things there were to do and such things to see and to eat that she soon recovered her spirits. She climbed on the merry-go-round and cheerily clucked to the wooden horse whose reins she held, and who rooked dizzily up and down in a breath holding way. But she looked longingly at the gilded chariots, and dreamed of a pudgy baby sitting therein, held tight in her arms. Folding tight to her side she flew to the merry-go-round, and the wind snatched off her hat, and she had to gasp again for breath, she felt a fierce thrill at the thought of holding Little Brother up tight in her arms, and she was so glad when the time came for dinner and they all sat around on the grass, and munched sandwiches and chicken and cake and pie, and potato salad. Annie was silent, and ate abstractedly. Mrs. Morton paused by her side long enough to ask gently: "Aren't you having a good time, Annie?"

The small pigtail bobbed violently up and down, but there was no audible reply. Just then the sewing teacher came by with plate of cream and great slices of pink and white cake. Annie took it from her hand silently and gazed at it with slowly filling eyes. It was the culmination of months of hopes unspoken, of dreams untold, and yet—and yet—she raised her hand to her forehead, and a great shiver of grief bent upon her wonderingly. With a quick impulsive movement she pushed the plate away from her and then buried her face in Mrs. Morton's skirts with a choking little sob: "Little brother—I wish he were here."

After this audible expression of discontent Annie gave herself up to her loneliness and home sickness. The minstrel at the music hall who cracked time honored jokes and strummed on his banjo provoked her, but she did not care. The gorgeous lady in the short pink silk slip and the huge picture hat, who kissed her hand to the children after pleading with "her baby" to come back, only caused a momentary widening of a pair of tear-laden eyes. Her little brother would have crowded at the music!

At last the long day came to an end, and the little asylum file trotted demurely on board the boat, tired and a wee bit cross, perhaps, sticky as the fingers of Mrs. Morton were to her hair. The sunset long, red bars about the green shores and white, foaming water, and athwart the boat and the children danced in its red glow to the twinkling of the harp and violins. One little girl sat apart from the rest on the fore part of the ferryhouse, her head resting on the rail, her little form rocking to and fro in rhythm to an unconscious crooning song.

The tired little file streamed into Steenth street. The boys waited on the corner of Second avenue to greet them with derisive shouts, to which the little girls, complacent in the consciousness of superiority, vouchsafed no reply. They were to go to the beach, to the beach, to the beach, to the beach. This rule was strict; no one was to break ranks.

On the other corner a group of women stood talking. One of them held a pudgy baby in her arms. Annie looked up quickly, then with a gasp she dropped her companion's hand and rushed across the street to the group.

"Annie!" cried Mrs. Morton, reproachfully. "Annie did not hear. Her arms were folded about something warm and cooling as she stood rapturously on the corner rocking to and fro and crooning softly to Little Brother." —Mrs. Paul Lawrence Dunbar in Chicago News.

Why He Came. Augustus Lackcash (to tailor)—"My son tells me that you have allowed him to run a bill for three years. I have, therefore, come."

Tailor—"Oh! pray, sir, there is really no hurry." Augustus Lackcash—"I know that, and therefore, I have come to tell you that in future I want to get my clothes from you too."

A Foolish Question. Mamma—My dear, where have you been all this time? Daughter—Sitting up with a sick friend. Mamma—None the less, I believe you have been in the parlor all the time with that Mr. Softleigh. Daughter—Well, ma, he's lovelick.

WORKING NIGHT AND DAY.—The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. These pills change weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fog into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25 cents per box. Sold by F. P. Green, druggist.

Washington's Last Hours.

Graphic Description of the Final Illness and Death of the Father of His Country.

The following description of the death of Washington was condensed by the Brooklyn "Eagle" from Irving's "Life of Washington."

About 10 o'clock on the morning of December 12th, 1799, General Washington awoke his horse and rode out as usual to make the rounds of his estate. The ominous ring round the moon, which he had observed on the preceding night, proved a fatal portent. About 1 o'clock it began to snow, soon after to hail and then turned to a settled cold rain. Having on an overcoat, he continued to ride without regarding the weather, and did not return to the house until after 3. His secretary approached him with letters to be franked, that they might be taken to the postoffice in the evening. Washington franked the letters, but observed that the weather was too bad to send a servant out with them. Mr. Lear (the secretary) perceived that snow was hanging from his hair, and expressed fears that he had got wet; but he replied, "No, his great coat had kept him dry." As dinner had been waiting for him he sat down to the table without changing his dress. "In the evening," writes his secretary, "he appeared as well as usual."

On the following morning the snow was three inches deep and still falling, which prevented him from taking his usual ride. He complained of a sore throat and had evidently taken cold the day before. In the afternoon the weather cleared up and he went out on the grounds between the house and the river to mark some trees which were to be cut down. A hoarseness, which had hung about him through the day, grew worse toward night, but he made light of it. He was very cheerful in the evening, as he sat in the parlor with Mrs. Washington and Mr. Lear, amusing himself with the papers which had been brought from the postoffice. When he met with anything interesting or entertaining he would read it aloud as well as his hoarseness would permit, or he listened and made occasional comments while Mr. Lear read the debate of the Virginia Assembly. On retiring to bed Mr. Lear suggested that he should take something to relieve his cold. "No," replied he, "you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came."

In the night he was taken extremely ill with ague and difficulty in breathing. Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning he awoke Mrs. Washington, who would have risen to call a servant, but he would not permit her, lest she should take cold. At daybreak, when the servant woman entered to make a fire, she was sent to call Mr. Lear. He found the general breathing with difficulty and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. Washington desired that Dr. Craik, who lived in Alexandria, should be sent for, and that in the meantime Rawlins, one of the overseers, should be summoned to bleed him before the doctor could arrive.

A gargle was prepared for his throat, but whenever he attempted to swallow any of it he was so stricken by the cold that he could not swallow. Rawlins made his appearance soon after sunrise, but when the general's arm was ready for the operation, became agitated. "Don't be afraid," said the general, as well as he could speak. Rawlins made an incision in the neck, a mighty influence has been stated Washington. The blood, however, ran pretty freely and Mrs. Washington, uncertain whether the treatment was proper, and fearful that too much blood might be taken, begged Mr. Lear to stop it. When the string was sent to be tied, the general put up his hand to stop him and as soon as he could speak, murmured: "More—more," but Mrs. Washington's doubts prevailed and the bleeding was stopped after about a half pint of blood had been taken. His old friend, Dr. Craik, arrived between 8 and 9, and two other physicians, Drs. Dick and Brown, were called in. Various other remedies were tried, and additional bleeding, but all of no avail.

"About half-past four," writes Mr. Lear, "he desired me to call Mrs. Washington to his bedside, when he requested her to go into his room and take from his trunk a pair of flannel drawers, and to bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at them he gave her one, which he observed was useless, as being superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it, which she did, and put the other to bed. When the flannel was done, I returned to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me: 'I find I am going; my breath cannot last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange now, as you see, my letters, papers and settle my books, as you know more about them than anyone else; and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun.'"

"I told him this should be done. He then asked if I recollected anything which it was essential for him to do, as he had but a very short time to continue with it. I told him I could recollect nothing; but that I hoped he was not to hear his end. He observed, smiling, that he certainly was, and that, as it was a debt which he must pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation."

In the course of the afternoon he appeared to be in great pain and distress from the difficulty of breathing and frequently changed his posture in bed. Mr. Lear endeavored to raise him and to turn him with as much ease as possible. "I am afraid I fatigue you too much," the general would say, when being assured to the contrary. "Well," he observed, "it is a debt we must all pay to each other, and I hope when you want aid of this kind you will find it." His servant, Christopher, had been in the room during the day, and almost the whole time on his feet. The general noticed it in the afternoon, and kindly told him to sit down. About 5 o'clock his old friend, Dr. Craik, came again into the room and approached the bedside.

"Doctor," said the general, "I die hard, but am not afraid to go. I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it—my breath cannot last long." The doctor pressed his hand in silence, retired from the bedside and by the door was absorbed in grief. Between 5 and 6 other physicians came in and he was assisted to sit up in his bed.

"I feel I am going," said he. "I thank you for your attentions, but I pray you do not trouble about me, let me go off quietly; I cannot last long." He lay down again; all retired excepting Dr. Craik. The general continued uneasy and restless, but without complaining, frequently asking what hour it was. Further remedies were tried without avail in the evening. He took whatever was furnished him, did as he was desired by the physicians and never uttered a sigh or complaint.

"About 10 o'clock," writes Mr. Lear, "he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said: 'I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead.' I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me and said: 'Do you understand me?' I replied, 'yes.' 'This well,' said he.

"About 10 minutes before he expired (which was between 10 and 11 o'clock) his breathing became easier. He lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The general's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine and pressed it to my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

"While we were fixed in silent grief Mrs. Washington, who was seated at the foot of the bed, asked with a firm and collected voice, 'Is he gone?' I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. 'This well,' she said, in the same voice. 'All is now over. I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through.'"

Presbyterian Women.

Acted at a Recent Meeting of the Woman's Synodical Temperance Association of the Presbyterian Synod of Pennsylvania.

The women of the Presbyterian church are at last taking hold of the temperance question as church work and had any of the churches show the same interest years ago it would never have been necessary to organize the W. C. T. U. The following letter has been sent to all the women's societies of the Presbyterian churches in the synod of Pennsylvania.

"The Woman's Temperance Association of our Synod, believing that the liquor traffic and its results, constitute one of the greatest obstacles in the way of the Gospel, earnestly request every Missionary Society to elect a temperance secretary, whose duty it will be to advance the cause of total abstinence by the use of pledges and suitable literature.

By order of the Association, ELLEN M. WATSON, Corresponding Secretary. Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 12th, 1899.

The General Assembly's Permanent Committee on Temperance cordially endorse the request of the Woman's Synodical Temperance Association for the election of a temperance secretary, and for the purposes expressed in the foregoing letter addressed to the Woman's Society of our Church."

Relative to the election of a temperance secretary, in all of our Missionary Societies, Mr. Wm. C. Lilly, of the General Assembly's Permanent Committee on Temperance, has this to say: "I most cordially approve of the election of a temperance secretary, and heartily endorse the action of the Permanent Committee. No more important agency can be employed by our church than the Woman's Organization. When the women of our church unite to say that intoxicating liquors shall be banished from the home and the church, a mighty influence has been started that will bring a large fringe to the church and for the glory of God. I hope the day soon dawn when there shall be a Woman's Organization in every church."

Colorado Springs, Jan. 8th, 1900. The influence, the Presbyterian women can exert, when they are so inclined, has been most strikingly exemplified during the last few months. They have helped to strike the Mormon iniquity such a blow as it has never before received. Shall we not thank God and take courage for greater conquests? In our land, there is a still stronger agency of Satan to be routed. We are appalled by the rapid increase of the drinking habit in good society, and with sinking hearts, many mothers and wives are saying: "Will my loved ones be the next victims?" for it is a fact that a greater number of souls are lost, yes, lost, every year through this evil than are claimed as the whole membership of the Mormon church. Surely many petitions will ascend to God during this month of prayer for "Our Country," that the minds of His people may be turned to a fresh consideration of what can be done to stay this awful evil. We beseech you do not say, "this has nothing to do with our Missionary work."

President Schurman of the United States Commission to the Philippines, commenting on the situation presented to missionaries in the island, says, "I regret that Americans allowed the saloon to get a foothold in the islands." "That has hurt the Americans more than anything else, and the spectacle of Americans drunk awakens disgust in the Filipinos."

A late Seattle newspaper stated that "in one day a steamer carried out a cargo to Honolulu and Hilo of 2,465 barrels of beer and 485 barrels of alcohol. There was a constant stream of beer flowing across the wharves all day long. It came in kegs, barrels and cases, by train load, express wagon and brewers' drays." The civilization of American trade with the Orient is further illustrated by a shipment the same day of 585 barrels of pure alcohol to Kolu and Yokohama, and the paper adds, "With all this there will not be a single missionary."

Does it not call the blush of shame to our faces, to think of this iniquitous liquor traffic following our flag into every corner of the earth? Will God answer our prayer, Thy Kingdom come, until this stumbling block is removed?

Dear women, are we ready to do our part in preparing the way of the Lord? FRANCES L. SWIFT.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.—"A awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burmah of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from pneumonia before morning," writes Mrs. S. H. Lincoln, who attended her that fearful night, but she begged for Dr. King's New Discovery, which had more than once saved her life, and cured her of Consumption. After taking, she slept all night. Further use entirely cured her." This marvellous medicine is guaranteed to cure all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases. Only 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at F. P. Green's drug store.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Miss Jane Stone is the only oil operator in the country. She owns 180 acres in Texas, which have oil wells that have made her rich.

Now that we have been told that we must have pleats and have become reconciled, we are struck with the number of becoming and economical ways in which we may utilize them. Pleats that apparently extend all the way from the neck are managed in a skirt at waist section by means of a clasp, or even a narrow girle, and are really very graceful. A wide side pleated waist and skirt, with box pleats at the centre front and back, is an effective arrangement. In many cases an apron overskirt is added, with a corresponding drapery on the front of the bodice.

The best shaped skirts in box pleat effect are regulation sheath skirts, lined up to the knees, directly under the line of the added box pleat. Of course, they are sewed to the box pleats in seams. The box pleats, by the way, are managed much more easily if they be securely stitched down to the knees a quarter of an inch from the edge. This, of course, is for tailored dresses.

This is another way of taking care of the ubiquitous back fullness, for if we have to have side fullness at all, we want it so well anchored that it will stay where it is put. This is an attractive way of managing this part of a skirt, which is made of crepe de chine or like fabrics—textures that are not sufficiently heavy to make a good, solid, box pleat. As a rule, this tucked arrangement is habit back, as to shape.

The foolish practice of treading a helpless baby in the air, while it screams both with affright and delight, is a most dangerous one. A physician with a large practice tells the story of a precociously bright child which showed evident delight when tossed in this way by a doting grandfather, who was accustomed to play with it every evening. The child trembled with delight when the night's frolic was over, but one evening from this troubling it passed into a spasm, the first indication of one of those fatal brain diseases against which medical science is helpless.

The smartest and really exclusive skirt waists differ from their predecessors in several important details. First cuffs do not appear on them, the sleeves are narrower than last year, sometimes tucked or capped at the shoulder, and preferably finished with a small, rounded, soft cuff. Yokes are not used. There is a stylish yoke which appears now again. This is trimmed and applied to the shoulders, forming a little capelet.

The advance skirt waist, like the new skirts, all emphasize the popularity of pleats. In some instances these are confined to the back of the garment; in others they appear only in the front. The vertical effect will be very popular, but there is also a fan-shaped back made with a centre box pleat, wide at the top and graded at the waist-line. On each side of this is a group of narrow tucks, flanked in turn by box pleats graded in width to correspond with the centre pleat. The front of the garment is made with the customary centre band, stitched on each side. On certain styles of waists hemstitchings and insets, arranged in various forms on the fronts and sleeves, and in rare cases on the back, too, will be worn. For lack of perfectly plain French back fashionable last summer will also obtain to a certain extent.

While the narrow rounded, pointed or wide oblong soft cuff is most fashionable, stiff collars and cuffs will still be worn. The detachable linen collar can be easily laundered and it is decidedly more economical than the stylish but perishable confessions of silk, chiffon and net that melt down like snow in hot weather.

Straight laundered collars, with rounded corners in front, are shown, although the "Robespierre," the straight collar with side points, which was in vogue on dress waists of silk and French flannel, may claim consideration.

Never before has there been such a choice of materials, and no one would care to undertake to compile a list of all the available fabrics. As for colorings, patterns and effects, they were never more varied nor more attractive. Persian, French and Victoria lawns are being used in large quantities. There are also batistes, Swiss batistes, India linsens, Jaconets, organdies, dimities, nainsooks, Swiss mulls and a vast array of other materials. The striped ginghams in violet and pink are extremely stylish.

The white waists are particularly pretty this year. They are made of the finest softest and lightest materials. Some of the daintiest waists are made entirely of white lace and fine Hamburg embroidery, but there is also a fan-shaped back made with a centre box pleat, wide at the top and graded at the waist-line. On each side of this is a group of narrow tucks, flanked in turn by box pleats graded in width to correspond with the centre pleat. The front of the garment is made with the customary centre band, stitched on each side. On certain styles of waists hemstitchings and insets, arranged in various forms on the fronts and sleeves, and in rare cases on the back, too, will be worn. For lack of perfectly plain French back fashionable last summer will also obtain to a certain extent.

"I have been experimenting with a new scheme, and behold the result!" exclaimed the practical mother, as she displayed a small pair of shoes, which dilapidated appears but comparatively good soles. "I was lamenting the size of our shoe bill recently, when I was advised to 'cover the soles with three or four coats of copal varnish, and they will never need re-sooling.' As in less than six weeks' time our little chap's new shoes are ready for the cobbler, I immediately invested in some varnish, and in lieu of a brush, made a swab, and varnished the soles of all the footwear of the family—expense, 10 cents, and some varnish left over. I found (after a while) that had preserved the soles indefinitely. The heels were varnishing as well, and the more coats you give the shoes the longer they will last. It will be found that soles and heels preserved in this way will outwear the strongest uppers."

The minute a woman stands lightly on her feet, with knees straight, chest well out, stomach flat, shoulders back and the body, from waist up, tilting ever so slightly forward, she has acquired at once a certain smartness of effect that no amount of beauty or finery clothes could give.

A woman simply can't stand correctly and look slovenly. The smart girl is never round shouldered or hollow-chested, and by standing properly she breathes properly. Every full, deep breath she draws strengthens the muscles of her sides and abdomen. She is bound not to grow into a fat, ungainly woman, who can never catch her breath or a train, for a proper pose of the body means good digestion and good health.