

"Incognito"

"The meshes of matrimony seem to be closing about me," thought Lady Julie, as she finished the letter she had been reading. "Poor Aunt Caroline! She aims to be diplomatic, but it is written between every line that the sole object of her house party is for me to hear, heed and wed the fabulously rich American. I wonder why it is Americans are always rich. What a novelty a poor American would be!"

raised her eyes to his, a pang of disappointment went through her. This was not Jim Halden, the man she had expected to meet. At dinner she rallied from the shock. "At any rate they are from the same city," she thought. "They may know each other."

Of Interest to Women

Remarkable Change of Infant of today—New Babyless Language May Be Responsible—Grandma's Tale of Daily Care Administered to the "Naughty" Imp of 50 Years Ago.

It may be owing to natural progression or to mothers' meetings, or even to the new babyless language that the modern mother has introduced into the nursery, but for some reason or another infants have changed most remarkably.

WHEN WOMEN REGISTER

The Hotel Clerk Explains Why the Blotter is Necessary During and After the Ceremony.

"Hotel clerks get to be great observers of human nature," said an old hotel "lobbyist." "During the many hours out of each day that I spend warming this chair I have learned many tricks of their trade which go to prove my statement."

The Romance of a Composer.

Benedetto Marcello, one of the most famous Venetian composers, fell in love with a beautiful girl named Leonora Manfrotti, who married Paolo Seranzo, a Venetian noble. She died a short time after her marriage, a victim to the harsh and jealous treatment of her husband.

A Gymnastic Maine Hen.

Zenas Dudley, of Hampden, has a hen that will lay every day, provided she can lay where she wants to, and that is sitting on top of a pole. The reason why this hen wished to perch on the tip end of a pole when laying can be accounted for only by the fact that she laid her first egg on top of a pole.

Workers Pay Death Toll.

Between 34,000 and 35,000 deaths and 2,000,000 injured is the accident record in the United States during the last year among workmen, according to a bulletin of accidents issued December 14 by the bureau of labor.

Our Need of Music.

We need music in our modern life, almost as much as we need bread; we need it in our schools almost as much as we need the multiplication table. We need it in our lives, not only to help us worship, but that we may carry away something better than a ringing headache from our precious hours of diversion.

The Coloring of the Clouds.

The gorgeous coloring of the clouds, especially those of sunset, is due to the circumstance that the yellow and red rays of light have a much greater penetrating momentum than the blue.

Notes and Comment

Of Interest to Women Readers

SHALL WEDDED WOMEN WORK.

Eminent Authorities Discuss the Question of "The Woman's Invasion."

"Shall women work after marriage? That is so large a question that it will be merely suggested and then laid on the table for future discussion," says William Hard.

Second: Work after marriage, aside from its economic aspects, has seemed to many persons who have given it much thought to have possibly an intellectual and moral value. In his authoritative book on "Sex and Society," Professor W. I. Thomas seems to adopt this view.

FAMOUS AMERICAN SONG BIRD.



EMMA EAMES. Madame Emma Eames is now in Europe and will not sing in this country this year.

French Women Busy Workers.

There are 7,000,000 women in France who earn their own living. In Paris women now work as cutters of precious stones, and they have proved so skillful that they may win supremacy from Amsterdam as the centre of the stone-cutting industry.

POETRY WORTH READING

Middle Age. When youth's desire of pleasure cloyed And life has reached a wiser stage 'Tis sweet to count the placid joys Of middle age.

No more the love of frenzied sport, No more the things to do and dare, With mild philosophy I court My easy chair.

There with my soothing pipe I sit And watch its graceful rings arise, Feeling my vision and my wit Grow ripe and wise.

No more I join the weary wights Who dangle in a maiden's trail, Giving their daytimes and their nights To woful wail.

I seek no mad emprise to jog And goad me in a perilous way, But meditate that every dog Must have his day.

I note the price of stock and share With cautious speculative ends, And to the credit side I bear Life's dividends.

Perchance to golfing fields I fare, To enterprise with putt and tees— And scorn the caddie's furtive stare At what he sees.

I never ask of life too much; And she rewards with ample wage Of peaceful joys that are in touch With middle age. —Fall Mail Gazette.

Settling Down.

I've roamed the earth e'er since my birth, And made the most of time, By sun-baked sand and frozen land And every other clime.

I've chucked the Hindu maiden's chin; Bronze goddesses I've wooed; In velvet eyes of tropic skies, I've often misconstrued;

I've learned the grip of fellowship In stoic fatalism; I've quite a store of Eastern lore And every other schism.

I've roamed the earth e'er since my birth, And made the most of time, I've learned a lot that's good—and not.

A Pilgrim Song.

Ah! little Inn of Sorrow, What of thy bitter bread? What of the ghostly chambers, So I be sheltered?

Ah! little Inn of Fortune, What of thy blazing cheer, Where glad through the pensive evening Thy bright doors beckon clear?

Ah! distant End of the Journey, What if thou fly my feet? What if thou fade before me In splendor wan and sweet?

Just Mother. (A Burlesque Song.) The courtroom it was crowded All the witnesses was there The big judge he sat a frowning In his big upholstered chair.

They had dragged her there by force Then up rose a handsome lawyer Who refused to give his name He defended the old lady

And well he done the same The verdict was not guilty The old lady got quite gay And when the lawyer spoke up To them he then did say:

Chorus. She was my mother once In years so long ago And I'll not desert her now That she has fell so low I have many other mothers All over this broad land But I'll not desert this mother, even Though I'm rich and grand. —Booth Tarkington, in Chicago Evening Post.