

"I'M GOING TO, ANYWAY."

When you've set your head to do it,
When your judgment says you're right,
When your conscience gives its sanction,
Then pitch in with all your might.
Don't let anything prevent you,
Though the odds seem big and strong;
Every obstacle must vanish
As the swift days roll along—
If you set your jaw and say:
"Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

What's this life that we are living,
But a mighty hurdle race?
Every obstacle encountered
Makes you quicken up your pace.
Till, with mighty bound triumphant,
You come safely to the goal.
You had toiled for, you had longed for;
In the center of your soul.
When you set your jaw to say:
"Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

While the whole world loves a lover,
Yet it loves a winner best;
Loves the man who, till he conquers,
Stays not even for sleep or rest.
Oh he may be worn and haggard,
Often he may weary be;
Yet the lion heart within him
Has been firm as rock since he
Set his quiet jaw to say:
"Well, I'm going to, anyway!"

O the loose-hung jaws encountered
In the course of but a day!
O the lives devoid of purpose,
That we find along the way!
They the weaklings are, who know not
What strong faith will may do;
Know not that the world's a servant
To the man who's game and true—
And who sets his jaw to say:
"Well, I'm going to, anyway!"
—S. W. Gillian, in Los Angeles Herald.

A HEROINE OF HOME

How She Entertained an Angel Unawares.

EDWARD LESLIE kissed his wife fondly when she ran to the door to welcome him home from business, but when he reached their cozy kitchen he dropped wearily into the easy chair by the fire and rested his head upon his hand. He was tired after a long day's work, with nothing but a couple of lumps to stay the inner man—tired and worried. They had been married now nearly twelve months, and they found housekeeping more expensive than they had anticipated, and the better times they had hoped for seemed as far off as ever. It was nearly the end of the month, too, and the rent would soon be due. The coal, also, had not yet to be paid for, and then there was the interest on some "tickets" which must be paid, or his little wife would lose the little jewelry she treasured so, but which she gave up so willingly to help the man she loved in the hard struggle to get their little home together.

"Dinner is nearly ready, dearest," she said as she stroked his hair back from his forehead. "And you are hungry and tired, dear, and worried."

Presently the postman's sharp rap caused him to spring up and run to the door. He came back more slowly.

"It's from Uncle Mac," he said.

"Well, I am surprised. He arrived in England yesterday morning, and—oh, good heavens! we must put him off. We can't do it."

Mrs. Leslie took the letter.

"My Dear Godson Ted—I have come back to England after fifteen years in Australia. As things are not too well with me, I propose to come and stay a few months with you. I suppose since you are married fortune is smiling upon you, and they say these can be kept as cheaply as one. Expect me tonight about 9. All news then. Your affectionate uncle, MAC."

"Why, I always thought your Uncle Mac was doing so well, Ted," she said, slowly, as she finished.

"So did I," said her husband. "But, then, everyone abroad is always doing well. I must write at once and put him off."

"No, Ted, dear," his little wife said, bravely. "Because you are married I don't want him to think we are quite so poor. We will manage somehow."

But she sighed a little as she thought how quickly, even now, the weekly pay dwindled to a shilling or two before Friday night.

Barely an hour later Uncle Mac announced his arrival with a performance on the little brass knocker which startled several of Mr. Leslie's quiet neighbors.

"Glad to see you, my boy. Glad to see you. Nice little place you got, but awkward to find. Took the wrong train at Broad street, so had to come up on the tram. And I say, Ted, my boy, why on earth don't they put the pavement all the way along the street? Half way down I got mixed up in a mountain of mortar, quite lost my temper, and nearly my umbrella. As I said to a man who came down with me, 'That's an infernally ugly looking thing.' Your wife, eh, Ted?" broke off Uncle Mac, as he caught sight of Nellie in the hall. "Glad to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Ted," he said, walking into Nellie's dainty little drawing-room—the pride of her life—bringing with him sufficient of the much-mixed mortar on his boots to build a small-sized villa. "Come over to the light and let me look at you."

"Nice face, but tired," he said, quite audibly, although intended only for himself. "Smart girl, but no strength or backbone. Novel and the sofa and pretty fal-dal-lais. Wonder why he married her?"

"Because he loved me and I loved him," said Nellie, proudly.

"I beg your pardon," said Uncle Mac, hurriedly. "Silly habit, speaking your thoughts aloud. Learnt it in the lonely bush. No offense. Hope you're happy and your love will last, but they do say when poverty comes in at the what's-its-name love shoots out of the thingummy."

"That's wrong, my dear, isn't it?" said Edward, slipping his arm round her waist. "Poverty only make our love the brighter. But come, Uncle Mac, my little girl has some real old Irish stew for supper, and I'm sure you're hungry."

"You're right, Ted, my boy," cried Uncle Mac. "I'm absolutely ravenous."

"You won't mind the kitchen, will you, Mr.—?" Nellie began.

"Mac, my dear, plain Mac; that is, of course, Uncle Mac, to you," he replied. "Personally I prefer the kitchen."

During supper he kept them all merry with stories of his life in Australia, but Nellie's eye noted with apprehension that his appetite was likely to be a serious strain on her limited larder.

"Good tack, this," he said presently, with appreciation. "Knocks billy and damper hollow. But you're not eating much."

"Oh, I've plenty, thank you," she stammered, but Uncle Mac silently noted that the meat had been served to Ted and himself, while her plate made a brave show with little else than potato.

Nearly a week passed and one day Nellie was just wondering whether she

would have an egg or her lunch now, or wait till 5, when a ring came to the door, and she ran up to find—Uncle Mac!

"Bit surprised to see me so soon, ah, my dear?" he says cheerfully, "but the fact is, I've run out of cash, so I thought I would drop down earlier and have a bit of lunch with you."

"Have lunch with me?" cried Nellie in a horror-stricken voice. "I'm afraid I have nothing in the house, Uncle Mac."

"Oh, anything will do," he replied, carelessly, "and if you have nothing in the place, give me two bob, and I'll run down to the butcher round the corner and get a bit of steak, eh?"

"I'm sorry, Uncle Mac, but—Ted and Tedie went off in a hurry this morning, and—and he took my purse away in his pocket."

"Silly boy! Silly boy! And yet he doesn't know it," replied Uncle Mac ruefully. "For when I called at his office to borrow five shillings off him he said he had left all his money at home. But there," he added cheerfully, "I have a sovereign, and we must spend that. My lucky sov. must go."

"Your lucky sovereign?" queried Nellie.

"Well, I call it my lucky sovereign," said Uncle Mac, "because it was the first sovereign I ever earned, and it happened to have the date on of the very year I started to work as a boy of fourteen. I've kept it all these years."

"Oh, you mustn't spend that," cried Nellie. "To-night Ted will be paid and we shall be all right again. Come down stairs and have some more bacon."

Uncle Mac said he had never enjoyed any meal so much as he did that bacon, and after he had finished he proposed that they should go for a walk together.

"As we can't afford a tram ride," he said, laughing, "we will just walk round and think we are millionaires. Nothing like building castles in the air, my dear, when you are down in the dumps. If you can't actually enjoy the things wealth would bring you can look round the shops and see all the pretty things, and then by a little imagination just consider they are your own. Now, as money's no object, where shall we say we live?"

"Oh, at Highgate," cried Nellie.

"Why Highgate?" asked Uncle Mac seriously.

"Because there's such a lovely house there to be let. It stands in its own ground, and I've often looked at it, long before we were married, even. I think I told you about it one day."

Finding the gate of the house open they ventured to look over it. Nellie waxed quite enthusiastic, and as they went from room to room she furnished them sumptuously in her imagination. The drawing room would be in gold and white with Louis XIV. style furniture.

"Never heard of him," said Uncle Mac, with conviction. "You must show me some of that on the way home."

Nellie replied with a laugh that she would show him the very thing she meant in Dormans & Brown's Emporium, and on the way back she pointed out many things she would like and have, "if only they had plenty of money."

When they got back Ted was waiting for his dinner, and while the chops were grilling Nellie told him the adventures of the day. During dinner Uncle Mac, amid many bursts of laughter, described the wonderful home in which Nellie would, in imagination, live.

Uncle Mac started off early next morning to get work, or, as he said, "die in the attempt." Toward the end of the second week Uncle Mac obtained a "job." "Of course, it isn't exactly the thing I wanted," he explained, "but then, beggars can't be choosers. I'm to get thirty-five shillings a week, so I thought, Nellie, I could pay you a pound every Wednesday toward the housekeeping expenses."

Matters were so arranged, and Nellie began to feel quite rich. It was surprising how much help that extra sovereign was, and Nellie's nightmare of the end of the week began to vanish.

Uncle Mac continued to come down at 5, and Nellie and he still amused themselves by "building castles in the air" and with looking in the shops.

At last, when everything seemed so happy, Edward came down one night with a hard, drawn look upon his face. He kissed his wife with great tenderness at the door, and with a shake in his voice said: "Come into the kitchen, Nellie."

"What is it, Ted?" she asked anxiously.

"I've got the sack, Nell!" he said, with a sob.

For some moments they stood in silence, then he sank on a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"Well, my little love birds," cried Uncle Mac, entering from the garden. "Why, what's the matter?"

"In a few broken words Nell told him of this last and greatest trouble."

"Well, well," said Uncle Mac, when she had ended, "keep a brave heart, my dear, and things may be all well yet. I think Ted and I will take a little walk up the street and talk matters over."

When they came back she was lying on the bed, where she had been crying bitterly, but she tried to meet them with a smile.

After dinner Uncle Mac produced a bottle of Australian wine from his bag, and they each had a glass, but it seemed to make her tired and heavy, and she felt as though she must go to sleep. Presently her head nodded, and as she lost consciousness she thought she heard Uncle Mac say: "Carry her to something." Presently, in her sleep she had a beautiful dream. She thought that she woke up and found herself in the house at Highgate, furnished just as she always pictured it, and Uncle Mac and Ted were there, and they were talking and laughing joyfully.

"Isn't it a lovely dream?" she said, turning to Uncle Mac.

"It is not a dream, my dear," he said, softly. "I am not poor, as you think, I am very rich. I have bought you this house and furnished it as you described, and we brought you here in your sleep. We shall all live here now—that is, if you will tolerate your old uncle—and tomorrow Ted will come up with me as manager to my business in the city."

"Is it true, then, Uncle Mac?" she cried.

"It is all true, little woman, and you must forgive an old man's deceit, but I wanted to see the metal my boy's wife was made of, and—and that riches would not turn her head. But I know now, my dear, that as wealth has come in at the thingummy, love will fly out of the what's-its-name."—New York News.

Music in Sickness.

A correspondence has been proceeding in a contemporary on the interesting subject of music as a therapeutic agent. It is claimed, as it was before, that music hath charms—charms other than those which enthusiastic people seek even during midsummer heat in concert-hall and drawing room. One of the correspondents declares that a beautiful air, even when played on a barrel organ, will frequently suffice to mitigate or charm away pain. Then there are cases quoted of rabid fever cured by use of a violin, and Sir Andrew Clark and Sir Richard Quain are mentioned as supporters of the Guild of St. Cecilia. All this may help to persuade the professional unbeliever that there is possibly "something in it," but we do not ourselves quite see what example are needed to prove that distracted nerves and feverish blood must inevitably be soothed by gentle strains of music. It is a fact self-evident. If music can charm away worry and anxiety in the case of healthy people, how much more should it soothe the sufferer on a bed of sickness. If this fact were more generally believed, we have no doubt that many a sick-bed would be rendered less intolerable to the sick person.—London Globe.

Forteen Great Mistakes.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, says *Woman's Life*, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life; that they were like the drops in the ocean or the sands on the seashore in number, but it is well to be accurate.

Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes: "It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in the world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mould all dispositions alike; to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation so far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything."

Knowledge.

Have you ever thought how little besides knowledge passes from generation to generation? Of those things absolutely necessary to life and to comfort very little beyond the needs of the immediate present accumulates. Of food, most necessary of all, strive all we can, the limit of accumulation is but a few months. And of those things which give purely physical comfort—clothing, fuel, shelter—with all our modern mechanisms and methods of preservation, we little more than keep abreast of daily demands. In art and literature only do we produce tangible things that survive for the benefit of the future.

But there is one thing that we do gain and give and accumulate from generation to generation—a thing more lasting than any work of art or of literature—more lasting than even the ruins of the greatest monuments, and of more value than all the products of man combined—the one thing that no fire, no flood, no drought, no disease, no famine, no convulsion of nature can ever destroy—knowledge.—New York News.

How a Man Drowns.

Few popular fallacies are of such wide extent as the belief that a person must rise to the surface three times, no more and no less, before he can possibly drown. There is little ground for this supposition, although it has been almost universally believed in for generations. The truth is that a drowning person may sink the first time never to rise again, or he may, as he indeed does in the majority of cases, rise three times before he sinks forever. It all depends upon the quantity of water that he swallows when he sinks and the size of his lungs. The human body in life naturally floats while the lungs are inflated. As long as one keeps his head above the surface of the water he can float, face up, without having to move hand or foot. But as soon as he sinks he gulps and imbibes a quantity of water. If, after he has swallowed water, he has any air left in his lungs, he will undoubtedly rise again, and will continue to sink and rise alternately, until all the air is expelled from his lungs, when he will drown.—Detroit Free Press.

WOMAN'S REALM.

NEW OCCUPATION FOR WOMAN.

The Complicated but Remunerative Business of Home-Making.

A new occupation has been added to an already extensive list of what is politely termed woman's work. It is the complicated but remunerative business of home-making. None of the sentimental domestic train your children and the hired girl as they should go business, but a combination of the talents of interior decorator, art collector, and past mistress in the refinements of housekeeping. The idea, like inventions, began with the mother of necessity. A woman who was known among her friends as having "such a knack" in arranging her little home was forced by ill-fortune to give it up. She lived, not in a shoe, but in a flat of minute dimensions, and it was the most fascinating spot in the big, overpowering city which must here be nameless. Whoever saw the flat was enraptured with it. But its occupant had to give it up and store or sell all the treasures, and dissipate the evidences of taste which made it home in the best sense of that abused word. Friends said, "Let the place furnished," but one day somebody came along and said, "Sell it out to me. I'll pay you what you ask and take the lease. Everything here suits me down to the ground!" This transaction gave birth to the "idea." Another individual, who wanted to set up a cozy little apartment, hearing of this clever labor-saving scheme, also engaged the woman to seek out another flat and to furnish it precisely "to suit herself." No suggestions were offered, but a suitable sum fixed on, with the request that the place might be ready for the new owner's occupancy on such and such a date. From this tiny commission others followed, and now this home-maker declares she is in her element, and only one part of her business distresses her. For, as soon as the home is exactly as she wants it, with all the dainty touches laid on to her satisfaction, she must abandon it, and her client steps in and reaps all the benefits. Surely an original means of earning a livelihood.—Boston Herald.

Self-Defense For Women.

A Pennsylvania girl of nineteen recently gave a tramp a lesson which is likely to last him for some time. He attempted to rob her while she was enjoying a rest by the roadside after a ride on her wheel, and she told him to depart. He treated the proposal with scorn and started to seize her, when she caught his hand and gave it a twist that enlightened him. She then delivered a blow on the point of the chin which landed him on the grass, and he was only too glad to get away.

The Average Mother is Unselfish.

While it is a common theory that, no matter what the father and husband may be, the mother and wife must rise superior to her environments, the fact remains that the home is as much the man's as the woman's, and he is relieved of none of his responsibilities because society assigns it to her as her special province. No man has a right to shirk his duty to his children because, perchance, he has a good wife and they have a good mother. The wife and mother rules by love, if she rule at all; the father and husband may rule by authority as well as love. The wife and mother who finds that her love is losing its influence on her children requires, but is too often denied, the disciplinary authority of the husband and father. The wrecks of children may be traced often to the failure of the husband to come to the assistance of the wife than to any fault of the latter.

Too much, we believe, is said of the shortcomings of women in these days. Those mothers and wives who are neglected of their homes constitute the minority. The average American mother is serious, unselfish and loving. If this were not the case we should not have, as we have to-day, a higher average of young manhood than any other country on earth. The assumption that wives and mothers are mainly to blame for the waywardness of children is neither reasonable nor fair. It is due usually to a few exceptional cases which, because of their exceptional character, deeply impress the observer. In general woman's devotion and love do not change as the child grows old, save for the better.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Children and Kissing.

Children should be carefully instructed and have it early impressed upon their minds to give and receive kisses only to and from those they love and who love them. Even then some restraint is obligatory upon adults who

are not perfectly well and in the case of a man who uses tobacco.

Children and adults are alike subject to contagious and infectious diseases from kissing, and this possibility should be a caution against the fashion of promiscuous kissing. Several cases of smallpox resulted from this indiscriminate kissing of a lady who was thought to be only slightly ailing.

Do not express your sympathy for the sick by kissing. Parents should never allow their children to be kissed by strangers, and children should be prohibited from kissing each other.

Influenza or the epidemic form of catarrhal fever is undoubtedly transferred from one child to another oftentimes by the contact of kissing. Scarlet fever, measles, chickenpox, whooping cough, mumps and diphtheria are often communicated in this way.

Children's Hat Elastics.

Now that the season is here when hats are again an important feature of the wardrobe, it behooves mamma to give a thought to the method of holding them on. Unless one knows and is thoughtful, one naturally chooses the way that gives the most pleasing result.

Looks count.

But looks are not all important. In the place of hat elastics they should be given second place. An elastic hidden behind the little ears undoubtedly looks neater, but it puts a pressure on the optic nerve which is very harmful to that most sensitive organ, the eye. So if there must be an elastic, put it in front of the ears.

Squares and Diamonds.

While discs and medallions will undoubtedly hold good, they will find strong rivals in the newer squares and diamonds. These will be in cloth, heavy net and velvet, adorned with braid, embroidery, appliques or stitching. They are set on tight together or in designs in which only the corners meet.

A lovely new dress of green cloth shows them in white cloth, edged in black cross stitch scrolls and a dainty sprinkling of French dots.

One in velvet more on suit lines, and a row of jetted diamonds two shades deeper. One of these serves to catch each pleat of the skirt at about the knees.

They may figure very well on fragile costumes. As seen in a frame of applique they are decidedly graceful.

Simulated squares and diamonds will be seen, too. A collar of velvet is marked off in these shapes by means of strapping or braid.

Chains of Sea Shells.

Far Western women have adopted a new fashion—the wearing of shell necklaces and chains. The shells are tiny and iridescent, and come from the South Sea Islands. The San Francisco jewelers, who are directly responsible for the fad, say that the delicately formed shells suitable for my lady's neck are extremely rare, and that natives grovel in the sands for days to obtain a small handful. In California and the arid States the shell chains have become popular instantly, even without the approval of New York fashionables, and they may reach here by autumn.—New York Press.

A Dainty Stock.

A certain pretty girl has made for herself one of the prettiest stock collars! And it is one which any girl who is at all clever with her needle can copy. The material used was white liberty satin. Around the top were two rows of French dots in black, then a row of baby ribbon, of a dainty pink, edged with black. Just below these are two more rows of dots, then another double row of dots, making three double rows of dots and two of ribbon. The decoration comes a little below the middle of the stock. It is both dressy, becoming and dainty.

A Novel Costume.

A suit of scarlet mohair is stitched with white. The skirt flares in front and is laid in flat pleats. It is fastened with scarlet buttons. A scarlet and white Tam o' Shanter, red hosiery and white shoes complete this costume.

Pretty Things to Wear.

All the correct walking skirts are now made after light models.

Semi-blind embroideries have superseded all other kinds in favor.

Flat lace, both black and white, is the popular fancy of the hour.

Stock collars with a decided downward point in front are very popular.

Veil heads of jet sewed on bias folds of black satin make very effective garniture.

Henry VII. and Mary Tudor are two of the coming shapes in cool weather headgear.

A line of braid an inch wide at each seam of the skirt is quite fashionable at present.

White cotton fringe is the extremely novel yet chic trimming used on the side of a beige linen blouse.

Taffeta costumes are favorites for autumn and are made comfortable for a cloth or knitted waistcoat.

Hats of soft white felt trimmed in wings and scarfs in black and white are to be the popular autumn headgear.

Garlands of small artificial flowers held together with bebb velvet ribbon effectively trim mousseline evening gowns.

The double veil effect—that is two veils in one—one to wear over the face and one over the hat, has only had very moderate success.

The effect of slenderness that is rather counteracted by the universal basque is given to the autumn jackets by strapping the seams in the back with bias bands of the material.

The exceedingly loose coats, a sort of combination of cloak and coat, that were considered too extreme in the spring are now in high favor, since Milady has become more accustomed to them.



New York City.—Monte Carlo coats are in the height of style and are eminently comfortable as well as smart. This excellent model is adapted to taffeta, pongee, tulle, linen and all the season's fabrics, but as shown is of black taffeta with a collar of heavy white colored lace over one of silk and a finish of straps attached with cori-celli silk.



The coat is semi-fitted and includes shoulder, under-arm and centre back seams that give a curve which is exceedingly becoming. The sleeves are in bell shape and are opened at the back for a few inches from the edge. The neck is finished with a narrow-shaped collar that crosses at the centre front and to which are attached the double flat cape collars that flare apart at the centre back. Over the seams and edges are applied straps of the material and the coat is closed by means of buttons and loops, but the straps can be omitted and the edges simply stitched and the closing can be made invisibly by means of a fly if preferred.

To cut this coat in the medium size six and three-quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, six and a quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide or two and five-eighth yards fifty inches wide will be required.

Seen on Waists.

Pin tucks are seen on many waists and some of them are entirely tucked, even the collar and cuffs.

Veil of Distinction.

In these days of fancy bordered veils there are none that have quite the



Woman's Lounging Robe.

Pretty and attractive negligees belong in every woman's wardrobe and are economical as well as useful and comfortable, inasmuch as nothing is more extravagant than lounging in a gown designed for other uses. The stylish model shown in the large drawing is admirable in many ways and is suited to a variety of materials, lawn, dimity and the like, chaille, albatross veiling and similar light weight woools; but as shown is of pale blue lawn with trimming of white embroidery and blue louisine ribbons.

The robe is simply made with a smooth fitting yoke, that can be cut high or square neck, to which the full front and the Watteau-like back are attached. The back is gathered and hangs loose and the under-arm goes curve gracefully to the figure. The front is gathered to the yoke and closes invisibly at the left side. The elbow sleeves are gathered at the lower edges and are finished with graduated frills, but the long sleeves are in bishop style with straight narrow cuffs.

To cut this robe in the medium size ten and a half yards of material twenty-seven inches wide, ten yards thirty-two inches wide or five and a half yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with four and a half yards of insertion and two and a half yards of narrow edging to trim as illustrated; or half yard of tucking, two and a half yards of embroidery and three and a quarter yards of insertion when large high neck and long sleeves are desired.

Woman's Box Pleated Shirt.

Box pleats appear to gain in favor week by week and are seen in the latest and best designs. This stylish waist shows them to advantage and is suited to all waisting materials, cotton, linen, silk and wool, but as illustrated is of white butcher's linen and is worn with a tie and belt of black liberty satin. The original is unlined, but the fitted foundation is an improvement to woools and silks.

The lining is smoothly fitted by means of single darts, shoulder, under-arm and centre back seams, and extends to the waist line only. The waist proper consists of fronts and back and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The back is plain and is drawn down in gathers at the waist line; but the fronts are laid in box pleats, that are stitched flat to yoke depth, and can be gathered at the waist line or left free to be adjusted to the figure as preferred. The sleeves are in regulation style with straight square cuffs and at the neck is a stock collar. The closing is effected by means of buttons and buttonholes worked in the centre box pleat.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and three-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide.



three and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, three yards thirty-two inches wide or two yards forty-four inches wide.