

Wind-swept and drear-swept and swept with bitter rain—
The world I came from when I came across the sea—
Sun-frenched and panting, a peasant, waiting plain
Calling out to humankind, calling out to me!

Leaky lanes and gentle skies and little fields all green—
This was the world I came from when I faced across the sea—
The mansion and the village and the farmhouse in between,
Never any room for more, never room for me!

I've fought the wind and braved it. I cringe to it no more!
I've fought the creeping fire back and cheered to see it die.
I've shut the bitter rain outside and safe within my door
Laughed to think I feared a thing not as strong as I!

I mind the long white road that ran between the hedgerows neat
In that little, strange old world I left behind me long ago.
I mind the air so full of bells at evening, far and near—
All and all for some one else—I had leave to go!

And this is what I came to when I came across the sea—
Miles and miles of unmade sky and miles of unturned loam,
And miles of room for some one else and miles of room for me—
The cry of exile changing to the sweeter cry of "Home!"
—Isabel Eccleston Mackay, in "Youth's Companion."



Estelle's mother sat at the breakfast table reading a letter, a look of consternation growing on her face as she followed its contents. Estelle's father had gone down town to his office before the postman had brought the mail, and Estelle and her mother were finishing their breakfast alone. Baby—a little tot of four—was still asleep in his room.

"Mercy me, daughter, what do you think? Uncle Ned and his young son—whom we have never had the pleasure of seeing—are passing through our town to-morrow and will stop off to pay us a few hours' visit between trains. And what a predicament I am in—Bridget called home on account of a sick sister and my laundress late with her work. There isn't a clean napkin—a clean good one, I mean—in the house, and the best damask table cloth is soiled from the luncheon we had last week. Now isn't it just the worst luck, dear?"

"I could almost cry, if crying would help me out in this matter. Uncle Ned's wife is the finest housekeeper I ever knew; nothing ever seems to go wrong with her household."

Estelle sat thinking a minute. Then she said: "To-morrow is Saturday. That's good luck, anyway, mamma, for I shall be at home to help you."

"No, dear; you'll have your music lesson to take in the morning and your Sunday-school lesson to prepare in the afternoon, and you know you invited Sadie Martin over to spend a part of the evening with you. So I'll just have to do the best I can and make my apologies to Uncle Ned and young Cousin Frank. But though we are to be so full in this predicament, I can't be so sorry that uncle and Frank are coming, for I always loved uncle as though he were my brother. You know he is only a few years older than I am, and Frank is just three years older than you. So the visit—though short—will be such a pleasant one."

Estelle had risen from the table and was quickly clearing the things away. "Now, mamma, it's getting close upon school time, and I must help you with the breakfast work before I go. So let's not fret ourselves about to-morrow till it dawns. You know what papa always says, 'Never cross the bridge till you come to it.' So I have partly made up my mind that to do for to-morrow; but I shall give you my suggestion this evening after school."

"Estelle, you're going to be a practical, capable woman; I know it. And the mother stopped stacking up dishes long enough to kiss the cheek of her pretty daughter, who was bustling about as busy as a bee. "Well, mamma, I hope I shall always know how to act in an emergency," Estelle replied, putting on a big kitchen apron and beginning to wash the dishes.

"And it's the emergency that puts me all out and gets me frustrated," said the mother. "I never was good at planning ways and means."

"Well, we'll have our ways and means this hour," laughed Estelle. Half an hour later Estelle was off to school, her bright face serious as she hurried along. "Let me see—I'll just drop by the grocery and order for this evening and give orders for to-morrow. We'll have roast fowl and cauliflower, dressed with cream, and—but there's the school bell! No more about victuals, Miss Estelle Brown, unless you wish to miss your grammar lesson. Grammar doesn't mix well with cauliflower. So let things to eat wait their turn."

That afternoon after school Estelle hurried round to the grocer's and the butcher's, giving orders for the following morning. "You'd best deliver the chicken this evening, so that I may have it all plucked and prepared for roasting to-morrow morning," she said to the obliging butcher.

When Estelle reached home she found a new complication. Her little brother, called Baby, had crushed his finger between some stones in the yard and required much of his mother's attention. And there, sitting in the rocking chair, the crying baby on her lap, was poor mother, her face full of distress. "Oh, daughter," she moaned; "poor Baby's finger is badly bruised, and I just can't put him down to attend to preparations for to-morrow. I guess you'll have to phone to the grocer and the butcher."

"I've ordered for the grocery and left my order for to-morrow," said Estelle, stooping to kiss the now hushed brother.

"Why, you thoughtful girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "But—didn't you? Why, how did you ever think to get one? I hadn't made up my mind yet just what we'd have for dinner to-morrow. Once I thought we'd just have a cutlet or a steak."

"And I have decided on the menu, if you please, mamma. For the first course we'll have grape fruit. It's

to you; but I think you are one of the newly arrived guests, aren't you?"

And then she tripped away, going into the kitchen and closing the door behind her, leaving Frank looking after her in amazement. "When! If she's a cook! Well, I'll eat my hat! She's as pretty as a blossom—and such manners and language and voice! Why, I'd swear she was a born lady."

Then he returned to the house and all went into the dining room, where Estelle, shorn of the big kitchen apron and her face blushing and smiling, received them and was introduced to Uncle Ned and Frank.

"Cook!" And Frank took both Estelle's hands in greeting. "Well, I knew there was a mistake somewhere."

"No, just a good joke," laughed Estelle. And then as they all enjoyed the delightful dinner Mrs. Brown explained the dilemma regarding their cook, saying: "And it is Estelle's own dinner, planned and prepared by herself that you now have before you."

"Ah, wonderful," cried Uncle Ned. "And now I understand why Estelle did not come to greet us on our arrival."

"If you'd caught her as I did—back in the garden," said Frank, knowingly, "you'd have seen her in her kitchen regalia. And it's awfully becoming, too."

"You'd best pay attention to your grape fruit, sir," said Estelle with mock gravity. "And as for kitchen regalia—well, how do you like flirting with the cook?"

Then the laugh was at Frank's expense, his father saying dryly: "I'll have to keep a watchful eye on you, Frank, if you're given to visiting the little cook's flower garden. Next thing we'll have you asking her to take a stroll with you through the park, eh?"

And so Estelle saved the day, and the dinner and the visit were a decided success, and Frank at parting said, bending over her pretty hand: "Cousin, what would you think if I should tell you that I should love to correspond with a cook-lady?"

"In order to get all her secret recipes for dainty dishes, I presume," retorted Estelle. And again Frank was the subject of laughter.—Washington Star.

SUCCESS.

BOSTON FIRM RECENTLY OFFERED a prize for the best definition of what constituted success. A Kansas woman was awarded the prize, and this was her answer:

"He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche, has accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose money a benediction."

ADVERTISING AS A BUSINESS.

N. C. Fowler, Jr., Tells High School of Commerce Pupils Its Importance. Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr., delivered the last in his series of ten lectures before the High School of Commerce. His subject was "Advertising as a Business." He described at length the three branches of the advertising business; the solicitor, the agent and the advertising department.

"A knowledge of advertising, and the ability to write an advertisement or a circular, and to perform other advertising duties, may be of extreme value to everyone entering business, even though he may not become an advertiser," he said. "As advertising and personal solicitation are closely allied, a familiarity with advertising will help in selling, as will a knowledge of selling aid in advertising. Any young man is better off knowing something about advertising and printing, no matter what business he may enter. This knowledge is sure to come into play. If he has it, he possesses an advantage which should, and probably will, materially aid his advancement."

"I would advise any young man about to enter business, or even a profession, to know something of advertising and printing, and to understand, at least in a general way, the theory and practice of publicity. Sooner or later he will have occasion to use it. Nearly all firms advertise to some extent, and the man who knows something of advertising is likely to be placed in charge of the advertising, not to give his whole time to it, but to take it up as part of his duties. This will bring him into close relations with the inside of the business and with the officers and partners. He is, to an extent, a marked or picked man; opportunities are before him. He is giving special service, which is likely to be appreciated."

"Then, too, a knowledge of advertising is broadening, and it may enable him to handle, to better advantage the regular affairs of business. Therefore, I would advise every young man to know something of advertising, not as a livelihood profession, but as a part of that general knowledge without which more than ordinary success is impossible."—Boston Transcript.

Adolph Zinert, a Frankfort, Germany, slaughter house employe, has killed 5,000,000 hogs during the past twenty-seven years.



Her Portrait at Capitol.

Mrs. Lucinda Hindsdale Stone is the first woman to have her portrait hung in the Michigan State capitol. Besides being a pioneer in the woman's club movement in the West it is said to Mrs. Stone's efforts more than to any other one cause was due the opening of the University of Michigan to women students. The portrait of Mrs. Stone, which now hangs in the capitol was presented to the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society by the Ladies' Library Association and the Twentieth Century Club of Kalamazoo at the recent annual meeting held in the Senate chamber in Lansing.—New York Sun.

Women as Physicians.

Women doctors seem to be coming to the front as never before. Dr. Kate Levy has just been chosen one of the directors of the Chicago Hebrew Institute. Dr. Mary Isham, of Cincinnati, has been appointed house physician to the Ohio State Hospital for the Insane at Columbus, Ohio. Dr. Martha A. Richardson has been elected secretary of the Canton (Ill.) Physicians' Club. Dr. Caroline A. Loomis has been made assistant physician to the State Lunatic Asylum, Austin, Tex. Dr. Laura H. Bransen, Iowa City, has been made chairman of the section of obstetrics and gynecology of the Iowa Union Medical Society.—New York Sun.

Helped Her Husband.

Mrs. George A. Hurst, of Arkansas, is said to have been the direct cause of bringing about the election of her husband to the Legislature. During the canvass of his district Mrs. Hurst was his constant companion. She followed wherever he was called, and besides shaking hands and smiling on voters she helped to prepare her husband's speeches and acted as his secretary, attending to his large correspondence and answering all telegrams making engagements for debates. When he was found to have led the entire ticket and his neighbors came to serenade him Mrs. Hurst was forced to appear and receive her share of congratulations.—New York Sun.

Teachers Kept Busy.

A school teacher is kept busy teaching, disliking her work, satisfying parents, and denouncing the

Our Cut-out Recipe

Madeline Pudding—Sift two cups flour with one heap- add slowly the orange mixture, beating constantly, and serving teaspoonful baking powder and two tablespoonfuls sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt and two tablespoonfuls butter. Rub butter and flour together, mix the yolks of two eggs with one and one-half cupfuls of milk, add the flour and mix all in a batter. Beat the whites to a stiff froth and add the batter to them while heating constantly. Flavor with grated orange peel and bake in a buttered pudding pan in a medium hot oven. Serve with orange cream sauce. Stir the yolks of two eggs with six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar to a cream. Add two tablespoonfuls lemon juice and a small cup of orange juice. Beat the two whites to a stiff froth,

board for not giving her more pay, but she will find it necessary after reading this to make room in her Hate Box for one more: George W. Ehler, athletic director of the Cleveland public schools. Mr. Ehler charges that women teachers are turning out pupils who are quitters; that a boy with a woman teacher often that he misses "inspiration to constructive character building." He thinks the worst thing that can happen to a boy is to go to a woman teacher all his life. The teachers after reading this will simply have to find time for one more romp.—Athlison Globe.

Solicit For Hospital.

Sydney, New South Wales, has a way all its own of getting money for the support of its hospitals. Once a year on a given date all the women turn out and solicit money. It is said that the response is always liberal, many men making it a point to fill their pockets full of small change so that they will be able to give to every woman who asks them. Just before the collection just past one of the Sydney papers came out protesting against the method. While acknowledging its success it called it undignified and said it encouraged persons to send their relatives to hospitals instead of having them treated in their homes. The women physicians promptly answered the critic by showing that even in the richest families it was impossible to secure as good conditions for the sick as in a good hospital.—New York Sun.

A Fit For Both Feet.

"Of course," she said, "we all know that our left foot is bigger than our right foot, unless we happen to be left handed, in which case our right foot is bigger. And that of course makes trouble in getting fitted to shoes."

"If we get a shoe that fits our right foot nicely the left shoe of that pair is likely to be too small, and if we try on a pair the left one of which is a good fit, why, the right one of that pair may be so big that it almost falls off that foot. But did you know that you can buy mismatched shoes, one of a pair of one size and the other of a pair of another size? Why, certainly."

"There is quite a little difference in the size of my feet, and I have all sorts of trouble in getting fitted, but when I went into this store the salesman said to me that I ought to buy mismatched shoes of different sizes, that I ought to fit each foot perfectly. He said that I should wear on my left foot a 5 1/2 double A and on my right foot a 5 A."

"And do you break up pairs of shoes in that way? I asked him, and the salesman said: "We do, and breaking them up is

Woman's Secret

that way does not, as you might imagine it would, leave odd shoes on our hands. For mismatched shoes we charge a dollar more than the regular price, which covers the expense of sending the single shoes left from the two broken pairs back to the factory, where each is mated with a shoe of its own size, and then the two complete pairs of shoes come back into stock."—New York Sun.

Training For Women.

How often is heard the resolve of the mother that her daughter shall be "brought up different than she was." It is not the maternal instinct this, for it is practically a new phase, but it is the result of the tendency of the times that women should be educated not only for business, but for the home.

The mother is the home teacher, and the school is only an incident in the life of the girl and woman. Education continues through life. It varies only in degree. The principle is the same, no matter what the status of life.

The merely social side of the young woman's education should not be the end. Fortunes have a habit of vanishing nowadays between breakfast and dinner, and the society leader of one month may be a breadwinner by force of circumstances the next. In most cases she is unprepared even to assume the management of the household. Her scheme of life did not include even a domestic science course of instruction.

The mother of to-day who resolves that her daughter shall have a different upbringing than her own contemplates her preparation for either one of the three stations. Her public school and college course is to be supplemented with vocational and avocational courses. She is to be prepared to earn her living or to conduct her home on business principles—she is to be educated and then trained.

The general schooling, which is a necessary foundation, should be supplemented with the preparation for self-maintenance, whether a future necessity or a future possibility, and proper preparation for the responsibilities undertaken in the direction of a home.

In recent years many schools have been springing up all over the country to make a reality of that desire of the mother dissatisfied with her own preparation for life. Girls and young women either fresh from college or grade or high school are instructed in the domestic sciences and in the arts and crafts in which women may work. Many of the best schools of this class are in New York City.—New York Tribune.



The "pensee" (panny) is a clever new style motor hat.

Everything is extremely supple from broadcloth to silk muslins. The button of braid seems to have been almost superseded by the button of satin.

Large rosettes of gaura, or crosse, aigrettes in white and colors are the latest novelty. Large gulls in various colors are used extensively, sometimes seven or eight being employed.

Those lovely painted tissues in extremely low scarf lengths now drape one side of low bodices. Pretty trilles to wear in the hair are silvered ornaments—flowers or grasses—with a knot of velvet ribbon.

A sleeveless coat of gray tulle is worn with a princess gown of white Liberty satin and dotted Chantilly net. Aigrettes, paradise, ostrich feathers and pompons are of course always in good demand and are as much favored as ever.

The button specially made for the frock is beautifully turned out, just as if it had been bought on a card at so much per dozen.

This is a season when garments are cut in points so as to provide places for hanging the pendants which are so very fashionable.

This is to be a floral season, apparently. All kinds of fabrics and ribbons come printed or embroidered with gay tinted flowers—enormous flowers.

A narrow width will be introduced on the apology for a waist—so short in length it is and so extremely low cut that often the decoration of a couple of folds and fringe combined constitute the entire bodice.

Evidently the immense pocket flaps decorating the new director coats are intended to attract attention, for some of them are placed only a couple of inches above the lower edge of the three-quarter or longer coat.

LAZZING ZEBRAS.

Cowboy Methods of Capturing the Young to Train Them For Work. The Government of East Africa is much pleased with the first results of its efforts to train zebras to domestic service. Great pains have been taken for two years with the education of five spans of these animals and they have finally been brought to a state of perfect docility and are now making a good record in the draught service.

It is believed in East Africa that the practicability of making the zebra do the work of the horse and the ox has been demonstrated. If it were possible the Government would rapidly push the work of taming zebras and breaking them to harness, but unfortunately men who have the peculiar talent and liking for this work are few, and so zebra taming goes on slowly.

A man named Besser, in the German service, is a sort of genius in this line. He has his own ideas as to the best way to make a useful servant of the zebra, and the Government lets him follow his bent.

Besser does not agree with Mr. von Schellendorf, the pioneer zebra tamer of the colony, that the best way to catch them is to run the animals into a corral and keep them prisoners, gradually eliminating those that are least promising. Besser wants nothing to do with any of the animals, excepting those he proposes to tame, and these are the foals a few weeks old. He is catching them with a lasso in Western cowboy fashion, and he is the only man in the big colony who seems to be able to do it.

It is not easy to do. Besser has a tough, fleet horse that served in the cavalry during the Boer war and has been trained to gallop at full speed over the plains with the bridle on his neck, his direction guided by the swerving of his master's body to the right or left. This horse is the zebra chaser.

It is Besser's practice to get into the edge of some grove which herds of zebras are likely to approach while grazing, and from this cover he suddenly rushes on horseback. The Deutscher-Afrikanische Zeitung, telling the story, says that the mothers will not abandon their foals, but collecting around them urge them on as rapidly as possible and retreat with them in the centre.

Now Besser's troubles begin. It is not easy to lasso one of the young, because they are much smaller than any of the surrounding animals, and to aggravate the situation the lords of the herd, enraged by this attack on its weaker members and perhaps emboldened by the sight of the big horse without observing the strange animal astride him, come back to bite and kick the horse. He naturally responds in kind, at some peril to his rider, who, intent upon his game, was once unhorsed in this proceeding.

Besser since that accident has been ready to meet the emergency with a shot or two from his revolver, which scatters the males in wild flight. Sometimes he fails to capture a colt, but he is usually successful, and has now a fine herd of young zebras, whose training begins from the day of their capture.

He says it does not take very long to win their entire confidence by firm but kind treatment, and the task was easier when he was able to turn new animals among those whom he had come to handle and fondle as he might a dog. His success is evidently because he is a born animal trainer. They learn to feed from his hand or basket, and as their training advances he leads them by a halter, bits them, walks them around with harness on their backs and finally gives them little loads to pull. None of his herd is yet large enough for actual service.

Besser is not only enthusiastic over the practicability of making the zebra a work animal but he is also sanguine that the crossing of zebras and asses, now in the experimental stage, will result in a work animal whose usefulness will not be confined to Africa.

A Request of the Barber.

The other day a man walked into a barber's shop, deposited upon a table a number of articles which he took from a satchel, and arranged them with artistic care. "This is pomade," said the visitor. "I am well supplied," said the barber. "This is bear's grease." "Here is some fine bay rum." "Don't doubt it, but I make my own bay rum and put on foreign labels. Nobody knows the difference." "Here is some patent cosmetic for the mustache." "I know it is for the mustache, also for the whiskers, and all that, but I'm thoroughly stocked and reeking with cosmetics at present." "Here are an electric brush, a duplex elliptic hair dye, lavender water and a patent face powder." "I don't want any of them." "I know you don't." "Then why do you ask me to buy them?" "Did I say anything to you about buying them?" "Come to think of it you didn't." "I did not come here to sell anything. I only wish to let you know that I possess all the toilet articles that a gentleman has any business with. Now, don't try to sell me anything or praise up your wares. I am stocked, stocked, stocked. Now give me an easy shave without asking me to buy anything."—The Argonaut.

A "Slick" Answer.

It was a wise young man who paused before he answered the widow who asked him to guess her age. "You must have some idea of it," she said, with what was intended for an arch sideward glance. "I have several ideas," he admitted, with a smile. "The only trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you ten years younger on account of your looks or ten years older on account of your hair." Then, while the widow smiled and blushed, he took a graceful but speedy leave.—Illustrated Bits.

Kobe is now the first port in the Japanese empire. It has a population of not far from 400,000.

Household Matters.

Chestnut Souffle.

Boil a pint of shelled chestnuts in salted water until tender. Drain, remove skins and rub through a sieve. Cream together a half cupful of sugar and four tablespoonfuls of butter. Add the chestnut paste, the beaten yolks of four eggs, half a cupful of breadcrumbs, one cupful of milk and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Beat together thoroughly, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs. Turn into a buttered mold and bake twenty minutes. Serve with cream and sugar.—Delicatessen.

Seed Cakes.

A simple recipe for plain but excellent seed cakes calls for one cup of butter and two cups of sugar beaten to a cream, two cupfuls of baking powder, sifted together three times, a pinch of salt, two tablespoonfuls of caraway seed and three tablespoonfuls of sweet milk. More flour may be added if not quite stiff enough to roll. Turn out on a floured board and roll with a floured rolling pin until nearly as thin as a wafer. Cut into round or oblong cakes and bake in a rather quick oven. Some housekeepers prefer to add a couple of eggs to this recipe, which makes the cookies a little harder.—New York Telegram.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.

Cut the stalks of a bunch of asparagus into half-inch lengths and boil slowly for an hour in three cups of salted water. When the stalks are tender, drain through a colander, pressing and rubbing the asparagus that all the juice may exude. Return the liquid to the fire, and keep it hot while you cook together in a saucepan a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, and pour upon them a quart of milk. Stir until smooth and add the asparagus liquor slowly with a cupful of asparagus tips, already boiled tender. Have ready beaten the yolks of two eggs, pour the hot soup gradually upon these, stirring all the time; return to the fire for just half a minute, season to taste and serve.—Washington Star.

Home Made Sausages.

The meat should be chopped very fine. When ready for the seasoning put in just water enough to enable you to mix the ingredients evenly. Be careful not to use more than is required. To twelve and a half pounds of meat put a gill of fine salt, a heaping gill of powdered sage, and half a gill of ground pepper. Let the measure be exact. Take strong cotton cloth, of such a size that, when filled, it will be as large around as a common half pint mug. Sew up only a quarter of a yard, then fill it tight so far; then sew another quarter and fill it, and so on until you reach the end, then the end tie up. Dip the bag in strong salt and water and dry it before filling it. Keep in a cold, dry place.—New York World.

Baked Tomatoes.

Take the centres out of a dozen large tomatoes, and put these centres to cook with two tablespoonfuls of butter, a slice of bacon chopped fine, salt, pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of fine crumbs. Cook this slowly for twenty minutes, take up, and with it fill the tomatoes. Dust with bread crumbs and set in the oven to bake for half an hour. The delicacy of the tomatoes and their desirability as an accompaniment for the capon would be impaired if meat of any kind were used in the stuffing of these tomatoes. In fact, it is pretty safe to say that the harmonies of dining are better preserved if tomatoes stuffed with any sort of chopped meat are served by themselves, that is, in a course by themselves, and that it is almost always an injustice to any meat eaten to serve at the same time tomatoes in which meat of any other sort or of the same sort figures.—American Cultivator.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Japanese or Chinese matting may be materially improved by going over with a cloth dipped in strong salt water.

Some cooks prefer lard instead of butter for piecrust, not because it is cheaper, but because they believe it makes a much tenderer crust.

Use a mixture of whiting and ammonia instead of soapuds, for cleaning windows. Smear them well with a cloth; then polish with a chamois. Copper is best cleaned with lemon dipped in salt. Rinse, then polish with a soft cloth. Clean the keys of the piano with a cloth moistened with alcohol.

Change the furniture occasionally. It will not only rest the eye, but will prove to be economical as well, because, otherwise, rugs and floor will become worn.

The most convenient and effective method of keeping the refrigerator in good condition is occasionally to burn in it a small disinfecting candle, airing thoroughly afterward.

Wash gas or electric light shades in warm water, adding a few drops of ammonia. Don't neglect the burners. Remove the dust from them with a piece of fine wire. You will be amazed at the increase of illumination.

Any article of brass, except Benares ware, can be cleaned in the following manner: Wash first with ammonia water and soap, removing all grease and giving a semi-polish. Rub well with any good silver polish, wet with vinegar, and any suggestion of tarnish will vanish.

A small bag of unstacked lime placed inside the piano will keep the springs from rusting. Rust may be removed from steel by rubbing well with sweet oil, allowing it to stand for forty-eight hours. After this it should be sprinkled with finely powdered unstacked lime, and rubbed.