

BETTER HOME LIFE.

Reform Urged by the President in American Families.

PRESENT STATE NOT IDEAL.

Husbands, Wives and Children Live Too Far Apart, He Says—Declares He Can Pattern From Foreigners. His Family Club Idea Explained by Secretary Loeb.

President Roosevelt, in khaki attire, attended the garden party given on the grounds of John Weekes, Jr., at Oyster Bay, N. Y., the other afternoon for the benefit of the Nassau hospital and during his stay remarked to a number of men, women and children who had congregated around him that he deplored the conditions existing in American family life.

He had visited and enjoyed many exhibits on the grounds and was then escorted to a Swedish and Norwegian weaving booth, decorated with red, white and blue. He regarded the weaved goods displayed there with interest.

"Is this still done in Sweden?" he asked.

When told it was remarked: "I hope the Swedes who come here to live will keep their work up. I want to see all the good customs of the old countries transplanted and thriving here. I want the Germans who come here to keep up their clubs and societies, where the fathers, mothers and children visit together. I have worked to bring about a general observance of such a system. It has been hard work, however, but I still have hopes.

"Here in America," he went on, raising his voice so all who had grouped about the booth could hear, "our husbands and wives live too far apart.

"If a man joins a club or organization his wife will have nothing to do with it. If a wife belongs to a society nothing apparently will induce her husband to have anything to do with it. We must have a better family life here in America and learn lessons from Sweden, Norway and Germany. These countries give us some of our best citizens.

"Look at prosperous Minnesota, where men of Swedish and Norwegian parentage are rival candidates for governor. It's good—very good. I hope we have more of it."

When President Roosevelt was interviewed the next day he declined to state directly what ideal club and home conditions he is working for in America as announced in his informal talk at Mrs. John Weekes' garden party.

Late in the evening, however, Secretary Loeb stated that he had become fully conversant with the president's wishes along the social line and believed that it was one of the most important pieces of work undertaken by Mr. Roosevelt.

By stating that he had been working for a social condition in which entire families would belong to the same clubs the president is said to have meant that he had constantly advocated such a condition and had shown marked consideration to organizations made up of entire families.

The president believes that the growing divorce record and the constantly increasing extravagance in America are due to a growing indifference to home life. He believes that men and their wives are being educated to have absolutely diverse lines of entertainment and that the condition can be remedied by providing a society system that will arrange better for their mutual interests.

"The splendid social systems in Germany, for instance, or in Denmark or Sweden, or the societies among the Jewish people," said Mr. Loeb, "are what the president hopes to see established here. He wishes to see it popular for entire families to take their evening entertainment together, to see places provided where they can meet other families amid enjoyable surroundings.

"The president has worked hard along this line. He never has hesitated to go out of his way to address societies made up of men and women both and help them plan to extend their work. Often he has given such societies preference over much larger organizations composed simply of men.

"His present plans for a farmers' commission has this point chiefly in view. By providing agreeable meeting places for the families in farming districts, the president believes, the boys and girls will grow up to love country life and not be so constantly drawn to the cities."

The president, it was explained, believes that the farmers' families of the country should combine, much as they have combined in Denmark, and provide themselves with many benefits in a social way never before thought of. What would be true of the farming districts, the president believes, would be true in the cities. He believes that the majority of men and women would prefer to have their entertainment in company if the proper system of societies and clubs be arranged.

In the president's next message to congress it is intimated that he will have a unique idea to advance along this line.

Collecting Eskimo Data.
The American Museum of Natural History and the Canadian geological department are working together in the collection of an immense amount of data about the Eskimo.

Too Warm.
"And have you clothes for all climates?"
"Yes; except the one my husband mentions when he gets the bill."—Pick-Me-Up.

If a man asks a candid opinion of a friend and gets it, it makes him mad.—Atchison Globe.

His Excuse.
Diggs—You believe that whisky is good for a cold, don't you? Swiggs—Yes, but how did you know? Diggs—Oh, I've noticed that you nearly always have a cold.—Chicago News.

A DUSKY CYNIC.

He Gayly Admitted That the Joke Was on Himself.

A lady was walking along Fifth avenue a couple of weeks ago when a big negro stepped up to her politely and asked her to give him a quarter.

"I am a shipwrecked sailor," he told her. "Three days ago the ship I was on went ashore outside Sandy Hook. Ever since then I've been wandering around without being able to get a job."

The lady gave him a quarter and passed on. A week later while going by the same spot on Fifth avenue she was approached once more by the same negro.

"I am a shipwrecked sailor," he began. "Three days ago—"

She let him finish. Then she remarked:

"Two weeks ago when I gave you a quarter you told me that same story. Then you said that you had been wrecked three days before. Now you say the same thing."

And she looked at the negro severely. He threw back his head and burst forth into roars of laughter.

"Did—did I give you dat story last week?" he chuckled. "Did you give me a quarter? Well, if dat ain't a joke on me?"

And she left him standing on the sidewalk convulsed with laughter.—New York Times.

CARDS IN CHURCH.

They Were Not Uncommon in the Old Days in England.

Frequent cases of card playing occurred in churches in olden days in the high or curtained family pews that were to be found in several parts of England.

A case of card playing was mentioned by the poet Crabbe as having occurred in one of those pews in Trowbridge parish church. Mr. Beresford Hope stated that card playing was not uncommon in churches having curtained pews, where those occupying them were screened from the observation of the rest of the congregation, and that one of the Georges is credited with taking part at a game of whist in the church at Little Stanmore, in Middlesex, has a luxurious room pew which is approached by a special door and staircase.

The old St. Paul's cathedral before the great fire of London was used by business men as a sort of exchange. The portfolio was let out to hucksters, and in those days gambling and cards are both said to have been indulged in without let or hindrance within the cathedral.—London Standard.

BUYING CHAIRS BY SIGHT.

Few Folks Ever Think to Try Them by Sitting in Them.

"I went with some folks the other day," the man said, "to buy a couple of chairs. We went to a furniture store and looked over what they had to offer.

"There were just ordinary chairs for a bedroom, so that it wasn't a very momentous purchase. The folks I was with looked at the cloth on the chairs and asked questions about the wood and how the chairs would wear. Then they bought the chairs and ordered them sent home.

"What struck me as peculiar about the transaction was that never once did either of the two persons with whom I was sitting down in the chairs to see whether or not they were comfortable. I dropped into a furniture store not long afterward and asked a salesman about it, and I wasn't surprised to learn that very few persons buying chairs ever seem to think about testing them by sitting in them.

"Except in the case of rockers, that is. Few persons can resist the temptation to take a few preliminary rocks in a prospective purchase."—New York Sun.

Learned by Experience.

"I always make it a point," said the man with a wart on his nose, a couple of crosses eyes and a hair lip, but otherwise possessing a perfectly good face, "to say polite and complimentary things to the ladies. It does me no harm, and I notice it always gives them a lot of pleasure. My motto is to scatter sunshine provided it costs no money as I journey along."

"I used to do that, too," said the man whose set of neglected whiskers were calling plaintively for the lawn mower, "but I have been broken of the habit. No more sunshine radiating from those quarters."

"And what cured you?" asked the other.

"A couple of breach of promise suits."

RED FOX WITH WHITE FEET.

"Rarer Than a White Blackbird," Says Lucky Trapper.

A big red fox with four white feet was trapped by John Hall of Sherman, Conn., the other day. Hall, an experienced trapper, says a fox with white feet is rarer than a white blackbird and that he will get a good price for this, one of the biggest foxes ever seen about Sherman. He has it in an iron cage with three other live foxes and four raccoons.

Hall has been very lucky this season. While hunting a few days ago he shot two raccoons, together weighing fifty pounds, in one tree. He has trapped twenty-two foxes, besides other animals. He has fourteen live skunks in a cage. He can handle the skunks without worse result than if they were chickens.

Plant That Weeds.
Scientific agriculturists are taking a great interest just now in a pretty plant with blue flowers, the *Commelina nodiflora*, for this plant eats up weeds. The plant comes from Malasia, where it is of great service in exterminating thealang and other weeds inimical to rubber growths. In the English botanical gardens at Kew tests have proved it to be equally powerful against the weeds of a temperate climate, and in Washington the Kew demonstrations are being duplicated. The *Commelina* grows rapidly, and weeds disappear before it.

Some men are rich enough to afford every luxury except a clear conscience.—Philadelphia Record.

AVERTED A DUEL.

The Soft Answer That Was Returned to the Challenge.

Mrs. Minnie Walter Myers, in her "Romance and Realism of the Southern Gulf Coast," gives an account of one of the last challenges to a duel which occurred in Louisiana. The affair was between M. Marigny, who belonged to one of the oldest families of Louisiana, and a Mr. Humble, a sturdy ex-blacksmith of Georgia, who had become a man of political consequence.

Mr. Marigny took offense at some remarks of the Georgian and sent him a challenge. The big ex-blacksmith was nonplused.

"I know nothing about this dueling business," he said. "I will not fight him."

"You must," said his friend. "No gentleman can refuse."

"I am not a gentleman," replied the honest son of Georgia. "I am only a blacksmith."

"But you will be ruined if you do not fight," urged his friends. "You will have the choice of weapons, and you can choose so as to give yourself an equal chance with your adversary."

The giant asked time in which to consider the question and ended by accepting. He sent the following reply to M. Marigny:

"I accept, and in the exercise of my privilege I stipulate that the duel shall take place in Lake Pontchartrain, in six feet of water, sledge hammers to be used as weapons."

M. Marigny was about five feet eight inches in height, and his adversary was seven feet. The conceit of the Georgian so pleased M. Marigny, who could appreciate a joke as well as perpetrate one, that he declared himself satisfied, and the duel did not take place.

STREET LIGHTS.

How Throughfares Were Illuminated in the Seventeenth Century.

Lighting the streets of a large city in olden times was a far different thing from the illumination of our thoroughfares now. In 1661 the streets of London were directed to be lighted with candles or lanterns by every householder fronting the main road from nightfall to 9 o'clock, the hour of going to bed.

In the last year of King Charles II.'s reign one Edward Hening obtained the right to light the streets with lanterns placed over every tenth door from 6 o'clock on moonless evenings until midnight between October and April.

During the reign of Queen Anne in July, 1780, Mr. Michael Coke introduced globular glass lamps with oil burners instead of the former glimmering lanterns. In 1716 an act was passed which enjoined every householder to furnish a light before his door from 6 to 11 o'clock at night, except on evenings between the seventh night of each moon and the third after it reached its full.

In a few years a company was formed to light the street from 6 o'clock till midnight, each householder who paid poor rates being required to contribute for this purpose 6 shillings a year.

Gaslight, at its introduction in the beginning of the last century, presented such a novel spectacle to the eyes of foreign ambassadors that they were vain enough to imagine that the brilliant lamps were a part of a general illumination to celebrate their arrival.—Harper's.

Light and Pain.

"Light is good for toothache," said the doctor. "Darkness is bad for it. If you are a toothache sufferer, haven't you often noticed how the pain in your jaw increases when late at night you turn off the lamp and try to sleep? Light, you see, is good for the toothache. There are a number of diseases it is good for—asthma, cold in the head, earache. These diseases in the dark all grow worse.

"Darkness is good for a sick headache and for neuralgia and for nausea. Haven't you noticed it? Light and darkness—they are remedies recognized at last, and today we prescribe them the same as we do quinine or nux."—New York Press.

Ignorance of Our Customs.

"What caused the hitch in the progress of the courtship of Miss Coyner by the duke?" asks one interested party.

"He got the idea that her father didn't have any money," explained the other.

"But couldn't he look the matter up?"

"He thought he had. The trouble was he looked at the tax duplicate just after the old man had finished swearing off his assessment."—Judge.

One Way.

Child—Suppose I called you a mean old pig. What would happen? Governor—I should tell your father, and he would punish you. Child—And if I only thought it. Governor—No harm so long as you don't say it. Child—Then I only think it.—Life.

Real Beds in Sleeping Cars.

The new sleeping cars of the L. and S. W. railroad in England are a distinct departure from the ordinary type of sleepers, says the September Popular Mechanics. Brass bedsteads take the place of the stuffy berths familiar to all who travel in this country, and heavy upholstery is eliminated. This renders the cars more hygienic and the woodwork can be kept clean. The car consists of seven single and two double sleeping compartments, extending across the car, each of which has its own lavatory.

American Humor.
American humor exists, it distinguishes the national character, it permeates all our affairs. It is not of aboriginal descent. It was not brought from England or Holland by the fathers. Its saving grace was lacking under Puritan rule. The humor of Diederich Knickerbocker is all the more taking because of the absence of all sense of humor in the subjects of his chronicle. If our humor came over from Erin in the first rush of immigration it was quickly adapted to its new environment. It was modified and changed by new circumstances and conditions, geographical, ethnological, atmospheric. Wherever it came from it is a boon which saves us from a lot of needless trouble and worry.

Her Indorsement.
"Madam," said the teller of a bank in Baltimore to a woman who had handed him a check to cash—"madam, you have forgotten to indorse."

A worried smile came to the woman's face, but she took back the paper and wrote something on the back thereof.

When again the teller looked at the check he found that the woman had indorsed as follows:

"The bank has always paid me whatever it owed, and you need have no worry. Therefore I indorse this check."—Very truly yours, Anna M. Black.—Harper's.

MOROSINI THE BANKER

Career of Italian Who Was Loyal to Jay Gould.

A FOLLOWER OF GARIBALDI.

Got His Start in New York by Saving Erie Official's Son—Rose to Fortune From a Sailor Boy—Was Called Gould's Bodyguard.

Giovanni P. Morosini, the well known banker, who recently died at his home in Riverdale, N. Y., was at one time closely associated with the late Jay Gould, through whom he built up a fortune estimated at several millions.

In Mr. Morosini New York has lost one of its most picturesque figures. He was born in Venice, Italy, in 1832, in the stirring times which led to the formation of the present kingdom. As a boy he was an actor in some of the hazardous events of the revolution. He was a follower of Garibaldi.

Mr. Morosini owed his first step on the road to fortune to his courage and strength in defending in the streets of New York a boy attacked by a crowd of toughs. He owed his later accession to fortune to his fidelity to the late Jay Gould in the latter's fight against being ousted from the control of the Erie railroad. Of late he had been seen little in Wall street, but had devoted his wealth and leisure to the acquisition of an art collection at Elmhurst, his Riverdale home.

Mr. Morosini's father was a Venetian officer of Montenegro descent, and his mother was a noted beauty. He was educated at the Austrian Military and Naval college of Venice and distinguished himself by proficiency in languages and military science. When the revolution against the Austrian supremacy broke forth in 1848 Morosini was a boy, but he joined the patriot forces and led a battalion of national guards which he had raised at the siege of Mailghera. He was struck down by a shell, which left a scar on his head.

For a time the Austrians conquered, and with many other young Italians Morosini had to flee for his life. First he went to Corfu and then to Missolonghi, Patras and Smyrna. There he was almost induced to join the Turkish army in Albania, when a lucky accident brought him to the notice of the American consul. By his advice he decided to come to the new world, and in 1850 he landed, a penniless stranger, in Boston.

The California gold fever was then at its height, and Morosini at first planned to try his fortune in the land of gold, but Garibaldi was in Staten Island and attracted to his side the young adventurer. For a time he worked in the patriot's candle factory, and when that was abandoned he followed Garibaldi on his voyage to China and England. He was only a sailor before the mast, but in London he attracted the attention of Mazzini and was picked out from all the crew by him.

Garibaldi went to Genoa and Morosini came back to New York. He was still only a common seaman, and it was a mere accident which saved him from the life of a hand before the mast. One night as he was going home along one of the streets near the water front he heard a cry of distress from a group of boys. He saw a boy on the ground and others breathing him. He broke through the crowd, flung aside those who were tormenting the boy and upbraided them for their cowardice. Not a man came to his aid. The gang, recovering from their astonishment, closed in on him. He struck out right and left, felled four or five and drew his long sailor's knife. Then with a rush he drove his assailants back and got the boy away from them.

He still expected to go to sea again until, to his surprise, a day or two later he received a visit from the boy he had rescued. He turned out to be the son of Nathaniel Marsh, secretary of the Erie Railroad company, and he came to bring Morosini to his father. Mr. Marsh at once offered to help the young sailor and found him a place as office boy with the Erie company at a salary of \$30 a month.

Mr. Morosini entered on his new employment on May 28, 1855. He was far too well educated to stay long in a subordinate place. In a few years he was appointed general auditor of the Erie railroad and its leased lines.

This brought him into contact with Jay Gould. He first met him in 1868, and a year or two later, when the great fight for the control of the Erie began, he threw in his lot with the financier. It is said that at the height of the struggle the party at the head of which was General Daniel Sickles offered Mr. Morosini \$100,000 for a transcript of certain parts of the records of the railroad. Mr. Morosini refused the offer and thus enabled Mr. Gould to retain his hold upon the road.

But when the Bischoffsheim party obtained control the general auditor found his place most unpleasant. At length President Watson called upon him to either give up his allegiance to Mr. Gould or leave the company. He chose the latter alternative and from that hour was known as a trusted follower of the financier.

Wall street regarded Mr. Morosini as something more than a confidential secretary to Mr. Gould, which was his new title. Because of his huge frame and well known strength he was called Gould's "bodyguard." Many stories were told of him in this connection, and it was asserted that on one occasion a promoter who had penetrated into the inner sanctum of Mr. Gould and would not withdraw found himself picked up bodily by the secretary and dropped outside the door.

Ornaments of the Peerage.
Lord Lyveden is an ardent peerage reformer and tells an anecdote in this connection for whose authenticity he pledges himself. This narrates how a famous statesman of the nineteenth century was called upon to visit his son in prison. He bitterly reproached him, remarking, "Here am I, having worked my way up from a middle class home to a great position, and when I die you will be the greatest blackguard in the peerage." The son listened quietly and then died, with terrible irony. "Yes—when you die."

Another of Lord Lyveden's peerage stories is equally piquant. The son of a peer applied to a friend in the north of England for a housekeeper and was recommended a certain Mrs. Brown. The peer wrote to the woman accordingly to the effect that, having learned particulars of her character, he was willing to engage her as his housekeeper and making an appointment for her to call and see him on a certain date. The good woman replied:

My Lord—From what I have learned of your character I decline to enter your house. I am your lordship's obedient servant, ANNE BROWN.

—Westminster Gazette.

THE RULE OF THREE.

A Superstition of the Men Who Build the Skyscrapers.

These airy crews are a generous crowd, says Ernest Poole, writing in Everybody's Magazine of men who work on skyscrapers. They earn high pay. When working full time they make \$27 a week, and, like their rough brothers out on the plains, they are quick to give of their earnings. On Saturday afternoons when they line up at the pay window the Sisters of Charity are always there, and quarters and dimes jingle merrily into their little tin boxes.

Behind this generous giving is a superstitious belief that amid risks like these it is well to propitiate fate all you can, for fate is a relentless old machine, and when once its wheels begin grinding no power on earth can stop them. The "rule of three" is centuries old. You may hear of it out on the ocean, in the steel mills, in the railroad camps and down in the mines. And you find it up here on the jobs in the skies.

"Relieve it?" said an old foreman.

"You bet they believe it."

"Do you?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "all I can say is this: It may be a spell or it may be expecting the way of the whole crew is expending it. But, anyhow, when two accidents come close together you can be sure that the third ain't very far off."

BIRD BREEDING FOR PLUMES.

By This Method Woman Hopes to Improve Millinery.

Breeding the ostrich and other plumage birds for their feathers with a view to "doing with the ostrich what has been done with the chrysanthemum" is the plan of Mrs. L. S. Hertzberg, who is establishing a breeding plant at Huntington, N. Y.

"I do not know how my plans became known," said Mrs. Hertzberg, "for I intended to start in on a small scale and work up quietly."

"This plume," she went on, taking up a large ostrich feather, "is what I am after. That is really several feathers stitched together. It should be possible to get ostrich plumes far heavier than they are today. Several smaller birds used in millinery will be raised on the place. It seems to me that birds carefully raised for their plumage should produce feathers of a higher commercial value than can birds not so favored."

TO STOP FOREST FIRES.

Forester Wants Observation Towers on Adirondack Mountains.

James S. Whipple, state forest, fish and game commissioner, who is considering the future protection of New York state forests against fire visitations such as the recent disastrous experience in the Adirondacks, will probably recommend to the legislature that funds be given him to establish observation towers on the higher mountains in order that fires may be detected more readily.

Commissioner Whipple will urge a severe penalty for causing fires through carelessness and will insist that locomotives used in the forests utilize a fuel other than coal. These factors will make for a reasonable safety hereafter during a drought. The question as to whether the state should pay the entire cost of fighting the forest fires has not been decided. The towns now pay half the expense.

A LIVE COAL TRICK.

Teaches Natural Law, Yet Has All the Appearance of Magic.

No one would suppose that it is possible to hold a glowing coal on a piece of linen or cotton without burning the cloth, but that such can be done is easy for any one to prove, and at the same time the experiment teaches an important natural law. Every child knows that the telephone and telegraph wires are made of copper because that metal is a good conductor of heat and electricity, which is only another form of heat. If a poker is heated in the fire you pick up a cloth to hold the outer end, although it has not been in the fire, because experience has taught you that the heat is conducted through the metal from the fire to the outer end.

This experiment with the flaming coal is based upon this principle and the additional one that linen and cotton are poor conductors of heat. Take a globe of copper and draw a piece of cloth tightly over it so that there is not a wrinkle at the top. If the linen or cotton is closely woven the trick is all the more certain. Then, holding the cloth tightly in place, you can safely put a glowing coal on top of the cloth, and, while it burns fiercely, the cloth will not even be scorched.

The reason is that the great conductivity of the copper draws the heat of the coal before it can burn the cloth. Do not make this experiment with a good handkerchief first, for if the cloth is not tightly drawn it may burn, but take some worthless piece of linen or muslin, and after you are certain of your experience you can astonish your friends who do not know the secret.—Washington Post.

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—Westminster Gazette.

Woman's World

FIRST WOMAN MAYOR.

Miss Dove an English Suffragist Who Has Made Good.

Among the women who have demonstrated ability to hold political positions and run affairs still regarded by many persons as suited only to men is Miss Dove, who was lately elected municipal councillor of High Wycombe, England, by the biggest majority in the history of that town. Just think of conservative old England getting ahead of America by owning a "lady mayor." Our sisters of the Political League on this side of the water had better sit up and take notice. Miss Dove has always been a pioneer; indeed, it has become a fixed habit with her. She was one of the three women who were first privileged to attend university lectures with the undergraduates. She was the first student to enter the new building at Girton, the women's college of England; also one of the first twelve students who attended the first women's college at Cambridge. All women must applaud Miss Dove for the splendid efforts she has made in improving the standard

of education for her sex. In her girlhood, when education for women was at a very low standard, she spent three years at Queen's college. But at fifteen years of age her family moved to the country, and all instruction ceased. Her next school venture was residence at a boarding school and after that a period of home life devoted to teaching her younger brother and sisters and making their clothes. Suddenly came the first great step in her educational career, when her father, a clergyman, told her of Miss Emily Davies' intention of starting a women's college at Cambridge. Miss Dove passed the entrance examination and was enrolled as a scholar. After a successful university career she went as science mistress to Cheltenham, and later she joined the staff at the opening of St. Leonard's school at St. Andrews, Scotland. In 1882 she became head mistress and held that position for fourteen years. From St. Andrews she went to High Wycombe and put into execution her bold ambition to establish in England a school on the lines of St. Andrews, and Wycombe Abbey school, with its 240 pupils, is the splendid realization of her ambition.

Now High Wycombe, a quaint old town in Buckinghamshire, has set a high seal of approbation on the remarkable career of this remarkable woman by electing her its mayor. Long may she reign!

Maid and Mistress.

There are mistresses and mistresses just as there are many maids of many minds, and if there is to be harmony in the household there must be an understanding.

Having chosen a trained servant, and presupposing, in the heart to heart talk with her before she was engaged, that she has been made fully aware in a general way of what is expected of her, it is unfair and not at all a test of her capabilities to hamper her with commands to do her work in "your way."

If you find her broiling the steak for dinner in the oven when you have been in the habit of using the top of the stove, do not reprimand her; wait for results. The steak may be just as good or better than if done the other way. What she accomplishes is your affair; how she does it is her own.

A great many housekeepers are altogether too conservative in adopting fresh ideas. They get into ruts and stay there. If a maid is to take real interest in her work she must be allowed and encouraged to use progressive methods. She cannot be blamed if she refuses to carry out many orders which originated in the kitchen of twenty years ago.

Healthiest in the World.

"Despite the fact that hospital nurses have extremely arduous work and are exposed to almost every known contagious disease, I believe that they are the healthiest class of people," said Miss Goodrich, superintendent of the Training School for Nurses at Bellevue hospital, New York city, the other day. "By that I mean they are less subject to physical breakdown than any other class of people. They have fewer aches and pains than other people, and their general health is far above the average of those who are usually considered the healthiest—farmers and workers who pursue outdoor work. Even doctors, whose very business is health, are not as healthy, as a class, as hospital nurses. Doctors know well how to preserve their health, but they almost invariably abuse their constitutions by overwork, irregular hours and mental strain.

"The reason why hospital nurses are the healthiest people is not so much because of the nature of their work as it is their regular hours of sleeping,

eating, exercising and working. They have the correct amount of sleep every twenty-four hours, the most nourishing and wholesome food prepared in the best manner, and, of course, they live under the best sanitary conditions. Their exercise and their work keeps them in perfect physical condition, and, as all hospital nurses have good constitutions—they are not accepted unless they have illness among them is almost unknown. The mortality rate among hospital nurses is probably the lowest of any class of people in the world.

"It is regular living that makes health and keeps it for one who already has it, and there is no class of people who live a more regular life than hospital nurses."

What's My Thought Like?