



IN WOMAN'S REALM

Care of Children's Ears.

In the proper care of the ears in childhood—the local conditions of the ears, and what is equally important, the general state of the child's health. As to the care of the ear itself, it must always be remembered that the hearing apparatus is a piece of very delicate mechanism, no more suited to rough treatment than is the ball of the eye. It can be easily injured by the introduction of a foreign body, or by a blow from the outside. Small children sometimes push things into their ears by way of experiment. In this case the child's guardians should keep perfectly cool, and send for a physician at once. The child must not be shaken and punished until the object is removed, and above all the nurse or mother must not grope for it with a hairpin or tweezers, for that is the way to push it farther in, or to wound or even rupture the delicate drum membrane—an accident which may be followed by complete deafness and even death, should a serious inflammation ensue.

There is, perhaps, one exception to this rule of leaving a foreign body alone until the doctor comes. Occasionally insects fly into the ear, and cause great anguish by buzzing and fluttering about. They can be speedily disposed of by dropping in a little sweet oil or lukewarm salt water.

As to the injury from the outside, children should be carefully guarded against any games which include loud shoutings directly into the ear, and it is surely needless to add that pulling the ears, and, above all, boxing the ears as a form of punishment should be held a criminal offense. It may induce partial and temporary deafness, complete deafness and even death, and if indulged in by a teacher should be followed by arrest and public rebuke.

The care of the general health as it affects the hearing is most important in young children, particularly as regards the subject of ventilation, especially at night. Many children who get enough fresh air in the daytime are kept half suffocated at night. Nursery windows must be kept open, nurses must not be allowed to close ventilators without permission, each child must have its separate cot, placed out of the draft, but with good wide breathing space all round it, and the more signs a child gives of being constitutionally disposed to ear trouble the more stringent should be the observance of these rules.—Youth's Companion.

Helped Her Husband Save.

Mrs. Helen Moore writes thus of her experience in earning money on the principle that "a penny saved is a penny earned."

"My husband is a generous man, and has been as liberal as his means allowed, in giving me money for my own use, and, best of all, I never had to ask him for money. One day he explained to me a business transaction he had under consideration and said: 'It will take every cent I can raise, and I fear I cannot carry it through unless you go without pin money for six months. I do not like to ask you to do this, and if you do not care about doing it I will call the deal off.'

"I saw what a good thing it was for his interest, so I cheerfully agreed to get along without any money. I was so cheerful about it that he said: 'I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll stop smoking, I'll save myself, I'll buy no more magazines, I'll walk to and from work and will go to the theatre only once a month instead of once or twice a week. All the money that I would have spent I'll put into a fund for you. Our gas bill has averaged \$5 a month and you can have all you save on that.'

"I was delighted with this arrangement. At the end of six months I found I had earned \$118. But I received only eighty-two cents."—Cleveland Leader.

Sweet Peas.

Sweet peas are delightful for bouquets—by themselves. But I know of no flower that can be arranged with them without seriously detracting from their beauty. It is the same with nasturtiums and pansies, says Eben Rexford, in the Ladies' World.

If I were going to arrange a vase of sweet peas for the table or the parlor, I would go into the garden and cut my flowers with the longest possible stems, bunching them lightly in my hand as I cut them, but without trying to produce an effect. I would simply bunch them. I would not cut more than a dozen or fifteen stems. Then I would drop them into a rather tall, slender vase of clear glass, of an unobtrusive color, give it a little shape, and let the blossoms would have arranged themselves far more satisfactorily than I could have done it by putting them deliberately together.

Tact.

An indispensable endowment of the popular girl is the tact, which, you know, is only touch, only feeling very

quickly and surely the poise of a situation, only never treading on people's corns, or hurting them in a sore spot, or saying the wrong thing, says the Ladies Home Journal. If a girl have the best education that the finest college in the land can give, and the prettiest face in the town, and the most graceful figure in five counties, and have not tact, she will go blundering through life, making enemies, losing friends, and laying up for the future a store of regrets. Tact is inborn with some, but it may be cultivated. To succeed in winning regard and keeping affection a girl must be tactful, must hold her impulsiveness in check, learn self-control, and be on the alert to do and say kind things at the right moment.

Woman's Beautiful Age.

It is said that if a woman lives in harmony with the laws of nature she will grow more beautiful as she grows older. She should be more beautiful at forty than at sixteen, if she is not a victim to the ravages of disease. Most of the world-famous beauties reached their zenith at forty. Helen of Troy was first heard of that age. Cleopatra was considerably more than thirty when she first met Antony. Aspasia was twenty-three when she married Pericles and was still a brilliant figure twenty years later. Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when pronounced the most beautiful woman in Europe. Catherine of Russia ascended the throne at thirty-three and reigned thirty-five years. Mile. Recamier was at her zenith at forty.

Queen Hobbies.

The Empress of Russia has a passion for caricaturing and the collection of caricatures. The hobbies of Queen Wilhelmina, the "girl queen" of Holland, are skating and riding, but from childhood she has devoted herself to the raising of poultry. The Queen of Norway and Sweden, outside of her family and public life, is devoted to religion. The Queen of Greece is a yachtswoman. The Queen of Italy has chosen shooting and motoring as her principal hobbies. Portugal's Queen, who is said to be the lushest woman in Europe, is an expert physician, and has raised her amusement to the dignity of a profession.

Real Lavender Perfume.

The delicate blue lavender may be grown by carefully protecting the plants during the winter, but it quite repays one for the trouble, says Country Life in America. No wedding chest is complete without the pale lavender silk bags filled with gray-blue sprigs, whose perfume adds the last touch of romance to a dainty trousseau of lace and linen.

Umbrella Style.

The up-to-date girl carries an umbrella to match her street frocks and has a number of handles, any one of which may be adjusted to the one umbrella.



Old-fashioned delaines are among the daintiest flowered effects.

For outing wear there are natty coats of white duck with cape-like sleeves.

Deep cuffs or yokes of natural tinted thread lace figure are on some of the best blouses.

The shirt-waist suit of shimmering taffeta grows more and more conspicuous on the street.

A color like the full-blown American Beauty rose distinguishes the smartest veiling gowns.

A new wash braid for adorning "tub" shirt-waist suits has a narrow thread of gilt that is warranted to withstand water.

For fashes one of Madame la Mide's smartest fancies is a wide white taffeta ribbon, with chrysanthemums, carnations or roses in natural colors trailing over it.

Our old friend, the collar 'n' cuff set, still is with us this summer, and really much of the style of a shirt-waist suit is gained from these accessories. Those of broderie à la Anglaise are very smart, and Hardanger embroidery or flat stitch is just now much in vogue.

Ribbon decorations for sheer summer frocks are shown in abundance. Floral garlands, vines and bouquets, softened with a silvery sheen are new ideas. Persian Pompadour, gauze, etamine and velvet ribbons are all to the fore, and in clever fingers offer great possibilities.

The deep girdele is among the dress accessories in greatest favor. No matter of what fashion or for what purpose it is worn, each gown has its deep girdele. Girdeles of dainty ribbon, with floating sash ends and knots of rosettes at intervals are worn with diaphanous gowns.

INDIAN MOUNDS.

Those in Northwest May Have Been Built by Sioux.

Warren Upham, Secretary of the Minnesota State Historical Society, in an address at Indian Mounds Park yesterday before the Minnesota Congregational Club, expressed the belief that the 10,000 mounds scattered throughout Minnesota are not the work of the so-called prehistoric mound builders, but are the handiwork of Sioux Indians who created the mounds as receptacles for the bones of their dead. He cited as authority for his belief J. V. Brower, of St. Paul, and N. H. Winchell, of Minneapolis, men who have spent years in the fascinating work of delving into the history of the long forgotten past.

Mr. Upham's address was the feature of the twenty-sixth annual meeting and outing of the Congregational Club. It was in part a formal address, but Mr. Upham included in his talk interesting data relating to the mounds in Indian Mounds Park and also information as to the mounds so thickly dotted certain localities in southeastern Minnesota, Wisconsin and Ohio.

He declared that there are not less than 10,000 of these Indian burial mounds in the North Star State, while Wisconsin and Ohio are credited with an equal number of the silent witnesses of the existence of past generations. On the Cannon River in a distance of ten miles east from Red Wing there are not less than 1000 of the aboriginal mounds, and one square mile contains not less than 500 of the mounds. The park where the outing was held originally contained eighteen, but the works of man have reduced the number to seven.

He said that unquestionably the mounds were erected by the Sioux Indians on the Indians who preceded them in the occupancy of Minnesota as burial places for their dead. There were no enclosures such as exist in Ohio and Wisconsin, the Minnesota mounds being simply heaped up earth in a conical shape, and in these the bones of dead men of the Indian tribes were buried.

Investigations had shown that often the mounds contained bones of human beings, and the speaker expressed a belief that these were not deposited in the mounds until the elements had destroyed the flesh and the bones more easily dissolved by chemical action. The investigators have found in some mounds Indian arrow heads, mussel shells, ashes and charcoal. Recent explorations had been made by T. H. Lewis and Alfred J. Hill, the latter now deceased. Both these men were residents of St. Paul while engaged in the work. The most notable mound in the country, Mr. Upham said, was near St. Louis, and World's Fair visitors would find this an interesting spot while at St. Louis.—St. Paul Globe.

Queer Tastes.

Speaking of mysterious tastes, that of the gentleman who was before the magistrate at Greenwich is not very easy for explanation. Three weeks ago a legacy of £130 was left to him. The first thing he bought, it seems, was a set of billiard balls, and he now has nothing else left to show for the £130, which has disappeared at the rate of £43 6s. 8d. weekly.

Why billiard balls? It is a singular and rather interesting form of craving. It is perhaps true that a billiard ball is one of the very few perfect objects produced by man. It is all of a piece, it is thoroughly homogeneous as regards material, and it is, or should be, faultless in form. Yet only a strong strain of mysticism in the character would account for a man hungering and thirsting for billiard balls above all other earthly things.—London News.

Wed in Front of a Church by a Squire.

Yesterday just as the minister was reading the lesson for the 11 o'clock service at the Presbyterian Church, Mr. Robert Broom, of Mecklenburg, and Miss Lizzie Reid, of Iredell, stopped in front of the church and called for Esquire C. V. Voils, who had been seated in his accustomed place. The squire responded promptly and the bride-elect presented the proper license to make him and his intended man and wife, and requested that he perform the ceremony. While seated in their conveyance they were promptly and lawfully made husband and wife. The squire was liberally rewarded, and returned to his pew in time to make a generous contribution to the call for contingent expenses.—Moorville Correspondence, Charlotte Observer.

A Record Trip.

The champion wader of the moment is possibly that upon which one Herr Schweigerhausen has entered to the amazement of less active and less imaginative Europeans. He is to cycle 70,000 miles in five years; he is to come in contact with three kings, to kill a wild animal in each country, to write 100 articles, take 1000 photographs and deliver 100 lectures.

Pacific Silk Worm.

Prof. E. W. Woodworth, of the department of entomology of the University of California, has for some time been interesting himself in the culture of the silk worm on the Pacific slope. He is trying to determine whether silk worms can be raised in California on such a scale as to make the venture a commercial success.

Great Turtle.

When Mauritius was ceded to Great Britain in 1810 there was a gigantic turtle in the court at the artillery barracks at Port Louis which is still there, although almost blind. It weighs 330 pounds and stands two feet high when walking. Its shell is eight and one-half feet long, and it can carry two men on its back with ease.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED, "UNFINISHED THINGS."

The Rev. A. H. C. Morse bases an interesting address upon the First and Last Words in the Scriptures—Be Not Impatient, God Has a Plan.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In the Strong Place Baptist Church Sunday morning the pastor, the Rev. A. H. C. Morse, preached a strong sermon on "Unfinished Things." He said: My sermon this morning is based upon the first and the last words in the Scriptures. "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." "Even so, come Lord Jesus." And between these texts first deals with the beginning of things. The last closes the Bible with a note of incompleteness. The first takes us back to the moment when the shining worlds were hurled from the battlements of heaven by the hand of the Creator. The second points forward to some "far off divine event to which the whole creation moves."

It would solve many troubles in our thinking if we remembered that we live in a world of unfinished things. This earth is not a finished product. It is rather the sum of all the forces which it was set in motion in the beginning. It is what someone has called an expectant creation. It stands with shaded eyes looking toward the future. Hidden behind all its visible things is a divinely appointed end. Men may correct all their false ideas of evolution in the light of this single truth. But in the beginning they must posit God. There is an unfinished product. Whoever saw a finished life? In a great workshop we must look for noise and dust and tumult and confusion. We also look for the unfinished product, but it is not there. As soon as a product is finished it is removed. Its place is not there in all that dust and dirt. This world is God's great workshop. Are we satisfied with the noise and confusion? Human beings are in process of being formed and perfected. But the end is not yet. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." No one perfect today. And what we call the best is made up of unfinished and incomplete products. If this world has ever seen the perfect, it is only that it would be removed. Like a garment, what man is, or does, after graduation has not been told us yet with any detail.

We are appalled at the evidences of social wreckage. They tell us there is nothing in all the world, that the whole earth is a vast madhouse, her inhabitants are drunk with delirium, the fields are becoming bankrupt, and the harvests are being annihilated. They tell us that the strong trample the weak to death in their cruel greed and hunger. Now this seems to me like a false interpretation. The world is not mad. It does reel in cruelty and greed. But still I am taught that this world is God's, and that it is working for a divinely appointed end. What man is, or does, after graduation has not been told us yet with any detail.

Who, then, are the pessimists? They are the disappointed who fortune seems to have shaken from her skirts. Here is a man who used to know. He was bright and keen and vivacious and energetic. In those days his eyes were bright with the gleam of far-off fire. But now we meet him and the light has faded from his eye, and the spring has departed from his step, and he has joined the great army of the disappointed. He had set his heart upon something which the passing years have said he could never have. And his life has failed and his possessions have taken flight. Now what does this mean? It simply means that he has been displaced by the very progress of the world. When an army is marching forward and it quickens its pace, the weaker soldiers must fall by the wayside. But the world has gone to a higher level. And the very fact that the world is sweeping onward means that some must be dropping every year. They are flung backward because they are not keeping up with the progress of the world. This world is an incomplete world because it is divine. If life, as we know it, were complete, if this were the end, then we should have today the perfection of success. Our judgment of ourselves and of others would be final. But is that so? Who of us dare judge another? Do we not rather look to the future as part of a whole, whose greater part lies beyond the vision? There isn't room in the longest human career to develop all we hope and love and long for. And so we say that the very fact that the world is sweeping onward means that some must be dropping every year. They are flung backward because they are not keeping up with the progress of the world. This world is an incomplete world because it is divine. If life, as we know it, were complete, if this were the end, then we should have today the perfection of success. Our judgment of ourselves and of others would be final. But is that so? 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