

DUTIES OF A TRUE WIFE

If She is an Intelligent Housekeeper Her Home Will Be a Happy One.

A girl should marry when she is capable of understanding and fulfilling the duties of a true wife and thorough housekeeper, and never before. No matter how old she may be, if she is not capable of managing a house in every department of it she is not old enough to get married. When she promises to take the position of wife and homemaker the man who holds her promise has every right to suppose that she knows herself competent to fulfill it. If she proves to be incompetent or unwilling he has good reason to consider himself cheated.

No matter how plain the home may be, it is in accordance with the husband's means, and he finds it neatly kept and the meals (no matter how simple) served from shining dishes and clean table linen, that husband will leave his home with loving words and thoughts and look ahead with eagerness to the time when he can return. Let the girl acquire every accomplishment within her power, the more the better, for every added accomplishment will be that much more power to be used in making a happy home.

At the same time, if she cannot go into the kitchen, if necessary, and cheerfully prepare as good a meal as anyone could with the same material, and serve it neatly after it is prepared, she had better defer her marriage until she learns how such household matters are performed. If girls would thoroughly fit themselves for the position of intelligent housekeepers before they marry there would be fewer discontented, unhappy wives and more happy homes.—Woman's Life.

Dickens and Toole.

An interesting story attaches to the Alexander Institute, Carter street, Walworth, which is now being advertised for sale. It was in this hall, formerly the Walworth Literary and Scientific Institution, that J. L. Toole scored some of his earliest successes as an amateur actor, and it was there that he was "discovered" by Charles Dickens in the spring of 1852. Some of Toole's friends, impressed by the young man's talent, besought Charles Dickens to see him act and advise him as to his future career, and the great novelist, though then hard at work on "Bleak House," good naturedly found time to journey to Walworth in compliance with this request. "I remember," he told Forster, "what I once wanted myself in that way, and I should like to write him."

Toole himself, writing half a century later, thus recalled this momentous event in his career. In company with Mark Lemon and John Forster, Charles Dickens paid a kindly visit to the Walworth Literary Institution for the purpose of seeing him act and recite in the monologue "Trying a Magistrate." Dickens was strong in his expressed opinion that his vocation was the stage, and the stage only.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Owning Your Home.

"I have always felt that upon property appointed and becoming dwellings depends more than anything else the improvement of mankind," said Benjamin Disraeli (earl of Beaconsfield). To sit in the evening's cool in your comfortable armchair, to look around you and know that everything you see there is your very own and that you have obtained it all so that you practically do not feel the cost; to know also that if you, the breadwinner, were suddenly called away, your home would still be your wife's or your family's—that is one of the pleasures of life, indeed. It is a pleasure which gives you new heart in your work in the world. It sends you out every morning determined to get on and to earn more money, and because of that very determination you do become worth more money.

Tongues of the Mighty.

Future candidates for the presidency of the French Republic will be thinned out if the demand of a French newspaper be accepted—that presidents should show fluent acquaintance with English and German. There is not a president on record who has reached that requirement, for presidents are made—self-made—not born. It is the business of a king to learn several languages, and as he is born he is made to talk with many tongues. The Austrian Kaiser is perhaps the most splendid diving instance. But presidents and ministers are not nursed into multilingualism. Can we put up a cabinet minister capable of fluency in three languages?—Westminster Gazette.

A Reunion Task.

The two old friends met after a separation of ten years. "I declare, you've kept your youthful looks to a surprising extent," said one. "Thank you," said the other man. "You've done pretty well, too. You know you expected to be absolutely bald long before this, like your father, instead of which I really believe you've as much hair left as I have, if not more." "Absurd!" said his friend. "It can't be. Let's count it!"—Youth's Companion.

The Luck of Larkin

By Stacy E. Baker

Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press

Train 16—pride of the Prather system—left the tracks at the curved entrance to the Moorstown tunnel, and resolutely tried to plow its way through the rock.

Steven Larkin, after extricating himself from the debris of the last Pullman, found himself with a broken wrist and badly damaged side.

"My good fellow," he called. Larkin was an actor. "My good fellow, come here." A bearded rustic, gapping at some little distance away, hurried forward.

"Is there a doctor hereabouts?"

"None nigher than eight miles."

"I can't continue this way," complained Larkin, petulantly. The numbness of the sudden break was commencing to die away, and the deep, throbbing pain substituting itself, brought with it a disgusting nausea.

"Not much you can't," contributed the other. "It'll be hours before the track's clear enough for trains to come and go on. Best thing you can do, I reckon, is to stop here, and—" an avocetous gleam crept into the eyes of the localite—"I'll use you as well as any one, and for as little money. You'll find my house the third on the right hand side of the road, if you want to go down there and stay tonight. Doctors will be in soon from all around. I'll see that you get one. My daughter will come to the door. Tell her who you are, and that I sent you, and for her to give you the spare room." The Moorstown man turned away.

In the gathering dusk of the evening Larkin made a comprehensive survey of the badly dilapidated train, the coaches of which, strewn along the rails, were here and there being eaten

them neatly, I won't be accountable for what happens if you attempt to go. Your hostess—I can vouch for this—will be perfectly willing for you to remain, although I should not ask it if there was a hospital, sanitarium or decent hotel in the community."

Larkin, too spent to protest, lay back on his pillow. He had been put to bed by the determined physician. Thanks to sedative, he closed his eyes—and slept.

Before the week was done the house was cleared of patients with the one exception of Larkin. He stayed on. Every day he was fearful lest the physician announce that he was well enough to resume his interrupted journey.

"Where is your father?" asked the actor one morning, gazing at the girl with appreciative eyes. "I haven't seen him since the day of the wreck."

"I—I, why, he isn't here now," stammered the crimson-faced maid. She hurried from the room. Larkin followed her exit with surprised eyes. "Hm," muttered the man. "I wonder what I've said to hurt her feelings. Come to think of it, the old chap didn't look very honest. Maybe he is in jail." But when the girl returned to the room the flush was gone from her cheeks, and she was her usual composed self. The subject was not brought up again.

Larkin, by complaining about non-existent pains, kept the doctor from allowing him to leave the house.

He and his nurse became close friends. There was nothing of the rustic about her. Her mind was keen and broad. She was well informed. Larkin delighted in telling her tales of the stage; stories of his own struggles and the conservative success following. Miss Nun—this was her name—followed him with large eyes and a wonderful interest.

"I have always cared for the stage," she said simply, and brought him around to the subject again.

Time went on. The day of Larkin's return to the city could not be postponed much longer. A contract and tiresome rehearsals called him back. With the spirit of his kind, the actor carefully diagnosed his feelings for this simple maid whom he was leaving behind.

"Love," he ruminated, "and me, of all people, to be listed for a part in the skit. The worst of it is I know I'll forget my lines."

"I—I have a confession to make," stammered the girl, her cheeks red. "I don't want to answer you until after you have heard it." Larkin had proposed. "I live here alone, and I willfully led you to believe that the man you saw at the wreck was my father."

"But he told me he was," persisted Larkin.

"He lives in the next house down. I—I wanted you myself. I didn't tell you of your mistake. My father and mother are dead—and I am so lonesome."

Larkin made a move as if to gather her in his one good arm, but she held up a protesting hand.

"One moment. I am not finished." She looked at him half sorrowfully. "I have deceived you even more than that." She stopped for a faltering second and then hurried on. "I am Nancy Nun, the California actress, now under the management of the Firmans and due to open my season in New York next fall."

"You—Nance Nun!" gasped Larkin. The girl flushed. "I loved you," she said simply. "I wanted to be wooed as other girls are wooed. Can you forgive me?"

Larkin did.

Smallest Working Railway.

The Eaton Hall railway enjoys the distinction of being the smallest working railway in Great Britain. The line runs across many of the park drives and over small streams, spanned by steel girders. Sometimes as many as three hundred tons of coal a month is hauled by the miniature locomotives and wagons. There are two engines, the largest of which has a tank capacity of 70 gallons, a boiler pressure of 175 pounds to the square inch and weighs four tons twelve hundred weight. There are 44 good wagons, two brake vans, one carriage, one parcel car and one tool van. The passenger car runs on two four-wheel bogies, is 20 feet long, and has seating accommodation for 16 passengers. It has carried many a royal passenger.—Westminster Gazette.

Cat Was Too Wise.

In a backyard in Rothesay, a duck hatching her eggs was disturbed by a cat, who, after devouring the only two ducklings out, coiled itself round the remainder of the eggs, and the other ducklings were dispatched into puss's interior as soon as hatched. After a consultation the neighbors decided that the cat must be executed, and the sentence was duly carried out by a shooting expert.

Logical.

"Mother," asked little Ethel, "now that you're in mourning for Cousin Adelaide, will you wear black night-dresses, too?"

"What an absurd question, child!" cautioned the medicine man, after an examination. "You have three broken ribs, and, although I have bandaged

Tour Through Mexican Forests



MEXICAN WATER CARRIER.

EVER the thought of El Desierto conjures a vision of lofty forest isles and mysterious depths "where old Enchantment piles her shuttle of lost days and dreams." Where monks of old wandered in peaceful meditation today the wild deer brouses and the prowlers of dim forests glide. The barefooted Carmelites are gone, and the gray convent on the mountain, with its noble domes, and towers and cloisters, and arched corridors is silent and pathetic, with that peculiar pathos that broods over a solitude where man has once ruled.

Nature has been busy here, as is her wont, recovering the conquest of man; but those monks of old built so nobly that their work still resists effacement and sees to dominate the wilderness. Beauty envelopes like a garment the grass-grown cloisters and crumbling walls and domes of faded color; and the breeze that rustles the tall heavy-headed grass and clinging vines seems to bring down the river of Time, from that island of long ago, odor of incense, tones of long silent bells, orisons and chants.

Such is El Desierto today; and one cannot do better than to quote, as others have, the old chronicler Thomas Gage, an English Dominican monk who was smuggled into Mexico. He wrote about 260 years ago. "It is the pleasantest place," he says, "of any about Mexico; called by some La Soledad and by other El Desierto, the solitary or desert place or wilderness. Were all wildernesses like it, to live in a wilderness would be better than to live in a city."

"This hath been a device of poor Fryers, named discolored or barefooted Carmelites, who to make show of their hypocritical and apparent godliness, and whilst they would be thought to live like Eremites, retired from the world, they may draw there a stately cloister, which being upon a hill and among rocks makes it to be more admired."

"About the cloister they have fashioned out many holes and caves in, under and among the rocks, like Eremitic lodgings, with a room to lie in, an oratory to pray in, with pictures and images, and rare devices for mortification as disciplines of wry, rods of iron, haircloth girdles with sharp wry points to girdle about their bare flesh, and many such toys, which hang about their orberies to make people admire their mortified and holy lives."

"All these Eremitical holes and caves (which are ten in number) are within the bounds and compass of the cloister and among orchards and gardens of fruit and flowers, which may take up two miles in compass; and here among the rocks are many springs of water, which, with the shade of plantins and other trees, are most cool and pleasant to the Eremites; they have also the sweet smell of rose and jaxmin, which is a little flower, but the sweetest of all others; there is not any flower to be found that is rare and exquisite in that country which is not in that wilderness to delight the senses of these mortified Eremites."

Racial bias and rivalry of order, though not saintly attributes, might find entrance and be harbored unaware in the soul of even a good monk. And since we remember that Father Gage was English and Dominican, may we not justly soften his caustic presentation of his "Eremites" while we thank him for his chronicle? To see El Desierto as we saw it, you must first get lost. On the smooth white road up over the rolling hills from the desolate little pueblo of Santa Fe our horses loped briskly in the early morning. This old white ribbon of road is an automobile thoroughfare, in these twentieth-century days, from the City of Mexico over the mountains to the Valley of Toluca, where nestles the city that is the capital of the State of Mexico. But on this fair day no twentieth-century devices of people came to strike the discordant note. We met only the descendants of many generations of those who had walked that way. Men, barefooted or shod in that peculiar sandal called guarache, wearing gracefully their gay serapes or red blankets, and the picturesque broad-brimmed, high-peaked sombreros, walked beside their burros that were packed with towering loads of coarse pottery or baskets. Women, also



ON PLAZA, CITY OF MEXICO.

wearing sombreros, sat upon the little burros between huge baskets, carrying beautiful brown babies in their arms, while larger brown babies clung on behind.

We illustrated the old fable of the hare and the snail, we and a bright-looking peon of the best type, whose burro kept steadily on in its light-footed little trot while we varied our progress between galloping and walking. In one of the passages, after the courteous salutation, we entered into conversation about the road to El Desierto; and remarking that the way was long, he proceeded to describe a much nearer way by trail, a cut-off that left the main road some miles before the El Desierto road did.

The wooded mountains across the deep ravine appealed to us, and when we came to the trail it also looked tempting, so we took our wayfarer's advice and left the beaten track, soon to find ourselves scrambling down a precipitous way leading our horses. After crossing a stream at the bottom of the canon, we mounted and followed the bank, entering a pine forest through which we rode mile after mile, momentarily expecting to see the trail up the mountain we sought. We did find an ascending trail and climbed a mountain to see, when at the top, only far-reaching forests and more mountains. Down we went into another canon, losing our trail many times to find it again.

On the steep mountainside, between us and the sudden drop into the canon (down which we looked upon the tops of tall trees, and to the bottom of which sight could not penetrate,) we saw a fragment of moss-covered masonry, and farther on another, and another, and still farther on the fragments lengthened into a crumbling wall, and we were on a stone-paved way. When it reached the sharp ridge of the mountain, which it followed, there was a low stone wall on each side of a narrow paved way, mossy and banked with dead leaves; walls covered with plaster or cement that had mellowed into harmony with the surroundings.

Never was road like this one! Through a wilderness apparently primeval, but for it it seemed to lie dreaming in a potent forest silence that trembled on the edge of a sound, as the pale light that sifted through the trees upon it trembled between shade and sunshine. A strange spell broods here that woos one to linger and see visions of that olden time.

At last we were on the top of the mountain and riding beside the high convent wall, the entrance being on the opposite side from our approach.

Within the patio, like the deserted guardian of the deserted place, stands on a high pedestal a marred stone statue of some unrecognizable saint, mutely eloquent. We pass it, and walk the lonely corridors, stand under the lofty dome, climb the worn stairs to the belfry, descend into underground chambers, and loiter in cloisters and in the walled gardens and orchards of old that Father Gage tells us of; where the fragrant flowers bloomed and the luscious fruit ripened on just such air and sunshine as bathes the mountain top today. But the "spirit of the hive," where is it? In front of the great arched entrance is an open space with a few maple trees, and a small detached ruin of brown adobe. Steps lead down from one of these old rooms, and though the space is filled with debris it appears to be an underground passage to the convent. Standing there, one looks into a forest such as Durer painted; vistas between the bodies of giant trees, dim beguiling, satyr-haunted depths.

The shadows were deepening there, for the day was perceptibly waning; and we of short span of days must hasten to leave a ruin that was old before we had begun, and that will long outlast us.

ELEANOR EVANS.

NATURE'S SIGNALS.

The first indication of kidney disorder is often backache. Then comes pain in the hips and sides, lameness, soreness and urinary troubles. These are the warnings—nature's signals for help. Doan's Kidney Pills should be used at the first sign.

A. Treitlein, 84 Rosett St., New Haven, Conn., says: "I was propped up in a chair for 23 weeks. So intense was the pain when I moved that I thought I would pass away. The kidney action was irregular and the secretions scalded. Three doctors gave me no relief. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me, and for ten years the cure has been permanent."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

MISUNDERSTOOD HIM.



"My friend," said the solemn man on the railroad train, "do you drink intoxicating liquors?" "Sure!" cried the convivial chap. "Much obliged for the invitation. Got a flask with you?"

LEG A MASS OF HUMOR

"About seven years ago a small abrasion appeared on my right leg just above my ankle. It irritated me so that I began to scratch it, and it began to spread until my leg from my ankle to the knee was one solid scale like a scab. The irritation was always worse at night and would not allow me to sleep, or my wife either, and it was completely undermining our health. I lost fifty pounds in weight and was almost out of my mind with pain and chagrin as no matter where the irritation came, at work, on the street or in the presence of company, I would have to scratch it until I had the blood running down into my shoe. I simply cannot describe my suffering during those seven years. The pain, mortification, loss of sleep, both to myself and wife is simply indescribable on paper and one has to experience it to know what it is.

"I tried all kinds of doctors and remedies but I might as well have thrown my money down a sewer. They would dry up for a little while and fill me with hope only to break out again just as bad if ever worse. I had given up hope of ever being cured when I was induced by my wife to give the Cuticura Remedies for a little while. I began to see a change, and after taking a dozen bottles of Cuticura Resolvent in conjunction with the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, the trouble had entirely disappeared and my leg was as fine as the day I was born. Now after a lapse of six months with no signs of a recurrence I feel perfectly safe in extending to you my heartfelt thanks for the good the Cuticura Remedies have done for me. I shall always recommend them to my friends. W. H. White, 312 E. Cabot St., Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 4 and Apr. 13, 1909."

A New Version.

Lawyers have a peculiar system of abbreviation, such words as trustees, executors being cut down to trees, exors, and admors. This practice led to an amusing slip on the part of a solicitor, who, somewhat late in life, abandoned his profession and entered the church. A few Sundays after his ordination he startled his congregation while reading the lesson by delivering one of the passages as follows: "I see men as trustees walking."

And They Wondered!

Judge Nicholas Longworth, who used to sit on Ohio's supreme bench, looked unattractively grave, and a neighbor, in recognition of his facial depression, named a pet owl "Judge Longworth." It was the very next day that an excited maid broke up his wife's garden party. "Oh, madam," said she. "Madam! Judge Longworth has laid an egg!"

Less Lavish.

"I saw 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' played recently." "So?" "I think I'll read the book." "You may be disappointed. The book mentions only one little Eva and one Lawyer Marks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Force of Habit.

Little Girl—Mummy! (No answer.) Mummy! Are those swallows! Mummy (deep in her book)—Yes, dear. Don't touch them.—Punch.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets, small, sugar-coated, easy to take as candy, regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

A woman may or may not try to avoid muddy crossings; it all depends upon her understanding.