

WELL-ENOUGH.

Down in the valley of "Well-Enough" men are careless and joyous and free; they toil and they eat and they love a bit, and they grow old happily; while off in the hazy distance gleam the peaks of the unknown; "Fame" and none that has traveled that difficult steep can enter the valley again.

The way is o'er rocks, sharp and jagged and cruel; through fierce heat, with a deadening thirst; while the water drips cool, far below in the depths of the way that to him is accursed. How he longs, all in vain, for a friendly hand-clasp, for the smiles that were ready and true; but he may not turn back, so he struggles along, with the joy of achievement in view.

And at last, oh, long journey! see torn hands and feet, and face drawn and wrinkled with pain; He stands at the summit of great desire, to dwell on his priceless gain. And then—ah, the sadness of heart-break! was not that a man's cry of woe? For he longs to return to the land he has lost—to the "Well-Enough" valley below. —Grace E. Bostwick, in New York Tribune.

AN OUT-OF-SCHOOL LESSON

By HILDA RICHMOND.

"I think old Mr. Winton is too particular for any use," said Mark Carney, throwing his cap on a chair and hastening to the supper table. "Everything has to be done his way, and it's always the longest way, too."

"What is the matter, Mark?" inquired his father. "I thought you liked the place very much."

"I do, papa, but it seems so unreasonable to do things the most tedious way when it don't matter how they're done."

"Mr. Winton pays for your time till 6 o'clock every evening, and has a right to say what you shall do and how. You would not make a good soldier, Mark, for the first duty of an enlisted man is to obey without questioning. I must go to Chicago on the 7.30 train and haven't time now to talk about your work, but you must give satisfaction if you expect to keep the place. Be a good boy and mind your mother. Remember, there are four or five boys for every place, and Mr. Winton can easily find one to fill yours if you don't suit."

Mr. Carney's words set his son to thinking, and he finished his supper in silence; but when the evening lamp shone down on the pile of school books he had brought home with him, Mark broke out again:

"I might have had all these problems worked if he hadn't been so particular about his old barrels."

"Don't you think it very impolite to criticize a gentleman of sixty?" inquired Mrs. Carney, reprovingly. "A boy of twelve should know better, and I was sure my son did till I heard him at the table this evening."

"Well, mamma, he is unreasonable. I don't say that to be impolite, but only to let you know how he makes me work. Every afternoon this week I've been piling old barrels in the storeroom when there were no errands to do, and Mr. Winton wants them arranged just so. As if it made any difference so they're out of the way! Once or twice a year a huckster from a little town comes to buy them to ship butter and produce in. Fred Miller says he's cranky about everything, and no one can please him."

"Was Fred in the storeroom?" I thought Mr. Winton's rules forbade people sitting around talking to the clerks."

"He wasn't inside. He just stood at the door and talked awhile. Besides, Mr. Winton is out of town today, and wouldn't have seen him if he had come in, though I didn't ask him."

"Did you arrange the barrels as Mr. Winton directed?"

"Well, not exactly. He said to take everything from one side of the storeroom and pile the barrels in tiers along the wall, but there were some boxes there the same height as the barrels, so I let them stay. I suppose I could have crowded them closer together, but the stack looks all right from the outside. He won't be around when the man loads them up, so it don't make any difference. It would have taken another whole evening to put them in as he said, and he'll think I'm a swift worker when he gets back and finds it all done."

"What if he asks you about it?" asked Mrs. Carney. Her son's careless ways had long been a source of worry to her, and it was in the hope of having them corrected that she allowed him to work in the store. No amount of talking and reasoning had been able to convince him of the danger of forming slipshod habits in youth.

"No fear of that," said Mark, confidently. "I've worked there six months, and I don't believe he's been in the storeroom more than twice. He's forgotten all about them by this time, I suppose."

"I can't see why it makes any difference to you what you do. He pays for your time, and if he wants you to take six afternoons to put old barrels away instead of three, why, you might as well do it. Was it such a hard task?"

"No, easy as anything, but, you see, when I'm in the store waiting for errands to do I work my problems for the next day. I have to sit on a stool at the cashier's desk where the clerks can call to me, and sometimes it's fifteen minutes between jobs. Can't you help me a little to-night, mamma? It's 8 o'clock and I've only worked two. They are so hard and long."

Mark looked up in surprise when his mother began swiftly working out of the long problems, only saying—

"It is rather late. You take the third, and I'll try the fourth."

It was the first time Mrs. Carney had ever worked out a problem for him, so it was no wonder Mark was

astonished. She was always willing to explain and lend a helping hand in the difficult parts, but never solved them outright for him. She thought it encouraged cheating to do the work that belonged to some one else, and always kept Mark at his tasks till all were mastered.

"Did you get the third?" she inquired half an hour later. "Here are the fifth and sixth. How many are there in the lesson?"

"But, mamma, this isn't the way Miss Fillmore makes us work them. I can't copy them on my paper for to-morrow."

"I don't see why not," said Mrs. Carney, without looking up. "There are several methods of solving these problems, and I used the shortest one. The answer is correct, and that is the necessary thing. Where is the rest of the eighth written out? It seems to be all mixed up, or I can't find it," and she turned the papers with an abstracted air.

Miss Fillmore says we must use the long way for the present, and when we are older the short cuts will come naturally to us. I'm so sorry I can't have these, for I wanted a good average this month. If our averages are high for the term, we won't have to be examined."

"Just write your name at the top of my sheets and hand them in," suggested Mrs. Carney. "Miss Fillmore will probably never look farther than the answers, and you will get your high grade very easily. I wonder why she is so particular about methods."

"I see what you are trying to do, mamma," said Mark suddenly. "You are showing me where I was wrong about the barrels this afternoon. I ought to have put them up as Mr. Winton said, without grumbling or wondering why."

"You have guessed it exactly, Mark. One of the greatest faults children have is the idea that they know more than older people. I am glad you can see why my problems cannot be given to Miss Fillmore, even if you copy them. Her method is not the shortest one, but is the best for beginners. What sort of work would be done in school if each pupil did the work as he pleased and was counted perfect if he could get the correct answer to his problems regardless of method? It is the same way in business, and those who rise from low to higher places are the people who obey orders exactly as if they were soldiers."

"I'm sorry I worried you, mamma," said Mark in manly fashion. "If you will explain this part to me I'll try to work them all, and when Mr. Winton comes home I'll tell him about the barrels. By working overtime I can straighten them out, but it will take a long time."

"That pleases me more than anything else you could possibly do. I think it will be the turning point of your life if you carry out your resolve, for no one can hope to succeed who has careless ways," said Mrs. Carney.

It was late that night when the last problem was worked, but Mark had his reward next day when Miss Fillmore read out the names of the scholars who had perfect lists, and his was the first on the list. He worked harder than ever that day, and it was the recollection of his high grades that helped him to make his way to Mr. Winton's private office as soon as school was out.

It seemed to Mark that Mr. Winton looked very stern as he stammered and tried to tell his story. At last something in the old gentleman's eyes gave him courage, and he told all about the barrels, not sparing himself in the least. A great weight rolled off his mind when he said:

"If you'll only give me a chance, I'll put the barrels as you want them, and then try to show you that I don't always shirk."

"Why did you come and tell me this?" asked Mr. Winton. "Did your conscience trouble you, or were you afraid I might find you out?"

"My mother showed me last night that the only way to do things is the right way, and while you are paying me for my time, your way is right," said Mark. "I thought it didn't make any difference so they were out of the way, but I can see now that I ought to have piled them as you said without thinking about your reason for doing it that way. I hope you will let me work after the store closes every night till they are all in place."

"That's the right spirit, my boy. Tell your mother I am proud to have her son in my store. She used to play with my little girls years ago, and I have never forgotten her frank, winning ways," said Mr. Winton.

"Now, about those barrels. You may begin this evening and work an hour each night till they are in order."

"Thank you, sir," said Mark, heartily. "I wonder why I always thought he was unreasonable," he thought to himself as he left the store an hour later than usual, but with a light heart. "I expected he'd fire me right away."

"How many barrels?" asked a voice a week later, as Mark proudly placed the last one against the wall. He had been working very swiftly to get through, but there were no vacant spaces among them.

Mark ran his eye over the orderly pile and made a quick calculation. "One hundred and fifty-six," came the ready response.

"Right, and now do you see why they must be in order? The man who buys them usually comes on our busiest days, and it is necessary that we know how many there are instantly. It is likely he will be here next Saturday, and you can easily see how much work your carelessness would have caused. We had one boy who stored them away over some boxes and barrels of salt, and the wagons had to be unloaded to count them, as they ran short at the last minute."

"I'm very glad that will not happen this time," said Mark, with a sigh of relief.

"I am very glad, too," said Mr. Winton. "Take your mother's advice and remember it pays in the end to be strictly honest. By the way, are you thinking of giving up your place? Fred Miller said you were, and applied for it last week. I told him I would not promise till I had heard from you about it."

"I don't want to give it up if you are satisfied with me," said Mark, thinking of how Fred had encouraged him to slight his tasks. "I want to prove that I can obey orders."

It was a long time before Mark conquered his habit of grumbling over his tasks, but in time the good habits became as fixed as the bad ones had been. Every time he thought his employer unreasonable he thought of the barrels, and tried to remember that he must not expect to know the reason for everything he had to do.

"What do you think, mother?" he said laughingly, as he came in from work several years later. "I found a boy piling up barrels in the storeroom just as I did when I was new at the business."

"What did you do?" inquired Mrs. Carney.

"Told him my experience," said the tall youth, promptly. "He took my little lecture good naturedly and began over again. How bumptious and important I must have acted when I was his age!"

"That seems a long time ago, and now you are one of the best clerks they have," said Mrs. Carney, proudly. "Yes, it is true," she went on, as Mark protested with very red cheeks against this statement. "Mr. Winton told me so yesterday, and says you will have a still better place as soon as you have finished school. I am sure it helped you very much to have to work after the others had gone home, even if it seemed hard just then."

"It helps me yet, mother. I never go into the storeroom that I don't think of it and feel grateful to you and Mr. Winton. It makes me have more patience with boys younger than I am, too, for some one had to have lots of patience with me—and does yet," said Mark, stooping to kiss his mother.—Zion's Herald.

A Merciful Punishment.

Sergeant Nolan, stationed at one of the New England posts, has a small but active wife of whom he stands in considerable awe. One day the sergeant lost his quick Irish temper. The object of his wrath was a dog belonging to the wife of one of his superior officers. The lady overheard some of his statements, and took him severely to task.

"You ought to be ashamed to say such things, and to lose your temper with an animal," she said, while the big sergeant looked shamefaced and anxious. "I shall report your language."

"To—to her, ma'am?" faltered the penitent.

"To my husband," said the lady, haughtily.

"So do, ma'am," said Sergeant Nolan, cheerfully. "I well deserve it. I was only fearing you meant to tell me wife."

A Family Affair.

"Once upon a time there lived a good man of New York, who was soliciting contributions for the erection of an orphan-asylum," said the story-teller. "He had been to many rich people and received liberal contributions, which were entered in a book he had for that purpose. Among these many names there appeared, 'Mrs. Russell Sage, \$25.' The good man went to Mr. Sage's office, and showing him the contribution entered in the book by Mrs. Sage, asked if he would not give a like sum. And what do you suppose he did?"

"Well, I suppose he at least doubled it," remarked a listener.

"Doubled it! Not Russell!" exclaimed the teller of the story. "Why, he simply took his pen and wrote 'Mr. and before his wife's name, and handed the book back to the good man.'—Harper's Weekly.

Shelters For Consumptives.

The Belfast city corporation has decided to place shelters for consumptives in one of the public parks. Protest meetings are being held.

The salaries committee of Stockport, England, has advanced the salary of the municipal draughtsman \$250 a year—about four cents a week.

Woman's Realm

Ask the Busy Woman.

If you want some one to do something for you and it needs to be done promptly and well, ask a busy woman to do it, says Mrs. Homer Hoch. Don't ask a woman who has plenty of time. She will never get it done.—Kansas City Journal.

Empress Eugenie's Dresses.

Some recently published figures as to the extravagance of American women in dress give interest to the statement of the Empress Eugenie to a friend in this country that but three times in her life did she wear a dress that cost as much as \$200. Once it was for her wedding, once for the baptism of the Prince Imperial.—Springfield Republican.

Drying Odds and Ends.

Why is it that some women, often just the ones who pride themselves on their economy, cannot resist the temptation to buy odds and ends and remnants for no other reason in the world than because they are cheap? Of course, dainty bits of lace and odd lengths of passementerie look simply irresistible on the counter, but they are so simply irresistible when it comes to doing anything with them. It takes a decidedly clever woman to use up such pieces to advantage, and unless she is quite sure of her powers as a maker of trifles out of scraps she had better look the other way when she passes the remnant counter unless she desires a collection of material that belongs by rights in the scrap bag.

Hair at the Seaside.

The care of the hair at the seaside is a very important point and one which should never be overlooked.

Although thorough and prolonged brushing is always—except in cases of falling hair—a necessity, it is doubly important that it should receive a generous amount of attention when bathing is indulged in. Every morning the hair should be parted down the centre above the forehead and each portion given twenty brush strokes on either side, the same procedure being repeated with regard to the back hair, while the operation should conclude with as many steady strokes in a transverse direction, brushing the hair back from the ears.

Nothing is more difficult than to avoid wetting the hair when bathing, but if it has become saturated with salt a well-beaten egg is a capital cleanser. Even when a bathing cap is worn the hair above the nape of the neck and behind the ears frequently gets wet, and instead of washing the scalp the dry plait should be secured with a hairpin at the top of the head and the damp portion sponged with a solution made of an ounce of borax to a pint of warm water, a remedy which will entirely obviate the stickiness which is the usual effect salt water has on the hair.—Philadelphia Record.

What is a Lady?

The home life of a typical American Lady is the sincerest index of her ego, says Minna Thomas Antrim in Lippincott's. In it she indelibly expresses herself. Here it is that she exercises to the maximum her potentiality and that her personality scores. Presumably she is a wife and mother. Her age? Puff! a Lady of cleverness nonplusses Time.

Supposedly she is well housed, husbanded congenially, and is mother to a man and a woman child. How wields she her ladyship? Wears she the bifurcated essentials to conjugal supremacy? Is her rule iron-clad, her home the house of rigid discipline? Heaven forbid! She is her son's best girl, her daughter's chum, a hostess sans reproche. She rules her home with thrift and skill. Her husband safely trusts in her, and her pride is above her birth-stone. Her lord is neither pedestaled nor doormatted; his out-goings are cordially speeded, his incomings tactfully untimed. Where he listeth there goeth he and goes she not persistently along. She respects the individuality of every sentient creature, including the one she married. Knoweth she well that man also is devious. Does he smoke? Smokes he then in comfort, vicariously she revels. A husband's individual right to be heard . . . she admits. Reluctantly, but she suffers it, thus a Lady's husband often through her courtesy becomes "is own dupe."

Patience never finds a foothold in a Lady's ménage. Display seems to her well-poised mind not only belittling, but savage. She never condescends litter with furnishing, or junk with art.

Her house is beautiful, its atmosphere fine and clear. She is never too busy to listen to her "boy" or advise her "girl" or read to their father, young people en masse delight in her. She is their ideal mother and friend. Laughter is never hushed in her home. Music is welcomed, and budding merit of whatever sort finds in her an earnest and sympathetic ear.

Indeed all our human frailties has she a catholic tolerance. She knows that temperament rules the world and that the devil rules tem-

perament; hence her judgments are lenient. Satan is very smart, and that he patronizes a good tailor she has noticed. Moreover, well she knows that he is of a subtlety past credence. Who is she, she asks, that she dare cast a stone at poor Folly, who, listening to him with foud believing ears, strays, and is perceived?

How to Cultivate Pink.

A famous beauty doctor says: "I don't advise my patients to wear pink; that would be too extreme, but I tell them to get in shape so that they can wear pink. It is a hard color and makes you look as black as sin unless your skin is fitted for it. Wear pink right next to the face, so as to bring out the pink of the cheeks, and the pinks of the chin and the ear lobes.

"Pink cheeks should not be too deep in hue or they can not show the blush as it mounts into them. The pink should not extend over too large an area or the whole face will seem flushed.

"For red lips I am advising spinach and summer vegetables. I make my patients eat celery or spinach or lettuce for breakfast, with their rolls and coffee, and I ask them to cut out acid fruits.

"The acids do not work well with some women. They break up the complexion and the result is a strawberry rash or a breaking out of some kind. It is only on the surface, but for a time it is destructive to beauty.

"I find that vegetables, well cooked, or the raw green things of the table work well upon the health. They give one a peachy glow, and every woman wants to look like a peach.

"Cultivate your hands, keep them soft, keep them lively by washing them in good soap and plenty of water, and do not rest until they have become a lovely deep pink. Lastly and for all time, let the mouth be pink, for a month that is not a deep lively cherry pink is ruined.

"Pink, for the beauty's sake is the most necessary color there is. One can get along without the other tones, but the woman who isn't pink at all, in any way, might as well give up. If she can't be pink she must at least be pinkish."



The hats which look like one huge flower with foliage are especially intended to accompany the lawn party frocks.

Moss roses and buds are much in vogue for hat trimming this season, and are uncommonly pretty on lingerie models.

Very tailored in style are the natty little cutaway coats closing with one button. These are serviceable as separate jackets.

Smocking is a dainty decoration for silk and other soft materials that is having a revival and is finding favor among hand workers.

Occasionally a blue or pink waist is worn with the white bolero and skirt and an all white hat or one with trimmings matching the color of the blouse.

Standing white stock with polka-dotted tie clasped by a small pearl buckle and a corresponding belt add a pretty finish to a plain linen morning costume.

If you want to be quite up to date you will carry in the tiny pocket on the front of your tennis or negligee waist a silk handkerchief to match your tie.

A great deal of braid is seen this year on the cloth costumes. Sometimes it appears on the jacket alone, sometimes on skirt alone, and again trimming both pieces of the suit.

For young girls the plain boleros, rounded at the bottom, and simply trimmed, are the best style. They are the shortest and jauntiest of garments and eminently becoming to the youthful figure.

If the automobile veil is pinned closely at the back of the neck where it crosses, the long ends may be drawn around to the front and tied in soft, loose folds, which are more becoming than when pulled tight.

To give a bit of variety to your supply of lingerie blouses, fasten one by means of two rows of small buttons on opposite sides of the opening in the back, connecting them by buttonholed thread loops to form the closing.

Linen and duck tub hats have a braid the size of the crown set with buttons to which both crown and brim are attached. This reduces the trouble of laundering to a minimum and even children's hats may be kept immaculate.

Sashes and hair ties of pompadour ribbon are very well liked for little girls, and are pleasing by way of change with white, though the universal becomingness and purity of white renders it always appropriate for children.



Chuggity, Chuggity!
Chuggity, chuggity, automobile. Ran over people and made them squeal. Crushed 'em and hushed 'em, laid 'em out dead. At the flat rate of ten dollars per head.

Visual Demonstration.
Jennie—"Did you hear of the awful fright Jack got on his wedding day?"
Olive—"Yes, indeed—I was there and saw her."—American Spectator.

Had Been There Before.
Hubby (at 'phone)—"Mary, I'm going to bring a couple of lobsters home for supper."
Wife—"Don't, for goodness sake! We haven't got a thing in the house."—Boston Transcript.

Prudence in Pleasure.
"How are you enjoying your new automobile, Mrs. Sububs?"
"Oh, very much as long as we are careful not to get on a road too far from a trolley line."—Baltimore American.

Disappointing.
Mrs. Justloking—"Have you any hand-embroidered waists?"
Salesman (who has waited on her before)—"I'm very sorry to disappoint you, madam, but we have."—Chicago News.

The Same Color.
"Jane, I can hardly believe my eyes. You are making the same without washing your hands."
"Well, ma'am, what's the difference? It's only brown hair."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Museum's Blue Monday.
"Where's the boa constrictor for the feet long that you've got painted of the sign out in front?" demanded the visitor at the dime museum.
"This is wash day, and we're using him for a clothesline," explained the Circassian beauty.—Chicago Tribune.

Awful!
"That was a fierce fight you had with Cholly," said Knox. "He claimed he licked you."
"Oh, the Boastah!" exclaimed Gus. "I admit he wumped my cwa but dreadfully, but you should have seen his collar!"—Philadelphia Press.

Back From the Honeymoon.
Maud—"When we get back let us try to create the impression that we are not newly married."
Jack—"All right; you had better carry the bag and the bug-strap then."—London Scraps.

Attracted Attention.
Bacon—"They say that the congressman attracted a good deal of attention when he entered the House of Representatives."
Egbert—"Why, he never opened his mouth!"
"No, but his shoes squeaked."—Yonkers Statesman.

Where Ignorance is Bliss.
Rising Young Statesman—"But there is another matter, just as important, that has been overlooked. I am going to introduce a bill for the rigid inspection of bakeries."
Constituent—"Pardon me, for your own peace of mind, I advise you not to do it."—Chicago Tribune.

He'd Been There, Too.
Bacon—"Been away?"
Egbert—"Yes; been up to Javille for a couple of weeks."
"Oh, have you?"
"Yes; greatest place in the world for an appetite!"
"But what good does that do you? Stopped at Spavin's boarding house, didn't you?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Equally Painful.
"Huh! What do you know about war? Did you ever hurl yourself into the imminent, deadly breach? 'Seek the bubble reputation, even at the cannon's mouth?'"
"Well, no; not exactly. Not to a noticeable extent. But, I have taken home unexpected company to dinner."—Puck.

Of Little Consequence.
"Well, well," exclaimed the first summer girl, "where did the engagement ring come from?"
"From Biffany's, of course," replied the other.
"Oh, I don't mean that. Who's the man who gave it to you?"
"The man! Why—er—really, I've forgotten his last name, I just call him 'Shorty.'"—Catholic Standard and Times.