

A WELL-BALANCED MIND

"Yes," he read aloud from his magnum opus as he lay back in his chair, holding the open volume up in his right hand, "there is no denying the fact. Happiness is purely subjective. It is a thing of man's inward self, not of his outward surroundings. How often is the beggar, though denuded of those accidents upon which men popularly, but erroneously, suppose happiness to depend—money, friends, rank power, what not—how often, I say, is this beggar the happiest of men, while the prince in his palace, or the millionaire in his mansion, is the most miserable! Some, observing this phenomenon, but failing to grasp its true meaning, jump to the hasty conclusion that riches are, positively, a source of unhappiness. They are equally, however, as mistaken in their way as those who conceive riches to be a source of happiness. The truth is that neither riches nor poverty, nor any external circumstances whatsoever, have the remotest connection with a man's happiness. He whose mind is well balanced will be invariably happy, while he whose mind is ill balanced will be invariably miserable, be his purse full or be it empty."

The philosopher laid down his book.

"How well I have put that! How true it is," he soliloquized, musingly. "Look at my own case. Men call me lucky, because, by the death of my cousin Tom in the wilds of Africa, I succeeded unexpectedly to my present fortune. Lucky, forsooth! I laugh at their stupid estimate. I am neither more nor less happy than I was when I came into the money fifteen years ago. I have always been happy, simply because mine is a happy nature—in other words, a well balanced mind. Were I to wake up to-morrow and find myself suddenly bereft of my wealth, it would make no difference. Nay, why should it?" (The philosopher helped himself to a choice cigar from the open box at his elbow, and, lighting it, slowly inhaled its fragrant vapor.)

"I smoke these Partagas now," he went on in the same reflective vein. "Why? Because the gods give them to me. I sit in this morocco armchair. Why? Because the gods give it to me. I take, in fact, what Heaven sends because it were ungracious, perhaps impious, to refuse it. But it affects not my happiness one way or the other. Who's that?" he added, quickly, as the sound of the opening door fell upon his ears. "Oh, you, Selina. Now what is it that you want with me, my dear?"

"I wish to have a word or two with you, please, uncle," replied the newcomer, a pretty graceful girl, apparently about five and twenty years of age. "Can you spare me five minutes?"

"If it is only five—yes," said the philosopher, looking, however, something less pleased by the interruption than a philosopher of so well balanced a mind should properly have done.

"You know the subject," demanded Selina, with an expression half-defiant, half-coaxing on her pretty face.

"Do you mean your engagement to young Paterson?" queried Draycot Dabber.

Selina nodded.

"Well, in that event, my dear," remarked her uncle, "I do not see what there is for us in this matter to discuss. You have asked my consent. I have given it—with my blessing. And there's an end of it."

As he spoke, he waved, as it were, the subject aside with a dismissive gesture of his elegant white hand.

"But, uncle," cried Selina, "there is not an end of it, as you know. Charlie Paterson has only £150 a year."

"So you have informed me before. Well, what of it?" smiled our philosopher, placidly.

"Charlie and I cannot live on £150 a year," exclaimed his niece, with scarcely repressed indignation.

"No?" ejaculated Draycot Dabber, still smiling in the same placid, unruffled way. "Upon my word, you do surprise me, Selina. One hundred and fifty pounds a year is—let me see (he made a brief calculation upon a leaf of his pocketbook)—yes, it is £2 17s. 8-4-12d. a week—a sum far more than sufficient to purchase the necessities of life for two people. Nay! how many married couples are there in England, to say nothing of other countries, who would consider themselves positively wealthy with such an income. And yet you tell me that you cannot live upon it?"

"Not in—in—the style which is expected of people in our walk of life," cried his niece, her eyes flashing.

"Really, Selina," answered the philosopher, with his most "superior" air, "you do talk like a very foolish girl. Style? Style, indeed! Is it not happiness that is the aim and object of married life? And does style promote happiness? Pah! The only source of happiness is a well balanced mind. If your minds are well balanced, you will be happy on £150 a year. And if your minds are not well balanced, you would be unhappy on £150,000. The famous Socrates—"

"Oh, bother Socrates!" interrupted Selina, her eyes flashing indignation. "The long and the short of it, then, is that you de-

any financial assistance upon my marriage?"

"I decline," said Draycot Dabber, "to lavish upon you that which will not make you one iota the happier. Were I to do so, I should simply stultify myself and all my most cherished convictions."

"It is cruel. It is unjust!" cried out the girl, angrily. "And I have the right to expect assistance—I know I have—under my great uncle's will."

At that the philosopher's face assumed a look of annoyance—of irritation—quite incompatible with a well balanced mind.

"Nonsense!" he retorted hastily. "Nothing of the kind. All I was called upon to do by the will was to undertake your support. And that I am sure I have done liberally—most liberally. But my uncle said nothing about giving you money upon your marriage; nothing whatever. No doubt he recognized that when a girl marries, her maintenance then becomes her husband's business. And I certainly shall not frustrate his intentions, to say nothing of stultifying myself by squandering useless dross upon you, Selina. Whatever I can do to advance your true happiness shall be done cheerfully. But money brings true happiness to no one; nor ever did. Upon that point all wise men are agreed. There, my dear! There is no more to be said. Besides, you have already had your five minutes. Let us consider the subject closed."

Again he resumed the perusal of his book. By-and-by it slipped from his hand to the carpet. His eyes were shut, his mouth open. A stertorous noise issuing therefrom announced that the philosopher was in a profound slumber.

He awoke at length, to find the splendid footman addressing him apologetically.

"Eh? What? What the deuce is it?" inquired Draycot Dabber, rubbing his eyes.

"A gentleman to see you, sir," explained James. "He apologizes, sir, for calling at this hour, but he sez as his business is rather pertikler."

"Who is he? What name does he give?" demanded Draycot Dabber.

"Sez as he's a stranger, sir, and you wouldn't know his name," replied James. "But he's just been a readin' of your book, sir, and wishes to see you in connection with it. That's the message he give, sir."

"My book?" (The philosopher smiled. His book? Some admirer, no doubt; some earnest seeker after truth who, impressed by that masterly exposition, desired to consult the master thereon.) "Show him up, James," he said.

James withdrew, presently returning and ushering in the stranger. The latter was a tall, middle aged man, of handsome appearance, well dressed in his style, which was, however, rather the style of Bohemia than of Mayfair.

"You are puzzled," said the stranger. "Come! Look at me. Don't you know me?"

"(So, ho! The chestnut dodge of—imaginary old acquaintance," thought Draycot Dabber.)

He replied stiffly:

"You are under some delusion, sir. I never set eyes upon you before."

The stranger laughed.

"Well, I daresay I am a good bit changed," he said. "Twenty years at my time of life do make a difference—especially when they've been spent among the natives in Central Africa."

"You—Tom?" (The words fell with a strange, almost unnatural, sound from his parched lips.) "Impossible! Tom was killed in Africa fifteen years ago."

"Oh, no, he wasn't. My pal Jevons was the one who was killed. I was carried off alive by the natives. I only managed to escape six months ago, and I arrived in London the day before yesterday. Yesterday morning I went to see my solicitors, and it was then I heard of my uncle's will and my own supposed death. Made a pretty considerable flutter in their office, my reappearance did. I can tell you. I asked them what I was to do. They advised me to place myself in their hands at once. But I said that I'd rather see you before taking any action, and discuss the position of affairs with you in a friendly spirit. I was coming last night; only feeling what a shock it would be to you, I put the disagreeable interview off. Luckily, however, on my return journey from the solicitor, I saw a copy of your book on an Underground bookstall and immediately bought it. I have been reading it all the morning, with the result that quite a load has been lifted from my

mind. Of course, if you hadn't been a philosopher, with a very proper and admirable contempt for money, I should have found my task uncommonly painful. But as it is, I haven't minded breaking the news to you in the least, any more than you, I am sure, have minded having it broken to you," said Cousin Tom, cheerfully.

The philosopher still sat staring at him, appalled and helpless. He now recognized in this middle aged man various facial characteristics of that boy-cousin (whom he had last seen twenty years ago) which left him no room for doubt on the score of his genuine identity. Yes, this was Tom, right enough, the legal possessor of all his (Draycot Dabber's) money. Under such circumstances he felt a defiant tone was at once useless and ill-advised. Perhaps if he were conciliatory, diplomatic, he might be able to make some sort of terms with his cousin.

Therefore, forcing his lips into a smile—it was a very sickly attempt—he said:

"Pardon me, Tom, I spoke hastily. This is a bit of a shock, you know."

"Oh, don't mention it. That's all right. But you'll soon get over the shock, of course. What a lucky thing for you that you despise money!"

"I never said that I—er—exactly despised it," answered Draycot Dabber.

"But you said—in fact, you proved most conclusively—that money has nothing to do with happiness. A most just conclusion, in which I entirely concur. By the way, is your niece Selina, whom I remember as a tiny tot in socks and bare legs, still living with you?"

"Yes," said Draycot Dabber.

"But," he added, anxious for his own reasons to change that subject, "as I was about to observe—"

"I am quite longing to see her again," interrupted Cousin Tom. "Is she as pretty as she then bade fair to be? Tell you what, Draycot—I'll stop and dine with you to-night and resume my acquaintance with Miss Selina."

"I'm sorry to say I'm dining out to-night with Lord X.," answered Draycot Dabber, quickly, thankful indeed to have this real excuse.

"But any other evening—"

"Besides," he answered desperately.

"Besides," he added, desperately, "it would be such a shock to Selina to introduce you to her suddenly like this, and—"

"Oh, if that's all," interposed the irrepressible Tom, "I needn't be introduced to her under my own name. Say I'm an old friend of yours, and call me Mr. Jones, or anything else you like. Yes, by Jove! That will be rather fun to make my own niece's acquaintance in the character of a stranger."

And thus it had to be. Selina was sent for, and her Uncle Tom was introduced to her by Draycot Dabber as "Mr. Jones, an old friend of mine, who has arrived unexpectedly, and whom I must ask you, my dear, to entertain at dinner to-night in my unavoidable absence."

"Come to wish you good-by," he said. "I'm off on my travels again, Draycot. I say, old man (he winked five times in succession), what a lark this has been! What a prime sell! I'm not your Cousin Tom at all. Cousin Tom was killed fifteen years ago. I'm his pal, Jevons!"

"What?" gasped Draycot Dabber. "Quite true; always was considered like Cousin Tom, you know. Had been in England this six months, and had heard of your shabby conduct toward Selina weeks since. Determined to bluff you into filling your moral obligations. Bluffed you most successfully. Oh! my eye! What fun it has been! Beats poker into fits!"

"Fun!" cried the philosopher, beside himself with fury. "You—you—won't find it much fun, you blackguard. You've perpetrated a most impudent fraud on me. I'll prosecute you. I'll get back my £20,000. I'll—"

"Prosecute me if you like, and get back your £20,000—if you can," interrupted Jevons, quietly; "but I don't think you'll do either, Mr. Draycot Dabber. Our interviews have been strictly private. You have no witnesses. Besides, there's that book of yours, in which you publicly profess your indifference to money. How about that—eh? And how would you like your mean, hypocritical attempt to wriggle out of your obligations to your niece exposed in court? Look rather funny on the part of such a high minded, wealth despising philosopher, wouldn't it? Oh, no! You'll never prosecute, you chicken livered humbug. You'll just fume, and rave, and worry, and—sit down by your loss."

Draycot Dabber did. — London Truth.

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highest compensation (that paid for precious stone cutting) is only \$1.87 per day. The dressmakers get about five cents a day, plus two meals, and the factory workers from twenty to fifty cents a day. The rate of wage seems surprisingly small in a country not afflicted with a continuous stream of immigration that makes for congestion of population and consequent lowering of wages.—Vogue.

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TRAINING FOR CHILDREN. At its recent convention in Cleveland the National Education Association devoted more time to vocational training than to anything else, and a more definite idea seemed to be gained of what was wanted then ever before. The consensus of opinion seemed to favor general education, including manual training up to fourteen for all children; after that shop training for all those intending to go into the trades, regular shops, provided with all modern machinery and appliances being attached to each school. An adjustment with each trade represented in the shop was advised, so that the graduates from the course would be accepted as advanced ap-

prentices or journeymen. The eight-hour day should prevail in these school shops, with no vacations but legal holidays and the month of August. It was declared that "we are increasing the number not only of unemployed, but of the unemployable;" that "there should be scholarships for other than literary qualities," and that in time the State would find this industrial training so profitable that it would be willing to pay the pupil who would stay in school till he had thoroughly learned his trade.—New York Tribune.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

QUEEN KEPT ALOOF.

Queen Wilhelmina refused to recognize the recent meeting of suffragists in Holland. According to Dutch etiquette, she could not do so without the consent of the Dutch Parliament, and this body is not in sympathy with the movement. Dr. Aletta H. Jacobs is the president of the National Suffrage Association of the Netherlands. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

PSYCHOLOGY OF DRESS.

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Our Cut-out Recipe.

Fill two tablespoonfuls of butter and cook in it two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-fourth a teaspoonful each of salt and pepper and a grating of nutmeg (one-fourth a teaspoonful). When the mixture becomes frothy, add one cup of chicken broth and stir constantly until smooth and boiling. Add six canned mushrooms and one truffle, cut in small pieces, and one cup and a fourth of tender, cooked chicken, cut in one-third an inch cubes. Stir until very hot but not boiling, then beat in the yolk of an egg, beaten and mixed with one tablespoonful of thick, rich cream. Stir until the egg thickens, then use to fill hot patties.

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Happy Philosophy.

The ship you have been expecting so long has arrived. Times are as good as they ever will be, and nature is doing as much for the people as she ever does. A good many people will continue to sit in the gloaming and long and wish and build castles, but they will waste their time. They are the poetry sort of people, who are always expecting the impossible to happen. Poetry ideas would be very pleasant if there was any prospect of their coming true. Living is a matter-of-fact sort of business, and those who accept it as such succeed best and live most contentedly.



All colors are used in tailored coats of linen.

Gold or silver ribbon maintains its popularity.

Black taffeta skirts are trimmed with folds of satin or taffeta.

Many women are covering their own buttons these days and embroidering them.

The sailor hat is made of folds of white mulline and edged with a wide band of black.

Those who like to do the old-fashioned cross-stitch embroidery will be pleased to find it in vogue again.

It seems that the costume is scarcely considered complete unless there is somewhere about it a bit of linen.

They say that to be strictly fashionable in one's figure the shoulders must be broad and the waist small.

Do not have starch put into heavier linen frocks when they are laundered; let them hang limp as other gowns do.

Conspicuous dress is admissible only when the conspicuous costume is perfect in detail and need not be often worn.

While all-white cottons and linens will never lose their prestige, there is a stronger leaning than for some seasons past toward colored effects.

The little pleated bow at the throat gives the necessary joining between the collar of the waist and the frill and make the two appear to belong to each other.

White or black ostrich plumes, though the first cost is not small, are about as good an investment as it is possible to make in millinery, for they may be curled and cleaned countless times, and with reasonable care