

# Domestic Training For Girls.

By Mrs. Coulter, of the Utah Legislature.



OUR girls need domestic training at school because they have, with new school methods and the present social life, little time at home for such work. The young man who would fill a position of responsibility and power fits himself for it by study and practical training, but our daughters, who are to be the builders and business managers of the home, the disbursers of the family income, and the mothers of the coming generation, are permitted to go into this work without a question as to their scientific preparation for it. If we would not sacrifice the mental development of woman, if the school and college claim the girl during these foundation years, provision should be made by the school for instruction which will not only make up for the lost opportunity at home, but fit her to meet the increasing demand for skilled labor in this field. Educationally, the first step is found in the department of manual training now introduced into some of our schools. Financially and practically, we have taken the second step in considerable sums of money pledged; in interest awakened, and in the earnest co-operation promised on every side.

The time is not far off when it will be considered seemly and will become the province of every good woman aggressively to influence public opinion for all that constitutes human well-being. Toward this the clubs are certainly well on their way, in that they are now co-operating with leagues and societies specially organized for reforms and ameliorative movements, while they have long been working apart for the lowering of the illiteracy record, the suppression of unfit literature, the relief of wage-earning women and children, a more practical training in the public schools, and the reign of nobler standards.

# War, the Geographer.

By Frank Munsey.



BEFORE these troubles in Venezuela how many of us thought of the country save as a patch of color on the map? How many were cock-sure as to the spelling of Caracas? How many knew that Venezuela means "Little Venice," or had read that the first invaders, after the Spanish discoverer, were the Germans, about three centuries before James Monroe framed his famous maxim? Even the Buccaneers are not associated intimately with the country. There is only one reference in Esquemeling's brave chronicle where he writes: "Hence they departed, with design to take and pillage the city of Caracas, situated over against the island of Curacoa, belonging to the Hollanders."

The boy who studied geography in the sixties, when the earth was still comparatively romantic and unknown, was interested in land, or sea, or town, chiefly through color or name. Blue or purple countries on the map were necessarily delectable regions. No desert is as sandy as the "Great North American Desert" then looked. There was Van Dieman's Land, a dismal, suspicion-exciting country; and after the boy had been persuaded that it was not inhabited by demons equipped with horns and hoofs and tails, he would nevertheless have sworn to the truth of Hazlitt's description: "Barren, miserable, distant; a place of exile, the dreary abode of savages, convicts and adventurers."

Bagdad, Damascus, the Galapagos, Andalusia—what fascination in the very names to the schoolboy who delights in the smell of the wharves or knows his Arabian Nights and Washington Irving as a clerk's ledger!

As the boy becomes man, names may still wield their spell; but they are vague, often imaginary localities. War breaks out; fleets meet and wage battle off some obscure fishing town; an army surrenders near some hamlet which had hitherto slept peacefully by day as well as by night. The village is suddenly world-famous. The name of the fishing town is written on banners. —New York News.

# Manhood Higher Than Money

By Edwin Markham.



WE are making remarkable progress in wealth-gathering, yet one thing is certain—we shall reach no enduring greatness until we make manhood stand higher than money. A mere millionaire, with his cramped and sordid life, cuts a sorry figure when measured by the side of a progressive editor, an unselfish teacher, or a distinguished inventor.

We are naturally hero-worshippers, and it is right that we should be. The thing important is that we should choose the true heroes, not the stuffed ones, not the pompous nothings strutting out their little hour upon a painted stage. Let us choose for our honoring the large-hearted servants of mankind.

Once upon a time a distinguished foreign nobleman visited our land, and desired to meet a representative American family. To whom was he pointed? To the family of that worthy minister of the Gospel who stands for a clean life and the sacred rights of the people? To the family of that conscientious teacher who is touching young souls with ideals and inspirations? No; the nobleman was pointed by well-nigh all of us to the family of a Sir Croesus, who had inherited unearned millions, and who was in no wise a representative of our American grit and generosity, of our democratic simplicity and fellow-feeling, to say nothing of our art and letters.

Thomas Hughes said, long ago, that we may not be able to hinder people in general from being helpless and vulgar—from letting themselves fall into slavery to things about them, if they are rich, or from aping the habits and vices of the rich, if they are poor.

But, as he says, we may live simple, manly lives, ourselves, speaking our own thoughts, paying our own way, and doing our own work, whatever that may be. We shall remain gentlemen as long as we follow these rules, even if we have to sweep a crossing for a livelihood. But we shall not remain gentlemen, in anything but the name, if we depart from these rules, though we may be set to govern a kingdom.

# Permissible Recreations and Amusements

By Hamilton W. Mable, Author and Critic.



PLAY is as much a man's duty as work. Our taste for play and the intelligent selection of proper forms of recreation have never been sufficiently developed.

Many people play too much and unintelligently, others give no thought to recreation and do their work in an inferior way because they lose the freshness that play brings. Work and play should never be separated; and this is particularly true in the higher forms of work, where play is absolutely essential. For example, in art there is a necessity for the spontaneity of play. The suggestion of toil instantly destroys the art quality. I believe in all amusements that the rational, morally wholesome and civilized man can enjoy. But I do not believe in any kind of amusement in excess. It is a mistake for a man to give up his work and devote his time to golf, or so to overdo with the wheel as to strain the heart.

It seems difficult for the American to carry moderation into his work or his play. Moderation in recreation is as essential as moderation in work. Everything should be done in reason.

Again, that recreation is best which takes one further from his routine and active life. The student, the man of sedentary occupation ought to put emphasis on out-of-door recreation. He needs more tramping, more horse-back riding and less theatre than the man whose vocation takes him constantly out of doors. Every man's life needs all the variety he can possibly crowd into it. The serious man needs to read novels, and go to the theatre; that is, provided he reads good stories and sees good plays.

Half of the mistakes of the reformers, the philanthropists and the ethical teachers arise from their lack of perspective. They are too much interested in one field. All followers of earnest pursuits especially need recreation. We all ought to cultivate the sense and use of humor properly to balance life.

A great many admirable people make serious blunders because they are constantly at work and never at play. The man of narrow and intense interests is the man of all others who needs to look over the wall.

All wholesome, normal forms of recreation ought to be recognized and made legitimate. This is the first step toward making recreation rational and clean.

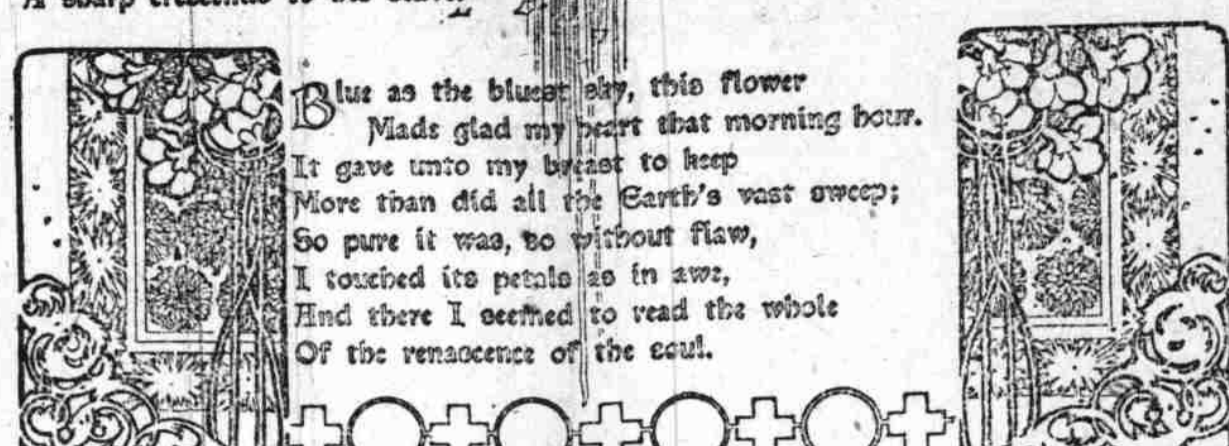
It is a significant fact that so many of the great organizers of business enterprises and leaders of gigantic interests at the present time take long vacations and make time for their recreation. They have discovered that tremendous activity is destructive unless the strain is constantly relieved by intervals of play. The colossal workers of to-day almost without exception are men who pursue some form of recreation as earnestly and methodically as they push their work to completion.

And it is not too much to say that the great financial men of the future, the great organizers, the students, and the leaders in the professions will by necessity be great devotees of some form of recreation.

# The Easter Walk

By Clinton Scollard

At middle morn, on Easter day,  
I took the western hillside way,  
Above the woodland, soon to be  
Bannered with vernal pagantry,  
A little wind from out the south  
Breathed lyrics from its wooing mouth,  
And somewhere Macstro Robin gave  
A sharp crescendo to his stave.



# THE FLOWER FAIRIES' EASTER STORY

BY JOHN H. JEWETT



ONE bright Sunday morning in April thousands of little children with their fathers and mothers and friends were thronging the city streets on their way to morning service. On the sheltered, sunny side of a lawn, just over the way from a stately stone church, a little

ingly up to the yellow tulip, rocking there in the breeze as if watching over the quiet brood in the sun. Presently, over the golden rim of the tulip, the mild, sunny face of the Grandmother Fairy beamed kindly upon the little one, and a soft voice said, "You are tardy this morning, my dear; you have missed one of the most beautiful sights of the day, the world children on their way to Easter service; but you are in good time to hear their music, for they will sing again and again before the Easter songs of praise are done."

Then suddenly every blossom in the



"CHILDREN'S VOICES SINGING AN EASTER ANTHEM."

cluster of crocuses and tulips had already pushed their way up through the brown earth, and made a charming picture of bloom and color in the morning sunlight.

For several weeks before the early spring sunshine and the gentle south wind had been pleading with the lingering snows and frosts of winter to go away and let the buds and flowers, the birds and the bees come back and make the cold world glad once more.

Their eager pleadings had won the victory over the stern, pale tyrant of the year, for already the barren fields were beginning to smile back their welcome to the April sun.

Many of the church-goers, young and old, passing along the pleasant street of homes, noticing the early blossoms, were gladdened by this first shy greeting of the spring, and the listening flowers heard them exclaim, "How lovely the blossoms are! See, there is one golden tulip already in bloom!" Not one, however, of these admirers saw anything there but the familiar beauty of the brave little band of crocuses, with the single yellow tulip in the center, nor even imagined the secret that was hidden there.

When the church-bells ceased ringing, and the streets were almost de-



"TELL US A STORY, DEAR GRANDMOTHER FAIRY."

serted, the silence of the hour was gently broken by the sweet melody of children's voices singing an Easter anthem.

Among the listening flowers on the lawn one dainty white crocus slowly unfolded its petals, and a tiny fairy face peeped out and looked wonder-

world was younger, the fairies used to notice that nearly all the world folk thought more about their own selfish wishes than about loving and helping each other, and lived as if life here were all, and ended with the breath.

"These joyful songs of the children are only the echoes of that wonderful song begun when the morning stars sang together, nineteen hundred years ago, in that far-off country of Judea.

"Then the Jesus child was born in a lonely wayside inn, while the shepherds watched their flocks by night, and the star of Bethlehem shone on Mary, the young mother, and the beautiful Babe that was cradled in a manger.

"These glad tidings of peace on earth you will remember, we heard these same children singing at merry Christmas time last year, when we were hiding away from the cold with our friends the flower spirits, under the withered leaves and grass and snowy robes of winter, waiting there for another spring.

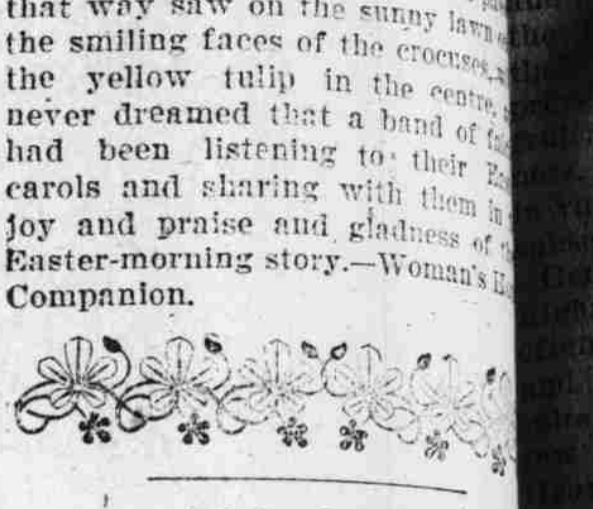
"It seems strange to us fairy folk, very, very strange, dearies, that the world children should have wandered so long in darkness before that first Christmas time, and stranger still that they have been so many centuries since trying to learn the beautiful lessons of life and duty that we, though only fairies, have always known and loved.

"We see our lovely friends the flowers bloom and bless the world with their beauty, and then fade when their brief summer is gone, yet we know they are not dead, but living still in spirit, only waiting to bloom again and to greet us somewhere in our Father's own good time, when they shall hear the voice through the darkness calling, 'Rise now and seek the light!'

"These are the very words the children sang in their first morning carol. Let us listen now a moment and be glad with them, while they are singing another song of praise. How sweet their voices were; how gently the silence falls again. They are singing of an 'Elder Brother' who came to live on earth, to minister to the weak, the ignorant and the erring, and was tempted and tried even as they were; who lived and toiled among them, and taught by His lovely example and precepts how dearly the heavenly Father

sunshine here has made our hearts so glad and grateful this morning. Our blossoms here have grown and bloomed in new beauty, because of the gracious influence of this sunlight touched their hearts, while the sunlight of love has been shining on the hearts and lives of the world children wherever the Easter message of hope and cheer has been repeating children's voices to-day."

The dear Grandmother Fairy just finished speaking when the children, with Easter lilies in their hands, came trooping out of the church over the way. In a twinkling the fairy faces were hidden within the blossoms, and the children who had that way saw on the sunny lawn the smiling faces of the crocuses, the yellow tulip in the center, and never dreamed that a band of fairies had been listening to their carols and sharing with them their joy and praise and gladness of the Easter-morning story.—Woman's Companion.



A Labor Question.



The Duck—"Why are you so Mrs. Hen?"

The Hen—"Just think of the wing overtime laying eggs for me, and some old rabbit getting all the credit for it!"—New York Journal.

When is Easter Sunday?

This is a variable date and therefore perplexing to those who do not know how it is fixed. Did we study the manae as carefully as did our parents we should probably know about it, as the date is fixed according to the moon.

The Council of Nice promulgated the rule for determining Easter; this should be the first Sunday which follows the full moon which happens or next after the 21st day of March, and if the full moon happens upon Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after.

Sometimes, as last year, the moon occurred so near midnight that in some places it was on one day and some on the next day and hence some people thought Easter Sunday should be on April 15, the moon being full before midnight of Saturday, the while others held that it would be the 22d, as the moon was not full after midnight, i. e., on April 15. This would be settled if the local time of Nice, where the rule was made, should be made standard, and the church calendar seems to have been calculated on this plan. This year Easter comes on April 7.

Holy Coat of Treves.

The holy coat preserved at Treves, in Germany, is claimed to be the seamless garment worn by Christ, and which the Roman soldiers cast during the Crucifixion. It is a narrow, about five feet long, cut narrow at the shoulders and gradually widened toward the knees. Many miracles are said to have been performed by this robe.

Its history for the last 700 years is clear enough, but darkness shrouds the story of the relic prior to the twelfth century. The Catholic Church relies for proof of its authenticity upon a tradition that it was one of a chestful of relics sent as a gift to the church at Treves by the Empress Helena. She is said to have found the coat at Jerusalem while in search of the true cross.

A legend says that in the ninth century the holy coat was concealed from the Normans in a crypt of the cathedral. There it remained forgotten until 1196, when it was rediscovered and placed in the high altar.

King Would Be a Sailor.

When asked what he would be if he were not a ruler, the King of the Belgians invariably replies—a sailor. But his friends tell him that he would have made one of the best commercial travelers of the day. As a business man King Leopold has few superiors, his pushfulness and enterprise being quite remarkable. His Majesty's interests are almost entirely bound up with trade.

