TO MAKE A MAN LOVE YOU.

The Rev. H. R. Hawies, the most popular writer and preacher in the Church of England, author of "Music and Morals," has now written a highly interesting and very useful book called "Ideals for Girls," in which he tells them how they can best make themselves loved by man.

TO THE MUSICAL GIRL.

You have a first, second or third class musical faculty. The cultivation of second and third class faculties is the hope of the musical world.

In these days, when there are thousands of nice girls who are lost in the crowd of our surplus female population—hardly "getting a chance"—anything which makes a girl stand out and shine, as it were, against a background, anything distinctive which draws attention to her individuality, gives her a distinct social advantage. This is the explanation of all dress peculiarity, the wearing of bright colors, flowers, jewels—the passion for the stage—the rage for a vocation—skill in horsemanship or shooting or palmistry, or anything, in short, which makes a girl agreeably or usefully or even oddly exceptional, and picks her out of the crowd; and the easiest way to acomplish this is, undoubtedly, to stand up and sing, or, better, still, play the violin.

Better? I had better have said worse. The violin mania has reached proportions which call for a protest. I have always said a beautiful woman, with musical sensibility, playing a beautiful violin as some women can play it, is one of the most beautiful things in the world. But you, my dear Constance, will never play the violin. You only began it at fifteen (that is too old), and then not because you had a good arm or a suitable hand, or were particularly musical, but because you had a pretty face and nice flossy-silky yellow hair. That is of no use for playing. Why immolate the violin to your hair? It makes a musician wild to hear you; he even gets to hate your hair.

The enforced attention a violin girl or a singing girl receives conceals from her that she is a nuisance. She creates attention—that is enough—yea, verily, and often too much.

But Ethel, unlike Constance, is not only pretty, but a musical sensitive—music shakes and thrills her nervous system as the wind smites upon an Aeolian harp. She feels spiritual analogies in sound, and thinks she can utter only through sound. She dreams in spheres unknown to those who have not within them the secret of sound, which is so close akin to soul vibrations.

No doubt, Emily, you have attained a degree of excellence which is seldom found in this country. Your snare is the "Sturm und Drang" school. Don't be the slave to technique—it is ruining music. It is easier to be a fast than a feeling player. The great masters, like Liszt, Thalberg, Rubinstein, excelled in expression as well as in peace, but their followers imitate too frequently what, in fact, they are alone capable of copying—the technique—forgetting that technique is nothing but a means to an end.

Study the "Songs Without Words," and the Mendelssohn concertos, now too seldom heard; but above all, seek to play in concerted music, string quintet, and quartet, and with the orchestra whenever you can.

No virtually, my dear Emily, should make you too grand to be kind and good-natured.

TO THE TIDY GIRL

The grease spot on your bonnet ribbon has been there for a week, two buttons are off your gloves, and one is off your left boot, there is a tear just above the fringe of your skirt, and as to the lining of your dress—Jenny, women's eyes are quick, but men's eyes are critical. To many a man little danger-signals like a grease spot, or (dare I say) a smile disclosing two side teeth not quite clean, or an unstitched glove, or a hook without an eye, or an eye without a hook—my dear, the results are positively fatal; for men are not all fools even when they are in love, and they know that a sloven before marriage is a sloven after marriage.

ONE ENGAGED GIRL.

Oh, that conservatory, that easy chair, the intoxicating scent of those heavy big lilies, and those fairy lights! Could you not notice anything wild about his eyes? Oh, yes! you thought it was love. No, it was want of sleep and—and—wine—but not want of wine, the results of too much; but he only smoke of cigarettes. "all men do," you said. That was nothing; he taught you how to smoke one—it wasn't half bad. So, Jessie, as he was not a bit shy, and seemed very determined—poor little fluttering bird—you lay very still and very close to his—let us say waistcoat, and listened to the honeyed words; and when you held your breath, and it came—the proposal—you cried, and laughed, and said, "Oh, Captain Checkham!" "Say Jack!" he whispered; and his hot breath was close to your cheek and made your head swim, and you said, "Jack," and your fate was sealed.

TO THE BIKING GIRL.

What are becoming and unbecoming pursuits, and the reasons why?

Lawn tennis?

Why, excellent. It has everything to recommend it—graceful exercise, skill, charming attitudes, curves of beauty, and (a pleasing and by no means a superfluous consideration) the employment and enjoyment of both sexes.

And football? Detestable for girls. And biking?

That depends. Nothing can be more grotesque than to see girls ape the grasshopper style of the highroad "scortcher." The knickerbocker Parisian male style of dress has been so debased by caricatures in more than doubtful taste and suggestive compromises, that I never wish to meet any knickerbocker girl in whom I am interested on a bike. Floppy and voluminous or carelessly worn skirts are also objectionable; but a tight-fitting bodice and short, spare, tailor-made skirt, an upright but easy gait, a graceful seat, and a good knee and ankle action, not too high, and you have at once a combination of ease, celerity and charm, which no male bicyclists can rival or approach. On the other hand, Clarisse, the manners of ladies on the road are apt to become horsey and brusque.

What do I think of the rubbish talked about girls injuring themselves by riding bikes?

Why, I mean the unwholesome biking all comes from this chronic mania, which, I confess, seems to me to have seized upon you, Clarisse—the passion for aping and even outbidding men. Is it not enough for women to bike? Why must they bike like men, or as much as men? Any man may do on a bike with impunity what a woman can't or ought not to do. A man can often overtire himself without serious harm, not so always with a woman. A man can "scorch uphill," and half the women who injure themselves with biking do so frequently from trying to scorch uphill—the strain of the uphill action is disastrous to the woman; but the man goes up before her, she is not going to be outdone, and up she goes after him, concealing her agonies or exhaustion, and the damage is done.

I daresay, my dear Clarisse, you would not care for me to give you my opinion about golf, fishing, riding, bow-and-arrow shooting far preferable and more graceful for ladies, by the way than rifle practice; but let me urge upon you, my dear young lady, not to coarsen yourself by aping the men, and thinking that you score points by unsexing kinds of sport, manly buttons, coats, boots, shirts, hats and above all, manly language.

Men laugh with this sort of girls, and at them—but they don't marry them, unless they are bullied or forced into it.

The bravado of a cigar in the billiard-room only lowers you in the eyes of those who induce you to smoke it; and the free use of knickerbockers, rifles, cricket balls, and manly coats do the same.

TO THE AFFECTIONATE GIRL.

That vague dreaminess, that ardent imagination, that warm but shyly affectionate temperament which gives you away when you least know it, and reveals secrets which you would most wish to keep; the tell-tale color that comes and goes beyond your control, the quick scorn or melting tenderness, the little broken sentence that slips out and half reveals and half conceals your meaning, and the sensitive expressions which flit across your face like the shine and shadow upon upland hills, and make it a very tell-tale dial of the soul that leaps and flutters beneath—this and a great deal more, Eleanor, bears witness to character gifts and psychological peculiarities which are the sources of your power, but which are now like diffused steam—wasted in mere vapor.

Ah, Eleanor, if you only knew it, what lovely conquests—what happy, aye, blessed conquests—you could go through the world making, by placing that rare, sensitive, intuitive nature of yours at the disposal of others, instead of allowing it to dissipate in vague and perhaps not very wholesome day dreams.

Yours, too, is a presence whom the sick would learn to bless. You have, perhaps, never discovered what Guinevere found out so late—too late in her wild and tragic life—'the gentle power of ministration" in you. You are not partial to sick rooms or to suffering—probably not. Well, you will get to love them when you feel by the smile on the pale face as you enter, the grateful tear when you depart, that the sound of your feet is as the soft tread of an angel o nthe threshold of the afflicted, and the touch of your cool, magnetic hand like the balsam of God upon the feverish brow.

THEY NEVER CROW OLD.

(From Freedom.)

There are enoromous quantites of living beings swarming in the waters about us, whose bodies do not die any more than our souls do. Human bodies die, of course, and return to the dust whence they sprang. But away down in the animal scale we find a host of minute and lowly organized beings which never grow old. They never die except by accident. Some of them have lived since the beginning of the world, and if they have plenty of food and are left alone by larger and stronger organisms which usually prey upon them they will live until the end of the world.

All living bodies are composed of a highly complex chemical compound called protoplasm. This protoplasm exists in form, more or less, of tiny spherules, which, according to their arrangement and function, make up the various tissues—muscle, nerve, skin, connective, bone and cartilage. These little spherules are called cells and may be considered as the units of which a living body is composed. Now, when a body is composed of more than one cell it is said to be multi-cellular. Such are the animals which are familiar to us. But there is a great group of animals which are no more than single cells—or unicellular animals—and which are so small that it requires a microscope to see them. These are the animals which scientists say are immortal.

When the earth had whirled around through space for ages and ages as an immense molten ball of fire and had then cooled for ages, so that finally a crust was formed all over it, just then was the time, our scientists say, that certain chemical elements—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, sulphur and phosphorus—were so wonderfully combined as to make living matter or protoplasm.

It is not necessary to suppose that much protoplasm was made then. Enough to cover the tiniest pin point would be sufficient to have evolved every animal and plant which has ever lived. From this first bit of protoplasm, after millions of years, have come all that variety of land and sea life which we know at the present day. It is hard to realize that the elephant and whale began in this diminutive way, but there is little doubt now that they did.

But how could the speck of protoplasm perform such miracles? At first it was wholly unspecialized—it had no organs at all. It got its food merely by absorption from the water in which it lived. Later a little body appeared in the center of it—a sort of "kernal"—which is called the nucleus. This nucleus is for some unknown reason an essential part of the cell, for no cell can live without it. At this stage, then, the primitive organism looked like the first figure in the column. This is a figure of a microscopic animal, which can be found in almost any body of fresh water, and is the most primitive organism known. It moves about very slowly, not by real feet, but by improvising feet now in one part of its body, now in another, out of the finger-like processes. Into such a "false foot" it draws its whole body; and then the foot becomes the body. Thus it continues, putting out new feet and drawing its body into them. One can hardly imagine a lazier way of walking.

When we see how this primitve organ propagates its kind we at once recognize why it is that it is called immortal. It propagates by simply dividing itself into two. It almost literally cuts itself in half. And by that process arise two new individuals. These new individuals each divide, giving rise to four. Each of these four divides again, making the total eight, and so on. They multiply so fast that before many days there are millions upon millions of them, and in a month the progeny of one indiidual, if allowed to go unchecked, would weigh as much as the sun.

Now when the parent divides to form two daughters, as they are called, there is no death. Nothing is destroyed but the individuality of the parent. Here the mother literally lives in her children. The same identical protoplasm which constructed the mother goes on increasing and dividing, so that when it has produced a million or ten million new organisms in every one of these there is a portion of the original animalcule which first began to divide.

Roentgen rays have been found to act on vegetation like very weak light in experiments by Signor G. Tolemei.

SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

A bar of lead cooled to about 300 degrees below zero, according to an experiment of M. Pictet, gives out when struck a pure musical tone.

A bar of soft metal is used on Dresden electric lines instead of the trolley wheel, and is claimed to wear the wire less and to be more convenient.

Corks are being made for medicine bottles which will drop the liquid instead of pouring it, an air inlet passage and liquid outlet passage being cut in opposite sides of the cork with a bulb over the air inlet to control the air inside the bottle.

Typewriters are being manufactured which will write on books, the machine being mounted on a frame with an open space in the center, through which the type levers are driven down on the page by the keys on the top of the machine.

Tumblers resembling in shape and dimensions those employed today have been found in great numbers in Pompeii. They were made of gold, silver, glass, marble, agate and of precious stones.

A writer on the sight says that wearing veils permanently weakens many naturally good eyes on account of the endeavors of the eye to adjust itself to the ceaseless vibrations of that too common article of dress.

At the pure food congress, held in Washington recently, it was stated that one child in six dies from impure milk, and that more persons die of typhoid fever from drinking impure water than from alcoholic stimulants.

The destruction of forests not only lessens the amount of water in a section of country, but also permits of the increase of insects, due to the fact that as the forests disappear the conditions favorable to bird life go with them.

It is stated that the grave of Themistocles has been discovered by a Greek archaeologist on Cape Krakari. Its authenticity is, howeverfl open to doubt, although the site fits in with the descriptions given by Plutarch and Diodorus Siculus.

Dr. Rumbold, sr., says that the functions of the middle ear muscles are to select and amplify such noises as the listener desires to hear distinctly; making it appear that the ears have muscles of accommodation quite analogous to those of the eye.

With an appliance called the myophone a French scientist has proved that the nerves may live many hours after the death of the body. The second in the instrument shows that a nerve may act on a muscle, in a state of electrical excitability, without producing more than simple molecular vibration.

A unique forest of immense palm-like stalagmites has been discovered by M. Martel in a natural pit in the limestone of the Lozere, France. They are at the end of an immense sloping charm, reached by descending a perpendicular shaft about 200 feet, and many are very beautiful, while one is over ninety feet high, nearly touching the vault of the cavern.

Tea is often mixed with other leaves, metallic substances such as iron, manganese or sand to increase their weight, or "facing"—coating the leaves with indigo or Prussian blue to make them green. Soak the leaves in water and unroll on a glass and examine with a microscope. The construction of a tea leaf is so different from any other leaf it may readily be distinguished. Bruise some tea and cut up, then pass a magnet over it. Particles of metal will cling to the magnet. If a teaspoonful of tea which is colored is thrown in water which is warm particles of indigo, if it has been used, will sink to the bottom of the glass.

Housekeepers will appreciate a new bowl holder, which is formed of a clamp to screw on the table, with an adjustable three-screw clamp to grasp the top of the bowl and hold it so that eggs can be beaten or dough mixed without holding the receptacle with one hand.

Emil Kunz, a resident of Sacramento, Cal., is said to have invented a three-ounce electric storage battery. This battery, so the inventor claims, will operate as many as fifty lights for ten hours. If this battery can accomplish what is claimed for it, which, judging from the present state of the art, would seem unquestionable, the problem of propelling horseless carriages is solved.

The Smithsonian institution is going to do a unique thing with the talking machine. Its directors have engaged representatives of the various Indian tribes in this country to give conversations, in their own tongues, to phonograph machines. They will then be translated into English, so that the dialects of these dying races may be accurately preserved for posterity. Perhaps the most remarkable use of these machines is by doctors and surgeons in studying diseases by means of records. Every malady of the throat, nose, chest, lungs, heart, and even a patient's cough, have been registered in this way. The patient describes to the machine the features of the case, and, by making records in different stages, the physician ascertains the condition of the patient. A remarkable library of records is kept by Dr. J. Mount Bleyer of New York. He has about 1,000 of such records, each marked, dated and described; and if a patient has a relapse the doctor takes down the former cylinders and can at once recall the circumstances of the case. An improved machine, called the microphonograph, is used by some of these doctors in studying the feeble sounds given out by the organs of the body. By means of this invention many deaf persons are being benefitted. Aural messages in the form of screeching noise, caused by cylinders with rough surface, is applied to their ears for two hours daily, and this so stimulates the nerves as to provide some substance for the paralyzed organs.

Egypt continues to be the land of wonderful discoveries. The news has just come that Mr. V. Loret, the successor of Mr. J. de Morgan, and the son-in-law of our distinguished visitor, Alexander Guilmant, the celebrated French organist, has discovered near Thebes, in upper Egypt, the tomb of King Thothmes III. of the eighteenth dynasty. The paintings that decorate this sepulcher are in a perfect state of preservation. The sarcophagus, made of a stone unique in its kind, is nearly intact. In other rooms were found other coffins, probably those of the wife and daughter of Thothmes III. The mummy, of course, was not met with; it is one of those discovered by Brugsh Bey at Deir-el-Bahri in July, 1881, while Mr. Maspew was in Europe. The mummy of Thothmes III., the great Egyptian conqueror, one of the curiosities of the Gizeh museum, was found in the se cret vault where the priests had hidden it with many others in order to proserve them from plunder. The mummies of all those kings were carried away by the Theban priests who had charge of them, in order to save them from profanation. At the time of the Syrian dynasty the priests had to fly to Ethiopia, and not being able to carry with them the sacred remains of the Egypitans former rulers, gathered them in an out-of-reach place, where they remained untouched until our days.

AN AUTHOR'S MAIL.

Few American writers have been more bothered and amused and harrowed and exasperated by an admiring public than Mrs. Burton Harrison, whose stories have gone as far as a magazine can travel, and brought her into close relations with people of every grade, since they treat of the most irresistible combination on earth, a man and a woman.

"You have no idea what a constant drain there is on a writer's sympathies," she says. "No one can help being moved by the pitiful letters of ure that come in all the time. These struggle and disappointment and failure that come in all the time. These writers want everything—advice, criticism, influence, money, social position, advertising—and an author is supposed to have all these up her sleeve for their especial benefit. Because she has solved the difficulties of her heroine, she is expected to play oracle to the public at large and bring them all out happy ever after. It's a difficult thing for a busy New York woman to guide an ardent young soul in Kansas. Yet when the apepal comes in good faith, I can't ignore it.

"Of course, a large part of the letters I get are not in good faith—they are written simply to show off. First come the usual cheap phrases about 'your delightful books,' and then the writer proceeds to make an impression, to cut a literary dash for your benefit, to prove that she is a kindred soul and understands you perfectly—all under a thin pretext of asking your opinion on some trumped up point.

"Then there are the autograph letters. Once in a while I do answer one of them, when it comes from a pathetic old maid, or a little boy with hip disease—oh, the little boy with hip disease always gets one! I can't resist him. I even add a sentiment to his. But the average autograph fiend, with sound limbs, and people to love him, and no earthly claim to pity, I have no scruples about him.

"I have had numberless experiences with young writers, some irritating, some really gratifying. I remember once a girl sent me an illustrated poem, begging for my opinion of it, and hoping I could place it for her. Manuscript pushring is utterly against my principles, but there was a certain promise in this work, and I goaded myself into doing something about it. So I took it to three of the most prominent critics I knew and got their frank opinions on it—opinions that would be worth dollars and dollars to any young struggler. Then I wrote out my opinion in detail, praising and criticising specifically, and sent the whole back, with the poem.

"I had given an unusual amout of time and attention to the thing, and felt very complacent. But the fervent little note of gratitude and appreciation which I expected never came. There was a long silence, then I received a most hurt, angry, offended letter. She had sent me a poem to place in a magazine, and I had not only returned it, but had said unpleasant things about it. She couldn't understand such conduct. Of course it was funny, but I could not help wishing that the effort had been spent on somebody who would appreciate it.

"I never received a letter from an unknown that pleased me more than one that came to my publishers from a big prison, inclosing a small sum of money and asking for a certain one of my books. The prison copy of it had been read to pieces, and the poor fellow wanted a whole one. Another thing that gratified me immensely was hearing that one of my stories, battered and torn, formed the main body of the library on a far western cattle ranch. 'We lend it to the boys, but you bet they bring it back,' said the owner. 'They know they'll get shot if they don't.' There's nothing so gratifying as to feel that you have come close to the people of an utterly different realm, for it means that you have put a touch of real life into your work. You can please a small set with artificial means, but nothing is universal except truth.

"Those who write coldly intellectual and abstruse theses miss a great pleasure, and that is the warm bond of human sympathy that grows up between the people and the writer who treats of human relations. I have railed against the annoying and ludicrous aspects of this bond, but it has a very beautiful and satisfying side that has meant a great deal in my life. I place great value on the friendship that has come to me through what I have written. To find again in the heart of a friend something that has come from one's own heart—that is one of the sweetest experiences of a writer's life."

Some eight or ten years ago there appeared in an Austrian newspaper an advertisemnt with the heading: "Sure Cure for Red Noses." The prescription would be mailed to any address on the receipt of ten florins. Johann Hansburger, a poor fellow afflicted in that way, concluded to give the cure a chance and mailed his ten florins. Promptly the answer came and was couched in these terms: "Your remittance has been duly received and credited. We take great pleasure in forwarding the prescription, which is very simple. Keep right on drinking and the nose will turn blue."

HE GOT HIS RECEIPT

An Irishman, having paid a fine in a police court, stood waiting before the judge. The rest of the story is best told by himself: "'What are ye waitin' for?' says his honor. 'For me receipt,' says Oi. 'But we don't give receipts,' says he. 'But ye must,' says Oi. 'What for?' says he. 'Well,Oi'll tell ye, yer honor. When Oi die Oi expect to go to heaven, an' whin Oi get to the golden gates Saint Peter will say, "Have ye paid all yer bills, McManus?" Oi'll say, "Oi have," and thin he'll ask me for the receipts, an' Oi'll take them out of me pocket all done up in a nate little elastic. "Have ye paid all yer foines?" he'll say thin. "Oi have." "An' where are the recaipts?" An' thin Oi'll have to go huntin' all over h—l to foind yer honor.' Oi got me recaipt."

The chameleon is a little lizard, who possesses the wonderful power of changing his color to suit his own conenience. Florida produces several species of these lizards in abundance. Up to the present day no one has understood the process by which the little lizard effects his changes. Now it is known.

Certain colors through the medium of the optic nerve produce a contraction or expansion of the pigment or color cells. The result is a protective tint or one which resembles that upon which the animal is resting. The eye receives the stimulas or impression,which passes from the optic nerve to the sympathetic nerve, so reaching the various series of the lizard's little color cells under the skin.

The pigment cells are distributed all over the body with more or less regularity, and upon their contraction and expansion depends the prevailing color of the animal.

The scientist discovered this by blindfolding a lizard, and found that when it couldn't see the color of the surrounding foilage it ceased to change its own color.

POWER OF THOUGHT.

(Helen Wilmans in "Freedom.")

That a thought can be sent from one brain to another brain thousands of miles away and leave its impress in the most undeniable effects seems marvelous.

But who has measured the power of thought, or who has investigated its functions? With regard to thought we are as ignorant as we were concerning electricity a hundred years ago. Who then imagined either the power or function of this mighty fluid so far back as one century or even half of it? And now see to what uses we have directed it.

Has the reader observed that in the growth and progress of the race it constantly discovers forces each of which is finer, more subtle and more powerful than all those which preceded? Once it was water; then it was steam; now it is electricity; in a short time it will be thought. Thought is not only the most potent force in the world, but it possesses something that no other force does; it possesses intelligence.

The time is coming when thought, charged with the intelligent will, is going to accomplish more and greater things than all the other motor powers ever applied to the uses of the race.

How is it going to be done? I cannot answer this question now any more than my grandfather could have answered the same question if asked of electricity instead of thought; but the first question is answered now, and the other one will be.

A faint conception of the amount of thought which the brain generates may be gained by watching your own thoughts as they flock from your brain to become lost to you, and to waste your bodily powers in the losing.

Just as the steam is a part of the water so thought is a part of the brain; is, and in passing off from the brain it, and in passing off from the brain it uses the brain up, or exhausts it. This fact is not a wild statement born of the imagination, but a demonstrated fact of physical science. A fact so mighty and far-reaching in its import that I verily believe if the first discoverers of it had dreamed of the conclusions to which it might lead they would have been afraid to make the assertions concerning it which they have made. Namely, that the brain cells are exhausted and weakened, depleted or vacuated by the generation of thought until they become flabby and weak, and must stop their work until food and sleep have rested them so that they can go on generating more thought.

Man himself is the laboratory of this force which moves the world today. The bread he ate for diner yesterday has become—in passing through his organism—a factor of irrestible intelligence whose building power no man and no race of men can measure.

Could thought exhaust the brain cells if it were not a substantial entity? Could steam exhaust the water if it were a mere nothing? As the steam is the water in a finer, more subtle form, so is the thought the brain in a more rarified, and I may add more powerful form than the brain, even as steam is more powerful than water.

I am absorbed in my writing and under the full sway of my own thought a person enters my room whom I neither see nor hear; presently my own thought flags; I feel an interruption; an impediment; I turn and see the visitor whose presence I had recognized by feeling his thought. Could I feel his thought if it were an intangible nothing? Any thinker will know that this is impossible. His brain mingled with my own thoughts and deflected them from the track they had been pursuing. His thought had changed the vibration of my current of thought and compelled my eyes to follow in the wake my thoughts had taken until they rested on him.

No man can observe his own active thoughts without perceiving the incessant vitality of this fine, subtle, brain-generated, body-generated fluid. He must also see how little of it is applied to any purpose whatever; it is left to the unbridled range of free vagabondage and has never been thought under the direction of the will. If it can be sent thousands of miles away charged with messages that change the belief and condition of the person receiving them what other wonders may it not perform?

I ask this question simply to awaken interest. It cannot be answered yet. To me thought itself as an intelligent (Mrs. Burton Marrison, in the Puritan.) greatest of all things that await investigation at this time. W. H.

Grow and Live.

(C. C. Post, in Freedom.)

Life is growth and growth is life. Where growth ceases decay begins.

When a tree ceases to grow, when in springtime it fails to put forth new leaves and to form buds that give promise of becoming, first twigs and then branches, when the tree fails to give evidence of an intention to grow more it has begun to die.

And the same with men.

Life finds expression only in change.

You say an egg is without life. You break the shell, you devour its conents without thought of destroying life. Why?

Because you can perceive no evidence of growth or change taking place in the egg.

One of my neighbors put 300 such lifeless things in an incubator a few weeks ago and what resulted? At first nothing resulted. The eggs lay where they were placed, without change or evidence of life, and my neighbor turned them over by hand every day. Then on the third day he noticed a change in some of them and he said, "there is life in these for a change within the shell is taking place," and of others he said, "there is no change, therefore no germ of life such as I hoped."

And those others he laid aside, but these remained where they were in the incubator. And there followed further change and the change continued showing forth life through growth until there came a day when we all went to see the miracle of life which change had wrought.

Lo, a bouquet of over 250 animated pansies; life—active, beautiful, intelligent life. Rather more beautiful than active perhaps, and decidedly more active than intelligent, but life individualized in chickens—life through growth; but life than will cease to be individualized in any chicken that cease to gain more life through change, by growth.

If a chicken does not change by growth he becomes a dead chicken; he must obey the law of life by which he came and continued to grow or he cannot command the law of change and live; the law of change commands him and he dies, and through further change his body will be transformed into something that will grow.

As with chickens so with men and things.

If men refuse to enter into life by the door of change called growth they must enter through the door called death, for it is impossible that change cease to be continuous.

"Grow or die" is the edict of the law, written everywhere in nature, in obedience to which all forms of organization must bow.

RIP VAN WINKLE AT HOME.

(Ladies Home Journal.)

Perched on a high bluff and looking down on the waters of Buttermilk Bay, stands Crows Nest, the beautiful summer home of Joseph Jefferson, in which he spends so many happy days.

It is a beautiful home, and around it, here and there, are a number of smaller cottages that seem to look up to the big one as tiny fluffy chickens that seek protection by coming as near as possible to the mother hen. This comparison, made by a bright woman is a good one, when it is known that in these cottages live the sons and relatives of the head of the Jefferson family.

When Mr. Jefferson first made his home there it was suggested that the name of the nearest station be changed from Buzzard's Bay to Jeffersonville, but with his characteristic modesty and his appreciation of suitability Mr. Jefferson did not agree, and so the place has its quaint and country-like title.

He who is fortunate enough to be asked to visit at Crow's Nest drives through woods of sweet-smelling pines and cedars, between wonderful foliage, and then arrives at the back of the house, for the house itself fronts on the water. This home is a very new one, having been built in 1894. There had been another home equally beautiful, and containing much that was valuable in the way of paintings, rare curios, bric-a-brac and all the family silver, but the fire-god envied "Rip Van Winkle" his possessions, and touched it with his direful finger, so that soon there was no home, and all the prized belongings had gone. But Mr. Jefferson, with characteristic quickness, ordered another villa very much like the old one to be built, and one and all began to collect more lovely things to make a veritable house beautiful.

"Rip Van Winkle" was more fortunate than most people, for though a house had been burned there was still another house way down in the Southland—an old-fashioned homestead in New Iberia, Louisiana, from which was brought quaint old bits such as can only be found south of Macon and Dixon's line.

In July, 1894, "Rip Van Winkle" and "all his family" went into the new home, which is perfectly appointed, beautifully furnished, and, if anything, dainter than the old one. The house is essentially comfortable looking. The lower part of it is built of stone that was quarried near by, and the upper portion is all dark red, unburned brick, while the gable roof is of copper. Following the fashion the chimneys are tiled and are surrounded by curious fluted copings, which invariably excite the curiosity of whoever may be inspecting the place. In reality, they are common brown Seltzer bottles. In fact, it was an original idea which placed them there.

The most remarkable quality in Joseph Jefferson's character is his wonderful energy. No time in his life is wasted. While acting is of the greatest interest to him, still he is a fine painter. He understands art in its many branches and throws his whole soul into whatever he may be doing. His paintings, mostly landscapes, are many in number and can with truth be pronounced good. When good-by is said to the home, and Mr. Jefferson becomes the rollicking "Rip" or boisterous "Bob" the easel, the canvases and all the painting outfit are taken, for there will be times in between when the painter will rise superior to the actor. The actor claims that while painting he is rested, for then he forgets the excitement and worry of his profession as he depicts his ideas of the beautiful. Next to painting he loves best to fish, and Sir Izaak Walton himself would, indeed, have found a most congenial companion in him, as, dressed in his corduroy fishing clothes, he goes off in his little yacht on a long happy day of the engrossing sport.

A happier family of a more congenial colony could not be imagined than that at Buzzard's Bay. All are interested in everything that is artistic and beautiful. Many of them paint; all are good readers, can talk well, and every one loves, in a reverential way, the head of the household. He is consulted about everything. All confidence is given him, and "what father approves of," or "what father thinks" decides any vexed question.

The home life is the ideal one of Joseph Jefferson. It is full of wholesome happiness, and it keeps every one in it growing younger instead of older each year. By-the-by, on Mr. Charles Jefferson's grounds there is a wonderful boathouse, wonderful in so much that it can be turned, at a moment's notice, into a comfortable little theater or a pretty ballroom, and when the evenings are cool just for themselves and their friends, the family do a little bit of acting. Mr. Jefferson is first of all hospitable, and to have his friends around him make part of his household, means happiness to him. Can you paint the picture? Use the brush of imagination on the canvas of your thought. Then you see Joseph Jefferson, the great artist, the dignified man, the loving husband and father, the good friend and pleasant acquaintance seated on the veranda of his home, surrounded by all those he loves who bear or have borne his name, the friends who are nearest to his heart, fondling the youngest member of the Jefferson family, his one great-grandchild, now less than a year old. Can you help admiring that picture? Is it not good for such a man to have lived? All the world is better for it, and truly we can say for him, as he said so many thousand times for us, "May you live long and prosper."

On a plantation, the property of a wealthy Charlestonian, dwelt a queer character, Pompey by name. Whenever Pompey was ill, which occurred with alarming frequency, he was wont to inaugurate a limited revival meeting on his own behalf, the burden of which was: "Oh, may de good Lawd God Almighty take poor Pompey home!" This became so monotonous, and the lamentations so vociferous that a band of neighbors determined to test Pompey, and incidentally effect a cure. Accordingly, one evening, when his plaintive lament had been more clamorous than usual, they stealthily repaired to Pompey's habitation, where he was accustomed to lock himself in. Suddenly a low rat-a-tat-tat was heard upon the cabin door. "Who's dah?" came from within. Receiving no response, Pompey was about to resume operations, when another knock was heard. "Who's dah?" called Pompey in a thoroughly frightened quaver. "De good Lawd God Almighty, come to take Pompey home!" "No sich name heah, sah," he cried excitedly; "Pompey done gone an' moved tree week ago, sah, shuah!"

Ex-Secretary William M. Evarts was for a long time the most skilled of all public men in polite and pointed repartee. At a reception in Washington he was drawn itno a discussion, between two ladies.

"Mr. Evarts," said one, "do you not think I am right in saying that a woman is always the best judge of another woman's character?"

"Madam," replied Mr. Evarts, "she is not only the best judge, but the best executioner."