WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE FORTUNES OF A NOTABLE AMERICAN WOMAN.

The Sorosis Election—Mrs. Hooker's Life Work—Mary Anderson of Today—Mrs. Olney's Discovery—A Missionary Heroine—Dress Richness and Economy.

A certain historical glamour has always surrounded Mrs. Kate Chase, as she prefers to be called. A girl of 16 when her father was governor of Ohio, she was mistress of his house. Her distinguished appearance, sparkling wit and turn for affairs made her a figure in the political world of which her father was so conspicuous a figure. When Mr. Lincoln called Mr. Chase to Washington as secretary of the treasury, Kate Chase, as all the country knew her, easily led the official household of the president.

Ex-Secretary McCulloch once, speaking of the secret of her social success, remarked: "It is because, when she is talking to you, you feel that you are the very person she wanted to meet. That she has forgotten your existence the next moment is an afterthought." When her engagement to Senator Sprague of Rhode Island was announced, it had the importance of an alliance between high contracting parties. Senator Sprague had the prestige of a war governor, a millionaire, the youngest member of the senate and one of the richest men in the country. The wedding was one of the events of a time bristling with events. When their first child was born, it was regarded as a national event, and a description of the baby's layette was read by every woman in the country. When the baby began to talk, its clever sayings were passed from mouth to mouth. Three children were born—a boy and two girls.

KATHARINE CHASE SPRAGUE.

When rumors of domestic trouble in the Sprague family were first heard, they created a sensation. The country was then young to divorce and family troubles aired in court. Senator Sprague's fortune was swept away in the panic that succeeded the prosperity that followed the war. The difficulty of meeting bills did not tend to harmonize the family drifting toward separation.

After her divorce Mrs. Sprague retired to Edgewood, the country home of Chief Justice Chase. Edgewood is not far from the Soldiers' home.

Although Kate Chase retired from society, she was still at Edgewood the center of a notable group. Roscoe Conkling was then a frequent visitor. Phil Sheridan, President Grant and Senator Sherman came to revive old memories and discuss the affairs of the day. But those days of great men are gone. Mrs. Sprague has been living in retirement, endeavoring by cultivating the land around Edgewood to combat the financial ruin that for years has been threatening her.

The payment of the mortgage that was about to be foreclosed by the friends of Kate Chase and her father now puts a woman much beset by misfortune on her feet. She now proposes to turn her attention to truck farming and raise vegetables, chickens and eggs for the capital, where good living is one of the principal recreations from the affairs of state.

Her present determination is in keeping with the high spirit and independence of character that have always distinguished Kate Chase. At least every one may hope that as market gardener the daughter of her father will restore the fortunes of her old home.—New York Journal.

The Sorosis Election.

The annual election of officers of the famous Sorosis took place at the meeting held a fortnight ago at the Hotel Waldorf, New York city, and resulted as follows: Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, president; Mrs. Sara Conant Ostrom, first vice president; Mrs. E. Louise Demorest, second vice president; Mrs. M. W. Ravenhill, third vice president; Mrs. Christine J. Higley, chairman of the executive committee; Mrs. Keren S. Werner, first member of the executive; Mrs. Mary A. Newton, second member of the executive; Mrs. Elizabeth Howard Childs, third member of the executive; Mrs. Gertrude H. Tenney, fourth member of the executive; Mrs. Florence de Graff Snow, recording secretary; Mrs. Emma V. Townsend, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Jessie Lozier Payne, assistant corresponding secretary; Mrs. Sara R. Youmans, treasurer; Mrs. Katerine G. Foote, assistant treasurer; Mrs. Lucy C. Thomas, auditor; Mrs. Alice G. Demorest, musical director; Mrs. Lydia R. Coffin, chairman of the reception committee; Mrs. Lee C. Harby, chairman of the literary committee; Mrs. Adelyn Wesley Smith, chairman on art; Mrs. Genie H. Rosenfeld, chairman on drama; Mrs. Emily Warren Roebling, chairman on philanthropy; Dr. Harriette C. Keating, chairman on science; Mrs. Miriam Mason Greeley, chairman on education; Mrs. Alice May Scudder, chairman on home and home; Mrs. Ada [illegible] chairman on business women. [illegible] was resolved that [illegible] would be not by," so conservative members said, but some of the ladies said after the meeting that no one ran against Mrs. Helmuth, who enters now upon her third and last term, according to the constitution.

Mrs. Hooker's Life Work.

Isabella Beecher Hooker of Hartford is a name familiar in the annals of reform. Of the famous Beecher household, ten years the junior of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, she has applied her rich native gifts, her skilled brain and cultured mind to the cause of women, and especially to that of woman's enfranchisement, for over 30 years. A prominent figure in the conventions of women, her speech in the international council of women in 1888 on "The Constitutional Rights of Women In the United States" was one of the finest papers presented at that great gathering. One of the first to perceive the importance of having women upon the board of managers of the Columbian exposition and influential in securing this first official recognition of women, Mrs. Hooker was appointed from Connecticut as a member of the board of lady managers.

Mrs. Hooker has had an ideal life as wife and mother. She has rare executive management in her household, while she does systematic reading along many lines of art, science and philosophy. First in her heart, however, is the securing legal and political equality for women, and as an officer of the National and president of the State Suffrage associations her brilliant eloquence, her logical mind and her heart that never fails to thrill for justice have all been consecrated to this cause. She has been ably assisted and sustained by her husband, John Hooker, an eminent jurist, and their golden wedding, celebrated four years ago, emphasized the value that husband and wife may be to each other when truly united on the higher planes of thought and feeling.—Woman's Tribune.

Mary Anderson of Today.

To see and to talk with Mary Anderson as she is today brings one no suggestion whatever of the once famous "queen of the stage," writes Edward W. Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal. Nothing about her recalls her past triumphs in the histrionic art, unless it be her beauty and her manner. She is now 37, in the full flush of perfect, mature womanhood. One not having seen her since she abandoned her professional career will observe that the tall, graceful figure is more rounded, with a slight tendency toward stoutness. Six years have made no changes in the beauty of her features except to ripen and soften it. The girlish fairness has been transformed into a more mature womanly beauty. Her vivacity of manner—always one of her most delightful characteristics—has not been modified in the slightest degree; the same heartiness of spirit and healthy enthusiasm, so well remembered by those who knew her intimately; the same wholesomeness of thought; the same merry laugh, as if she laughed because she enjoyed nothing better in the world; the same quickness and readiness of speech; the same animation of the eyes—all are unchanged unless they be further accentuated, and in their development made more winsome and attractive. But of the actress nothing remains. Her past is her past, and unless one recalls it neither its trials nor triumphs seem to come back to her. And even when the past—her stage career—is brought up the results are not exactly satisfactory, considered from a conversational standpoint. Not a portrait in her surroundings presents or suggests her as an actress. Of all the hundreds of character photographs taken of her she does not possess a single one.

Mrs. Olney's Discovery.

The wife of the secretary of state has found a new use for the special delivery stamp that is really Yankeelike in its ingenuity. The authorities had never heard of such a thing until Mrs. Olney started it, and it may prove useful knowledge to others. Mrs. Olney had a daughter living abroad. Letters from her were always received just too late to be answered by return steamer of the same date. After puzzling over it some time, Mrs. Olney, who was living in Boston at the time, queried the postoffice authorities as to whether a special delivery stamp placed on a letter mailed in a foreign country would be delivered any quicker for it on this side. The answer finally came that unless the special stamp was canceled before it landed here it ought to be delivered as any other letter similarly stamped. Accordingly one of the United States special delivery stamps was placed on the next letter mailed in Germany to Mrs. Olney. Under it in German was the direction, "This stamp is not to be canceled in Germany." The scheme worked perfectly. The letter arrived ahead of the time of previous ones, and answer was sent back by steamer sailing the same day. Many letters have since been sent in the same manner, and the special stamp does its work as desired. It is needless, of course, to state that when a letter goes from this side Mrs. Olney's plan does not work.—Washington Post.

A Missionary Heroine.

Margherita Arlina Hamm says in The New York Mail and Express: Crises bring heroes to the front, and when the plague broke out in Canton it was two American women missionaries, Dr. Regina Bigler and Miss Anna Sweitzer, who remained and fought the epidemic and the mob when their male associates had fled to a healthier climate. So the news from Armenia brings every day new names of self sacrificing and fearless women, who offer up their lives for the gospel. A short while ago it was Dr. Grace Kimball, and now it is Mrs. Perry of the Siwas district in Armenia. In this district the destitution and suffering are overwhelming. Moslem fanatics and Kurds make travel and even residence in the cities dangerous to both safety and life. Nevertheless, when [illegible] to Siwas from Geuon that [illegible] in the latter place had been destroyed, the members robbed of even their clothing, and that many had died from exposure and exhaustion, Mrs. Perry raised all the supplies she could get together, every available penny, and started out without any companion of her own race or faith. The journey takes four days, the distance being over a hundred miles, and is extremely rough and dangerous. This did not daunt her, however, and she made the trip in safety and brought relief and life to several hundred starving wretches. At last accounts she had not returned to Siwas, and considerable anxiety is felt in regard to her welfare. It is to be hoped, however, that her journey back will be accomplished as successfully as was her errand of relief.

Dress Richness and Economy.

In planning a brocade skirt let it have two bodices—one, say, of cloth in coat style that will open over either an elaborate or a severe waistcoat, the other a low neck affair of some shade found in the brocade, says a practical woman. Then you will have a cloth skirt to go with the coat, and when the coat is thus worn it will of course be used with the severity was special, resulting in a tailor simple gown. Meantime the low neck bodice will be as suited to a skirt to match as it will to the brocade skirt, and used in the former way will create a second evening gown. You will employ black as much as possible, and the short, black satin skirt will have a high necked bodice made to go under it, with a collar of lace that will go equally well with various other gowns. It will also have a low cut bodice. It may be worn simply or rendered elaborate by the putting over it of a bloom of glittering gauze or chiffon, which perhaps covers the neck, ending at the throat with a high stock. This same blouse can adapt itself, too, to that other bodice that goes with the brocade skirt. You see it is a tight abandon of economical planning just because the topic under consideration is a low cut dress in which rich stuffs play an important part. This is the time to make scheming all the more productive of good results.—Philadelphia Times.

Flowers For Money.

What a happy thing it is to be a person of resources! A friend of mine who lives in a country district, where money does not grow on trees, became dissatisfied with the income she derived from her hens and cows, and decided, as she had always been successful in raising plants, to see if she could not arrange with a city florist to supply him with a portion of the cut flowers he used. The florist to whom she applied was glad to enter into the arrangement, and she began early last spring sending him violets following a little later with jonquils, hyacinths, then roses, and in the fall chrysanthemums. She always had given some time to her plants and felt that she was amply repaid in the pleasure and the mental and physical recreation she got from the work; now she gives a little more time, and in addition to the pleasure and recreation has a solid financial remuneration that is to help send her two daughters to school without mortgaging the farm.—Woman's Home.

For Women Students.

The Providence Bulletin says: "It is encouraging to learn that the work of raising the necessary fund for the erection of a building for the Woman's college connected with Brown university is now well advanced. There is no question, of course, that this latest addition to the educational facilities of the state is meeting a very real need, and it deserves the fullest support and assistance that the friends of higher education can give. It would be unfortunate if, for lack of the comparatively small sum that must now be obtained before the construction of the proposed building can be begun, the natural and legitimate development of the college should be longer retarded."

Woman Awheel.

A well known artist has exploded the theory that a woman's appearance on a wheel is a matter of dress. He says that it depends "on the proportion of the wheel she rides," and he also says that "no woman looks well in motion." It is perhaps daring to dispute these matters with him, although it seems that some women while in the motions of dancing seem to be as graceful as some men when trying to make similar motions. But the conclusion at which the artist arrives is worth repeating. Wheelwomen should cultivate a free movement of the foot, so as to neutralize, as far as possible, the motion of the knee.

Bits of Lace.

The possession of numerous bits of lace in the line of jabots, collarettes and fichus is the greatest aid a woman with a scanty wardrobe can have. A yoke of ribbon and lace insertion, edged with a frill of lace, brightens up the darkest gown very effectively. The little collarettes of muslin and narrow lace which lie over stock collars in tabs or points are dainty affairs. Jabots and great bows of chiffon and lace soften the face of the wearer and give a charm to the simplest bodice.

Velvet of all kinds is worn in profusion. Many ladies wear velvet skirts either in black or any of the cloth shades, with very light waists fancifully made and trimmed.

Yellow stains left on white cloth by sewing machine oil can be removed by rubbing the spots with a cloth wet with ammonia before washing with soap.

Queen Victoria has 67 living descendants. And yet they say that if women are allowed to take part in politics the human race will die out!

Mrs. Belle Armstrong Whitney has taken entire editorial control of The Jenness Miller Monthly, from which Mrs. Miller has retired.

Acid foods are very injurious in cases of hysteria.

GUIDES TRAINS IN SAFETY.

A Young Woman of Kansas With Important Matters on Hand.

Miss Byrd Watkins of Topeka has the distinction of being the only woman train dispatcher, on a single track, in the United States, and the responsibility of such a position attaches no little importance to the young woman who holds it.

Miss Watkins is stationed at Junction City, on the Kansas division of the Union Pacific railway, a through line from Kansas City to Denver and its branches, the Junction City and Fort Kearney branch, from Junction City to Concordia and Belleville, the Solomon City branch, from Solomon City to Beloit, and the Salina and southwestern branch, from Salina to McPherson.

Miss Watkins is one of the three "shifts" working eight hours each, and is on the second "trick," as the time between 4 o'clock in the afternoon and midnight is called. She is in full charge of the [illegible] as dispatcher on a single track, [illegible] matters [illegible] a dispatcher as meeting points must be made for all trains going in opposite directions.

MISS BYRD WATKINS.

She is a Kentuckian by birth. Her father, who was a lawyer, died 14 years ago, leaving a wife and three daughters, of whom Miss Byrd is the eldest. She is just past 23, and her progress in the line of work she has chosen has been rapid. Her first situation was that of operator for the Union Pacific at Deer Trail, Colo. From that place she went to Topeka and was employed by the same railroad there for four years, until October, 1894, when she was promoted to Junction City as train dispatcher.

Few women have the clear head and steady nerve required to fill such a position. Miss Watkins is a nice looking girl, with a tall, slender figure and blue eyes and light brown hair. Her manner is pleasing and refined.

"When I first went into the office," she said, "the superintendent remarked that I should be accomplishing a great deal if I learned to be a train dispatcher without swearing. I must confess that I have more sympathy with men on that score, but when I feel obliged to find an outlet for my feelings I just get up and walk round and round the table. I have had no accidents since I began—not even a narrow escape."

Miss Watkins is said to be the youngest dispatcher on the road. The Southwest Railway Record publishes a paragraph complimentary to the young lady, and no doubt of the road is quoted as saying, "I would not give her up for any man dispatcher on our system."—Kansas City Star.

Don't Use Slang.

Bishop Potter's word at the Vassar Alumnæ association, at its luncheon recently, deserves accentuation. His talk dealt with the abuses and claims of our mother tongue. "Slang," said he, among other things, "is one of the greatest dangers to which our tongue is subjected. Just as a coin is debased, so is a language, and in this connection I will say that the dialect story, with all of its tenderness and pathos, is of doubtful value." He urged upon his hearers the necessity to avoid the danger of which he felt sure every woman present was conscious, "that of giving vigor to expression by the aid of slang." He spoke, too, of the risky stimulant to the use of slang among young women from the fact that such words on their lips create a laugh among men. "Believe me," closed the bishop earnestly, "that on the testimony of young men themselves you can wear no charm greater than that of reserved, cultivated, choice speech. Use your eye, your mind, your lip, to lift up the great tongue, Shakespeare's tongue, which we all inherit."

Mrs. Blinn's Idea.

A reception was given recently to Mrs. Nellie Holbrook Blinn of California at the equal suffrage headquarters, Portland, Or. Mrs. Blinn said that all the political parties of her state except the Democratic had indorsed the pending woman suffrage amendment by resolutions or planks in their platforms. Mrs. Blinn thought that the circulation of vast rolls of suffrage petitions had better be discontinued. She said the work of securing them was expensive and burdensome, and no attention was paid to them. What is needed is to educate men into the understanding that suffrage for women will benefit men as well as women, and then their opposition will cease.

Lady Wilde's Masterpiece.

The recent death of Lady Wilde of London recalls the fact, says a London paper, that it was she who wrote the famous leading article, headed "Jacta Alea Est," in the Dublin Nation, which constituted the chief count in the crown indictment for high treason against the editor of that journal, who is now Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, an octogenarian literary recluse at Nice. The article in question was published at the height of the revolutionary fever in 1848. As a sample of blood stirring English prose it still retains its place in a number of collections, and especially those issued on the other side of the Atlantic.

The Knitted Waistcoats.

The new silks lately introduced for crocheting and knitting fashionable waistcoats forcibly recall the shimmering ones donned by our great grandmothers and most likely worked by themselves in faint imitation of the gorgeous articles worn by men during several centuries. The modern knitter will probably shrink from vying with the patient skill of the women of a former age, but we may depend on the hand knitting machines and manufacturers' frames to revive the idea and produce marvelous adaptations of the once gaudy craze.

Here is an example of a showy waistcoat lost in 1712 by a Mrs. Beale and described by "Malcolm" as knitted with green silk and gold and silver flowers all over it, further enhanced with about 14 yards of gold and silver thick lace. This smart fashion was probably first introduced from Italy, the country of gold and silver weaving. In fact, there is at the South Kensington museum a coat of Italian origin belonging to the seventeenth century and similar to a cardigan without pockets. It is knitted in pale blue stocking web, set off in front and at the back with wide bands of flowers and scrolls wrought entirely in gold and silver, but whether knitted with the silk or grafted on the webbing is not easy to ascertain through the bad light and glass door. These designs extend about two inches from the shoulder seams down to three inches from the edge, which is knitted with three sets of dice pattern. The somewhat full sleeves are headed with several rows of garter stitch and finished off with gauntlet cuffs displaying the fancy device. Blue silk lids the neck and the front, over which another worked close button holes of sewed nine and three buttons surrounded with the Greek pattern in chain stitch.—London Queen.

Women In Banks.

The Paris correspondent of Truth, in urging the advantages of the decimal system as taught in France, points out the benefit Frenchwomen have obtained from it. This lady considers that the brains of English women are not more refractory than those of their sisters across the channel, if they had a national system of arithmetic. There are thousands of feminine bookkeepers in Paris. One finds them also in the Bank of France. Women have practically a bookkeeping monopoly in restaurants and cafes, and as the world goes the dame du comptoir is really well off. She has few expenses, a good salary and three luxurious meals a day. A plain neat black stuff dress is all the toilet her employer requires. If she has a small independent income, she saves all her salary, and is sure of being thoroughly independent against middle age. The salary is said to be over £100 a year and often rises to £150.

But in England surely hundreds of women are employed in a precisely similar manner. The Bank of England has opened its doors to them, postoffices employ them and women accountants are to be found in plenty of business houses and restaurants.

Couldn't Do It Himself.

A famous English physician, Sir James Crichton Brown, has risen up as an opponent of the higher education of women. Two years ago, he says, he met a high school girl who was reading "Lucretius" for recreation, but she failed lamentably when he asked her to boil a potato. Quite possibly Sir James would have been equally unfortunate had he been asked to boil the potato himself, or, to cite a more masculine employment, to hitch up his own horse. It is impossible for one person, whether man or woman, to acquire all the accomplishments, but if a woman succeeds with her higher education, as many of them have succeeded, she can afford to pay for having her potatoes boiled. This is now so well understood and conceded that the opposition to woman's advancement is confined almost exclusively to the ultra conservatives, of whom Sir James Crichton Brown appears to be a type.—Philadelphia Ledger.

She Built a Church.

Mrs. Althia Hultz of Artimus, Ky., has built a church through her own efforts alone. A year ago she made up her mind that a church was a need. She asked help from the miners, but they were poor to a man. Nothing daunted, she set to work. She gathered berries, tramped across the mountains and sold them. She raised a pig and a calf and donated them both. In every way in her power she toiled for the good end. Then she asked the miners again, but this time for work. She met with a ready response. A tract of land was bequeathed, lumber was given. The little store of savings did the rest. The church is now under roof. Little more has been done, but it is a church which one day will be complete, and Mrs. Hultz has been toward.

Mrs. Cleveland.

In evening dress Mrs. Cleveland is the handsomest woman today in Washington. [illegible] neck and well rounded [illegible], and with the sparkle of her jewels makes a picture of a White House mistress which is simply regal. Her smile is contagious, for her manners are always agreeably gracious.

Mrs. Cleveland is seen on the street occasionally, [illegible] She [illegible] and is never away from the children at night. This has done away with the little shopping jaunts to New York which used to give her so much pleasure during her first residence here.—New York Times.

Her Title.

If that Wyoming woman is nominated and elected, will she be the governor or governess of that state?—Atlanta Constitution.

We are afraid she will be governor. As the case stands now, when a woman is chosen to preside over a meeting of women, she is called the "chairman" and is addressed as Mrs. Chairman oftener than otherwise.—New York Sun.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

CALLING THE KITTENS.

Each of Them Understood Which Was Wanted When the Mother Cat Called.

Some years ago, while two little kittens of ours, one black and the other tabby, were playing with a cork, the old cat suddenly appeared at the garden door with a little field mouse which she had caught, and on her giving a kind of call—a mew, in fact—the tabby kitten at once stopped its game and ran to receive the mouse, while the black kitten continued playing as before. My mother, who was in the room at the time, being much surprised, asked the silly little thing, as she naturally considered it, why it did not go and secure its share of the mouse. Kitty, however, made no reply, but went on playing as before till rejoined by the tabby, who had meanwhile made short work of the mouse.

Presently the cat returned with a second mouse, giving apparently precisely the same call as before, but this time, strange to say, it was the black kitten who ceased its game and received the mouse, the tabby taking not the slightest notice. There could, therefore, be no doubt that the mother had a special call for each of the kittens, which they recognized and obeyed, and the content with which each allowed the other to finish the dainty morsel without any attempt to share the feast might certainly furnish an example to many a child.

More, however, was to follow. For nearly an hour later the cat once more appeared laden with a third mouse, which again fell to the share of the tabby kitten, after which my mother, being called away, was not able to discover whether the black kitten received a second mouse or not. Certainly animals have a language of their own and occasionally set us examples which many of us would do well to follow.—Bombay Guardian.

The Tortoise's Lesson.

"I can't learn to spell that long word," declared Dorothy crossly.

"What word?" asked auntie.

"Tortoise," answered Dorothy, "and I know that I shall fail and have to go to the foot of the class, and I only got up to the head this very morning."

"I can't never did anything in this world. Did you know that, Dorothy?" said auntie. "But I can has done a great deal. Did you ever hear the story about the tortoise?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Dorothy. "We read all about him in school yesterday. He ran a race with a hare, and the hare ran very fast, and then he got tired and went to sleep 'cause he thought the slow old tortoise would never get to the end of the race even if he slept hours and hours. But he did, auntie. He kept crawling straight along, no matter how tired he felt."

"And who beat?" asked auntie.

"The tortoise did," exclaimed Dorothy, "and I guess that sleepy hare was a prised as anything, don't you, when he found it out?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said auntie. "He didn't say 'I can't,' did he? He persevered and kept right along, although he knew that the hare could run very fast, while he could only crawl very slowly."

"I guess that tortoise said, 'I can, same as I'm going to right now,' said Dorothy quickly, and she took up her spelling book.

Over and over she spelled, t-o-r-t-o-i-s-e, tortoise, until at last she knew it perfectly.

"I've learned it, auntie!" she shouted joyfully as she shut up her book with a clap.

Auntie smiled. "And you have learned the tortoise's lesson at the same time, haven't you, dear? His lesson is perseverance."—Youth's Companion.

Your Name on an Apple.

Those of you who live in the country can try next summer writing your name on an apple. It is the sun which gives the apple what we call its rosy cheek, and this fact makes it possible to attempt the little experiment. Cut your name "Nellie" or "John" on a piece of stiff paper and wrap it around an apple that hangs in the sunshine. The rays will go through the name spaces only and will print the name outline on the apple under the paper. It will be curious to pick the fruit in the late summer with one's own name colored in by so noble a painter as old Sol himself.—New York Times.

A Quick Cure.

Mother—Don't you feel able to sit up today?

Boy—No, mamma. I am so queer.

Mother—Well, let me see. I think you will be able to go to school on Monday. Today is Saturday and—

Boy (jumping out of bed)—Saturday! I thought it was Friday.—London Tit-Bits.

[illegible]

Said little Johnny Green,
"This is the funniest world I ever seen.
A fellow is sent off to bed
When he hain't got a bit of sleep in his head,
And he's hustled out of it, don't you see,
When he's just as sleepy as he can be."
—Boston Transcript.

The Boy Who Borrowed Trouble.

Though extremely fond of coasting, this most peculiar lad,
While flying swiftly down the hill, would wear a look of pain,
For already he was thinking—and it really made him sad—
That very soon he'd have to climb the whole way up again.
—Frederick B. Opper in St. Nicholas.