

WHEREVER THOU ART.

SONG.

Words by ALFORD GLIFTON.

Music by EDWARD HOLST.

Adante espressivo.

1. Wherever thou art to-day, ... In the wildwood by the
2. Sweet heart, art thou by the sea? ... Listen then with clasped
hands: ... To the story that the waves ... Whisper soft to the sil-
ver sands. ... Listen to what the echoes say! ... Darling art thou
It will tell, in
the wood? Stay thy steps a little while;
gentle sighs, Some thing that I bade it say;

poco agitato.

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List to what the breeze sighs, Down each ver-nal aisle! ... / when-
To that mes-sage, oh! my love, Give kind heed, I pray!

Rit.

a tempo.

- ev - er to-day thou art, ... Thou must have a thought of me; ... For the
a tempo.

wind and rose and sea, ... Hold a mes - sage from my heart! ... For the

rall.

wind and rose and sea, ... Hold a mes - sage from my
colla voce.

heart! ...
D. S.

Wherever thou art.—2.

Beauty and the Bath.

"The complexion is one of the points that are noticed first in a woman's appearance," writes Mrs. Humphry, in "The Ladies' Home Journal," telling plain women how they may be pretty. "The bath is a valuable aid to the necessary purity of the skin, but, like all beneficial processes, it is liable to abuse. The hot bath especially is misused to a great extent. A warm bath, as distinct from a hot one, is seldom injurious, but the safest is the tepid or the quite cold one.

"The test is a simple one. If after a cold bath, when the skin is dried, the surface of the body glows with heat and is suffused with a pink tint, all is well, but if this reactionary warmth fails to respond to vigorous rubbing with the towels the bath is injurious. A chill often follows the hot bath, which proves how dangerous it is. If a chill follows the cold bath, it must be abandoned at once and the tepid tried. Much depends upon the circulation, whether it be brisk or sluggish. If the former, the cold bath may almost certainly be ventured upon with uniformity and become a daily delight, but if the circulation be slow and defective a large can of hot water should be added to the cold.

"Only a short time should be allowed to the bath proper, whether hot, warm, tepid or cold, but the drying process should be thorough and vigorous."

THE BANQUET AT THE HOME.

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

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Philosophers prove the infinity of space by asking you to think of the end of it as a wall with nothing upon the other side. This is declared to be unthinkable. There can be no final place, no wall with a void beyond.

I know better. For I have seen that wall. I came to it in October, 1890. There was nothing on the farther side and very little on the nearer. It was not an end, but a continuance, that was inconceivable to me.

My business had come to an end. No philosopher could deny that. My nervous system was done for. I seemed to see it taken out of my body and tacked on that final wall like the skin of a squirrel on a barn door.

I was 30 years old, and I felt 150. When my friends asked me what I was going to do, I simply yawned at them.

It was at this time that some one recommended me to Miss Glendon. People have absolutely no conscience in such matters. The young lady was indeed a trust-worthy and

Miss Glendon was an orphan 24 years old and very pretty. Her income is somewhat more than a dollar per minute, and there are 525,000 minutes in a year. She is said to give about 12 hours a day to charity.

The gentleman who mentioned my name to Miss Glendon persuaded me, at her request to go with him to call upon her. I was too feeble-minded to resist. To the best of my recollection I did not clearly understand where I was going until I found myself in the lady's presence.

The sight of Miss Glendon produced a considerable effect upon me. She possesses magnificent health and reveals, even to such eyes as mine were then, the energy of a noble and finely balanced nature.

I forgot for a few minutes that the unthinkable wall stood in front of me, and I was conscious, with a mild surprise, of talking like a living and rational human being.

After half an hour of generalities Miss Glendon asked me if I would un-



derstand the management of her children's home, a very admirable charity which she had established about a year before. She had heard that I had charge of a boys' school in Massachusetts for a couple of years after concluding my college course and that I had done wonderful work. She knew that I held a medical diploma, though I had practiced but little. The knowledge would be of great advantage, in her opinion. Altogether she spoke of my desultory and purposeless career as if it were the very thing she had been in search of, and she apologized with great delicacy for venturing to offer me a position in which pecuniary reward would not be at all equal to my talents. Then she named a really handsome salary and paused for my reply.

Now, the fact is that I would have welcomed such a haven, and, above all, I would have sacrificed much for the

sake of sharing any sort of work in which Miss Glendon was engaged, but I am honest in the main, and this thing was not possible. I told Miss Glendon frankly that I was fitter to be an inmate of her home than the head of it, that I was utterly broken down and prematurely in my second childhood and that, in brief, the institution could not fall into worse hands than mine if the manager were chosen by chance out of the directory.

It appeared that my friend had prepared her for this reply. He had told her that I was a bit of the worse for past anxiety and unwisely worried about my health, but that there was really nothing the matter. All I needed was a little encouragement.

Accepting this view, Miss Glendon proceeded to encourage me. She told me how well I was looking, and, as a matter of fact, I actually did look as rugged as an ox. In earlier years I was very strong, and the muscular shell still stood, as the bark of a tree will sometimes stand when the heart of it is dust. Fifty times while she was talking to me I had to shake my wits together and with a spasmodic effort remember where I was and what had happened, yet I talked as straight as a tight string, as my friend informed me afterward, "except," he added, "for that foolishness about your health."

The upshot of it was that I became the manager of that institution, and my act was a crime. I was no more fit for it than a deaf man to lead an orchestra. However, the novelty of it buoyed me up for a few days, so that none of my subordinates knew that I was out of my wits.

The work was really extremely attractive to one who had come out defeated from the selfish strife of money winning, and if I had been only a little less battered and worn I would have been a fairly efficient person. Even as I was, the force within me might have proved sufficient but for the increasing rush of work incident to the coming holidays.

Miss Glendon had high ideas of the Christmas time, and her plans for making it memorable in the home were well considered, but exceedingly comprehensive. Moreover, she looked to me for suggestions, and I was becoming increasingly eager to serve her well.

But when a man's mind is in such a condition that he can't depend upon remembering his own name if asked for it in a hurry there is little use in expecting him to lay plans or even to carry out those of another person. I began to worry about the matter, to dream of it and to talk aloud about it, to my own great shame.

Then I resigned and was laughed at by Miss Glendon, who assured me that my success had passed her utmost expectations. So nothing remained but to go on, a wooden automaton that must run its course and then drop where it stood.

And it didn't want to break down!

Let me assure you that I had no appetite for such a performance. I strove hard against it and wore out in striving the very strength I needed.

On Christmas day I was at my very worst. I wandered from room to room, giving orders that others seemed to think were rational, though I had little understanding of them myself. We had many visitors, and I greeted them, and they said pleasant conventional things, as if they noticed nothing amiss in me.

And then, as it seemed to me suddenly, we were in the long dining room. The children were taking their places; the visitors lined the walls, enjoying the sight of so much happiness.

There were 60 children, and they looked to me like 600. The room seemed to stretch away a mile at least to where Miss Glendon sat at the far end of the table with her eyes upon me.

I had risen to speak, but why I did not know. Every one was waiting. I could not remember what I had meant to say nor why I had decided to speak at all. I merely knew that this was the end of me, and the tears came into my eyes.

Then in the stillness I heard a strange cracking sound. I felt a slight jar. There was a faint cry from among the densest crowd of visitors. One of the children near me screamed in a shrill voice, "The floor's sinkin' down!"



"MAGNIFICENT!" SHE SOBBERD.

Far away I could see Miss Glendon's face as white as paper. I was mildly interested, half awakened. It came to me like a commonplace that the cellar extended only half the length of the house.

"Sit still," said I in a tone of ordinary conversation. "There is no cellar under us."

Rather the tone than the words reassured them. The rush that had been imminent did not come. Some of the more nervous visitors edged away by the two doors that were available. I saw Miss Glendon whispering to some

of the girls, who went out quietly. The housekeeper standing in the door said, "I want ten of the biggest boys to help me with something."

I told them off mechanically, with my pointing finger, and they went out. By this time there were not more than half as many people in the room and scarcely a third as much weight as formerly upon the floor.

"We have decided to serve dinner in the other room," said Miss Glendon in a clear, high tone.

Then there was a rush, but not what might have been. I walked as in a trance to the door where she stood while the last child passed out. Then she closed the door and clasped her arms impulsively around me.

"Magnificent!" she sobbed. "The finest lie God ever put into a man's mouth!"

"Eternal heaven," I cried, "it's this end of the house that the cellar is under! I—I had forgotten!"

But she would never believe it. She said it was my modesty. She got an opinion from the carpenter that the floor must have fallen and cost a dozen lives and no man knoweth how many broken bones but for my coolness and ready wit.

It is all nonsense, but I can't prove it, and the less readily because I began upon that day to recover. I don't know why. Perhaps it was the natural course of the mania; perhaps Providence had no further need of me in the character of a lunatic. At any rate, I am well today and should be more than happy but for the false halo that I wear in the eyes of the woman I love.

The Housewife's Daily Burden.

It is a common remark with hundreds of men that they wonder "what women find to do all day." Sometimes curiosity gets the better of a man and he asks his wife what she has done all day. "Oh, a hundred and one little things," she says. Then he thinks of some momentous scheme over which he had been working all day and makes a mental comparison, in which his wife's work takes second place. He overlooks the fact, however, that a woman's life in the home is made up of "little things," and that these same "little things" are not only necessary but that they are absolutely vital to the even adjustment of the domestic machinery of his home. They are "little" only in a woman's eye; they would instantly assume proportions of magnitude if the man's hands were to try to do them.—Edward Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE BEAR'S RUSE.

How Brains Got the Better of the Wise Old Woodchuck.

Our folks once had a stumpy lot with woods on three sides of it. The field had been seeded to clover, and 15 or 20 woodchucks dug holes in the ground and lived high and in peace till a bear got into the habit along in July of stealing out of the woods just before sunset every day, crouching in the tall

clover and pouncing on a woodchuck while it was at supper.

Father wouldn't shoot the bear because its fur was good for nothing then, and he wanted it to skin out the woodchucks.

When the bear had killed a number of the woodchucks and carried them into the woods, a wise old woodchuck in the upper end of the field began to smell a rat, and whenever the bear stole out of the timber the old woodchuck would sit by its hole and whistle to warn the other woodchucks of the bear's presence.

Then he and all the woodchucks in the lot would run into their holes.

When the old woodchuck had played this trick a few times, the bear apparently set to thinking, for at noon one hot day we saw him shamble out of the woods and climb a tree just above the old woodchuck's burrow.

Not a woodchuck was in sight, and that made us wonder what the bear was up to. He staid in the tree all the afternoon, and just before sundown we saw the old woodchuck crawl out of its hole and take a survey of the field.

He didn't see the bear, so pretty soon he scampered off some distance from his hole and began to nibble clover. Then the bear let himself drop from the limb. He landed near the hole, got on his feet in a second and lay flat in the clover. The woodchuck heard the thud and scampered for his hole, and the bear nabbed him and squeezed him to death in a hurry.

With the wise woodchuck out of the way the bear had smooth sledding and before the end of August had killed every woodchuck in the lot.—New York Tribune.

The Wise Old Crow.

Not all the people know
The wisdom of the crow;
As they see him come and go,
With verdict brief
They say, "You thief!"
And wish him only woe.

That he's selfish we admit,
But he has a lot of grit,
And he favors not a bit
Does he depend
Without a friend,
He must live by mother wit.

The crow is rather shy,
With a very watchful eye
For danger coming nigh,
And any one
Who bears a gun
He's pretty sure to spy.

The clever farmer's plan
Is to make a sort of ban
By stuffing clothes with bran,
Topped with a tile
Of ancient style—
A funny old scarecrow man.

The crow looks on with scorn,
And early in the morn
Falls up the farmer's corn;
He laughs at that,
The queer old man,
Of the scarecrow man forlorn.

—Garrett Newkirk.