

CHILDREN AND SLEEP

LATE HOURS AND EXCITEMENT
DETRIMENTAL TO HEALTH.

Child Should be Trained to Lie as Nearly Straight and Flat as Possible—Afternoon Naps Not to be Encouraged in a Healthy Child.

A prominent physician says that if children are physically well and play out doors all day, when it is dark they will be tired and ready to go to bed, unless unduly excited by promises of amusement.

"Keep your little ones young. Don't overeducate and rob them of their childhood. Let them lead simple lives and be in bed early.

"I believe the amount of sleep necessary to a child from infancy until it is grown up will be regulated without any suggestion of the parents by the little one, if it is in a perfectly normal, healthy condition. Watch a robust child. When it is tired and ready to sleep it will frequently lie down when playing as soon as it becomes drowsy and fall asleep.

"A child under two years of age should spend two-thirds of each day sleeping because it needs the rest to be strong and to counterbalance the rapidity of growth. Children over two years, if in good health, usually sleep when exhausted from romping and playing.

"A nap during the day is unnecessary, I think, unless the little one shows signs of being tired and in need of it, and one should not be forced to rest by parents, for the hour spent in sleep when the child needs to be out in the sunshine and fresh air will usually be spent in wakefulness at night.

"When six and eight years of age the retiring hour may be postponed if mothers think it advisable, but I believe a child of fourteen should go to bed early and get up in the early morning as soon as it is light.

"To properly sleep or rest at any time, all clothing should be removed, and loose nightgowns, with no tight bands to retard circulation, should be put on the little ones.

"If necessary for cleanliness sponge the body with lukewarm water before putting the child to bed, but don't put it in a tub, for too much bathing devitalizes the body, and a tub bath taken when the little one gets up in the morning should thoroughly clean the skin.

"The sleeping room should be well ventilated, and the child's bed placed in such a position that it will breathe the fresh air and still not be in a draught."—New York Telegram.

Keep a Button Box.

When replacing the lost buttons of garments it is very important that the new buttons should be of the same size as the old ones.

Careless menders pay no attention to this trifling detail, and the consequence is that buttons that are too small will not remain fastened, and those which are too large tear the buttonholes. A button box for storing reserve buttons should find a place in every mending basket.

In this receptacle should be put all buttons which have been ripped off old garments, as well as any complete set of buttons there may be.

Housekeepers who pick up and put away in its allotted place every button which falls into their hands may save themselves many purchases.

Women's Progress in Japan.

The growth of the women's progress movement in Japan is greatly due to the interest of the empress, who has rendered it valuable assistance and who does everything in her power to improve the condition of women in her domains. One of the first acts in this direction was to repeal the old Japanese law which forbids women to enter upon the stage. All female parts had, until a short time ago, been played by male actors, but the empress, who thought that there was an opportunity for many women to earn an honest living on the stage, caused the mikado to repeal the law. Also for the education of women the empress has done much.

Eating for Health.

Watercress is an excellent blood purifier.

Lettuce has a soothing effect on the nerves, and is excellent for sufferers from insomnia.

Tomatoes are good for a torpid liver, but should be avoided by gouty people.

Celery is a nerve tonic; onions also are a tonic for the nerves.

Spinach has great aperient qualities, and is far better than medicine for sufferers from constipation.

Beetroot is fattening, and good for people who want to put on flesh. So are potatoes.

Farsnips possess the same virtues as sarsaparilla.

The Tabloid Life.

Publishers and booksellers are now grumbling that the public buy few books because they have nowhere to keep them, even small libraries being inconvenient in flats. For the same reason fewer pictures are now bought, and it looks as if in the future people would cease to make collections of books and art treasures.—Lady's Pictorial.

For Burned Saucepan.

Don't scrape a burned saucepan. Fill it with cold water, put in a bit of soda, heat slowly, and let boil gently for some time. Then scrub with a saucepan brush.

RADIUM INFECTS CURRIES

Hunted by Sort of a Mineral
Frankenstein.

PERPETUAL LIGHT PLANT

Famous Discoverers of Wonderful Element So Permeated with Its Rays They Live in Constant State of Radiation—Necessary to Build Another Laboratory.

The celebrated chemists, M and Mme Currie, are suffering from an embarrassment of too much radium. The famous chemists of Paris, whose discovery of this wonderful element plunged the scientists of the world into grave doubt as to the soundness of the atomic theory, have become the victims of this mineral Frankenstein and having been driven from their laboratory, are now likely to be driven from their home.

M Currie and his wife, who had aided him in every step in his researches, are suffering from what Mme Currie characterizes as a "radium pest." Incidentally they have developed the fact that with radium in use in sufficient quantities the exteriors of the gas trust would become a thing of the past and the establishment of municipal ownership too simple to require more than the impregnation of all parts of the city with radium rays.

The laboratory of the Curries has been turned into a perpetual lighting plant by the abundant use of metal in experiments and even the room in which they sleep has become so thoroughly impregnated that it has become necessary to surround the bed at night with heavy black curtains on the sides and across the top.

There is radium everywhere about the house and laboratory of the Curries, and there is but little hope of relief for many years yet to come as they have estimated that the power of the light from the impregnated walls will have diminished less than 50 per cent in forty years.

The radium follows the two chemists everywhere. There is no way of getting rid of it, no way of cleaning the place or their clothes of the mysterious light that clings to and follows them. Every piece of apparatus, every article in use about the laboratory becomes in time a separate fountain of light, giving off the weird and setting up a new point of brilliance, to remain such for decades.

In discussing the strange misfortune that has overtaken her husband and herself, Mme Currie said today:

"We will have to build another laboratory in our garden. The old one is so impregnated with radium as to render all our apparatus useless. The delicate of all the old apparatus was destroyed by the influence of the radium, and if we put new apparatus in the radium infected rooms it soon deteriorates."

"The finest electroscopes it is possible to buy work less accurately in a room where radium has been exposed than the clumsy article consisting of a cork, tin foil and the mouthpiece of an old pipe. My husband and myself have found it impossible to work in a room where radium has been exposed for any length of time. The rays infect not only the room, but the whole building. It has become, in fact, a radium pest. Some of the apparatus that has been exposed, the new as well as the old, has acquired the property of throwing off radium rays and cannot be used."

"The building will have to be torn down, for even if every particle of radium is removed, the rays will keep on increasing in intensity for two or three years, and after that, although losing in intensity, will deteriorate less than 50 per cent in 50 years."

"What would occur if you exposed an article continuously to radium rays for any length of time?" was asked.

"It would continue to give off rays for a hundred years, at least" was the answer.—New York Journal.

Many Bibles Sold.

Popular novelists will be surprised to hear that the most popular book is not a novel at all. In the course of a talk with a writer in the Book Monthly, Henry Froude of the Oxford University Press says:

"So far as I can calculate, the whole output of English Bibles in the course of a year is about 2,000,000 copies. Moreover, the Bible differs from novels in having a steadily increasing sale. Just thirty years ago the Oxford University Press alone sent out half a million copies. By 1836 the sale had doubled."

Big Pay for Judges.

There are now no fewer than eight ex-judges in England in receipt of total pensions amounting to \$121,662.50 a year. A judge who continues on the bench after completing fifteen years' service really does his work for \$7,299.75 a year, the difference between his salary and pension. The lord chancellor is entitled to a pension of \$24,325.00 a year for life, however short the tenure of the chancellorship.

The business of college education is one of the greatest businesses of the country. The 426 colleges and universities, in which are enrolled 175,000 students, represents an invested capital of \$250,000,000 and give employment to 25,000 persons as teachers and officers.

At the present rate of crumbling England will have been swallowed up by the sea in the year 12184, according to the calculations of a correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung.

THE BEST SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

A CATHOLIC WEEKLY—A CATHOLIC MONTHLY

THE IDEAL ARRANGEMENT FOR THE CATHOLIC HOME.

THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL (Weekly), Regular Price, One Year, \$1.00
MEN AND WOMEN (Monthly), Regular Price, One Year, 1.00

Our Special Price, \$1.50 for Both.

All of our readers know

The Catholic Journal

and how necessary it is in the homes of our people. As a weekly Church paper it has no equal.

Men and Women

The National Catholic Home Journal

Not a devotional magazine, but a high-class family journal, edited especially for Catholic homes. Safe and sane without being dry. Interesting without being frivolous.

A Test of Quality

Some of the Contributors who make MEN AND WOMEN:

His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, Father Coppens, William Jennings Bryan, Cardinal H. Congdon, Rev. Edwin Emery, A. C. Mingoie, Hester Price, Governor Adolphe Meunier, Havelorn, Richard Harle, Davis, Madam, Schumann Henck, John F. Law, Ethel Shuckford, William Allen White, L. J. Lothrop, Marjorie H. Stone, Elizabeth Stone, Grace Koon, Fred West, Van Sypersland, Harlan W. Moore, Maurice Evans, L. Egan, V. J. Boye, Seamus McManus.

Twelve Numbers of MEN AND WOMEN Equal Six Ordinary \$1.50 Books

and contain the most all-around assortment of home literature ever presented by any \$1.00 magazine, every bit of which breathes forth the spirit of Catholicism. Sample Copy Free on application to us.

Take Advantage of Our Greatest Offer.

For \$1.50 we will send THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL and MEN AND WOMEN both for one year. Send your subscription today.

THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DOLLY'S DENTIST.

Dolly never, or hardly ever, even when she meant to be nasty, actually said an unkind thing.

Her husband, Lord Mirfield, was extremely rich, but otherwise of no importance, while his wife, much younger than himself, had managed to make herself very important indeed.

She entertained largely, she was extremely strict and proper (a social factor the value of which is often overlooked), and all those who were in the slightest danger of being tarred came to her, as to a kind of River Jordan, for social baptism. She had a good cook, and her husband excellent shooting. Yet, even all this equipment did not make her invulnerable. And the manner of the lesson that was taught her was as follows:

London was all agog about a certain event which was supposed to have happened. There had been a dreadful subaqueous scandal, a scandal, that is, which everybody is rather afraid to talk about at first, waiting for somebody else to do it, and, as a rule, not having to wait long. The exact details of it are of no importance, but it concerned Lord Mirfield's sister, whom Dolly detested. She was supposed to have "carried on," and had quite certainly left England rather suddenly. So everybody wanted to know if it was true that she had gone to meet him Dolly herself knew no more, but at this juncture the sister of him called one afternoon at Lady Mirfield's.

Mrs. Armytage did things impulsively. "Of course, you guess what I have come about?" she said. "It has only just reached me that people are saying scandalous things about Jack and your sister-in-law. Aren't they brutes? And what is to be done, do you think?"

"You look dreadfully upset, dear Mrs. Armytage," she said. "I know, I am hideous. But there is all this worry, and I have been in the dentist's chair half the morning. He hurt me frightfully."

"Ah, I am sorry," Dolly said. "You should go to my dentist. He never hurts."

"I'm in agonies now," said Mrs. Armytage. "Do tell me whom to go to."

"Amphill, in Sloane square," said Dolly.

"And then there's this dreadful worry about poor Jack," Mrs. Armytage went on. "Of course, it is perfectly true that he was madly in love with her. It is also true that he is a dear, honest old boy, and so he left England, as perhaps you have heard."

"Yes, I heard," cooed Dolly, who as a matter of fact had not.

"From Froude to Bouquie." And how, of course, a hundred tongues in London are wagging about it. And it is so bad, he has left no address, and it is impossible to communicate with him, and tell him to come back at once. So I want you to help me to stop people talking. You can't do so much. That is why I came here."

"You mean you won't do what you can to stop people saying those things?" asked Mrs. Armytage. "I have told you that it is all an infamous libel."

"Yes, dear," she said, "but other people will tell me that it is true."

"But I who know tell you it is not true," said Mrs. Armytage.

Dolly sighed once more. Then Mrs. Armytage spoke in a detached, unbiased voice. "I went to my dentist's this morning," she said, "who is Mr. Amphill, of Sloane Square. I came into the room before he was quite ready for me, and saw him putting into a box a beautiful complete set of false teeth. And on the table outside when I went out there was a package addressed to you. Now I have a disengaged day tomorrow, and I intend to devote it to making myself disagreeable to any who, by speech or silence, or sigh, tend to encourage this scandal and make it believed."

Dolly sat bolt upright in her chair. "But it isn't true," she said. "I have thirty-two teeth of my own."

"Nor is it true that Jack left England with your sister-in-law," said Mrs. Armytage.

"What do you want me to do?" Dolly asked.

"Just to say that this is all a wicked scandal; you can leave out the 'wicked' if you like—instead of admitting its truth by sighing," said Mrs. Armytage.

"And if I don't?"

"I shall mention casually and constantly what I saw at Mr. Amphill's of Sloane Square."

"But no one will believe you," said Dolly. "Besides, it isn't true."

Mrs. Armytage finished her tea.

"No, it isn't true," she said. "But you have such beautiful teeth, dear, that people will wonder if it isn't."

Dolly again devoted a few moments' thought to the consideration of this.

"Aren't you rather a beast?" she asked.

"Very likely. But so, you know, are you, when you sigh away my brother's character like that."

Dolly put her head on one side and smiled charmingly. "Yes, I'm cornered," she said. "You really managed it very well. Now you must have some more tea, and tell me more about it all. I must be well informed to be convincing."—E. F. Benson, in London "Daily Mail."

The Way of Man.

When a man and his wife start to go anywhere, says a Missouri paper, he tells her to get out his good suit, fix the buttons in his shirt, get his cuffs, good shoes, tie his necktie, brush his hat, perfume his handkerchief and a few other little jobs. Then he puts on his hat and says "Great Scott! Ain't you ready yet?"

HINTS FROM SHOPLAND.

Dotted striped and novelty effects are shown in mohair.

Long chairs of turquoise blue beads are to be had for the small sum of a quarter each.

The newest oranzides shown for summer wear have white grounds covered with delicate flower designs.

Coats in spring tailor suits are decidedly severe and mannish in cut.

Hosiery is wonderfully and fearfully decorated and dainty open worked or lace inset stockings come in all the colors as well as black and white.

An Unfair Inference.

Circumstantial evidence is a weak thing at best. A forcible demonstration of this truth caused much chagrin to a street car conductor and much amusement to a carload of passengers a morning or two since. The car in question was on the Washington street line. Sitting in the middle of the car was one of the laborers employed at the Exposition grounds, and protruding from a broad Celtic mouth was a grimy clay pipe. This same pipe came to the notice of the conductor as he was making his rounds. He at once became cognizant of an infraction of the company's rules.

"We don't allow smoking in this car," said the carman in burning accents, as he passed the laboring man. The man with the pipe made no move to remove the thing from his mouth.

"I said we don't allow smoking," repeated the carman.

"I'm not smoking," averred the laborer.

"But you've got your pipe in your mouth," protested the collector of alkies.

"An I've got me shoes on me feet, but I ain't walkin'," asserted the offender.—Portland Oregonian.

His Reply.

Former Secretary of the Navy Moody tells of the account of an explosion of one of the big guns on the Massachusetts, which was given by a sailor injured by the explosion.

"Well, sir," replied the jackie to the questioner, "I reely can't say that I knows very much about it. I was standin', you see, with me back to the gun, a-facin' the port side. All of a sudden I hears a hell of a noise; then, sir, the ship's physician he says, 'Set up an' take this.'"—Harper's Weekly.

A Respite for the Czar.

Perk up, Czar of all the Russias, Little Father, do not sigh; Men no longer will denounce you As a tyrant deep of dye. For the baseball game is with us All our adjectives to claim. We can transfer our invectives To the umpire of the game. McLandburgh Wilson.

THE INFERNAL REGIONS FULL.

To the Great Amusement of the Gallery Gods.

Francis Wilson was turning over one of his beautifully bound manuscript volumes of anecdotes of the stage. Suddenly he laughed.

"Did you ever see Mephistopheles played by a fat man?" he asked. "No? Well, I once knew a fat man who played Mephistopheles, and played it well, now and then, he would have a mishap, for great weight and bulk are impediments on the stage."

"Once in an Indiana town—in the town, I think, of Kokomo, my fat friend played Mephistopheles. The opera house of Kokomo was little. The stage was small. My friend, the day of his arrival, rehearsed hastily. That night he appeared for the first time."

"And everything went well, the applause was enthusiastic, till the middle of the third act, when it was necessary for our crimson garbed and fat Mephistopheles to descend through a trap into the infernal regions. At the proper moment he leaped skillfully into this trap, but, instead of disappearing at once, his legs only disappeared."

"Mephistopheles was too fat for the trap. He stuck in it half way. He wriggled and twisted, and he drew in his breath, trying to make his stomach small enough to pass through, but in vain."

"The audience, interested, amazed, perplexed, watched. And in the tense silence the pants and low grunts of the struggling Mephistopheles could be plainly heard."

"Then, from the gallery, a voice cried: 'Thank heaven; hell is full at last!'"

UP TO HIM.



Edith—I told papa that you wanted to see him the next time you called.

Edward—What did he say? Edith—He said all right—he wasn't afraid of you.