

## A Rule That Works Both Ways.

BY JEANETTE CRANFORD.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Greenleaf Hamilton were enjoying their first breakfast in their mutual home. The honeymoon was over, the matrimonial hotel meals and the table d'hôte dinners would be enjoyed no more. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton were "at home," not only in the sense in which society understands the term, but literally. Mrs. Hamilton realized the fact with a slight feeling of apprehension, Mr. Hamilton with a sense akin to joy. To him the honeymoon trip had been a useless expenditure of good money and valuable time. To her it had been the main thing, after the trousseau, that had reconciled her to matrimony.

Mr. Hamilton drew off the "near-to" glasses with which he had been reading the Herald, and put on his "mediums." In order to better look at his wife on the other side of the table. She presented a pretty sight, with her fluffy hair worn in a pompadour tumbling over the right eyebrow, and apparently saved from falling altogether into her eyes only by a saucy white rosette above the left eye. Her breakfast jacket was of pink cashmere, so cunningly disguised with wandering embroideries and fawns of lace that one could scarcely tell of what the foundation for all this ornamentation consisted. Her skirt was nothing more or less than an extremely frivolous petticoat of pink silk and beading, with countless numbers of useless little bowknots in beige ribbon, and the foot that was outstretched on the hassock under the table was encased in a chic high-heeled slipper, above which was displayed a length of embroidered silken stocking.

Mr. Hamilton mused upon his ideal of a wife and housekeeper. It was an ideal founded upon recollections of his own mother, who lived in the days when one good dress a year sufficed any woman, and who died while her son was still so young that her memory had become a sacred thing, undimmed by recent recollection. His mother, he remembered, always breakfasted in a lilac-woolsey frock, made severely plain, with her hair neatly disposed in a net, and around her neck a simple frill of white net, fastened always with the same brooch, one containing the hair of her departed father. Would Lucille, wondered Mr. Josiah Greenleaf Hamilton, wear a lock of his hair in case he was called away before her? "I fear not," he sighed to himself "unless I beforehand thoroughly succeed in forming her mind."

"My dear," he said, in what he imagined was a firm and unyielding voice.

"Yes Popsey," returned Lucille in the universally sweet tone she employed to every one she considered worth speaking to, from the iceman to her dearest bosom friend.

Mr. Josiah Greenleaf Hamilton's brow became corrugated in a frown. "Popsey" was all very well as an endearment during the courting period, but it was quite inappropriate now. Perhaps it was too much to expect his wife to always refer to him as "Mr. Hamilton"—though such had been the habit of that ideal woman, his mother, but at least she might say Josiah.

He began again:—

"My dear, now that we are at home we ought to talk things over in a definite manner, and have our future course of action fully arranged."

"That's so, Popse," returned Lucille in the most cordial manner, at the same time preparing a dish of cream for the delectation of Dodo, her fat pig, that was another of Mr. Hamilton's unmentioned grievances. "You know, my dear, as married people we shall find certain duties confronting us that perhaps never troubled us in our unwedded days," Mr. Hamilton continued. He was going to be very harsh with the pretty girl presently, but just now, in order to get to the point more easily, he was using the term "us" in order to tacitly class himself among those needing reformation.

"Sure, Popse," replied Lucille with such pleasing alacrity that her husband began to feel quite cheered, and his seemingly difficult task no trouble at all.

The man who hesitates is supposed to be lost. Mr. Hamilton at any rate lost his chance to speak, for while he was ruminating, Lucille finished feeding the dog and completed her idiotic proceeding by wiping Dodo's cream bespattered jaw with her lace handkerchief. Then she came and perched herself on the arm of Josiah Greenleaf Hamilton's chair and said:—

"Darling old Popsey, I'm so glad you've started on this subject, for it's one I've bothered my head about ever since I promised to love and honor—you know the word obey was omitted by my special request. There are such a lot of things in this household that need reformation."

So she saw it too! Dear girl, she wasn't so frivolous.

"Now, Popse, there's no use beating about the bush, we might as well speak right out straight, hadn't we, old boy?"

He was gratified at the way in which she was playing up to him that he quite overlooked the unrepentant "old boy," and nodded benignly.

"No," she went on, "I'm going to say what I want to say, and after that you can do your speaking, ducksey. Now first, this house. It's all wrong."

Mr. Hamilton gazed at the dusty chairs, the tables laden with articles wholly unsuited to a breakfast room—new slippers and parcels of goods sent home "on approval" were among them—and thought that the house indeed needed the attention and the ministering leather duster of a housekeeper such as his mother had been.

Mrs. Hamilton was continuing her remarks:—

"And so, Popsey, we'd better just tear out the whole inside and do it over. Those parcels over there are some sample chintzes and wall paper, which I'm going to look at just as soon as you've gone down town, leaving Dodo and me alone. And you needn't fear my taste, Popse, for I shall show every pattern to Dodo, and if he barks at 'em I'll not take 'em, for Dodo has darling taste—haven't you, old doggy-woggy? I thought I'd have this room pink, with morning glories clambering over the curtains and bluebirds done in distemper on the ceiling. You know Clara Gibson—Fred Gibson's divorced wife—well, she had her boudoir that way, and it was fine and dandy. Then we'll rip up all faded green tanned gold in the drawing-room and have it in ivory café au lait, with Louis XIV. chairs. As for your den, you positively must have a cosy corner in it done up all Japanese, and then I'm going to make you learn to smoke cigarettes. They seem the only kind of smoke permissible in a cosy corner."

She paused to reflect, then went on:—

"Then you know, deary, your clothes aren't at all what they should be. That old foggy tailor of yours isn't in it for a minute. I think you ought to send to London for a frock coat or so, and you must get some one who's up to date to put you on to the best things in tweeds and waistcoats. You'd look fine in a robin's egg blue waistcoat, only you must stop wearing mutton chop whiskers and ready-made neckties. Positively, dear, you'll never realize how your neckties made me suffer when you used to come—a-wooling, and what I've gone through with because of the way my sisters laughed at them. They guessed first that I—liked you, because Cely said I must be dead gone or I could never defend such cravats. And your collars aren't right, either, and I wish you'd have more patent leather shoes. I saw a crack in those you wore at dinner last evening."

"And when you have the house done over we must get some new servants and select a livery for them—something neat and showy, with red and yellow, is what I'd go for, with white silk stockings on the men."

And I have got to have a carriage of my own if I'm to go out as much as I really think I ought in order to keep up our social standing. I'm sorry we have no regular opera season in Boston, but if you subscribe for a box each night at a couple of best theaters, we can show there; only I must have a few more diamonds, dear, if I'm to wear those velvet gowns that are such favorites with you. And Popsey, there's just one thing more you must promise me. It's the most important of all. I've wanted to speak of it all through the honeymoon, and now we're going to run the house on a rational basis, with our friends coming in every other evening or so, I hope to play a simple game of bridge if nothing else, why it just must be fixed. Popsey, I want you to promise to call me Lulu. Lucille is altogether too frumpy and aged for me. It doesn't suit my style any more than that horrible Josiah suits yours. Popse, and I'm sure I'd as soon call you Hellogalus as Josiah."

Mr. Josiah Greenleaf Hamilton has not, up to date, even started at the task of forming his wife's mind. He is too busy making money to pay for her reforms in household decoration, and trying to dodge supposed reforms in his own ways and waistcoats.—Boston Home Journal.

### Odd Blunders.

Many stories are told of the absent-mindedness of the late Sir John Burdon-Sanderson, formerly regius professor of medicine at Oxford. Lady Sanderson left him one evening to conduct his guests into the dining-room. When a few minutes later, she came down into the hall she found that her husband had forgotten himself again. He was helping his guests into their overcoats, shaking hands and saying good-night.

John Redmond in a recent speech at Belfast, Ireland, announced that "parliament next session will be no place for Irish members who cannot attend." And he looked surprised when the remark was greeted with loud laughter.

A correspondent of a weekly journal makes a curious bull. Of a certain plan he writes: "It sounded well, but the seed of suspicion was planted in my mind's eye and I forced it on with surmise."

### Test of Woman's Ability.

If a girl has successfully nursed three kittens to maturity and good habits she is competent to bring up seven children.—Somerville Journal.

A touching example of faith in his fellowman is afforded by the stranger who advertised in a New York paper for the return of \$5,000 he dropped in the street. Probably thought a New Yorker wouldn't take such a small amount.

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### The Indian of To-Day.

Something more than four centuries have gone by since Columbus dawned on the view of the American red man. The red man's horizon has broadened in that time. A young man who describes his adventures among the Sioux for the Booklovers Magazine found the warriors of the plains unimpressed by the noble paleface.

"Why do they call the Fourth of July 'Independence Day'?" an old warrior asked, as they sat by the camp-fire.

The explanation was somewhat incoherent, but included mention of a war with Great Britain.

"Oh, yes, I have been there," remarked the Indian, reminiscently, "London is a fine city."

Then up spoke another brave from from where he squatted, with dripping rain streaking his visor: "I like Paris better."

The white man gasped. "Archibald was down in Berlin," said the female sphinx at the lamp, turning to indicate the child who grinned toothlessly in the background.

"Which do you prefer?" they asked. "It has stopped raining," said the white man, "and I must be going." Later it transpired that one was a

Carleton graduate, and an old man abroad with Buffalo Bill.

The raising of Mocha coffee is done by Arabs out in the mountainous country of Arabia, where no white man has ever been, and statisticians and crop forecasters are unknown. There are no extensive plantations out there as we know of them in other places, but each Arab has his own few bushes around his little house, and raises enough for his own use and a little for trading for other commodities. It thus becomes a difficult and slow process to collect from hundreds of people enough to load a caravan. The markets of Aden and Hodeda are several hundred miles from where the coffee is grown, and the journey to these markets takes several weeks.

The Russian Census. According to the Russian census of 1887 there were then in the empire—\$5,855,447 peasants; 1,111,352 lower city dwellers; 1,107,961 nomads and semi-barbarous inhabitants; 1,933,847 Cossacks; 1,110,199 hereditary nobles; 439,117 persons nobles and officials; 686,917 priests and ministers of all denominations; 112,927 hereditary and personal citizens of honor; and 381,170 merchants.

### PATENTS

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### PATENTS

Scientific American.

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