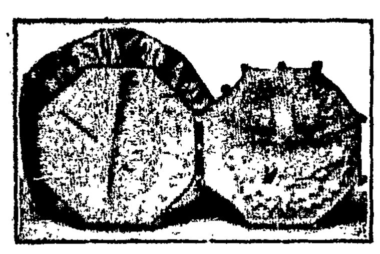
COMPACT WORKBAG.

It Makes a Nice Christmas or Traveling Gift.



A BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE BAG

The chief charm of this workbag lies in its compactness and handiness. The bottom portion, being double, is so arranged that it opens and forms a needlecase, scissors holder and pin cushion, with a small pocket for tape, etc. The second portion is secured to the bottom of the bag by means of buttonholed hinges on one side and pins on the other. To make the bag you will require four pieces of cardboard four inches square and enough satin ribbon wide enough to form the bag. The bag is more convenient if fairly shallow. Six inches deep is a good size. Narrow satin ribbon is needed for a runner and a small piece of white flannel for the needlecase, also pins, needles, cotton tape, thimble, buttons, etc., for furnishings. Form your squares of cardboard into octagons by cutting off the corners. Line each with fine flannel and face each piece with satin, catching it by means of long stitches at the back.

Secure a strip of narrow ribbon across the middle one and then sew each pair of octagons together to form two octagon pieces with the satin outside. The bag part is secured to the octagon with a strip of ribbon which is underneath and gathered slightly. Join up at the side, turn in the top and make the running casing and buttonhole openings at each side to pass the ribbon through. Now cut a little pocket of cardboard to fit the other octagon. Face both sides with satin, make and sew on the flannel flaps for the needles and sew this to the second octagon, which is then secured to the bottom of the bag by means of three firm buttonholed hinges. In the center of the corresponding side a buttonholed loop answers the purpose of a fastening, a pin being passed through this. Pins of various sizes and kinds should be stuck around the edges of the lower piece of card and the other articles according to fancy. Inside the bag are placed thimble, spools of cotton, a small bag with small sizes of pearl buttons and tiny toilet things that are apt to be needed when traveling.

Have You Neuritis?

This seems to be a neuritis age. Almost every woman you meet is holding her arm and telling of the pain it gives her.

It is small comfort that we bring these pains on ourselves by our way of living. What we want to know is how to get rid of our discomfort.

The surest time to do this is at the first twinge. Neglected neuritis is acute agony that may not yield to remedies through long years. The first thing to be done is to go easy. Stop rushing, let up on your round of engagements, cut out bridge, even the care of your children for part of each day—anything to give you a long rest.

Live more in the open air, but do not make the mistake of overexercising. Your nerves need rest, not excitement.

Eat simple food, for dyspepsia is bad on nerves, and neuritis is a disease of the nerve centers.

Stop worrying. Learn to let things slide and cultivate optimism.

Take daily massage. If you cannot afford it get some one in your family or one of your maids to rub the arm from the shoulder down in circular sweeping motions. Use a little cold cream or cocoa butter to avoid friction.

Electrical treatment is excellent for neuritis, but should only be taken under advice of a physician. In cases of bad pain it is the only thing that will relieve it.

When the pain becomes acute the arm should be kept very warm. In cold weather this is done by wrapping it in cotton wadding; in summer a light knitted shawl of wool will be found soothing. Do not let your neuritis run on too long without consulting a doctor. There may be some serious cause that only treatment will cure. As the doctor will doubtless insist upon complete rest, it is well to forestall him by taking a partial rest now.

As cold or damp weather generally aggravates neuritis, be careful about chilling when overheated and do not sit in a draft on a rainy day.

Kitchen Towels.

Every kitchen should be provided generously with three kinds of towels—some of soft crash for the hands, which can be made to go over a roller; a dozen also of soft crash, made about a yard long, for the dishes, from plates and bowls to saucepans and iron pots, and half a dozen of coarse texture, yet not hard and unyielding, for use about the range when lifting hot utensils.

Making a Rose Leaf Pillow.

Gather the roses each morning while the dew is yet on the petals, for they are more fragrant then. Spread them on newspapers in an airy place to dry. It takes a large basketful of the dried petals to make a pillow. Mix with the petals a teaspoonful each of ground cloves and cinnamon and shake thoroughly. Put in a cambric tick and cover with silk or silkoline.

A DOLL

By DELIA TREVOR.

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This story illustrates how much more powerful is kindness than brute force.

Major Hopkins, commanding Fort —, garrisoned by two companies of cavalry, seeing some of his scouts approaching, rode out to meet them. As they approached he saw riding before the sergeants a little Indian girl about five years old.

"What have you there, sergeant?"

"We were getting a peep, sir, at the devils from the bushes when this little tot came running right into us. There was nothing for us to do but seize her and clap a hand over her mouth. Then, of course, we had to bring her with us to prevent her cries drawing the reds after us."

"She must be returned, but it is too late today. We'll keep her till morning. But what did you learn?"

"They've got the war paint on and the whole tribe is wild. There must be between two and three thousand tepees, which would give them from 500 to 800 warriors."

The major turned and rode back to camp, motioning the sergeant to ride beside him and continue his report of the information he had gained. The prospect was not pleasant. There were not a hundred men for duty in the fort, which was an old fashioned affair, and the ammunition was low. The Indians would undoubtedly attack and if they kept up the siege long enough would certainly capture the fort. The logical end of this was a massacre of the whole garrison, including women and children.

Upon entering the inclosure the major dismounted, took the Indian child in his arms, lifted her from the horse and, taking her to his quarters, turned her over to his wife. Then he hurried away to prepare for a death struggle.

The little redskin stood stolidly where she was placed in the middle of the floor, her straight hair falling in any and every direction, her beady black eyes darting hither and thither. The white children clustered around her, gaping at her as an object of wonder. Being perfectly quiet she needed no attention till the shades of night cast a gloom about her, when her child's Indian stoicism broke down and she began to cry.

Mrs. Hopkins endeavored to quiet her without effect. Little Maud Hopkins possessed a very beautiful doll with waxen head and shoulders and light, fluffy hair. Taking up this doll her mother placed it in the arms of the tiny captive.

"There," she said. "If you'll cease crying you may have it to keep."

Whether or not the child understood the words she certainly understood the act. She hugged the doll against her breast, ceased weeping and soon fell asleep.

The next morning Major Hopkins ordered the sergeant who had captured the child with a dozen cavalrymen to take her back to the Indians. In doing so there was a risk of their being murdered. But the major, believing that the loss of the youngster would tend to further irritate the savages, did not dare hold her. The child mounted before the sergeant, tightly holding her doll, looking out of her coal black eyes as if she would annihilate any one who attempted to deprive her of it, rode out of the fort toward the Indian village.

When the party was descried approaching a body of warriors, seizing their arms, prepared to receive them. But when the whites drew near and the captive was distinguished the women set up a howl of pleasure. Then when the child was clasped by her mother, still tightly holding her white doll, every Indian in the village crowded around to see.

When the sergeant and his men turned to ride back to the fort no effort was made to prevent them. Soon after their departure a powwow was called among the chiefs. Their preparations were all made to begin the attack on the fort, and in this incident they saw delay. The child that had been returned was taken to the conclave and set in the center of the circle with her doll. The Indian mother asked permission to go to the fort and thank the donor for her beautiful gift. After a long discussion the request was granted.

The same evening a band of Indians was seen approaching the fort. The whites at first considered them as an advance guard of the enemy coming to make the expected attack. But the redskins came on close under the stockade, and it was then seen that a squaw was among them. They asked for admittance, and the gates were thrown open. Upon entering the inclosure the object of the visit was made known, and the squaw was conducted to Major Hopkins' quarters. The Indian mother acquitted herself of her mission, and Mrs. Hopkins invited her to partake of refreshments.

The visit lasted several hours, and when the party returned the squaw mother bore a message of peace and good will to the Indians, including a promise from the commander of the fort that certain wrongs should be redressed and a request that they would return to their reservation. The terms were accepted, and the redskins took off the war paint.

Thus a long war with its attendant horrors was averted by a bit of motherly kindness to a child.

Points For Mothers

"Why don't mothers realize," asked the wise grandmother, "that a baby has lots of growing ahead of him and should have all the room he can to do it in?

"Of course we don't wrap our children in swaddling clothes any more, but sometimes I think we are almost as bad. Summer babies don't need tight, overheating underwear and multitudes of bed covers. A light undershirt of loosely woven wool should be all that is necessary under the slip of any but a very young baby indeed. Let his bedclothes be warm but never heavy. Taking linen and down as the two extremes in fabrics, everything the infant wears should incline rather toward the down end of the line. No, indeed, that's not a pun!

"Then there's the question of shoes. If I had my way no child would ever wear shoes or stockings until it could walk. They will tell you going barefooted makes children flatfooted, but don't you believe it. It's not learning to walk properly that does that for them. Keep the little leather bootees that uncle gave baby for baby to see when she grows up, but don't ever put them on her feet.

"There are other things too that ought to be looser than they are now allowed—caps, for instance, and mittens and diapers and stomach bands. Oh, if I could fix it all the children in the country would proclaim emancipation from tight clothing. They might be disheveled babes, but they would be comfortable."

And grandmother shook her wise old head.

Danger of Relaxed Muscles.

We read much of the benefit of relaxing, which is true as far as concerns the nerves and temper; there is another kind of relaxing, that of muscles, that is dangerous if made a life habit.

It is all right not to keep oneself tense, to let everything go occasionally and just flop. The trouble lies in making this flopping permanent.

If a girl, a boy, gets into the habit of dropping his shoulders, rolling, sprawling over a table, crouching over books or games, do you know what happens? The ligaments are weakened, the muscles lose tone, sometimes even the bones grow distorted if the habit is acquired while young bones are still soft.

It is not pleasant to be continually nagging at children "Stand up!" "Keep your elbows off the table!" "Hold your shoulders up!" but keep up the good work though it means daily rows.

Such things are more than a question of good manners; they mean good health. It is a big temptation to let things go, but remember that crooked backs, cramped lungs, distorted hips and shoulders, badly poised necks, all the organs of our body out of place follow muscles that are not kept stretched to their natural position.

Neglectful Nursemaid Fined $10.

American mothers undoubtedly wish such a law prevailed in this country as caused recently the fining of a nursemaid $10 in London for neglecting the babies under her care. There were three children in a family with a nursemaid, a housemaid and a cook. The parents went out to dinner expecting to remain until late. The mother became uneasy and, returning home at 8 o'clock, found the house lighted but the three servants out. The baby, thirteen months old, was crying. The nursemaid was arraigned in the police court, where the magistrate severely scolded her, saying, "Your conduct shows an inadequate consciousness of your duty as a nurse to the children committed to your care." The fine followed.

Hint For School Days.

"Don't let the children carry heavy books to and from school," is the advice of a physician who has had much experience in the children's hospitals. A mother testifies that she believes the heavy bag of books which her daughter carried to school every day had much to do with her nervous breakdown. The habit tends to make one shoulder higher than the other, to lengthen the arm or enlarge the hand disproportionately. When "home work" cannot be avoided let the child have one book at school and another copy at home. It will pay. Or, if that is not possible, at least do not let him carry his books always on the same arm or slung over the same shoulder.

For the New Arrival.

A dainty present to give the new baby is a "nursery box," containing a hand painted set, consisting of soap and talcum powder boxes, a sachet, safety pin holder, brush, bath thermometer, etc., all decorated in the proper color for the boy or girl. The box itself is of padded silk, with a big ribbon bow and a tiny feather stork on the lid, and may, with its silk lining, be used as the baby's traveling case when the other things go into the baby basket. It is a pretty gift and will be much appreciated by mother and baby both.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP

By ELIZEBETH BOND.

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Jennie Dwyer, having but two weeks vacation from her duties in the office where she was employed and having to take them after everybody else in the concern had been accommodated, was obliged to wait till autumn for her outing. Then she went into the country, stopping at a farmhouse not far from a village.

Jennie's was one of those many cases where a girl brought up in comfort finds herself obliged to get on as best she can. So long as her father lived there was a plenty, but nothing being laid up when he died his income ceased; consequently Jennie, who had the refinement of a lady, was obliged to work like any other poor person.

Jennie's chief recreation on her vacation was taking long walks. There was a handsome place on one of her routes which reminded her of one she had lived in when she was a little girl. Her father had then been rich and surrounded his family not only with comforts, but with luxuries. This place which attracted her attention appeared to be vacant except for a caretaker and his wife who lived in a cottage on the premises. How Jennie longed to enter and stroll about over the pleasant grass and in among the trees and the flower garden! Being a timid little thing she was a long time screwing up her courage to do so. She satisfied herself that there was no dog on the place and found that there were some loose pickets in the fence at a distance from the house where she might enter unobserved.

So one morning when the air was fresh and crisp she pushed the pickets aside and timidly advanced, keeping at a safe distance from the house. But there is always something to tempt a lawbreaker, and Jennie saw in the garden certain flowers of a hardy nature that had not yet succumbed to the early autumn cold snaps. She dearly loved flowers, and from the trees she cast covetous eyes on these, which were rather too near the house for her to safely poach. However, there was not a person in sight, and leaving cover she started for the garden, but haltingly, stopping now and again to make sure no one was observing her.

Though she did not know it some one was observing her. Tom Marryweather, the son and heir of the owner of the place, a graceless scamp, had come down from town to get a gun he had left there, and at the moment the girl was advancing on the flower garden he was standing back out of view looking at her through a window. He had his gun in his hand, being about to carry it downstairs. He waited while Jennie hesitatingly moved on the garden, cast a final distrustful look at the house, then began to appropriate the flowers. Tom, being of an artistic turn of mind, was quite enraptured with the scene of a shy girl so fond of flowers that she could not resist the temptation to steal them on this beautiful autumn day. He was also dramatically disposed and wondered what kind of scene would result if he were to adopt measures usual with poachers. Presently, when Jennie stopped to take another furtive glance at the house, Tom, advancing to the window, gun in hand, cried:

"Stand, you robber!"

Jennie did stand, though it was all she could do to keep her legs, while one by one the flowers she had plucked dropped from her hand. Tom was not near enough to discern the terror he had inspired, so he proceeded further.

"Don't you know," he cried in a stentorian voice, "that the wages of sin is death?"

There was no reply to this.

Suddenly Tom discovered that he was playing with firearms with a vengeance. Jennie, taking the realistic scene in earnest, collapsed. Tom saw her stagger sidewise, then sink down in a heap.

Jumping out of the window, he landed on an extension roof, from there dropped to the ground and ran like a deer for the girl.

When Jennie recovered consciousness she found herself in the arms of a man who was looking into her face, eager to know whether he had killed her. Seeing her open her eyes and look straight at him, a great relief came into his eyes. He was about to cover her face with kisses when he remembered that he had not even been introduced to her. But he did not consider her sufficiently recovered to stand alone. At any rate, he held on to her till she of her volition disengaged herself.

The rest of this story is just like any other love story. Tom, who, as I have said, was artistically inclined, was captivated by the picture he had seen from his window. He is not the only man who has been caught by a girl unconscious that she is making herself attractive. But Tom's fate was sealed when the crisis came and he saw what he had done. Long after Jennie had forgiven him he kept up his protestations of regret, calling himself every bad name in his vocabulary. He loaded Jennie with flowers, begged her to come and take all she wished and insisted on getting out a horse and his two wheeled cart and driving her home. The house at which she was boarding was a mile distant, but Tom failed to get there in less than a dozen. Instead of going back to town and thence to his shooting club, he remained in the house as long as Jennie's vacation lasted. The courtship ended in the winter.

For the Children

Girl Scouts at Rifle Practice.

The boy scout idea of training young people in the art of war has aroused so much enthusiasm both in this country and England that the girls have been included. They, of course, will confine their energies mostly along humanitarian lines. Their duties include tracking to find the wounded, signaling so as to send messages that will bring the ambulance to the place it is needed, also of course they must learn first aid to the injured and the temporary bandaging of wounds, carrying of the disabled on stretchers, cooking and nursing. They also take a course in rifle practice, in order that they may understand the handling of firearms.

Quick Work.

A man walked into a tailoring shop the other day and asked to have a coat made.

"When do you want the garment?" asked the tailor.

"This evening. I want to wear it to a dinner."

"Impossible!" cried the tailor. "Make a coat in a day—unheard of!"

Yet it has been done—yes—from the shearing of the wool from the sheep's back to the finished garment. This feat was accomplished as far back as 1811 by Mr. John Coveter, near Newbury, in England.

At 5 o'clock in the morning Mr. Coveter was presented with two Southdown Wedder sheep. At first the sheep were shorn, the wool spun, the yarn spooled, warped, loomed and woven. After that the cloth was burred, milled, rowed, dyed, pressed and late in the afternoon put in the hands of the tailors.

By half past 6 the coat was finished, and Mr. Coventer presented it to one of the gentlemen of the town amid the thundering applause of 5,000 spectators.

What She Saw.

A little girl was taken recently to visit an aquarium. She was much interested in the strange fishes and in deep thought took in the entertainment in her own way.

That evening she gave her father a vivid and original account of it.

"Daddy," she said, opening her eyes very wide and talking excitedly, "we went today to a live fish store. They had the fish in glass cages just to make them think nothing was the matter. Most of the fish swam around and did not mind when they slammed the glass sides, but one fish, daddy, stood right up on the tip of his tail! And there were tears streaming down his poor little cheeks, and I know he was praying to be let out of there!"

The Dishonest Jeweler.

An old man took a diamond cross to a jeweler to have the diamonds reset, and, fearing the jeweler might be dishonest, he counted the diamonds and found that they numbered seven in three different ways. Now, the jeweler stole two diamonds, but arranged the remainder so that they counted seven each way as before. How was it done?

The form of the cross when left is represented by Fig. 1 and when returned by Fig. 2.

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     Fig. 1            Fig. 2
        7                 7
        6               7 6 7
  7 6 5 6 7               5
        4                 4
        3                 3
        2                 2
        1                 1
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Questions and Answers.

When is a boat like a heap of snow? When it is a-drift.

When is a baby not a baby? When it is a little cross.

What kind of bats fly without wings? Brickbats.

How does a tar know that there is a man in the moon? Because he has been to sea.

What is known as the Creole State? Louisiana.

What state is known as the Bay State? Massachusetts.

What was termed the cradle of Liberty? Faneuil hall, Boston.

Little Ones.

A little coltie, black and sleek,
Does in the barnyard run.
He kicks his heels and kirts his tail
And has such loads of fun.

A little piggie in the pen
Roots round with funny snout.
He knows just where to find good things,
And soon he roots them out.

A little chickie in the yard
Does scratch with tiny feet.
'Tis happy when it finds a crumb,
For it does love to eat.

A little baby in the house
Runs everywhere and plays.
It laughs and crows and merry is
Throughout the summer days.

AN OBSERVER

By MARION L. BAKER.

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"Something is wrong there," said Miss Eliza Pinkerton, shaking her head, "something wrong! Every one hurrying about."

Miss Pinkerton, aged fifty-five, occupied a house from whose rear windows she could look out upon the back yard of the Pleasantons. She spent the rest of the day on guard, but nothing occurred to suggest a solution of the commotion that so deeply interested her. But that night as she was closing the blinds before getting into bed she saw forms moving about near the fence that divided the two properties. Slipping on a wrapper and her shoes, she went down stairs, out the back door and stole along till she was near enough to see what was going on.

What was her surprise and horror to see Evelyn Pleasanton standing beside an old family manservant who was digging a hole in the ground. When it was completed the servant went into the house, returning with a box just long enough and the proper shape to hold the body of an infant. The servant placed the box in the hole, while something white held before Evelyn's eyes indicated that she was weeping. Then the servant filled the grave and replaced the sod evidently to conceal the spot, and the two entered the house. Miss Pinkerton returned to her room swollen with the importance of the secret she had discovered and went to bed, but not to sleep.

"Reginald should know this," she said to herself. "He must know it. It is my duty to tell him. I have no right to permit a young man to marry a girl in ignorance of her true character."

The next morning she sent an anonymous note to Reginald Clemens, giving him a detailed account of what she had seen the night before.

Now, so well known were the prying instincts of Miss Pinkerton that her house was commonly called the observatory. At first blush on perusing the note, Reginald's heart stood still. Then, remembering that the "observatory" overlooked the back yard of his fiancee's home, it suddenly occurred to him that Miss Pinkerton had been the observer and writer of the note. The same evening he laid it before Evelyn. As soon as her indignation had subsided she and her lover after a prolonged consultation, settled on a plan of action.

The next day Reginald called on Miss Pinkerton, secured a confession from her that she had written the note and expressed himself profoundly grateful for the information it contained.

One morning Miss Pinkerton received a note from Evelyn Pleasanton stating that she had a confession to make, trusting to the kindliness of Miss Pinkerton's disposition, her honesty of purpose, and asked permission to intrust a secret of importance to her care. Would Miss Pinkerton kindly meet her the next night at 11 o'clock at the fence dividing the two places?

If Miss Pinkerton was pleased at her discovery she was beside herself with delight at the prospect of receiving a confession and being made the repository of a secret. The hours dragged heavily until evening came and heavier still till the clock struck the hour for the meeting. Then Miss Pinkerton passed through her back yard and stood waiting beside the fence.

Presently a rear door in the Pleasanton home opened and Evelyn accompanied by the servant who had dug the grave, carrying a spade, came toward the waiting woman. Seeing Miss Pinkerton leaning on the fence, Evelyn said to her:

"I have to thank you, dear Miss Pinkerton, for consenting to share with me the burden of my secret. I have considered that the matter is of sufficient importance to warrant its being placed in the keeping of several other persons. They are coming now."

From the rear door came Reginald Clemens carrying a lantern. He was followed by the Rev. Mr. Starkweather, Dr. Arnold and their wives. As the party approached the servant began opening the little grave which had been made a few nights before. While he dug the party stood in silence. Having exhumed the box, he produced a screwdriver for the purpose of opening it. Miss Pinkerton, unable to restrain her curiosity, pushed forward, bent over the box and when the lid was removed was peering intently into it. Evelyn stepped forward and, removing a cloth, uncovered the body of—a poodle.

At the same moment Reginald raised the lantern so that its light shone upon not only the dead dog, but the face of Miss Pinkerton. Her expression was a study. It is said that to a drowning person the events of a whole lifetime come up at once. Miss Pinkerton saw at least the lesson of a lifetime. For years she had been prying into people's affairs without a check. In this episode she received sufficient punishment to cover every meddlesome act since she was a girl.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Reginald, whose indignation had been kept under restraint and whose tone was now cold and cutting.

Miss Pinkerton without a word turned and went to her own room, while the others left the servant to rebury the dog.

That was the last observation made by the spinster from either her back or her front window.

ROCHESTER