Don't Let Fatigue Get You!

The fine art of discovering their physical limitations is something all women should strive to attain. Half the cases of nervous prostration, of disease of mind or body, arise from the absence of this very bit of knowledge. "Stop just short of being tired," is the advice which all physicians give their patients. This is the ounce of prevention idea that stands before the folly of the pound of cure, and yet not one woman in ten pays any heed to it.

The sensation of fatigue is the indication of your particular limitations. Give up the theater and supper in the evening if you have had a hard day and are feeling tired at night. "I know I ought not to do it, but I just can't resist," is the criminal confession of most women.

Any doctor in any city, town or country will tell you that what women need is not medicine but consciences—consciences that make them stop short of being tired. "All we can do," the doctors say, "is to patch up what they persist in tearing down. We find it almost hopeless to arouse them to a sense of their duty to girl their husbands, families and themselves in this respect, so we have learned to shrug our shoulders and patch em up.

"Now, fatigue actually means a decrease of vital force. If up to the point of feeling tired you have required all the vital energy you have been using to keep you in good physical condition it is a foregone conclusion that your limit has been reached when the first signs of fatigue begin to show themselves. That is the time for you to drop everything and rest. Sleep that has relaxation in it is the best aid to insure it.

"Not one woman in a hundred knows how to rest. Despite the fact that chair backs and their arms are provided to coax the sitter into relaxation the average woman seats herself upon a chair with the grim determination of helping the chair hold her in place. How many women of your acquaintance know even how to let their hands drop idly in their laps? Not many. The strain is felt all along the arms. They are not left there in the laps but actually held there by the gripping power of its master, the will.

"It is not massage that really keeps a woman youthful looking. It is nothing more than the relaxation that she is forced into by the temporarily superior power of the will of the one treating her. Youth and beauty and charm are not only born of relaxation and composure, but are kept alive by it. No power on earth can keep youth alive when old age in the form of unrest of mind and body is persistently working against it.

"Study relaxation in everything, how to walk without weariness, to sit without restraint and to live without haste. A lot of cares that you have gripped frantically have needed no grip at all. Most of the worries you have are creations of pure imagination. You have lived through a day of them and found them turned into jokes. Most things don't matter at all. Most of your losses have been just inconveniences, but you have turned them into tragedies and lasting griefs by the grip you have had upon them."

SONNY'S PLAY UNIFORM.

Loose, Warm and Durable Are These Knitted Suits

Cap, sweater and leggings to say nothing of two pockets, provide this favorite play uniform of the small boy.

ONE IN THREE.

Such outfits come in warm grays, bright browns and navy blue in the shops, but enterprising mothers inoculated with the knitting microbe make them as fancy work.

SANTA'S TIRED!

When Jane Fixes the Knickknacks

I LIKE to loaf in the kitchen while Jane on her wife's
is puttin' the finish on Christmas knickknacks
for the dinner on Christmas day.
It's a time I look forward to all the year
when the coffeepot's simmerin' low,
An' the rooster is growin' for daybreak
—like nobody else doesn't know.
An' out through the white cottoned window
I watch the stars slowly fade
An' the boys that was late in darkness
creep out of the shade.
Directly a silence settles, so peaceful
it's almost sweet
An' the girls and the women folks
stand and stare at the sight
Fer it's then that we know that Christmas
is near
While Jane is fixin' the knickknacks for
the dinner on Christmas day.

A person don't never realize sometimes
how much
No matter how broke he may be
or how poor
An' how lonesome he may be
in this world
An' how empty his heart seems
to be
Till I push my chair in the shadows
and look
I see the grave face of my father as he
reads by the candlestick light
An' I hear some hymn of my mother's
as she sits in the hickory chair
Then the old familiar faces in the glow
with the rose of the old time glow
An' I dream only dreams of the future
and dream of the long ago.
Heigh ho! Wish a world of changes for
the lad to the man now gray
Watchin' Jane as she fixes knickknacks
for the dinner on Christmas day.

Then my thoughts travels on an' onward
from mists where the old folks be.
An' I wonder if our own children is think
in' of Jane an' me.
If they heard some organ sendin' the
song "They Miss Me at Home"
Through the holy Christmas morning
through the holy Christmas gloam,
If they heard their children shoutin' an'
pleasure beside their toys,
Would they think once more o' the home
'stead, where they lived when girls
an' boys.
The young has the world before 'em but
we've lived our lives behind
A dim, dear land o' memories, where even
I keep in mind
Wee, faded clothes in the attic, broken
toys long laid away.
As I watch Jane fixin' knickknacks for
the dinner on Christmas day.

—Will T. Hale

ELECTRIC CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Still New Enough to Have Novelty Element Dear to Americans.

Electric Christmas gifts still possess that element of novelty dear to the American heart and thus solve the problem of giving Christmas gifts that are different. Imagine how pleased most men would be to receive an electric shaving cup or electric cigar lighter instead of neckties, socks and handkerchiefs as usual.

A toaster for grandmother, a sock iron for mother's 5 o'clock tea, a chafing dish for the college girl, a shoe shine for the bachelor, a [illegible] for the [illegible] and so on to the end of the list. [illegible] the power for running a sewing machine.

The presence of an electric iron later on in life adds a touch of something different and something better. The electric tea samovar is rapidly becoming quite the thing for the modern tea table.

"Wassail! Drinkael!"

The wassail bowl which is still used in some old European families at Christmas, succeeded the skull of the Norseman's foe as a drinking vessel. In these old wassail bowls, some specimens of which are of brown ware and others of massive silver, were placed the ale, the ginger, the sugar, the nutmeg and the roasted crab apples. Where the old custom still prevails the ale is served spiced and sweetened in the wassail bowl, but the apples are omitted.

Still Bring in the Boar's Head.

The ancient Christmas ceremony of bringing in the boar's head is regularly performed on Christmas afternoon in the hall of Queen college, Oxford, England. The head is borne in on a silver dish, shoulder high, at the head of a procession formed by the college choir augmented for the occasion singing "The Boar's Head Song."

SHORT AND SHARP.

Woman is the architect of her own fortune—and his.

Only a woman of tact can smile when she hears a rival praised.

The only thing that's cheap about the European war is talk.

Even if it does not gather moss the rolling stone can often stir up a lot of dust.

In some human relations the man higher up represents the lower order of morals.

Food speculation never becomes ominous until they begin to speculate where to get it.

Probably the secret of happiness is to convert yesterday's disgust into spiritual sunshine today.

If women know everything by intuition how does it happen they make so many matrimonial blunders?

It is becoming more and more difficult for the villain of a play to identify himself as the villain by smoking a cigarette.

In some churches they pray for the widows and the orphans, but as a rule more wives are in need of prayers than widows.

Soldiers killed the man whose net helped to bring about the war which may be taken as an indication of how a good many persons in Europe feel about it.

The Royal Box.

King Constantine of Greece is an enthusiastic pedestrian. He has tramped incognito through many of the countries in Europe.

Queen Mary of England is a practical housekeeper in every sense of the word. She is acquainted with each detail of the management of her household.

The king of the Belgians is the greatest coffee drinker of the royal houses of Europe. His majesty drinks coffee after any meal in the morning before breakfast and in the afternoon.

The Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, the youngest sovereign in Europe, has so far refused all her suitors. She is extremely beautiful, very talented, very intelligent and possessed of a strong will. She is the richest heiress in Europe.

Echoes of the War.

When will Europe get weary of "filling up the gaps?"—New York Sun.

The news from the belligerent nations is that the fight must go on to the end. But what will be the end?—Philadelphia Press.

All that is known of the condition of the sultan of Turkey is that he does not yet feel like being moved to Asia.—Washington Star.

It is estimated that the cost of war for another year will be about $33,000,000,000 and almost as many heartaches.—Kansas City Times.—Philadelphia Press.

Neither side to the horrible controversy in Europe must be allowed to destroy the laws for the protection of the lives and rights of neutrals neither side nor both together.—Chicago News.

Train and Track.

Buffalo is to have a new train shed for the Lehigh Valley road 837 feet in length.

Russian railways represent a mileage of 61,000, just twice that of the railways in the United Kingdom.

Six per cent of the line of a railroad being built in Switzerland will be over bridges and 13.5 per cent through tunnels.

Fewer railway passengers and fewer employees were killed in accidents in 1914 than in any year since the law that requires such accidents to be reported went into force. For 9.2 million more miles they were [illegible] employees as a rule of [illegible] passengers as a rule of [illegible] officials.

Woman's World.

During the last year there were 592 women studying medicine in the United States.

Philadelphia has thirty mothers' leagues in various parts of the city where girls are taught the care of infants.

Nearly 90,000 women are employed by the telephone systems in the United States, while woman telegraph operators number over 8,000.

Fifteen Japanese women newspaper and magazine writers of Tokyo are forming a woman's press club—the first organization of its kind in the far east.

Short Stories.

Taffeta is so called after a street in Bagdad.

Nearly a quarter of Australia has not been visited by civilized man.

The value of the total mineral production of Alaska from 1880 to 1914 was $208,151,000.

The average height of the male Japanese adult is five feet three and one-half inches, while that of the woman is six inches less.

There are shells on the seashore of Barbados so small that a hundred of them can be laid on a space covering only an eighth of a square inch.

What Others Eat at Christmas

EVERY one is familiar with the viands that go to make up the Christmas dinner of the English speaking races—the turkey, goose, plum pudding and mince pie festivals but how many of us know what they eat at Christmas tide in foreign countries?

The Frenchman's Christmas bill of fare, for instance, is extensive and varied and in many respects quite different from our own. The great Gallic national dishes are truffled turkey and black puddings, of which every Frenchman who can afford such luxuries makes a very hearty meal at Yuletide.

In Russia the Christmas meal consists largely of two dishes—one of wheat porridge served with honey and the other a curious compound of stewed peans, apples, oranges, grapes and cherries, sweetened with honey and served cold.

Italians, too, are fond of rather sweet and indigestible dishes, especially at Christmas. One of their favorite combinations is that of eels, periwinkles and vermicelli, while the inevitable macaroni and spaghetti form, of course, the principal articles of food at all times.

The German Christmas dinner offers as its principal attraction the goose, without which your true German would feel that he had not had a real holiday feast. Germans, like Austrians and Poles, have a very sweet taste as evidenced by their numerous varieties of cake.

Notwithstanding the tendency in all countries to offer huge dinners at Christmas it would seem that every

BRINGING IN THE PEACOCK IN OLDEN TIMES

nation's holiday bill of fare is becoming simpler with the course of time. An interesting comparison may be made of the Christmas dinners formerly served in England and in this country with those of today, albeit the latter are by no means scanty.

The forbears of modern Englishmen first have possessed magnificent appetites. Their hospitality was conducted on a scale that would make the housekeeper of today shudder. The meal with which they commenced [illegible] appetizer [illegible] to prepare [illegible] food [illegible] of the [illegible] and fri[illegible] [illegible] was [illegible] with the dis[illegible] that followed not [illegible] The feast was be[illegible] by [illegible] trumpets. The boar's head itself was carried, sometimes on [illegible] dish, and the ban[illegible] bore at the head of a stately [illegible] of guests.

Then came the peacock which was served even more sumptuously than the boar's head with a garnishing of rosemary and bays and its tusks ornamented with burnished gilding. This is how they used to prepare the peacock for the feast. When it had been roasted and dressed with a stuffing of sweet herbs and spices and basted with the yolks of eggs it was sewed into its feathers, its beak was gilded and it was borne to the festive hall by dames of high degree accompanied by the strains of minstrelsy.

Other features of the old time Christmas dinner included geese, turkeys, capons, pheasants, sirloins of beef and haunches of venison. That these were washed down with gallons of ale and wine goes without saying. Indeed, anything might be written of the epicurean [illegible] of the old English dinner.—Harper's Weekly.

Wilson's Motto

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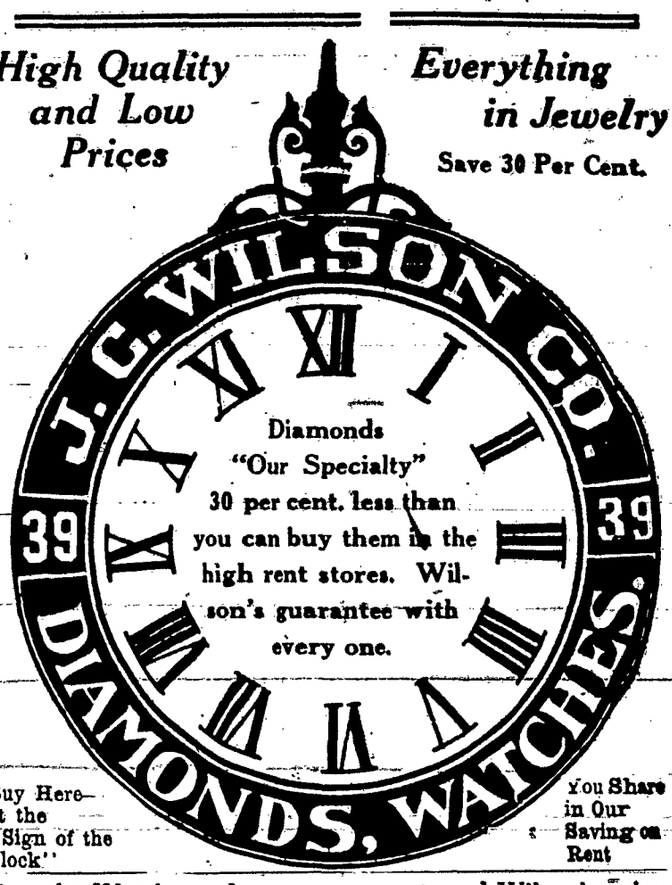

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