darkened when necessary. Often the glare of too much light in a large room is as depressing to a patient as the stuffiness of a small one. Once a day the patient should be well wrapped up, and the room aired, no matter what the weather may be. Rugs are better than carpets, and a good matting better than either. Bentwood or wicker furniture is preferable to that which is upholstered.

Every day, if possible, there should be a change in the general effect produced by rearranging chairs or by changing the place of pictures or by hanging new ones. But the value of this will be lost unless the changes are made when the patient is unconscious of them. Do not always have the bed dressed exactly the same. Change the white counterpane for one that has some colour.

If the health of the sick person permits it, shift the bed occasionally from one side of the room to another, or change the head for the foot. All these things break the monotony of the sick room, and assist as much as medicine in bringing back the normal condition of health and spirits.

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Woman's Pocket Guard.

The first device by which a woman's pocket may be found when wanted, and kept shut when pick-pockets are around, is the invention of a man, Mr Percy C. D. Blake, of Brooklands, Cheshire. It consists of a scissors-shaped spring, which is sewn inside the opening of the pocket. The upper portion of the spring, which corresponds to the handles of the scissors, remains open when the lower or blade portion is shut. The contrivance is so arranged that when the dress is in use it can only be opened by the wearer. But when the dress is hanging in the clothes closet, even a man can find the pocket, and what is more—open it.

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More Courtesy Wanted.

Among the peculiarities of a busy age, a tendency to discourage the practice of the little courtesies which tend to make life sweeter and finer is noted. In business circles someone has actually gone on record as favouring the abolishment of the time-honoured "Dear Sir" and "Yours very truly" from business letters, and has misapplied much valuable time and effort in an estimate of the time consumed in these little matters of courteous usage.

Not only in business, however, but in home and social life, there seems an inclination to omit many small attentions to others which were once considered essential to good breeding. It is not a lack of kindly feeling which causes this condition, but it is rather the result of the high pressure under which most of us are living. Innumerable interests and duties fill the days, and it is inevitable that sooner or later something must be crowded out. So absorbed do we become in the pursuit of various objects—something of supreme importance, it seems to us—that insensibly we drift into a state of carelessness and indifference as to those with whom we come in contact, and eventually we miss much of the beauty and charm of living, without realizing just what has brought about the change.

Was it not Emerson who said, "Life is never so short but there is time enough for courtesy?" And another said, "Is not the life more than meat?" Of what advantage are possessions, whether material or intellectual, if one has forfeited the love of those nearest or has failed to find in the great sea of human faces some which brighten with pleasure at his approach?

Most of us are willing factors in the busy world, and desire to contribute in some degree to the sum total of human progress, but is it necessary to sacrifice all that is best in life to that end? Better that some things should wait, to be performed perhaps by other hands, than that such should occur.

There is not too much of genuine courtesy, but too little. Its absence may be noted everywhere, in homes and schools, in the shops, on the cars, at the summer resorts, even in the churches, where of all places care and hurry should be left outside. We would resent the implication that we were remiss in any respect toward those bound to us by the ties of love and companionship, yet it is oftener the sin of omission than that of commission which is recorded against us by our dear ones.

Example is contagious, especially among children. It is useless to attempt to teach a child "politeness," as it is often called, unless the mother or teacher is herself an object lesson of the same. Unless one is himself courteous he cannot and will not inspire that quality in others. Yet there is nothing in life which so successfully smooths the sharp angles which so often confront us as genuine courtesy. We respect the man or woman who is civil to us, and their influence over us for good is incalculable. Very different emotions are roused by those who pursue the opposite course. Is it not worth while to cultivate more courtesy rather than allow it to relapse into oblivion?

The Servant Scored.

A servant girl happened to be engaged at a farmhouse where the mistress was known to have a rather hasty temper. On the first Saturday night the girl was told to clean the boots and shoes for Sunday. Coming into the kitchen a short time afterwards, the mistress, seeing that the maid had cleaned her own boots first, was so enraged that she lifted them and threw them into a tub of water which stood near. The servant made no sign; but when all the boots were cleaned she also lifted them and threw them into the tub of water. "Why, whatever possessed you to do that?" gasped the mistress, in a fury. "Oh, I jist thocht it was the fashion o' the house," calmly replied the girl.

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Is Woman Over-Acting?

That kaleidoscopic and incomparable creature, the modern woman, in her ambition to annex the cherished rights of man—his professions, his neckties, and everything that is his—is going a step too far. Her admirers, in the opinion of one of 'em, find occasion for shedding tears of regret over her latest excursion into a radical domain, dominated hitherto exclusively by men.

The upsetting announcement comes to us from a prominent woman's college that a female 'varsity crew awaits us in the too near future, the modern woman as stroke, and her sisters at the oars to appear in the athletic outfit of jersey and knickerbockers.

The century has done nothing better than its advancement of the independence and equality of women. Public prejudice has capitulated to the radiant charms of the athletic girl in tailor-made clothes, and the woman of to-day has proved that she can do pretty much as she pleases, and that no one has either the right or the disposition to protest.

But the modern woman, "drunk with the dream of easy conquest," courts her own downfall when she refuses to recognise a limit to her Alexander-like yearning for more worlds to conquer.

In the revolt against excessive feminity, the breaking away from the dull confines of domesticity, women are over-acting the part.

The extremists among them who advocate football coiffures and exaggerated biceps are in a fair way to bring about a reaction in favour of the girl whose dignity and womanliness are not imperilled by a participation in double-scull races or an appearance in the tenacious jersey and the unanimous knickerbockers.

The twentieth century woman, provided with all the modern improvements, is drifting too far from her original moorings not to alarm the cold outsider who cherishes the tradition that women are feminine creatures in fascinating petticoats, and to whom her induction into masculine identity is the shock of finding things not what they seem.

The wail of the Philistine is heard in the land that our too modern sisters, and our cousins, and our aunts are missing the point of their individual existences in rushing into the arena in regatta clothes, and surrendering the sweet charm with which one's fancy clothes them for the struggles of the boat training squad.

The modern woman, I confess it