

Chat of the Boudoir.

It means more to be a baby nowadays than ever before, says the N. Y. Sun. Babies are getting in society, and even an ordinary infant has far more dignity and importance than formerly. There are shops that deal only in babies' belongings, and there are babies' outfitters who design and undertake the providing of the proper togs for the infant. Like fashionable florists and milliners one has to have some social prestige to be a babies' outfitter, for there are few fashions coming in all the time for these young persons, and it is necessary to know just what the young Dukes, Duchesses and Princes in England, France and Russia are wearing in order to fit out an American baby in correct style.

Only the very crudest of mothers nowadays orders an infant's outfit from the shop at which she trades, even though it be without reproach. The babies' outfitter must be consulted, and the fashionable baby is started in life with some particular: of its own, a color, a style in caps or nurses, a distinctive fashion in its embroidery or lace that must be carried out in all its belongings. All this makes a baby far more interesting than in the old days when it was only a pink and puffy thing, dear to its mother but never understood by its father, and possessing absolutely no position outside the family circle.

It used to be that when a girl gave up her dolls she relinquished her last chance for really enjoying the delight of doll mothering, the dressing and undressing, the putting to bed and taking up immediately afterward, the spankings and all the other keen pleasures that the little mother of a big wax doll enjoys. For in the old days real babies were taken seriously, and somewhat relegated to the background so far as the public was concerned. Even their cradles were ponderous, stately affairs; their nurses were crochety or else maudlin old women that ruled with a rod of iron, and babydom was not the fairyland it is to-day.

Babies of modern times are frivolous society butterflies, gay as belles, beautifully gowned as brides with laces, jewels and above all individuality of their own. Their belongings in some cases are so numerous that they must be inventoried; their collections of jewels so large that a safe deposit vault must be taken to care for them and their lists of friers do so long that a secretary must be engaged to reply to the notes of congratulation and acknowledge the arrival of gifts, and flowers that are sent them.

Many fashionable babies find a ready-made bank account waiting for them with a tiny checkbook bound in white flexible covers, from which checks are sent out to various charities and orphan homes just as soon as the lucky infant opens its eyes to the golden sunshine about it. Then there are stocks and bonds presented to the modern baby before it is a day old, sometimes when its sex is gratifying to the giver of the gift.

Babies in these times have their own note paper and even visiting cards. Time was when a baby's mother sent out an announcement of its birth on a card inclosed in an envelope, the flap of which was ornamented with the engraving of a safety pin in silver or gold. This has grown to be very bad form among babies; it is considered almost as bad as illustrated stationery, which no baby who knows what is what will use under any circumstances. An up to date baby simply sends out its cards through a secretary with the name in full and the date of its arrival in the corner. The cards are diminutive; otherwise they have all the dignity of those used by grown-up folks.

Visiting cards have the babies name and its day at home, for babies have their days now and people who wish to see them must come at the designated time or will most probably find the infant out driving in the park or else asleep. When the nurse takes the baby for its airing each morning the infant frequently returns a call or pays a visit upon some other baby in its own set and in these cases the tiny card is sent in on a silver tray in thoroughly correct style.

The jewels and plate of the up to date baby are so numerous that a special vault is taken for them in the name of the lucky infant. Here, also its stocks and bonds or the valuable heirlooms that have come to it are placed. Sometimes a girl baby gets a string of pearls before she is a week old, and sometimes one single pearl is placed in the satin case and then within her vault to be added to, each year on the baby's birthday, so that when she makes her debut later on, she will have the necklace that no debutante must be without.

The baby's jewelry must remain in the

vault until it grows older, for although a child has heaps of studs and chains of rings and pins given it, it is an unwritten law that no diamonds or other stones must be worn by the properly cared for infant. Chains and studs and pins, like monograms are not used principally for the reason that they hurt the baby when it sleeps. Even lace and embroidery must be of the very softest and downiest variety, and some mothers banish pins and substitute silken tapes that tie the clothing in place.

But the babies' pins that are made up nowadays in silver and gold with protected points, are so small and light that they can be used with perfect comfort to the ruler of the nursery. Dozens of these, in assorted sizes, go in the outfit of a smartly frocked child and are really the only jewelry allowed it. Its mugs and plates, its pap bowls and spoons must all be stowed away until the baby is grown. Even its silver 'pusher,' invented in Boston is put away until the baby can take up the serious work of propelling it intelligently. Rattles are retained for immediate use, for the reason that they are the only toy that a young baby has any use for.

The baby's toilet accessories are of quite as much importance as those of a grown up beauty. Of course, they are diminutive and very pretty. The bath is of silver and the toilet things, the combs and brushes, the powder puffs and manicure implements are of ivory or pearl in preference to silver or gold. Every baby of any importance has its own weighing machine, sometimes of silver with a little cradlelike arrangement in which the baby can rest while its weight is being ascertained each day after the bath.

The days are past when a baby was tied in a bundle and suspended from a scale, like a ham. The weighing machines come in unpretentious nickel plate as well as in the silver which only very swell babies can afford. But the weight must be watched and in the case of an important baby it is recorded each day in the baby's diary, kept by the nurse and copied afterward by the secretary in the Baby's book.

He Caught the Car.

The man dashed down the street after the retreating car.

Every muscle was strained, his breath came in quick gasps, the beads of moisture stood out upon his forehead. His feet were working like the pedals on a bicycle. He only touched the ground in the mere allitundous places.

'I'll catch—that—street—car, he gasped, 'er die.'

Faster went the street car. Faster went the man.

He overturned fruit stands and aged blind men in his wild career. He knocked down children and trampled upon them. But onward he rushed. He collided with a baby buggy. The baby was knocked into the street. The mother of the child picked it up. She pointed a finger at the disappearing form of the man. 'Murderer!' she hissed through her clinched teeth.

He draws nearer to the car. Nearer yet. He reaches out his hand.

He touches the rail on the rear platform. He gives one last convulsive effort.

He is on the car.

He sinks breathless into a seat and mops his brow. The conductor touches him on the shoulder.

'Git offen here,' speaks the conductor. 'We're a-goin' to ther barn. No more cars tonight.'

A Problem That Won't Stay Solved.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine of Chicago, whose scheme of employing servants by relay, and only for certain prescribed hours, attracted such attention a few months ago, has had to give it up. Report has it that after faithfully testing the plan, Mrs. Blaine, retired to the country this summer, a perfect wreck—utterly worn out through her efforts to solve the servant question in a way hailed by theorists as his only salvation both for maid and mistress. Somewhat recuperated, Mrs. Blaine will venture back to Chicago this winter but her house, the scene of the late domestic experiments, will remain closed. She has taken an apartment; her meals will be taken at a restaurant, and whatever service she requires will be performed by the attendants of the apartment house. It begins to look as if the only way to get rid of the servant question was to get rid of the servants.

Stuck to His Bargain.

It is sometimes said of a manly boy who hates deceit, dishonesty and impurity, that he was born so. He inherits the good qualities of his ancestors. Blood will tell. However much this claim may be worth in any case, it is certain that some example and teaching are always largely responsible for a child's goodness or badness; but it is certain, too, that as soon as he knows right and wrong, and can choose between them, he begins to build his own character.

At the 'Old Cummins Jackson Mills' on the West Fork River, in what is now West Virginia, was living sixty-seven years ago a healthy boy who had very definite ideas of honor and a strong sense of right. Little Tom Jackson, like a good many other boys, was fond of fishing and equally fond of selling his fish whenever he could find customers.

In the village of Weston, three miles above the Mills, Conrad Kerster kept a small store and market. He had agreed with the boy to give him fifty cents for every pike a foot or more in length that he caught in the mill-pond.

The boy was only ten years old, but he made the contract in good faith, and as the sequel showed, he knew how to keep it.

As time went on a good many twelve inch pike were delivered at the market with mutual satisfaction to both parties to the trade. One day the boy was seen tugging through the village an enormous fish that almost dragged on the ground. It was two inches over a yard long. Colonel Talbott, a gentleman who knew the young fisherman very well, hailed him and complimented him on his success.

'A noble fish, Tom! Where are you going with it? I want to buy it.'

'It's sold to Mr. Kerster,' said the boy, without stopping.

'That can't be. He hasn't seen it. Say, I will give you a dollar for it.'

'I tell you it's sold. 'Tisn't mine.'

'What is Kerster going to give you for it?'

'Fifty cents!' shouted Tom, still keeping on his way.

The colonel called after him, 'I'll give you a dollar and a quarter.'

Tom turned a moment with an indig look, and replied, 'if you get any of this pike you'll have to get it of Mr. Kerster,' and on he went bending under his load, till he reached the store.

Mr. Kerster was astonished. 'Fifty cents isn't enough for that fish,' he said. 'I shall have to give you a dollar.'

'No, sir, it's yours at fifty cents,' insisted Tom. 'I'll not take any more. You've been kind enough to pay me for some that are pretty short; and fifty cents was the price paid for the big pike.'

This story Mr. Kerster himself in his old age, related to his nephew, Judge M. Whorter, who gave it to the Chicago Standard.

The fine conscience and keen sense of honor that ruled the boy fixed the habit of his life time. The name by which he became known to the world was 'Stonewall Jackson.'

If a man put in the savings bank for her all the money he spent on theatres, suppers, flowers, candy and such things for a girl she wouldn't look at him.

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One Obstacle Overcome. Willie was a bright boy, of an inventive turn of mind. At the age of eight or ten he was seized with the 'perpetual motion' idea and began to make all sorts of queer machines, despite the advice of his father, who told him of men that had devoted their lives to a vain search for perpetual motion.

'It violates the first principles of mechanics, my boy,' said his father. Action and reaction are equal, as you will understand some day. When you can pull yourself up by your bootstraps, you may hope to invent a machine that will start itself and run without stopping.

The next day Willie came to his father in great excitement and told him he had done it—had pulled himself up by his bootstraps.

'Its no trick at all,' he said, as he led the way to the barn, where he showed his bewildered father a pair of old boots nailed, soles up, to a beam overhead.

There he exclaimed, as he climbed on a box reached up, ran his fingers through the straps of the boots and pulled himself up. 'What do you think of that?'

Willie's father did not reply in words. Instead, he took a harness-strap, and then there tenses gave an imitation of perpetual motion which required no elaborate apparatus.

Landlady (frigidly)—You seem to be examining that egg very critically, Mr. Slopay. Is there anything wrong about it?'

Mr. Slopay—Not at all, Mrs. Hashu. I was only looking for the wishbone; that's all—Puck.

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