

The Sweet Swift Years

They are slipping away—these sweet, swift years.

Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them one by one as they go
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread

Or an arrow's flying gleam;
As soft as the languorous breezes bid,
That lift the willow's long golden lid,
And ripple the glassy stream.

As long as the breath of the thistle-down,

As fond as the lover's dream;
As pure as the flush in the sea shell's throat

As sweet as the wood-bird's wooing note

So tender and sweet they seem.

One after another we see them pass
Down the dim-lighted stair;

We hear the sound of their steady tread
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,

As beautiful and as fair.

There are a few years left to love,
Shall we waste them in idle strife;

Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet

By the dusty ways of life?

There are only a few swift years—ah, let

No envious taunts be heard;
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,

And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,

But never an angry word.

A Cure for Gossip

Mrs. J. W. Wheeler

A woman whom we call Mrs. John once took a decided stand in the matter of gossip. After the death of her husband's mother she came to live at the old home where John had been "born and raised," where he knew everybody and everybody knew him. Her husband warned her "not to get into hot water," that they were good people and meant well but that they were inveterate gossips.

Soon, very soon, her boy came to her with a shocked expression and the information that "Cousin A—once had stolen a sheep," we will call that the offense, "Sam's mother said so, wasn't it awful?" Telling the boy there might be some mistake, but in any case he was not to mention it again, she resolved to explode once and for all times her anti-gossip bomb.

She sought out Sam's mother and spoke somewhat in this wise: "My boy came to me much excited over what you told before him about Cousin A—. It may be perfectly true, but what I want to say is this, that I have come to live among my husband's people, that I want to be friends with you all and I want my children to be friends with your children. If any of the family or old neighbors have sowed a crop of wild oats, fifty or one hundred years ago, I cannot see how the knowledge of it can help or interest us, but I can see how it can be a positive harm. I do not want my boy and girl to be in a position to refer to that poor defunct sheep when they are 'mad' with Cousin A—'s boys and girls. If any of us are burdened with family secrets of an unpleasant character we will be tempted to take sides. That would be a pity, as, no doubt, there are hard feelings enough now without adding to them. Neither do I want to be informed, and what may be more to the point do I want my children to be informed, that their father was 'sweet upon So-and-So.' He may have been desperately in love with half a dozen who lived in this town, and we are sure to meet some of them, and for myself I intend to be sublimely unconscious of all such ancient history. I want to be friends with you all, and I hope you will take what I say in a kindly spirit and also pass it on to others. I will not listen to gossip, or allow my children to listen. I will keep them in their own yard at all times outside of school hours, if necessary, but I hope it will not be, but that you all will co-operate with me in this."

The result? Yes, a decided frost at first, but as John's wife was a valuable addition to the community, a gifted woman and a charming hostess, they thawed out in the course of time. She selected her guests regardless of the fact that Mrs. A—had not spoken to Mrs. B—for years, and she and John had many a private chuckle over the misfits of their little parties. It was a small Hague, with the good results minus the tedious proceedings, for some feuds were broken, old friendships were patched up, and after a time there resulted a much pleasanter feeling in the neighborhood than had existed for many years. "I'm so glad you moved here," said more than one of John's friends, "we needed a missionary among us, only we did not

The Return Visit

"There seems to be one thing wrong about your slumming Edith," said Mr. Canfield, as his wife finished the story of her afternoon spent in the tenements. "None of the people you visit return your calls."

"Of course not," said Mrs. Canfield, who did not quite like her husband's jokes about her philanthropies.

"Why 'of course'?" asked Mr. Canfield, "Isn't that the custom in polite society? Why should not the cards of Mrs. Michael O'Tool and Madame Macaroni and Mrs. Owskeyowskey rest with the bunch you cherish and sigh over when you count up your social duties? I am sure those women are less absurd and

implied? You might ask the minister about that."

"No," said she, "I don't want to ask any one but you. Would you be willing I should ask Mrs. Grenovski—you did not get the name quite correct—to come and spend the day here?"

"Why, yes, and the old man and the kids, too. I probably shall be busy, but—"

"No, you shall not be busy. I will see to that. They shall be invited on Decoration day. He will have a holiday, and so will you. And we will bestow our flowers on them."

"All right, Edith. I'm no quitter. I'll see it through."

They came, the whole family, the dresses starched stiff and the faces scrubbed till they shone. The narrow-chested tailor and his thin, pale wife were shy, but not uncouth. The children were painfully polite. The dinner occupied them, with little time for conversation, till five-year-old Alexis sank back with a sigh, and said "Gee, but I'm full!" which greatly distressed his mother, but pleased Mr. Canfield. And after the meal the whole juvenile portion of the family formed a procession, and marching round the table in a way that showed industrious drilling, solemnly saluted first Mrs. Canfield, and then, at the other end of the table, her husband, shaking hands with each, and saying, "Tank you for de dinner, an' all!"

It was the funniest, sincerest little comedy ever invented, and the memory of it delighted Mr. Canfield for many a day.

But it did more than that. Mr. Canfield secured for the tailor a position that paid a little better wage, and, what was more, gave him light air. And he made a suggestion concerning his wife which proved fruitful.

"You know," said he to Mrs. Canfield, "I believe half the matter with that woman is her teeth. I noticed when she ate, and I don't see how she can live and nourish a baby with so little opportunity to chew her food. And didn't you say she suffered from neuralgia besides? Now if that club of yours wants to do something worth while, buy her a set of teeth. Don't you have an artificial teeth fund, with all the rest? Well, you can create one. I'll give five toward it, and I'll see Doctor Deming, and he will make the teeth at cost."

The thing was done, and it proved a success. The next visit of the Grenovskis showed more of color in the cheeks of both father and mother. And the procession, which formed at the gate in the regular and rehearsed order, passed Mr. Canfield, who happened to stand nearer, and saluted first Mrs. Canfield, and then in regular order her husband saying "Tank you for de teet, an' all!"

Burden Bearers

Helen M Richardson

Weep not when sorrow burdens with its pain;

Go forth and take earth's toilers by the hand.

Forget the joy your soul had hoped to gain,

And help a friend his cross to understand.

The woes of life press heavily alone
On those who walk apart and nurse their grief.

They who can suffer and still make no moan

Find in that self-control most sure relief.

Burdens are many and the one who finds

Room on his shoulder for a brother's load,

And with true courage and a brave smile binds

It closely to him spite of sting or goad.

Ah, who shall dare to say that in the race

He wins not, be his station high or low?

'Tis aye the burden bearer sets the pace;

'Tis God who judges where the prize shall go.

Household Suggestions--Western Home Monthly Recipes

Carefully selected recipes will be published each month. Our readers are requested to cut these out and paste in scrap book for future reference.

TOMATO SALAD

Pour off juice of 1 can of tomatoes; mix with remaining tomato pulp $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch, 1 teaspoonful mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper, 2 eggs, well beaten, and boil; when boiling add juice of tomatoes. Serve cold.

CHEESE AND RICE FRITTERS

1 cupful boiled rice,	$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful grated cheese
grains distinct	2 tablespoonfuls milk or melted
1 egg (beaten light)	butter
1 teaspoonful baking	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt
powder	2 tablespoonfuls pastry flour

Lard and butter mixed to fry in.

WALNUT CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful butter	$1\frac{3}{4}$ cupfuls flour
1 cupful sugar	$2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls baking powder
3 eggs (yolks)	3 eggs (whites)
$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful milk	$\frac{3}{4}$ cupful walnut meats
	(broken in pieces)

Mix ingredients in order given. Bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven. Cover with white icing, crease in squares and put $\frac{1}{2}$ walnut on each square.

UNFERMENTED WINE

Fifteen pounds Concord grapes, 5 lbs. granulated sugar. After removing the grapes from stems, wash them and cover with water, say $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; boil until the stones are separated; drain first through colander, then through a jelly bag; add the sugar to the juice and bring to the boil. Cork bottles carefully and seal with paraffin wax.

ICING

2 tablespoonfuls butter	1 cupful icing sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful cocoa	$\frac{1}{4}$ cupful thin cream

Boil about 5 minutes, add pinch salt, then beat until creamed; flavor with vanilla.

know it." Can you doubt that John's wife felt repaid for her unpleasant interview with "Sam's mother" and her temporary unpopularity?

Cheer Up

Cheer Up! If there is sunshine in the heart it makes but little difference how much the heavens weep.

Cheer Up! The way to chase the clouds from one's own heart is to try to lighten the burden that rests upon the heart of another.

Cheer Up! If, in the midst of perplexity, one does not know just what to do, it is said to be a sign that the Lord doesn't wish one to do anything.

Cheer Up! Be sure of this; there is a turn in the longest lane and a summit to the highest hill.

very much more interesting than some people now on your calling list. And besides, if there is any religion in this thing, I think that would be what religiously might be called the square deal. This thing of going down to see Mrs. Owskeyowskey and asking her if her husband drinks, and what she puts into the soup, and not letting her come here and ask you the same, does not strike me as reciprocity?"

Mrs. Canfield thought a little, and then said, "George, I can't tell half the time when you get to joking about my charities whether you are just a little bit serious or not. Are you, now, just a little bit in earnest?"

"Certainly!" replied her husband. "Very much more than a little bit. If the thing is worth doing, it is worth doing on the square. How does that verse in the Bible read, 'And ye visited me'? Isn't there a verse that says that? Well, how about paying the calls? Isn't that sort of