

Woman and the Home

The Twilight Witch

The twilight witch comes with her stars
And strews them through the blue;
Then breathes below the sunset bars
A breath of meadow rue;
She trails her veil across the skies
And mutters in the trees,
And in the wood, with fiery eyes,
She wakes the mysteries.
The twilight witch, with elf and fay,
Is coming down the slumber way.
Sleep, my dearie, sleep.

The twilight witch with windlike tread
Has entered in the room;
She steals around your trundle bed
And whispers in the gloom.
She says: "I brought my steed along
My fairy steed of gleams,
To bear you, like a breath of song,
Into the land of dreams.
I am the witch who takes your hand
And leads you off to fairyland,
The far off land of sleep."

All in the Family

Perhaps Jonathan Higgs did not know he was a hard man with his family. It is possible to look at things from a selfish angle so long that you grow blind to everything except your own wants. One day early in spring, when Jonathan was ready to drive into town, his wife gave him thirty-five dollars that she had been saving for months from her butter and egg money.

"Go to the furniture store," she said, "and get the new parlor carpet. They know the one, for I had them lay it away for me a month ago."

All day Mrs. Higgs went about her work singing. But when Jonathan came there was no roll of carpet in the wagon; instead, hitched to the back of the wagon, was a new cultivator.

"I found just the cultivator I needed," he explained, glibly. "I didn't think I could afford to get it until you gave me that thirty-five dollars."

"But my carpet?" His wife's eyes were wet, and she bit her lip to keep it from trembling.

"Oh, the old one'll do!" he said, with light contempt. "What's the use of spending money for a carpet? It ain't good to eat, and it don't make you any money. Now that cultivator will make me a hundred bushels more corn."

"But it was my money." Tears at her disappointment and her husband's injustice could not be kept back longer. "O pshaw," said Jonathan, lightly, "it's all in the family!"

The old carpet was full of holes, so Mrs. Higgs tore it up, and left the floor bare all summer. But Jonathan did not mind at all. The crops were good, and one day in the fall Mrs. Higgs and one of the girls went to town to buy the week's supplies. All the men were busy sowing wheat.

The farmer wrote a check for a hundred and sixty dollars, and gave it to his wife.

"Maria," he said, "get this cashed at the bank; then go to the hardware store, pay them a hundred dollars, and tell them to send out that gasoline engine they were showing me. It is too hard work for me and the boys to pump water for all the stock this winter. And stop at the clothing store and tell Mr. Jones to send me that suit I tried on. Get him to take off two dollars if you can. And you can pay that thirty-dollar account at the grocery store, too."

It was dark when Mrs. Higgs and Mary drove up that evening, and when Jonathan went out he was astonished to see a new buggy trailing along behind the wagon. And there were other things in the wagon that gave him a further shock.

"Maria," he asked, sharply, "did you order that engine?"

"No."

"Did you get my suit?"

"No." She handed the lines to one of the boys. "Nor I didn't pay the grocery account," she said, coolly. "You can't eat

a suit nor a gasoline engine nor a receipted bill, and they don't make you any money.

"I got a new buggy to save wear on the wagon, a new parlor carpet that will save coal by keeping the floor warmer, and a new range that'll cook food right. And I got a new churn and a lot of kitchen things to help me and the girls do the work—they will keep us from wearing out, and save funeral expenses."

"But it was my money, and I told you —" gasped the amazed Jonathan.

"Oh, yes," said Maria, lightly, "but it's all in the family. Take hold here, and you and the boys get these things unloaded."

There was something so resolute in her tone that he took hold, and held his tongue.

Are You Suffering From Poison

Sounds rather a strange question, doesn't it?

And very likely you think it doesn't apply to you. But consider a moment. Perhaps it does.

I expect you've often heard the expression that So-and-So's mind has been POISONED against somebody else.

We all know what that means. It means that evil thoughts have been put into So-and-So's mind.

And when we hear of it we deplore it. But I wonder if it ever occurs to us to speculate as to the number of times we poison our own minds.

We do, you know. We cultivate thoughts which work the deadliest harm on our characters, just as a slow poison would work havoc on our bodies.

Take, for example, the habit of jealousy. Some of us allow jealous thoughts to creep into our minds until they become so jaundiced that they are almost past praying for.

It is just as though we allowed a deadly poison to creep in and work destruction on all our finer instincts.

For jealousy can become a habit.

Its influence creeps on like a corrosive poison, and before we know where we are it has gained a tenacious hold.

But the thing to do is to prevent this.

I suppose there is hardly a woman among us who has not at some time or other felt herself ill-used by Fate.

And usually, just at the moment when we are feeling particularly sorry for ourselves, we can call to mind some acquaintance who seems specially blessed by Fate.

IT'S NATURAL that we should feel a little envious. But we must take care not to let this little germ of envy grow and ferment until it becomes an active poison.

I think there is no more unhappy person in all the world than the woman who lets herself become a prey to jealousy.

She cuts herself off from all joy.

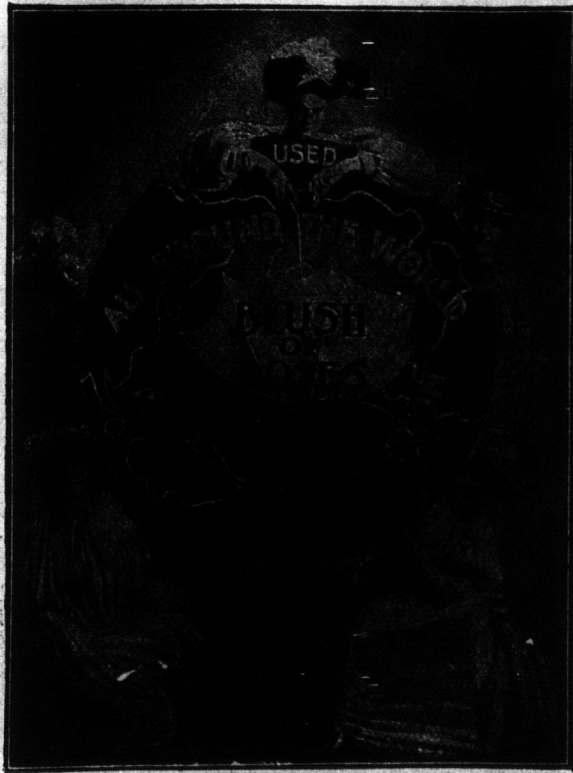
For she can extract no true pleasure out of anything she possesses or anything she does. "Comparisons are odious," indeed, when they lead to heart-burnings and jealousy!

Why not cultivate the habit of CONTENT? Or if we can't be completely contented with our own conditions, we can at least refrain from jealousy of others.

Life is a building. It rises slowly day by day, through the years. Every experience, every touch of another life on ours, every influence that impresses us, every conversation we have, every act of our commonest days, adds something to the invisible building.—J. R. Miller.

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