

## Woman and the Home

### The Village Seamstress

By Jeannie Pendleton Ewing.

Her little cottage, berry-brown,  
Looks on the street of Tinkletown;  
Her little needle, sharp and bright,  
Bobs up and down from morn till night;  
Her banded wheel is just a blur,  
So busily it turns for her.  
Scarce louder than the humming-bird  
That round her flowers this morning  
whirled,  
It works right well, this brisk machine,  
Doing the bidding of the queen.

To see her, all a day of toil,  
Pause not except to drip the oil  
Round screw and bearing, or to bring  
The iron, sleek and sputtering  
To do its office—is to see  
But little sign of sovereignty.  
But wait! A patron hurries in  
To stand in awe while hand and pin  
Join fast the pieces of her gown.  
No word the artist says—a frown  
Must take the place of smiles to-day;  
Her snapping scissors must not stay  
Until this crisis shall be past—  
Pray, is she not a queen at last?

She's sewed for many a village mite  
Its christening-gown of lacy white;  
She's sewed—and damped it with a tear—  
Its last white frock, uncrumpled, sheer.  
She orders what each bride shall wear  
With most expert and final air.  
Who dares consider foreign aid,  
The heresy of "ready-made,"  
Before her knowing, dauntless mien?  
Old, faded, poor, she still is queen.

She's seen a street of plank and clay  
Smooth to cement of neatest gray;  
For farmers' wagons jogging down,  
A motor blaring through the town.  
"Times change," she says, and changes,  
too,  
Her well-worn patterns for the new,  
Yet, trustful of her own good skill,  
Swings out her sign and queens it still.

Long live and prosper, little queen  
Should they depose you, it would mean  
Some pang for us when we should pass  
Where strut your poppies in the grass,  
Or your sweet peas—pink fairies—fill  
That tumbler on your window-sill;  
Or, when the north wind claps your pane,  
Your coal-fire bustles up again.  
Long may you fashion what we wear,  
And clip and plan with proper care—  
No stranger with conte ptuous frown  
Usurp your throne in Tinkletown!

### The Lodger

"Rent a room! O mother, I didn't  
suppose we'd ever have to take roomers!"

"I don't see what else we can do,  
Gertrude. We have dispensed with a  
maid and cut down expenses in every  
direction, and yet I fear the sum your  
father left with us will not last until he  
comes back. Now that we know his stay  
will be prolonged, I feel that we must not  
only save but earn, and I can't think of  
any more practical way than to rent the  
hall bedroom," Mrs. Markham sighed.

"How much longer did the doctor say  
in his letter that father would have to  
stay out there in Arizona?"

"Probably three months. His improve-  
ment is mu- slower than we hoped. I  
wish to write to him not to worry about  
our finances, that we are getting along all  
right, and I can say so truthfully if we  
rent that room for three dollars a week.  
That amount will materially help out."

"I suppose it's the only way, but it  
does seem hard that we have to turn our  
home into a lodging-house."

"One swallow doesn't make a sum-  
mer," quoth Mrs. Markham, "and I  
don't believe one roomer makes a lodging-  
house."

Gertrude smiled, but she still felt  
aggrieved, and when in a few days a  
young woman moved in, she ignored her  
presence in the house as much as possible.  
This was not difficult, for Miss Ray went  
out early in the morning each working-  
day, and did not return until evening.

One morning Gertrude was awakened  
by broad rays of sunlight pouring into her  
room, and she wondered why her mother  
had not called her as usual to their some-  
what early breakfast. Dressing hastily,  
she ran down-stairs and met Miss Ray  
coming up with a tray.

"Why, what—" she began, wondering.  
"Your mother has been so awfully good  
to me, bringing me toast and coffee these  
cold days before I go to work, and when  
she didn't come this morning, I knocked  
at her door and found that she had a  
severe headache."

"I've been sure you would, if you  
would only allow yourself to know her. I  
like her very much."

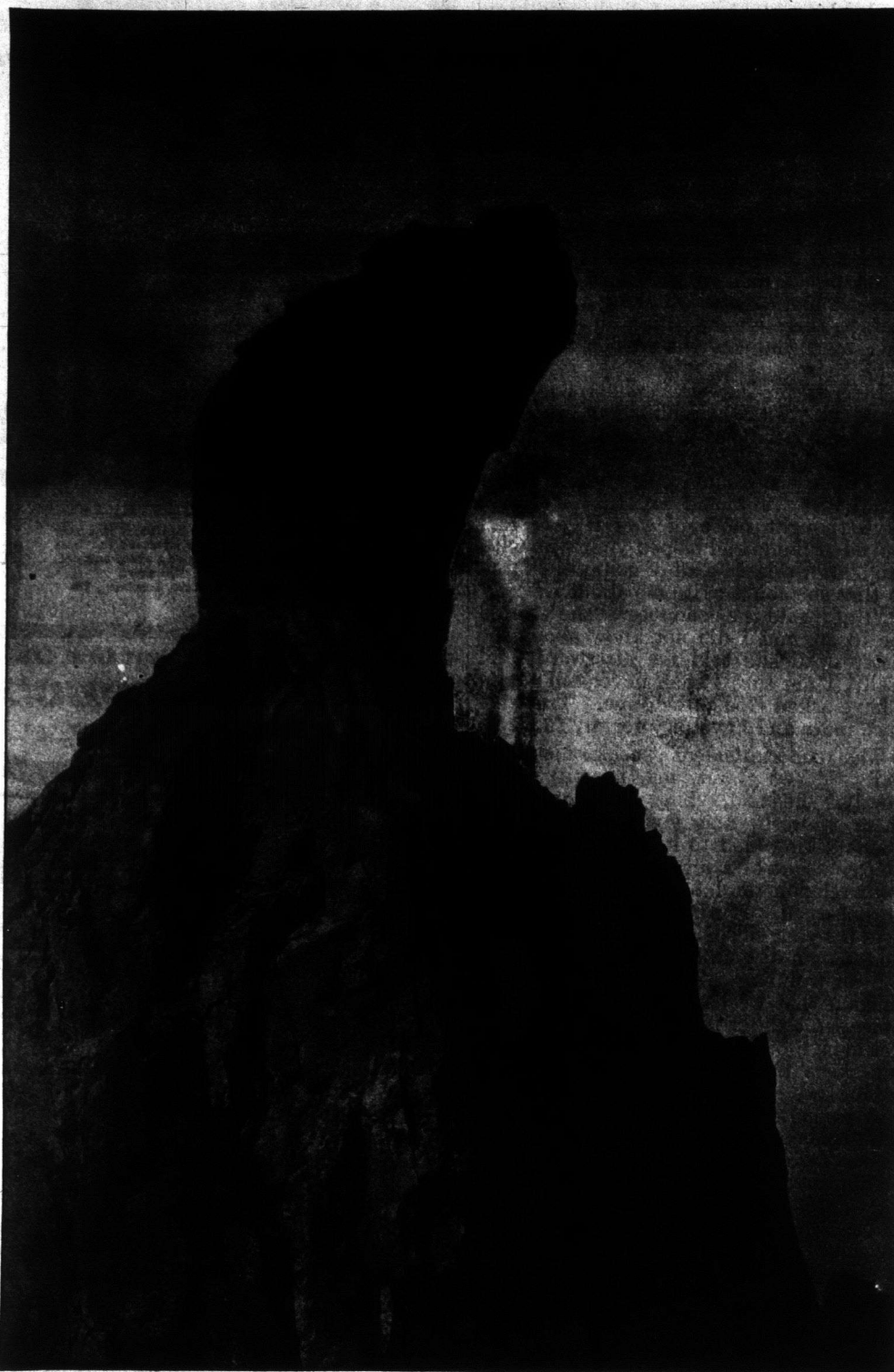
"Of course you do. You have enough  
love in your heart for everybody. You  
sly mother, you just couldn't help being  
good to her, could you, whether I wanted  
you to or not?"

"She is a lonely girl, making her own  
way, and she didn't realize, dear, that it  
was a heinous offense to be a roomer."

Gertrude joined rather shamefacedly in  
her mother's laughter. "Well, I'm going  
to forgive her for it, and try with you to  
make her feel that she has a home instead  
of a lodging."

### A Womanly Woman

To be placed in the corner of a young  
girl's mirror and read while she is making  
her toilette:



Peculiar Rock Tower on Bident Pass, Canadian Rockies

"So you are carrying her her break-  
fast," said Gertrude, flushing uncomfort-  
ably. "Shall I take the tray?"

"No, please let me. I'm so glad of a  
chance to do any little thing for your dear  
mother. She has been so good to me. I  
don't know what I should have done for  
loneliness if it hadn't been for her  
visits to my room evenings when you've  
been out. She is so sweet and merry, I  
love her, and I can't bear to think of her  
in pain."

"I haven't any right to feel angry or  
jealous," she said to herself, bitterly,  
"because she is kinder to mother than I  
am, for it's my own selfishness and laziness  
that has given her the opportunity."

That evening she paused a moment as  
she was preparing dinner and went into  
the sitting-room, where Mrs. Markham  
was lying down.

"I should like to ask Miss Ray to dine  
with us," she said, "if you feel well enough,  
mother?"

"Nothing would please me more."  
"I think I should like Miss Ray."

She cultivates reserve.  
She speaks ill of no one.  
She is loyal to her friends.  
She lives her mother's faith.  
She cares for her body as God's temple.  
She writes nothing that she may regret.  
She knows that nothing is more undig-  
nified than anger.

She knows that to love and be loved is  
her birthright—if she be but worthy of  
love.

### Needlework for Schoolgirls

The ability of a girl to do without  
teaching anything she is called on to do  
is pretty generally taken for granted.  
She imitates the country man who, being  
asked if he could play the violin, replied,  
"I guess so; I never tried!" Thousands  
of girls marry and set up housekeeping  
whose experience in cooking consists in  
making "fudge" and concocting a Welsh  
rabbit on a chafing-dish—pleasant eating  
in their place, but inadequate for the  
daily food of a hard-working husband.

The first week's mending-basket was a  
revelation to her of her own helplessness.

"I was tempted to stop the holes with  
court-plaster," she confessed afterward,  
"and I dare say it would have been as  
effective as what I managed to do."

Two generations ago in a famous school  
for girls in an Eastern city sewing was an  
important part of the curriculum. The  
first task of a new student was the making  
of a shirt for father or brother. Every  
stitch in that shirt was set by a thread.  
If a seam had to be ripped a dozen times,  
it must be fit for the closest inspection.  
This zeal on the part of the school was  
sometimes excelled in the home.

A tradition lingers in one family of a  
daughter who went to that school when  
she was six years old. So well did she  
sew at that age that she was excused  
from making the shirt, and set at once to  
a bit of fine needlework—a wide muslin  
collar, covered with embroidery as ex-  
quisite as lace.

The promise of the six-year-old child  
was richly fulfilled, and her needle was  
for a long lifetime a high satisfaction to  
herself and a joy to her fortunate family  
and friends. Sewing was never a slavery  
to her, but always a fascinating creative  
occupation. The patch on a jacket, the  
darn of a stocking or the embroidery of a  
gown or a napkin were alike welcome calls  
upon her capable fingers. When people  
spoke of her ability to turn off sewing,  
she used to say:

"That's because I know how to sew.  
I know how because I was taught. Skil-  
ful hands, even better than many hands,  
make light work!"

### A Place to Play

Plenty of room for dives and dens (glitter  
and glare and sin),  
Plenty of room for prison pens (gather  
the criminals in),  
Plenty of room for jails and courts (willing  
to pay)

But never a place for the lads to race; no,  
never a place to play!

Plenty of room for shops and stores  
(mammon must have the best),  
Plenty of room for the running sores that  
rot in the city's breast  
Plenty of room for the lures that lead the  
hearts of our youth astray,  
But never a cent on a playground spent;  
no, never a place to play!

Plenty of room for schools and halls,  
plenty of room for art,  
Plenty of room for teas and balls, platform,  
stage and mart.  
Proud is the city—she finds a place for  
many a fad to-day,  
But she's more than blind if she fails to  
find a place for the boys to play!

Give them a chance for innocent sport,  
give them a chance for fun—  
Better a playground-plot than a court  
and a jail when the harm is done.  
Give them a chance—if you stint them  
now, to-morrow you'll have to pay  
A larger bill for a darker ill, so give them  
a chance to play!

—Denis A. McCarthy.

"Children should be seen and not  
heard."  
"Not nowadays. Think of the fright-  
ful English we parents would be using if  
we didn't have our children to correct  
us."

"Don't you know, Emily, that it is not  
proper for you to turn around and look  
after a gentleman?"

"But, mamma, I was only looking to  
see if he was looking to see if I was look-  
ing."

Miller's Worm Powders act mildly and with-  
out injury to the child, and there can be no  
doubt of their deadly effect upon worms.  
They have been in successful use for a long  
time and are recognized as a leading prepara-  
tion for the purpose. They have proved their  
power in numberless cases and have given  
relief to thousands of children, who, but for  
the good offices of this superior compound,  
would have continued weak and enfeebled.