

THE
COOK'S
FAVORITE

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

UNEQUALLED
IN
PURITY
STRENGTH
AND
UNIFORMITY



The Home Beautiful

Comfort

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet,
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet!
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
In reach of Thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
Whose songbird seeks the wood for evermore,
Is sung to in its ste. . . by mother's mouth,
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

From "Queen's Gardens"

There never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question (the true constant duty of woman) quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of intellect or virtue, seem never to have been yet estimated with entire consent. We hear of the "mission" and of the "rights" of woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of man.

Such, in broad light, is Shakespeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counsellors—incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save.

You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armor by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth, that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails.

Ruskin.

The Mother Instinct

"Oh, how sorry I am," said a famous woman whom I once interviewed, "to see Teddy bears, instead of dolls, in the hands of little girls. It will retard a child's instinct to her mother and care for something. Give a little girl a doll and she sets to work to sew for it, to care for it, and to furnish a playhouse for it. All this is developing the future mother and good housekeeper in her—and that is what our nation or any other nation must have to succeed—strong efficient mothers who are good cooks and good housekeepers."

Mother's Prayer

By John E. Dolson.

Giver of every perfect good,
O Father who has granted me
The holy joy of motherhood,
Thrilled with high hope I kneel to Thee.
Wisdom and intuition grant
To understand his son of mine
Aright; to see his every want;
To know my work accords with Thine.
Father, I fain would build for him
A body filled with nature's force,
Perfect in contour, poise, and limb.
And healthy through a long life's course.
Lord, help me, make me patient, strong
To guide his untried childish feet
Away from paths of baleful wrong;
To hold his confidence complete.

So that when first he leaves my side,
No habit that my little son
In shame from me would strive to hide,
May sap away the good begun.

Help me, O God, to make his worth
All that to-day I hope and plan—
The highest, no-lest thing of earth,
That of an honorable man!

A Merited Honor

Many wives deserve, but few receive, such an I.O.U. as that which the grateful humorist Hood gave to his wife in one of his letters (when absent from her side): "I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly, but not without good cause. . . . Perhaps there is an afterthought that whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom may have the acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, excellence—all that is wifely or womanly—from my pen."

Directing the Child's Efforts

By H. F. Grinstead.

Every day our child is busy the greater part of the time at work or play, learning something new, and using the newly-acquired knowledge for good or otherwise. The things he does, the impressions he gains, are becoming a part of his life. The child likes to imitate his elders, therefore, the way in which we do a thing or direct him, is his guide. He finds far greater interest in what he does if we consider any effort he may make worthy of notice.

"Let your child build mimic bridges,
As his hands move * and fro;
Germs of thought are being planted,
Which in after years will grow.

"Face to face, but never meeting,
Frown the river's ancient walls:
To the far Divine, the Human,
Through the ages faintly calls.

"Banks are fixed but man can join them,
Conquering stubborn space with skill,
And despite Life's contradiction,
Love at last learns God's dear will."

The little child's difficulties are bridged over with the love of mothers and fathers until he can overcome them for himself. The mother, especially, has the power to direct the lives of the little ones about her, and let us seek divine aid to direct them aright; for does not a Father's love bridge difficulties for us?

We can truly aid the child in his efforts only when we know of a truth that it is for a blessed privilege. It is also a duty for which God will give strength and intelligence, if we but seek it. How glad we should be that when a child decides to do a thing, and needs help or advice, he usually comes to mother! Ah! if we could but look ahead and see our children doing well the things that their hands find to do, and know that a part of our time and attention each day had helped to make their lives well worth while!

It is a truly serious thought that we, as parents, must help the child to decide what he is best fitted for, and to help him overcome the difficulties in the way.

Carrie L. Newman says: "Let the mother, continually feeding at the great source of all truth, all nobleness and beauty, enter into the child's plans, sympathize with all his little fancies and desires; be his bosom friend, seeing as he sees, and feeling as he feels. Then, and then only, can she direct his life into the channels through which God meant it to flow."

The Brief Holiday

Joy is like a bird in flight, which dips in its passing and touches us with its wing. It comes from out of a far coun-

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

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