

happily ever after." He furnished a little home. It was cozy and comfortable, but she simply could not stay in it. She wanted a pair of fifteen dollar boots more than a bill of good groceries. Sightseeing on the streets meant more to her than efficient housekeeping. Finally she said: "I'm going back to work as cashier."

"If you go back to work," he replied, "I'll leave the city."

She went back to her old position. He went to the coast.

She has not heard from him since he left.

Her love of dress has crowded out all other love. She is in the army of discontented wives. Why?

A Curfew

There were four of them—young girls—from ten to twelve years of age. There were scores of other girls their age out on the streets, in picture shows and in cars. Little girls whose mothers did not care, I presume. They winked at men, honked auto horns and had a general gay time. It was eleven o'clock at night.

Does nobody care about these very young girls?

Is there no curfew in Winnipeg to keep these young girls at home so late at night?

Who is enough interested in these very young girls to start a movement to keep them at home nights—a curfew like the one in force in Toronto?

What is worth more to our country than the lives of these young girls who are on our Winnipeg streets unchaperoned until twelve o'clock at night?

Life's Best Gifts

Love and work are the two greatest blessings that can come into any girl's life. If her heart be full of love her work will be full of beauty. Love and work keep one gloriously young. The knowledge of successful work gives us courage. I feel sorry for the young woman with plenty of money and nothing to do.

By constant mental effort we can increase our capacity for achievement and improve our personality. Any woman over forty is responsible for her face. It is the expression of her life.

One's everyday thoughts, like one's everyday clothes, need not be brilliant, but they should be clean.

These day dreams of ours set their sign upon our faces.

Every employee in a commercial institution will do one of two things at the end of a given time—show a profit or a loss for the firm—and the average employer will not retain and advance a girl unless she is a profitable investment.

Poor health, overworked nerves, aches and pains are business handicaps. There is little excuse for petty ills in this day when sane hygienic living is taught on every street corner. Do not try to market your family troubles, your personal needs or your financial reverses.

Until we have services of real value to offer we cannot expect the business world to buy.

It takes a big heart, a big mind, and a big purpose to acquire success—and with all this—even in these times—women must be women still—gentle—sincere—and cheerful. The trinity of a woman's power is purity, dignity and spirituality.

One of Our's

She was one of our Western Home Monthly readers. Last winter she came into the city to take a course in school. I admired her very much for her unusual amount of cheerful optimism in the face of difficulties. She came to see me at times to talk over her work, and when she left I felt that she had helped me.

Now she is teaching in one of the foreign community schools recently opened by the Minister of Education.

Her chief aim is to help these people educationally and socially. She will be a power in that neighborhood.

Next year she hopes to come back for another year in school. She is working her way through school—a worth while young woman whom I admire very much. What a force of influence is possible in a young woman of this type! Let us connect the reminders of our daily work not with drudgery, but with the joy of attainment and success.

The Truant Hearts

By Nancy Byrd Turner

"Home-keeping hearts are happiest"—so runs the old refrain:

"That have an anchor for their joys, a peace below their pain;

That hear not, in their deep content, the ringing call to roam."

But oh, the hearts that fared afar and turn again to home!

That fared afar with dreams for guide on misty wanderings,

And found them regions new and strange, and learned them wondrous things;

But stopped at last to shade the eyes between a tear and smile,

With "Friends, I'm weary just a bit; I'm going home awhile!"

They had not known the yellow light could linger on so late,

That apple boughs could bend so close above the garden gate;

They had not thought the sunset bird could sing the dim years long

Without a bar of music changed in all its blessed song.

They had forgotten how a breath of summer wind is stirred

Through open windows suddenly, soft as a welcome word.

With snowy curtains fluttering, and flittings in the hall,

And ripple running ripple in the green vine on the wall.

Forgotten but to learn again the scent of rose-and-musk,

The tinkle of returning bells across the dewy dusk;

The cricket-quaver in the grass, the crying whip-poor-will,

The beauty of the wistful moon low on the western hill;

Till, shadows blurred to quiet gray before the misty sight—

Lids heavy with the drifting dark, the burden of the night—

Speech but a slender thread of sound, half-broken in the gloom—

Hopes, dreams and memories are one in the old tender room.

"Home-keeping hearts are happiest"—so runs the rime of old.

And surely they have chosen best who bide within the fold:

But ah, the hearts that halt one day, out in the world of men,

With "Comrades, I am tired now; I'm going home again!"

She Knew Amos

The man who takes trolley rides through the country, says a writer in the Boston Advertiser, sees and hears much that is amusing. A few days ago, while I was riding through the outskirts of Amesbury, an old lady—but a decidedly spry one—hailed the car. She was accompanied down to the road from the house by a young woman, possibly her daughter.

The elder woman put her foot on the lower running board, grasped the upright and was about to climb into the car, when she turned to the young woman and said:

"Don't forget that gingerbread in the oven, 'Liza. You know pa just hates burnt gingerbread."

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

But the old lady paid no attention to him.

"And, 'Liza," she continued, "when you pick up the eggs, bimby, look out for that Rhode Island Red that wants to set! She'll pick ye if ye ain't careful."

"All aboard!" again shouted the conductor; but as the old lady proceeded to climb on to the car she paused long enough to say to him, "Ye can't scare me, Amos. I've known ye ever since ye was knee-high."

Amos grinned, pulled the bell, and we were on our way.

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