



EVERY young man and woman should strive to make his or her life a complete life. Many people only half live. Health without usefulness, intellect without unselfishness, pleasure without duty, business success without growth in service to God and man—these are incomplete and unsatisfying elements of living.

—Forward.

The Way of Lemuel's Wife

Cousin Lemuel's wife had been discussed so much up in Lile and criticized so mercilessly that when there came an invitation from Lemuel, saying, "we're all settled and would like Della to come down for a while," I declare I was almost scared to go. I knew Lemuel wasn't afflicted, but they said his wife was, at least they guessed she was, for she was from Montreal, and they said her folks put on a lot of style and lived right up to the top notch.

Anyway, I went, and Lemuel met me at the station. It was terribly hot for September, and he said Della had felt like coming along, and she hoped to excuse her. Think I'll to myself, "that's the first of her airs," and I could see how awfully took up over her Lemuel was. It was "my wife this" and "Dolly that," till I began to think I'd want to go home the next day.

But if anybody ever changed her mind suddenly it was Cousin Lemuel. His wife was waiting at the foot of the steps for me to jump out of the buggy, ready to put her arms about me and tell me how glad she was I'd come.

I wish you could see her house. It's the neatest, cleanest place you ever were in. Yet it isn't too neat, for Lemuel has a den where there's papers and books around everlastingly, and her sewing and all sorts of things. She wants her house to look as if it's lived in, she says, and I tell you Lemuel has every comfort.

But it was about her hired girl I was starting out to tell you. I didn't see her until she came in at lunch to wait on us, and then Dolly introduced her in a pleasant sort of way, saying she was worth her weight in silver anyway. And Sophy's face got red but she looked dreadfully pleased.

Dolly told me about her when we went upstairs. "She's the daughter of a farmer I used to know when I went to the country, summers," she said, "and I'll warrant, Cousin Della, her home is as comfortable as Lemuel's old home. There's five or six girls, so Sophy wasn't exactly needed at home. She hadn't education enough nor ambition to be a school teacher and that wasn't the thing else she could do in their country place. So she begged me to find her a situation in the city. That fall I got her into father's store, where there were hundreds of clerks. The pay wasn't more than \$6.00 a week, but Sophy stayed there a year.

"One day, when she heard Lem and I were to be married, Sophy came to call on me, and asked me if I would take her to help me.

"I told her our home wouldn't be like father's, with the work divided among a score of hands. That Lem and I would just have a little house where I could keep one girl and that I would have to do a good bit of the work myself. But Sophy pleaded to have me try her and I can tell you, Cousin Della, I haven't been sorry. Sophy said she had had a good trial of store life but she could not stand it any longer. She was constantly on



Lemuel's Wife.

her feet all day, and when she was tired at night there was no pleasant, cool home to go to, only the poor boarding house.

"She's a splendid worker. No laundress I could find would wash and iron as she does, and she is a good cook. But best of all, she takes as great an interest in our little home as if she belonged here."

"Sophy's kitchen is a place you would enjoy going into. Between his fresh white sash curtains there are fine thrifty plants. The white floor has rugs on it that she braided herself, her bright stove is a thing of beauty and her pantry is neatness and cleanliness itself. I helped her to make the back porch a place which is a pleasure for her friends to come to as our piazza is for my callers. Our back piazza is not decorated by garbage cans and wash tubs, as are most of the houses around here. Sophy's bedroom is as neat as our own and not much less pleasant or pretty."

"When it is in my power, I give her a few hours' pleasure. Lem being in a newspaper office, brings us spare tickets once in a while, or a chance of a day's excursion to the beach, an afternoon at the circus or something of that sort, and Sophy is all the better of such an outing."

"And does she never take advantage of your kindness?" I asked.

"Never," said Dolly, sidely. "If I want a bit of extra work done or have her stay in some evening when it is her right to be out, it is done so happily and cheerfully that the service is a pleasure to accept."

"And then Cousin Della, there is another side to the question. Sophy tells me that scores of good, nice, trustworthy country girls would gladly turn to housework rather than to typewriting, store work, dressmaking and millinery, or any of the hundred and one situations towns and cities throw open to girls who want work. It is our own fault that we have to contend with the multitude of ignorant, helpless girls who pour in upon us from foreign lands, when we might make our homes happier as well as a pleasant home for responsible, capable American girls."

The Farmer's Wife and Her Allowance

By Marion Dallas, Frontenac Co., Ont.

Has the woman, whose husband feeds, shelters and clothes her everything she needs? Unhesitatingly, No! "Women for years, yes, centuries, have felt the need of, and contended for, a little spending money, all of their own, or an allowance. I dislike that word "allowance," for it savors so of charity. Every true wife is entitled not to an "allowance" but to a share of all the money coming into the farm, and especially derived from her departments.

It is a strange thing that the majority of men are "little" in their dealings with their wives. In a business institution, or on a farm, every employee is paid, and paid regularly, but in the home, which is the greatest institution in the world, one partner is seldom paid, in ready cash, and at stated periods. Here is the secret of so many women leaving their homes and going forth into the business world.

The careful handling and planning of money, gives to every man or woman, added self-respect, and independence. In many homes the position of a wife, regarding money matters, is almost pathetic, and I can say, without fear of contradiction, nine-tenths of the domestic troubles, arise from this source. The husband may be a good provider, cheerfully paying all the bills for the wants of the wife and family, but day after day, he thoughtlessly goes to his daily task, leaving his wife without one cent in her pocket book.

Some years ago in company with another woman, I collected for a benevolent society. We were quite delighted when we were informed that our work was in one of the best residential parts of the town, and included several well-to-do farmers. We had visions of a large subscription list. Imagine our disappointment, when several of the women told us we would have to call on their husbands. Four or five frankly told us, that while they sympathized with the work, they seldom had the privilege to materially aid any cause. A few told us their husbands would be in later on, and they would send their subscriptions. One clustering old farmer came in to the parlor where we sat, chatting with his wife. He greeted us very pleasantly and had us remain for tea. We did, and such a delicious tea! "I'm getting plenty. After tea, his wife timidly followed him out of the room, and

whispered our errand. Coming back into the room, he inquired, "What's this you're collecting for?" "Why, of course, I'll tell you something," and he pulled a bill out of a large roll he carried in his pocket. His wife looked so longingly at the bill we really felt guilty in taking it.

It was a pleasure indeed to go into a home and hear a woman say, "Why, yes, indeed, I'm in sympathy with your work." Here is twenty-five cents, or fifty cents, or indeed, even five cents given freely, or without asking their husbands.

Going homeward, my companion and I discussed the situation, and we concluded, that surely, if men stopped to think, they would never so humiliate the woman to whom they had made the vow, "All my worldly goods, I do thee bequeath."

Men like to pet their wives and make children of them. They seem to inherit the patriarchal air, it is the heritage of centuries, that in the dependent spirit of woman. We love to be petted but we want to be treated as an equal in the partnership of life. As long as women make the grave mistake of timidly asking for every twenty-five cents, as if it were a favor, just so long will man continue to enjoy this (thoughtless) tyranny.

Of course, there are many women who cannot handle money, there is so much trash displayed to attract them. It is appalling the amount of money some women spend in useless nonsense, and many a man is ruined because he has not the heart to refuse the woman he loves everything she desires. This brings up another issue, namely, the training of our daughters to spend money wisely.

The farmer's wife can seldom be accused of this waste. For one reason, she does not constantly view the so-called bargains. Then, for another, her work on the farm is so closely related to her husband's, she knows and appreciates the amount of labor he puts into the earning of a dollar.

We do not want to clothe money in a sentimental garb, nor sulk, nor fancy ourselves abused, but we should approach the subject in a calm, business-like way. Husband and wife should talk it over and have a thorough understanding. The mother is living for the interest of her family, spiritually, mentally and physically, while the father is philosophically paying out all he makes for the same reason. Why cannot they meet the money question like two rational beings? Not like a proud subject and a thoughtless tyrant. When they do we will have better homes, more contented women, more of our daughters marrying farmers and settling down near the old homes instead of going to the city to seek a situation, where they can earn a little pocket money for themselves.

Every farmer's wife should handle all the money derived from her department, including milk, butter, eggs, chickens, geese, feathers and summer boarders. Let us hear from some of the women on the farm. Write and tell us what you think would be a fair share of the income to be given you, "to do with, just as you please."

Company Talk

Louise after being scolded could never be reconciled till mother had assured her that she loved her, which resulted on one occasion in the following dialogue:

"You don't love me."
"Yes, I do love you."
"Why don't you talk like it?"
"Well, how do you want me to talk?"
"I want you to talk to me like you do when you have company."

—The Delineator.