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MRS E. COATES COLEMAN

224 Smith Street, Winnipeg



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Woman and the Home.

Give and give Again.

Have you any cheery greeting?

Tell it out to-day;

While you wait the friend and message
May have gone away.

Let the one who sighs for comfort
Feel a hand-grasp true;
It will cheer the way, and surely
Can't impoverish you.

We are all the time regretting
When it is too late,
And some heavy heart has broken
While we hesitate.

Lives are human, though so often We disguise our pain; Some are hungering for your comfort, Give and give again.

Some Good Things to Learn.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself? The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in this world keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business. Very important point.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

The Home Speech.

No parents who have the means to buy decent clothes would allow a son or daughter to go out in search of a position without seeing to it that he or she is neatly dressed. Appearances count for much, and clothes and a clean face are so obvious that they are usually well attended to.

Manners come next. They should come first, it may be; but, not to quarrel about that, they generally get some attention in the final instructions, if it is nothing more than "Now mind your manners, Jimmy, and be polite to the gentleman."

There still remains one other thing—we are now considering appearances, not character—and that is the speech of the applicant, the language in which he states his case and answers questions. Here it is that many a boy or girl undoes all that neat clothes, clean hands, and an acceptable deference have accomplished.

"Are your parents living?"

"Nope—er—that is, both of 'em ain't. I got a mother, but I ain't got no father." Indeed, he does not get any farther, because the prospective employer does not want a boy from a home where such language is used.

In some families the trouble is, of course, lack of early advantages. Here the only remedy is the resolve that the children shall have those advantages. But more often the blame must be laid to carelessness and slipshod manners in speech. A little thought, a little attention here will count for much.

"Gush"

"Gush" is a rather objectionable, if expressive, word, and the act for which it stands—over-expression—is usually regarded with some contempt. But when you come to think over the people of your acquaintance, are they not as a whole more in danger of saying too little than too much in acknowledging a kindness? If one has bestowed a gift, entertained a friend, gone out of his way to do a favor, he does not mind effusiveness, but he finds

it hard to excuse indifference and lack of appreciation. The notes acknowledging wedding presents are often so perfunctory and indefinite that their effect is like a dash of cold water in the giver's face. The gentle art of saying thank you needs to be carefully studied. It has a close connection with the number and quality of our friendships and an even deeper influence on our own characters.

The Stocking Basket.

Mending stockings might well be thought a prosaic occupation, if not a dull one. The woman who sits down every week before twenty pairs, worn by active feet, big and little, often finds the pile discouraging, although she would not have it smaller by a single pair.

But there is a curious, half-mysterious charm in the work. It is as if it typified all wifely and motherly duty. Even the maiden aunt, with a darning needle in her hand, has the air of the matron. The cosiest corner in the house is most fit for the stocking basket and its presiding genius. An incontestable verdict against a gorgeous palace recently built by a rich man was pronounced by a woman, herself both refined and rich: "There isn't a spot in the whole house where I could darn a stocking."

It is amusing or pathetic, but true, that the modern stocking should have taken the place held by the medieval shield. To bide at home and polish the shield was then the sign of wifely devotion. The worn stocking may not lend itself so easily to the demands of poetry but it is none the less a beautiful and appropriate symbol.

There was a time within twenty years when it seemed as if stockingmending were doomed. The needle was temporarily discarded. A clever writer, speaking of the fact, said it was the natural re-action from an age which worked wool parrots with beaded eyes to an age which hires outsiders to darn stockings. But to-day pendulum has swung back, and my lady presides again over the stocking basket — whether it is filled with dainty Parisian hose of silk, or with stout woollen socks, fit for tussle with thorn and wind and weather.

The Mothers' Parliament.

Trouble With Early Bad Habits.

I will relate at some length a few of the habits of a three-year-old boy in my own family, and the success with which we have combated them. The first one which I noticed was a most alarming habit of heavy breathing, which appeared when the child was no more than six months old. The breathing at times was perfectly normal, but at frequently recurring intervals it was thick and labored to a painful degree. Strangers invariably thought it premonitory of croup, and those who knew him better feared the lungs were already diseased. Constant watchfulness on the part of those nearest him confirmed the impression that the heavy breathing was only a habit, and we set ourselves to correct it. Always during sleep the breath came as quietly and softly as with any child, and it was only when under excitement that it became alarming. The first thing, then, was to have as little excitement as possible, and upon the first symptom of labored breathing to remove the child to perfect quiet. As he grew older, and more capable of comprehending our wishes, we gradually taught him to know that it displeased us and to stop at our command. By degrees the intervals during which the breathing was normal became longer and longer, until this was the general state, interrupted only by occasional departure. Now, at three and one-half years, there is not