

THE HOME

KEEPING YOUNG.

"How do you manage to keep so young?" Mrs. Looks-her-age had not seen her old school friend for years and was astounded at her youthful appearance. "I am not dead in flattery," she hastened to add, noticing the blush her words had called up. "When we went to the old brick schoolhouse we were the same age; now I look ten or fifteen years older. You have had your share of trouble; more than your share, in fact. I expected to find you quite broken, yet here you are as serene as a summer's day! I cannot understand it. Is massage or Christian Science?"

A serious expression darkened Mrs. Young's eyes, "Only for a moment, then she laughed. 'It is neither. People have asked me the same question more than once since I returned to M——, but I never thought of answering except in jest. If you really want to know—"

"I certainly do," I broke in. "I shall have to think a bit and get my ideas in order. Possibly," hesitatingly, "possibly one thing may be an unusual drill in self-control when quite young. You know Aunt Hulda was not the easiest person in the world to get along with. In some way she was a wonderful woman, capable, just to a fraction, and good at heart, or she'd never taken me when my folks died. But set! she was perfectly intolerant in some things. She expected so much of me—an old head on young shoulders, as they say. I used to wonder if she'd ever been a child herself, or was born grown up. You may remember her caustic way of speaking. I had been used to nothing of the sort in my own home, and it was often difficult not to answer back. Mrs. Stone knew how things were at Aunt Hulda's and more than once she paid to me in her sweet Quaker way, 'little ladies never show anger, they must not,' and I honestly tried not to. I learned to look calm and peaceful when inwardly I was raving. It was an excellent drill. Years after I read that anger, uncontrolled, and worry were the chieftains with which we carved our wrinkles. When the real troubles of life came I was in a way prepared to put the same theory into practice which I had often unconsciously followed in my experience with Aunt Hulda's 'ways.' No unnecessary crow's feet if I could help it."

The second point is without question trying to forget the unpleasant things. I had this lesson enforced when about to leave Dr. T.'s hospital. He gave me an illuminating thought, "You are as well as surgery can make you, but this is a critical point. Go home and drop this nightmare from your mind as resolutely as possible. Fill your days with pleasant things, have your friends, the cheerful ones, call and don't let them talk of your operation. Read Mark Twain and Uncle Remus, buy some pretty clothes, and before you know it you will be strong enough to wear them. Was not that advice worthy following? It seems as much a duty for us to forget the bad things about others. 'It has been my lot to have associated with one or two people who, no matter who was mentioned, invariably contributed some unsavory information under discussion, or his family young as I was, somehow it struck me as contemptible. In trying to live down a folly or mortification, one should have all the help possible from one's friends, and the best manner, often petty, regarding the help I know of in such cases, is science. I am convinced that unpleasant thoughts of ourselves or others resolutely put from the mind, leaving room to accumulate good and generous thoughts leaves a definite stamp upon the features as well as upon the character."

I think, too, some of Aunt Hulda's ironclad opinions taught me the grace of tolerance, and one must be tolerant to grow old gracefully. One of her ideas was that pretty clothes made one vain, also that only plain

clothing could be durable. With these notions you can imagine that we both looked more or less ridiculous. I vowed if ever I earned money of my own I would buy clothes that could be pretty and durable at the same time. I consider it one's duty to be as neatly and attractively dressed as possible. There is no excuse for looking like a fright. If one has no knack of dressing becomingly there are professionals whose advice one may obtain.

"I have tried to keep 'limbered up' once when recovering from an illness I indulged in a few physical culture lessons. How much practical good I got from them! I first learned to do my housework with the smallest expenditure of strength; this left me the power to take the out-of-door exercise I so much needed. I learned to conserve my strength, not to waste it. This brought a new and delightful interest in what at once seemed drudgery. I learned to breathe and walk correctly; honestly, I did not know how before. I have come to love walking—it is my cure for nerves, headaches and blues. Nothing would induce me to give up going down on all fours once each week to wash my kitchen floor. I know it strengthens muscles that in most kinds of housework is wholly neglected. It used to be an impossibility for me to do that without paying for it the next day, but now! well, when you hear of my buying a mop, you will understand that I am really getting feeble. I am almost a vegetarian, for I have a horror of rheumatism. I shall never get it through over-indulgence in meat."

"I have found that keeping up with the times is a great preventative of old age. I try to read of what is going on in the world; in short, I apply the 'limbering' process of my mind. There is really no excuse in these days for being stupid. One must read if one wishes to be an intelligent companion for one's children."

I was too much impressed with what had been said to break the silence that followed, and after a while she continued, dreamily: "I find I must add a lastly. Who was it wrote 'to work, to play and to look up at the stars,' was it Van Dyke or Stevenson? Anyway, I am glad to put that play in. I did not get much after I went to live with Aunt Hulda; she was one who rested herself by knitting, you know. There was always a sheet to be sewn up after the dishes were washed and put away, so I would sew over-and-over, miles of it, it seemed, instead of playing out of doors as much as a child ought to. When I got into a home of my own I determined to have a good time right along, and I have tried to. One of my methods was to develop a hobby—it is about the only way that grown-ups can play—the indulgence of a hobby brings such an absorbing interest that it whisks one away from the work-a-day world from our troubles, even as by magic, and the gain is twofold if it takes one out of doors. My present hobby is—can you guess it? Wild ferns. See, I have already started twenty varieties in that shady corner of the yard—what didn't you know there were so many in New England; why, there are over thirty. See that bunch of ebony spleenwort, isn't it a beauty? How I love them all!"

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE

A tablespoonful of vinegar, and a little salt should be added to each pint of boiling water used for poaching eggs.

Too much cannot be said about the nutritive qualities of cornmeal, which ought to be used more than it is in every household.

There is much nourishment, also medicinal properties, in fish, and a rule it is cheaper than meat. If fresh fish cannot be obtained, salt fish, if properly cooked, is quite as nutritious.

Alcohol or molasses will remove grass stains. Cold soap suds with a little kerosene added will remove fruit

stains. Try boiling water on tea coffee, or chocolate stains, and diluted ammonia on lemon or orange stains.

Dried peas and beans also rank high among the cheapest and most nutritious foods. Beans that are old require longer soaking than last year's crop. Never fail to add a little salt to the water in which they are put to soak.

The science of boiling meat is to cover it quickly with boiling water, bring to a boil, and then draw to a cooler part of the stove and simmer slowly until done. Whether for roasting or boiling meat should be placed with the fat downward.

When cooking eggs always break them separately in a cup for one bad egg will spoil all that have been broken before. For poaching or frying it is better to break them singly in a saucer, from which they can be easily slipped into the pan without breaking the yolk.

The proper temperature of the oven has more to do with good baking than the cook. Always test the oven before putting in pies, cakes, etc. If the oven is too cold, yeast will be heavy and have a dull look, and biscuit will not rise and be of feathery lightness. If clogged the draughts are interfered with and the temperature of the oven will not be regular and even; the bottom especially will be cold, and the bread and cakes will not rise and bake as they should. If you cannot clean the oven yourself, call in the stove man.

MOTHERS, THE OIL OF SOCIETY

If mothers lost their tempers over little things—

If mothers insisted on having their own way, no matter how much it inconvenienced all the rest of the family, no matter how much happiness and comfort it took out of other people's lives—

If mothers thought up grievances and sulked over them—

If mothers felt it their privilege to be crafty and dissembling and cross whenever they were tired—

If mothers made life harder to live in any one of the dozens of ways the rest of the family do—

Tell me, how on earth should we ever get along?

Truly, I think we just shouldn't; at least not for long.

Any more than a machine would be able to run very long without oil.

You don't like the implied comparison?

You think it degrades mothers?

I don't know.

It seems to me that oil has a pretty important function.

Just think, if there were no oil to be found anywhere in the world, how long would all the vast fabrics of machinery that makes modern life what it is—the huge pumps that send the water into our kitchens and our bathrooms, the machinery that manufactures our clothes and our furniture and ten thousand other things for each day's use, the motor the dynamo and the steam engine that minister to our daily need or pleasure—how long would they all run smoothly, if at all, without oil?

About as long, I fancy, as the complicated machinery of family life would endure, if mothers began to claim the privileges of obstinacy and bad temper and sulks that fathers and brothers and sisters all claim at least once in a while.

Think of it same day when you are fretting or sulking or finding fault about something, and mother—poor little mother, who isn't in the least to blame—is trying to smooth things over.

Think how strange it would seem if mother should turn the tables, expect the rest of the family to soothe her.

Think of it and thank God that He made these wonderful beings called mothers and made them willing and glad to be the oil of society.—Ruth Cameron.

TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR FACE

Why do you wear a harassed and troubled look? Are you really in trouble, or are you allowing the little worries of life to grind furrows in your face? Take a look at yourself in the mirror, and reform—that is, reshape your face into the lines of comfort and good cheer which it ought to wear.

Take an honest inventory of your troubles and decide whether or not they are really worth advertising in your countenance. It may seem a little thing to you whether or not you wear a smiling face, but it is not a little thing.

A severe look advises the tired and troubled men and women you meet that there is peace and joy in at least one heart. And there may be among them someone who has begun to doubt whether peace or joy exist at all. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."—Sel.

EAR-ACHE IN CHILDREN.

Ear-ache in children may generally be quickly relieved by filling a flannel bag with hops, wringing it out in hot vinegar as hot as can be borne, and laying it over the child's ear. Then cover the whole side of the face with dry flannel, and change the hop bag as soon as becomes cool. The warm steam filling the ear soon relieves the pain.

MILLION ACRE FARMS.

Strange Origin and Improvement of Australian Merinos.

C. E. W. Bean, of Sydney, has written in an Australian paper of the great sheep industry. His story is in part as follows:—

A century ago, when Australia was a dumping ground for England's seum, a British fleet received from a Spanish fleet a present of merino sheep, at a time when to export merino sheep from Spain was a criminal offence. The little flock reached Australia, and from it are descended the hundred million merinos which have made Australia great and wealthy, despite her small population.

Yastly improved is the modern merino, for the original 3-1-2 pounds to a fleece has been raised to 12 pounds, and there are rams in Australia which shear 40 pounds.

Nowadays the good land near the coast is being given over to agriculture, and the sheep are driven back further into the desert. A terrible desert it is at times, where not one green leaf can be seen, when the red dust with which it is covered blows down away—and only the bare hard bones of the earth are left. Then sheep die by the million for want of the smallest scrap of nourishment, and are sometimes killed by the thousands because it is hopeless to expect to keep them alive.

Then comes the rain, and as if by a miracle the whole land is green again, the flocks increase out of all bounds, and the men who have been nearly ruined, make new fortunes in a few years. This is happening now. From 1898 to 1903 occurred the biggest drought known, and many station-holders lost their all. Since then there has been a steady succession of good seasons and the problem now is what to do with the enormous surplus of old ewes. Such are the vicissitudes of that strange land, the oldest part of the earth's exposed surface.

Some of the great sheep runs cover a million acres, or about 1,500 square miles. Each run is divided into paddocks, which cover the enormous surplus of old ewes. Such are the vicissitudes of that strange land, the oldest part of the earth's exposed surface.

There may be a hut in each paddock with a boundary rider—sometimes two, living together. Every day except Sunday, the boundary rider is expected to be out in his paddock. About one day in two he may spot something like a line of posts, which is probably a line of sheep in mirage on the horizon. Occasionally he cuts through the mirage, and he sees a man, or gets a mail, perhaps, once in three weeks. And yet, the boundary man get to like the lonely life.

Then, there is "the boss," the lord of many acres, a man of strong character and a liberal education, living a life not unlike that of an English country gentleman, in his remote home, but carrying on his work with the ability and keenness of a man who has been trained in business by the school of adversity.

The third body in the paddock is the shepherd, who works through the country from north to south, making plenty of money, and living in a rough way on the fat of the land as they pass from one shed to the other. They are a class unlike any other.

The Policeman's Dangerous Life.

About one in every six London policemen is injured during the year. More than one thousand men were on the sick list from injuries received while on duty, and nearly seven hundred more who were injured off duty. Some of the cases were so serious as to disable the men for a week or more, and these amounted to no fewer than 577. Besides these, there were twice as many injured less severely, who were not placed on the sick list.

The following examples show the multiplicity of dangers to which the police are exposed: 2,266 men were assaulted or injured when making arrests; 102 bitten by dogs; 51 hurt by persons not arrested; 17 injured while dispersing disorderly crowds; 44 hurt, some very severely, when stopping runaway horses; 21 injured when assisting fallen or restive horses; 25 kicked, trodden on, or knocked down by horses; 31 injured (14 very severely) by vehicles when regulating traffic; and 23 were injured when extinguishing fires.

And a further large number suffered injury by their horses falling or throwing them, by cyclists, while riding their own bicycles, at fire drills, by slipping and falling when examining premises, etc., so that the total of injuries while on duty for the year is brought up to 3,310.

An Honest Man.

A preacher near Bloomsbury, Eng., crew fervent in exhorting to an honest living, and near the close of his sermon he said: "Let every person in the house who is paying his or her debts stand up." Instantly every man and woman in the house, save one, was standing. After they were peacefully seated, the domini asked: "Now let those stand up who are not paying their debts," and a long lean, slowly assumed a perpendicular position in his pew. "How is it, my friend," enquired the minister in austere tone, "that you are the only one in this intelligent congregation who does not meet his obligations?" The lanky individual meekly answered, "I run a newspaper, and the brethren here are my subscribers, and"—the minister broke in abruptly with "We will close with the benediction."

Tobacco For British Smokers.

More tobacco is apparently being smoked, for in November 5,210,998 pounds were cleared for home consumption, the largest quantity for one month in the normal conditions. Since April 61,359,318 pounds have been cleared, as against 57,596,911 pounds last year.—Tobacco Trade Review.

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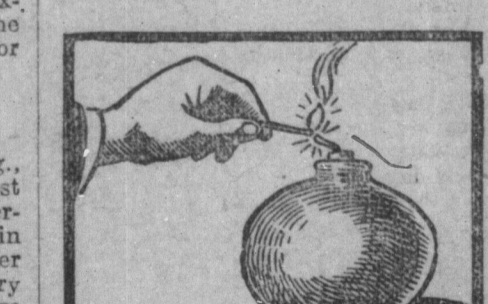
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