

LADIES' DEPT

GENTLE MOTHER.

"My mother dear, my mother dear,
My gentle, gentle mother."

I thought I was singing my boy to sleep with the little ballad of which the above is the chorus; but the blue eyes opened, and a quiet voice said, "Mamma, you ain't always gentle." In self-justification I replied, "But you know darling, mamma has to scold you when you are naughty." "Yes'm." The argument dropped; so did the little head upon my bosom. I did not finish the song, nor have I sung it since. Tenderly tucking in the little truth-teller, I reproached myself for deserving this remark, and greatly questioned the truth of my answer. Do mothers ever have to scold? Has scolding any legitimate place in the family government? How is the word defined?—"Railing with clamor; uttering rebuke in rude and boisterous language." Is this a helpful adjunct to parental authority? Why do Christian parents sometimes scold? For two reasons, as it seems to me. First, from a lack of self-control; secondly, from habit. Children are often terribly trying, and loud and angry tones seem a safety-valve for our stirred tempers. Besides, we feel that gentleness alone can never safely steer the family bark over life's troublous sea. Force, firmness, decision, sternness, even severity, are often necessary. A suitable degree of these is not incompatible with gentleness. It is not a synonym for weakness. The gentleness that makes one great comes from subdued strength. This lovely fruit of the Spirit proves an element of power. The "soft answer" often costs the answerer dearly. Sweetness of spirit is often the outgrowth of self-control. Serenity of soul, whatever be the constitutional characteristics, comes most frequently from long self-discipline, and prayerful struggle.—*Good Words.*

WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE.

Ten years ago a woman who lived in a large New England village, was left a widow with four children and a little less than \$300 in money. Friends, after the fashion that friends have at such times, advised her to "put the children out and perhaps she could support herself by sewing or teaching," but like the plucky New England woman that she was she made the answer:—

"My children shall not be separated while I have health and strength to work for them."

She rented a house with a few acres of land adjoining, invested the greater part of the \$300 in poultry, feed and fixtures, and went to work. The friends predicted a speedy failure. "Did she expect to support a family of five on the profits derived from a few chickens?"

"Yes, I expect to do just that," she answered. "When I was a girl I always managed the poultry on father's farm, and, as I made it pay then, I see no reason why I cannot make it pay as well now."

"You'll see," said the wise ones. "It is our private opinion that you have thrown away the little money that you had. Five dollars for a rooster!" and eyes were rolled up and heads shook over the "diffidence" of the woman "who paid five dollars for a rooster!" Last winter I met this woman at a poultry show, and she told me of her success. She had educated her children, paid for her little farm (worth \$200), and had \$300 in the bank.



No. 2001.—Lady's Wrapper. The pattern of this garment is cut in five sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. 11 yards material, 24 inches wide, and 18 yards lace for medium size. Price 25 cents, any size.
No. 2000.—Child's Apron. The pattern of this garment is cut in four sizes, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years old. 1½ yards material, 24 inches wide, and 2¼ yards trimming for medium size. Price 10 cents, any size.



Another young woman whose health failed in the close confinement of the school room, went to raising poultry because she was obliged to do something for a living, and because the doctor advised mental rest, and as much active out-door exercise as possible. In two years her health was re-established, but in the meantime she had found poultry keeping so pleasant and profitable that she refused to teach again. She has been in the business five years and is making a fortune as fast as ever a woman's hand made one.

Last year the writer made a clear profit of almost \$1,000 on a breeding stock of some two hundred chickens, ducks and turkeys. I do not publish this to boast over my success, but to show other women what women can do under the most favorable circumstances. The favorable circumstances in my case were a splendid stock of breeding fowls, a healthy location, a thorough knowledge of my business, and nearness to a first-class market.

Of course some doubting individuals stand ready to declare that it is impossible to make five dollars on every adult fowl kept, but if they will stop and consider that I got spring chickens into the market during the months of April and May, when they sell readily for one dollar each, that I sell ten and twelve pound capons for thirty cents a pound, that I manage to have eggs to sell in winter, when I can get from thirty to thirty-five cents a dozen, and that I sell a few trays of exhibition birds every year, they will see where the big profits come in.

Now don't stop right here and give up all thoughts of raising chickens just because you cannot get such prices in your locality, but wait until I give you a few hints from my own experience.

I have kept poultry in the west where eggs sold in the summer for eight cents a dozen at the stores, and poultry sold in the fall for seven cents a pound live weight, but I made it pay. We lived on a line of railroad, two hundred miles from a city market, but I soon found out that all the poultry and eggs from our place went to the city, and I could not see for the life of me, why I could not ship such things just as well as the merchants, so I sent thirty dozen of them to a commission house in the city; they sold readily, and there was a call for more. "These small packages of eggs, every one warranted fresh, are just what we want," wrote a commission man. I did some more thinking and then put on my clothes and went to the city. Once there it did not take me long to find a grocer who wanted thirty dozen of fresh eggs every week, so I shipped direct to him, and saved the commission man's profits. In the fall I sold my poultry in the same way.

There was no thoroughbred poultry in the vicinity except that in my yards, and when people began to find out that my chickens were superior to the common mongrel fowls they bought a great many eggs for hatching. There was not one pair of any of the improved ducks in the country. I sent a thousand miles for a pair of Pekins, and within a month after they had arrived, everybody had the duck fever, and I was over run with orders, before a single duck had been hatched. I also procured some Bronze Turkeys, and sold every egg that I raised at a good price.

Every woman that goes into poultry raising may not be able to get in these "extras," but every woman who desires to make money by poultry, and goes into the business with a determination to succeed, will be sure to make it pay, even if she sells every egg and every chicken at market price.—*Ex.*