



WORRY is a state of spiritual corrosion. A trouble either can be remedied or it cannot. If it can be, then set about it; if it cannot be, then dismiss it from your consciousness, or bear it so bravely that it may become transfigured to a blessing.

—Lidian Whiting.

Mrs. Van Riper's Neighbor

DICK TOMS had come back and was going to work his uncle's farm on shares. He rented the old house in Van Riper's yard to live in. Mrs. Van Riper was elated. She came right over to tell me about it. Not, she said, that the rent would amount to much, for the house was in such poor shape that they couldn't ask much, but to have such nice neighbors.

Dick's wife had spent some time in the city and had come up with a head full of up-to-date ideas. Mrs. Van Riper had met her at Uncle Tom's dinner party and had been quite smitten not only with the cut of her gown but with the chic of her conversation about people and things about town.

"She's an educated lady and can tell you more about what she's seen in New York than the doctor's wife who lived there all her life," said Mrs. Van.

Mrs. Van was in no hurry to call, for, as she said, it was polite to wait till all the furniture came. But it was so long about coming that she decided to wait no longer. She told Grandma Van Riper when she came back that Dick's wife sat there just like the first lady of the land with her gold watch and chain on and no carpet on the floor but such a lot of beautiful wax flowers—and she'd made them all herself with the help of her teacher, who came once a week. Well, the furniture never came, though Dick's wife expected it every day.

The intimacy grew between the two women. Dick's wife was very neighborly and so unassuming—just like common folks. She often borrowed a loaf of bread—her girl couldn't make good bread—or a dozen eggs (they hadn't hens). She dropped in often of a morning, so friendly like, that Mrs. Riper wouldn't let her go without let her know that these morning chats interfered with her work. And she would take home a pound of that "delicious butter," or a bar of soap, or a little salt pork, or a pint of molasses for all of which she was quite willing to pay market price or even a trifle more, because it was such a good accommodation, but which, so far, of course, she had not done. Mrs. Van Riper was only too glad to loan the said iron, the wash board, the flour sieve or anything they might need, and they needed a great deal, even Mrs. Van Riper had to admit that. But they were young housekeepers and what could you expect of them?

Mrs. Van Riper bought a pair of rubbers for little Mamie, and found when she got them home, that they were too small. Dick's wife thought they would just fit her dolly, and if she took them it would save Mrs. Van

Riper the trouble of taking them back. Of course it was all Mrs. Van did then she up carefully and gave them to her.

"Did she pay you for them?" asked Grandma Van Riper.

"No, but she'll hand it to me in a day or two."

"Well, she saved you the trouble of returning them, that's sure," and grandma, who had been prejudiced against Dick's wife from the first shock her head knowingly as she stirred this up among the last week of Mrs. Van Riper went on patting and stamping the prints of golden butter and hoping that she would never get suspicious of every one, as Grandma was.

Such pleasant evenings as they spent together, Dick relating to them his hairbreadth escapes and hunting adventures in the wild and woolly west, and his bonanza speculations. The neighbors said his uncle had to send money to bring him on, but neighbors are so envious. Dick's wife told them about her New Year's receptions and toilets, and the distinguished people she met at her aunt's home in New York.

Mrs. Van Riper had looked with lustful eye at the accumulation of wax flowers which hid fair to inundate the old house. As a proof of her sincerity and gratitude for favors bestowed, Dick's wife offered to sell to Mrs. Van Riper—she wouldn't think of doing this with anyone else—the last work of art for the paltry sum of \$5. It was a rickety little cross completely submerged with bright green leaves and brilliant fuchsia blossoms.

Mrs. Van Riper looked stern disapproval of the transaction. When the \$5 was asked for the storm broke in all its fury and Mrs. Van Riper was told to take the "dumb thing" right back. She cried and hid it away behind the sofa in the parlor. Dick's wife was disappointed. She needed the money and had no means to get it. Mr. Tom's arrangements and did not want to apply it on the rent. She was forced to accept the situation but there was a little coolness between the families. Notwithstanding, Dick's wife was much concerned to see the "beautiful currants" and "exquisite cherries" upon her stems. She could find use for them and likewise with other garden truck.

When Dick's wife's sister came from the city she brought two little dogs, Romeo and Juliet. Now Romeo and Juliet were starved curs and lived off Jack Van Riper's platter, and proved themselves troublesome tenants in more ways than one; but Dick's wife sister defended them stoutly—the dears. They died under very suspicious

circumstances—did Romeo and Juliet—and Dick's wife's sister hinted at foul play and never spoke to Grandma Van Riper after. Grandma only shook her head and kept her own counsel.

Well, the next spring Dick's personal property was sold at auction. The bidders overran the Van Riper premises, tied their horses to the young fruit trees and the picket fence round the front dooryard, and tramped over Mrs. Van Riper's flower bed. An old sofa was knocked off to van Riper. This and the wax flowers which had been taken from behind the sofa and placed in an obscure corner, were all that Van Riper got for a year and a half's rent. He never rented the old house again. It became a home to the homeless rats and sparrows and a few years later was razed to the ground. Moral: Be the kind of a neighbor that you would like to have living next you.

Influence of Parents and Teacher Upon the Child*

By Miss E. Deane, Warsaw

Parents are responsible for the training of their children. Their influence is the first that wields its magic wand over the young child's heart, leaving it in some way changed, not for a day or for a year, but for all time.

Very early in life, even before the parents are aware, the little child begins to follow their example, and to imitate their ways as well as his childish fancies will allow. In the young child the parents have a life—a soul of great worth, more precious than rubies, to lead, govern and direct in the paths of wisdom, purity, nobility and uprightness. We may then meditate upon and try to realize their vast responsibility; remembering that by their lives, words and actions they are shaping the destiny of a soul, not for this life only, but for that life in the great beyond—that life of endless duration.

In the young child are hidden the faculties which are to be unfolded during life. The individual and separate organs of the child's being grow gradually into an harmonic whole, and builds humanity into the image of God.

When children are young, almost the entire life is confined to the imitative and emotional faculties; then, by wise training the child's activities may be so directed through the imitative faculties, as to fix in the child proper habits of conduct. But the parents will not remain guiltless, but render themselves guilty, if they allow the child to acquire evil habits.

LOVE THE SUPREME QUALITY

Love is the great quality that should dominate every action of the parent towards the child, and if love be practised in the home, there is no danger but the young heart will come under its magnifying influence, and render the heart of the child tender and affectionate towards others.

In order to exert the right influence over a child, the parent must have his confidence. The child should feel that he can place the utmost reliance in his parents. Alas! how many children there are who know that their parents are careless and who are daily practising and advocating what is wrong.

Many a Christian father, from a lack of governing power, finds his son, instead of proving a blessing to him in his old age, bringing down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Good example is not enough. Judgment and skill are essential to good training; heart power is valuable, but will power is also needed in this discipline which cultivates Christian citi-

zenship. A child properly trained grows up feeling that the observance of law is his duty. Proper home training gives him the power which draws steadily in the right direction, and thus produces right action.

No matter in what place, position, or station in life, the influence of home has a lasting impression on the life. If joy, peace, love and truth have been the ruling powers of the home, it will ever be to the child the sweetest spot on earth, and when he is in foreign lands and among entire strangers, fond memory will often turn his heart homeward. When a child thinks of the dear old home, and the loved and revered parents, he will involuntarily say to himself:

"Tender memories 'round thee twine Like the ivy-green 'round the pine, Over land and sea I may roam, Still will I cherish thee, my own dear home."

Every child, no matter how shielded from the world, will need sin and temptation. The home training should be of such a nature, that the child will resist the wrong and the evil with which it comes in contact. Right principles should be so instilled into its character that when it comes in contact with the wiles and wickedness, which beset our daily paths, it will never even be tempted to do anything that is wrong. This would show that the foundation of the child's character had been strongly built.

(Concluded next week)

*Read at Warsaw Women's Institute.

Their Family Pocket Book

There can be no hard and fast rule governing this subject.

Early in our married life, wife and I discussed this subject at some length and it was then that I decided that the allowance plan saved too much of divided interests. Being familiar with our financial affairs it would be better even to provide a separate account accordingly and this she has consistently done down to the present time.

We keep accurate accounts covering all our transactions. When my wife receives any money it is charged to her in the expense account in bulk, though her disposition of the amount is never even known to me. She may keep an itemized account for her own benefit or like "Mrs. Newlywed" she may enter in her cash book the legend "Received from dear John \$100.00 and spent it all."

Only once was the before mentioned plan varied from.

POULTRY MONY

Our hen family was a nondescript lot. The hen house only a tradition and the principles of poultry raising to them was as to why more eggs were not produced. My time was too fully occupied to admit of any further diversion. I offered to offer them a plan and furnish free food for the hens and at the same time pay market price for the eggs to any member of the family who would take the hens in charge, and as the offer went begging, wife took up the offer herself, and I can assure you no family of 48 hens ever got more or better care than they did. A lot of early chicks were hatched which were started into winter quarters in good laying condition. They were well kept and only the more likely to live up to the required number.

I was asked for no other money for her personal expenses during the fall and winter and in spring I was informed that she had a surplus of \$35.00 accumulated from egg money.

She then induced our younger son to take the care and profits of the poultry department.

ALLOWANCE PLAN

There are doubtless personal traits as well as circumstances that would make the allowance plan a good one, even necessary but as I should have to speak from theory rather than ex-