



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.

—Lilian Whiting.

Mrs. Van Ripper'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 Ripper's yard to live in. Mrs. Van Ripper 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 Ripper 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 and was telling me 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 Ripper 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 bit 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. Ripper wouldn't for the world let her know that these morning chats interfered with her work. And she would take home a pound of that "delicious butter," or a bit of lard, 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 Ripper was only too glad to loan the said irons, the wash board, the flour sifter or anything they might need, and they needed a great deal, even Mrs. Van Ripper had to admit that. But they were young house-keepers and what could you expect of them?

Mrs. Van Ripper 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

Ripper the trouble of taking them back. Of course she was, and Mrs. Van did them up carefully and gave them to her.

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

"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 shook her head knowingly as she stirs it up in the engine—the last work of Mrs. Van Ripper went on patting and arranging 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" 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 Ripper 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 Ripper—she wouldn't think of doing this up 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 red cherries.

Mr. Van Ripper looked stern disapproval of the transaction. When the \$5 was asked for the storm broke in all its fury and Mrs. Van Ripper was told to take the "dum 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 one to write 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 consolation in the families. Notwithstanding, Dick's wife was much concerned to see the "beautiful currants" and "exquisite cherries" spoil on their 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 Ripper's platter, and proved themselves troublesome tenants in more ways than one; but Dick's wife's 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 Ripper 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 Ripper premises, tied their horses to the young fruit trees and the picket fence round the front dooryard, and tramped over Mrs. Van Ripper's flower bed. An old sofa was knocked off to van Ripper. This, and the wax flowers which had been taken from behind the sofa and placed in an obscure corner, were all that Van Ripper 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. Dewar, Warrawee

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 faculties 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, nobleness 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 form 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 remainin guilty, but rener 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 a blessing, a curse 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 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 a father 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 meet 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 engage in any course but the victorious. This would show that the foundation of the child's character had been strongly built.

(Concluded next week)

*Read at Warrawee 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 the result of our discussion that the allowance plan saved too much of divided interests. Being familiar with our financial affairs it would be better to make people come out accordingly and this she has consistently done down to the present time.

We keep accurate accounts covering all of 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 enquired into. She may keep an itemised account for her own benefit or like "Mrs. Newjewe" she may enter in her cash book the ledger. Received from dear John \$100.00 and spent it all."

Only once was the before mentioned plan varied from.

POULTRY MONEY

Our hen family was a nondescript lot. The hen house only a tradition to them was the prime reason why to them was as to why more eggs were not produced. My time was too fully occupied to admit of any further division of my time offered to me, 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 charge in charge, and as the offer went begging, wife took up the offer herself, and I can assure you no chick 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 cared for and only the more likely birds kept to the required number.

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

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

ALLOWANCE PLAN

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