

Woman and the Home

The Little Wife at Home

The dear little wife at home, John,
She has ever so much to do—
Stitches to set and babies to pet
And so many step for you.
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your home with light,
Whatever you meet to-day, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

Although you are worn and weary,
You needn't be cross or curt,
There are words like darts to gentle
hearts;
There are looks that wound and hurt.
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop troubles out of sight,
To the dear little wife who is waiting
Go cheerily home to-night.

What though the tempter try you,
Though the shafts of adverse fate
May hurtle near and the sky be drear
And the laggard fortune wait.
You are passing rich already,
Let the haunting fears take flight
With the faith that wins success, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

I shall not let myself be hurried.
I shall not let myself be harried.
I shall not let myself be worried.
And I am perfectly sure that thus I
shall best please my friends in the end,
and best serve the world.

The Simplicities of Life

The Russians have a score of proverbs intended to show that the Tsar is only a man. In this way the animal instinct of human kinship manifests itself among an unlettered people. You may scratch the veneer of social convention in any country, and beneath it you will find the primal human animal, careless of artificial and accidental distinction of birth or of wealth or of training. A man is a man and a woman is a woman.

The feeling that this is true lies back of all our thinking, even when we are insisting on the propriety of marriage between young men and young women of similar social experience and similar tastes and ideals. It accounts for the love one has for the fairy story of Cinderella and the prince, and for the history of Ruth and Boaz.

can choose in regard to them. Because the child comes "out of the nowhere into here," he must get his impressions, make his observations in his own little environment. The character of that environment must, of course, determine the character of the lessons the child learns.

A rather prevalent idea is that that child has the best environment whose parents can provide him with most material comforts of finest quality, who can place him in so-called artistic surroundings. "Stone walls do not a prison make." So, too, wood and wallpaper, clothes and furniture do not make all of the child's environment. Whatever in any way affects the child, physically, mentally, morally, makes up his world. Whether the baby lies in silk-lined crib or one finished in cotton, "the mother's heart is the child's schoolroom." Many of the noblest, finest-grained men and women the world has known have come from very simple homes. This because the mothers in those homes had high ideals and knew how to insist on the essentials for making up a right environment for their children. They demonstrated in their daily living that the highest virtues can be practiced in plainest surroundings, that the soul can never be in prison.

No mother, however hard she may strive, can be absolutely perfect, or make

of action—"at meal-time, inculcated from the beginning by example and quiet precepts; pleasant, tender, cheery tones; laughter and fun; crooning sweet lullabies; absence of unnecessary confusing noises; optimistic views of home conditions, as the young child sees them. The clear, ringing note through all this is, "Linking ourselves with very bests."

A part of baby's environment is his own little, inner self. His prevailing mood is the "beginning of a mighty end." True, she cannot be kept always cowering, not even always calm, but if he is allowed to fly into frequent rages, to scream or sulk or grieve, he inevitably gains the impression that this or that way of doing is part of life, and he will go on living more and more according to his baby ideals. If mother's habit is to soothe with the "soft murmurings of her voice," and so help the little one on to patience and peace, she puts upward leading impulses into his life.

"As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." To put the thought another way: If the little twig is kept straight by just the kind of treatment a twig needs, the tree will be straight and firm.

Fifty-one years ago a man now living in Rahway, N.J., fed a hungry soldier during the war. On the anniversary he



A beauty spot for a calm and quiet rest. On the farm of Mr. D. McCaskill.

What Wears on Me

A Declaration of Independence

It isn't my work that bothers me, it's the extras.

It isn't what I have decided I ought to do in my life, but what other people think I ought to do.

It isn't the routine, but the unexpected.

I could sing under my burden, but it is hard to sing under other folks' burdens.

I go with a rejoicing heart to my chosen recreation, but with a heavy heart to the "amusement" that fashion or even friendship picks out for me.

I can work indefinitely when there is no lash, but under the lash I fall in an hour.

My idea of heaven is that I shall be allowed to do the things that I can do best, and that therefore I best like to do, and shall have time enough to do them without feeling rushed.

And I have decided to set up heaven on earth, and at once.

I have decided to obey my own conscience and not other people's idea of what my conscience ought to be.

I have decided to do one duty at a time.

I have decided to select the recreations that re-create me, and not those that re-create other folks and that therefore they think ought to re-create me.

I have decided to live my own life, since no one else will live it.

I have decided to listen carefully to all the good advice given me except it when it commends itself to my judgment and conscience, and when it does not forget it and not let it worry me.

I have decided to refuse the tasks that cannot be done well, and to remember that well-doing means serene doing.

The theme occurs over and over again in literature. The beggar maid was not surprised when King Cophetua raised her to the throne. She was a woman, and she knew, as every woman to-day knows, that it is her womanhood that draws men to her, not her education nor her dress, nor anything superficial or accidental or external. When that womanhood surmounts all obstacles the world approves, because it sees that the great simplicities of life still wield their potent influence.

The Mother's Heart the Child's Schoolroom

By Sceva Stephen

"By Tiny, unseen, unguessed influences the child's life is molded." The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy have consequences very important and of long duration. That the child begins to get impressions and be influenced and form habits very early is evident enough if one studies carefully. "Children are very nice observers." It sometimes seems as if, "away back in the dim days," the child stores up observations, as a photographer does his plates, to be brought out and used when occasion demands. How often people of mature years say, with a touch of pride, "I have never been used to—" or, "I have always been used to—" and consider that sufficient reason for ranking some of the refinements of life as necessities.

"Being used to" must have a beginning in every life, and that beginning in regard to many essentials of right living is made long before the child is conscious of receiving impressions, long before he

her home wholly ideal. Yet any mother under love's tutorship can give a tone to the child's environment such as will put into his life ideals of true refinement, of noble living; so that the really "bests" will come to be necessities in his life circle. The child learns best from elemental bests. If these elementals are factors in his everyday surroundings, and are maintained as the months and years go on, his life must begin right and develop along right lines. For instance, many things that are not beautiful in comparison with others, can, nevertheless teach the elements of beauty, and so stimulate the child's mind as to lead him on to unflinching pursuit of what appeals to his artistic sense. A writer, touching upon making home beautiful, speaks with warmth of feeling of the "picturesqueness" many and many a womanly woman who must live very plainly imparts to her rooms by means of "polished tins, many-shaded patchwork coverlets, gay strips in carpet, a scarlet geranium." "Polished tins"—a bright blossom or two! How baby will crow as he reaches for either!

With such hints of art may go other elemental factors that are priceless in value to the young life. Because this is so absolutely true, every mother, whether she commands dollars or only dimes, can create a wholesome atmosphere for the home life such as will nourish the best in the child's nature. Some of the other things essential to true refinement and love of what is pure and lovely, and that cost not a cent more than their opposites, are a mother always tidily and becomingly dressed, no matter how simply; rooms always clean and in cheerful good order; table always daintily set; good manners—the ornament

found on his door-step a fifteen-pound ham and a bag of potatoes—returned "after many days."—C. E. World.

The Thimble Family

Good Mistress Thimble, neat and nimble,
Drives Brother Needle with a push and a wheedle,

While light Sister Thread, with a noiseless tread,

A stitch drops behind as she flies ahead.

Then comes Father Scissors and gives her a snip,

And starts them off on another trip.

Over a hem, or down a seam,
Needle and thread, a lively team.

Fat Uncle Emery, bright and true,
When a hard place comes will help them through.

And pale Auntie Wax is willing enough
To smooth the way when they find it rough.

Then Grandfather Bodkin, with many a jerk,

Will do his part, and finish the work.
Now, where is their home? Well, since you ask it,

I'll tell you—they live in a little work-basket.

A Safe Pill for Suffering Women.—The secluded life of women which permits of little healthful exercise, is a fruitful cause of derangements of the stomach and liver and is accountable for the pains and lassitude that so many of them experience. Parlee's Vegetable Pills will correct irregularities of the digestive organs and restore health and vigor. The most delicate woman can use them with safety because their action, while effective, is mild and soothing.