

Woman and the Home

The Guest

One answered on the day when Christ
went by:

"Lord, I am rich; pause not for such
as I,

My work, my home, my strength, my
frugal store,

The sun and rain—what need have I of
more?

Go to the sinful who have need of thee,
Go to the poor, but tarry not for me.

What is there thou shouldst do for such
as I?"

And he went by.

Long years thereafter, by a palace door,
The footsteps of the Master paused
once more,

From whence the old voice answered
piteously:

"Lord, I am poor, my house unfit for
thee,

Nor peace, nor pleasure grace my
princely board,

Nor love, nor health; what could I give
thee, Lord?

Lord, I am poor, unworthy, stained with
sin."

Yet he went in.

—Mabel Earle, in *The Outlook*.

Water For The Birds

As the hot days of summer come on birds suffer for lack of water and are sure to be most numerous where water can be found, both for drinking and bathing. No need to argue the need of some help in destroying the insect pests of garden, orchard and field. It is absolutely certain that several broods a season will be hatched by robins, wrens, catbirds, brown thrashers and the chipping and song sparrows, in a place where they are safe from cats and squirrels and can get plenty of water. The elm tree beetle has done a good deal of damage in our neighborhood in the last few years. The tips of the outer and topmost branches were bare for six inches. This year they are fully covered for the first time in several years. We found the beetle rolled up in the leaves, in both the larvae and the adult stage, but the birds seem to have found them too. At least the trees are looking better and no other help has been given them.

It is hardly safe to keep a drinking basin on the ground, because of the danger from cats. Often a tree will afford a convenient place in which a small basin may be hung. It must not be very deep and is better if bottom is covered with pebbles. If there is no tree suitable a small platform may be made by driving four stakes or crotched sticks into the ground, in the shade, and placing the basin beyond reach of prowlers. If the birds have had few friends they may be slow in using the bath, but their numbers will increase in proportion to their sense of safety. Of course it takes a little time to empty, clean and refill a basin, but it takes a good deal more time and money to fight insect pests.

Hot Weather Schemes

At the meeting of the ladies' club the members fell to telling of hot weather labor-saving schemes, and it was amusing as well as instructive to listen to them. They were all busy farmers' wives and all were forced to get along without help, so the makeshifts were the result of sheer necessity as well as choice. To be able to attend church, their club and to have occasional outings these ladies felt justified in using every legitimate means to save labor.

One lady said she did not wash her pie board the entire summer and before the ladies could repress their little gasps of amazement she demurely added that she did not use it all summer. She saved all the unprinted wrapping paper that came into the house and on a large clean sheet spread upon the kitchen table she rolled her biscuits, her pies

and even her bread. When she had finished she put the paper in the stove and thus saved herself a great deal of trouble.

Another lady said she saved trouble by discarding all dresser and washstands scarfs. She bought white paper at the printing office and cut it to fit the places before hot weather came on. Each week the dressers were fitted out with clean spreads and the washing and ironing were kept down by this clever idea. Another member used the same idea but with fancy paper napkins.

Instead of using regular cake tins to cool her cakes a member procured a number of waste blocks or boards such

saved her cold boiled potatoes for frying in berry boxes all summer. Waxed paper instead of butter cloths, and berry boxes lined with waxed paper for holding fruits when cleaned and ready for use, fancy paper napkins for table centerpieces, paper-covered tin cans for vases, throwing away the tin can when the bouquet faded, paper drinking cups at picnics, empty cracker tins instead of dishes for holding picnic foods, the new weave of crash known as homespun that needs no ironing for towels, tape instead of ribbon for undergarments, soft paper for cleaning lamp chimneys instead of cloths, and large pasteboard boxes for garbage instead of washable cans were among the suggestions.

And looking at the happy, serene faces of the house-keepers an onlooker would have to admit that the much



Bulkley Gate, mile 184, New Hazelton, B.C. G.T.P. Railway

as children delight to play with and used each side once. Then she burned up the boards. She also used them for pounding beefsteak and cutting meat and similar purposes.

Several members spoke of putting away every ornament before warm weather came, but only one confessed to disposing of every bedroom rug except the short one in front of the bed. "You have no idea how easy it is to mop those floors and finish the cleaning now that the rugs are rolled up and packed away," she said. "Since I no longer have to shake fifteen rugs each week my upstairs work is done in half the time." Many of them spoke of putting away all white window draperies from the upstairs windows for the summer, and several said the downstairs was guiltless of washable draperies. Uncurtained windows admit the air better and save work.

Of course there were many suggestions that are generally known to farm ladies, such as wearing crinkled underwear that needs no ironing, slighting the ironing of sheets and every-day towels, using papers on table and kitchen floor to save washing, keeping the children in rompers except on state occasions and eliminating elaborate desserts, but there were many little new kinks.

Paper picnic plates and clean berry boxes for holding kitchen supplies were advocated, one lady saying she had

talk of "farm drudge" was not in that company, for the ladies spoke with authority and when they said the various makeshifts had lightened their labor their words had weight, for their faces proved what they said.

Rest

Written for *The Western Home Monthly*,
By Frances

Rest, now the lingering day is done;
We have laughed and cried
We have lost and won;
All your burdens lay by
With the down-going sun:
Rest, weary one, rest.

Rest, and forget the shadow of care,
The sorrow is deep
That no one can share;
But no mortal is tried
Beyond what he can bear;
Rest, weary one, rest.

Rest, the tangles to-morrow may clear,
Your tears end in smiles
And vanish all fear;
To that puzzle so dense,
Some solution appear:
Rest, weary one, rest.

The most obstinate corns and warts fail to resist Holloway's Corn Cure. Try it.

The Mother-Heart

Written for *The Western Home Monthly*,
By James Morton, Two Creeks, Man.

O, mother-heart whose hopes lie cold
Like ashes in the trench he won.
You weep, as Rachel wept of old
In anguish for a fallen son.

You think, no doubt, of life's fresh dawn
When in your home he laughed and
played,
And at your knees each night and morn:
His lips in childish prattle prayed.

And all his pleasing, winsome ways—
The treasured sunbeam of his hair,
His clear, blue eyes, like God's own skies—
You seem to see them everywhere.

You think of manhood's opening days
When all the world for him seemed small
You heard his friends', his teachers'
praise—
In silent joy you prized them all.

Then came the call to War. He went
In answer to his country's cry.
His last embrace with tears besprent,
And prayers that yet were half a sigh

Then day by day with fear you read
The news of battles and alarms,
The lengthening columns of the dead,
The stories of great deeds in arms.

Of shells in thunderous flame that broke
From guns that shook as earthquake
shakes
The earth and air. Vast clouds of smoke
Through which the volleyed lightning
breaks.

From crackling rifles miles apart.
Or in fierce charge the rattling steel,
As gun by gun and point to heart
The panting legions surge and reel.

You read of men who fought in air
As eagles fight or vultures whirl,
Their screams the shots that ring and tear
As through the drifting clouds they hurl.

Or dark and dumb beneath the sea
They played with thunder as with toys,
And let the blind torpedo free
To send the Dreadnought to the skies.

But mother-heart, those themes are wild—
Your thought throughout was all of him,
In battle-smoke you saw your child
As one may see whose eyes grow dim

And then at some heroic deed
Those eyes grew bright with joy and
pride,
And swift you hoped the days would speed
To bring him bounding to your side.

Then through deep waters flashed the
spark
That broke you down as lightning
breaks—
On bended knees, in days grown dark,
You shook like leaves that thunder
shakes.

Till broke the tempest of your tears
To drain the founts of sorrow dry,
Or float the vessel of your years
Blown wandering by a mourner's sigh.

As in a dream you saw his face,
So pale amid War's ghastly dew,
Beneath the moon with quiet grace,
Riding in heaven's serenest blue.

It seemed to gild with glory's crown
The sunny head you nursed of old,
And so the Comforter came down,
And told you all He would have told.

"O, mother-heart! Be comforted
He fell as fall the brave and true,
And these, though gone, are never dead,
But ever live their lives anew.

They live, they move from age to age,
Our hands to hold, our steps to stay,
They write the world's unwritten page,
From earth they cannot pass away.

They live in homes from pillage saved,
They live in hearts from anguish free,
They live by all the deeds they braved
In holy, happy memory.

Girt by the sunlight and the stars,
They guide us every step we tread,
They live beyond the hurt of wars,
O, mother-heart, be comforted."