

Woman and the Home

The Treasure Ship

By Frank Lillie Pollock

I wait through the days dark-hearted,
Till my ship of desire comes home,
That I sent on a course uncharted
Through a long, unfurrowed foam,

To the shores of my boyhood's pleasure,
And the ultimate isles of truth,
Where I buried a lordly treasure
In the richness of my youth—

Pale pearls and rubies' rapture,
Amber and spice and gold,
The cargo of every capture
That I made on the seas of old.

And I sailed away, unknowing
I would come that way no more,
But my ship shall find it glowing
In the sand of the secret shore.

They will lift and load the plunder,
Till my ship shall glimmer bright
With the wealth of my old-time wonder,
And the dream of my old delight.

And I wait by the slow years failing;
It is long since she went to sea,
And I harken to hear her hailing;
But she comes not back to me.

Was she sacked by the sons of
slaughter,
Sunk by the ships of crime,
That sweep the past's weird water,
Black buccaneers of time?

I have seen their flags ill-fated,
I have felt their dark blockade;
And they knew she was treasure-
freighted;
And they knew what course she laid.

But still by the slow sea's drifting,
Where the ghostly ventures roam,
I watch for her topsails lifting
That is bringing my treasure home.

Training the Child in Sleep

By Katharine Scott Umsted

When my little boy was four years old we were separated for sixteen weeks. Up to that time he had all the tender care a loving mother could give; her only child. My health having given out I was forced to leave him in the hands of an ignorant nurse, while I went to a sanitarium.

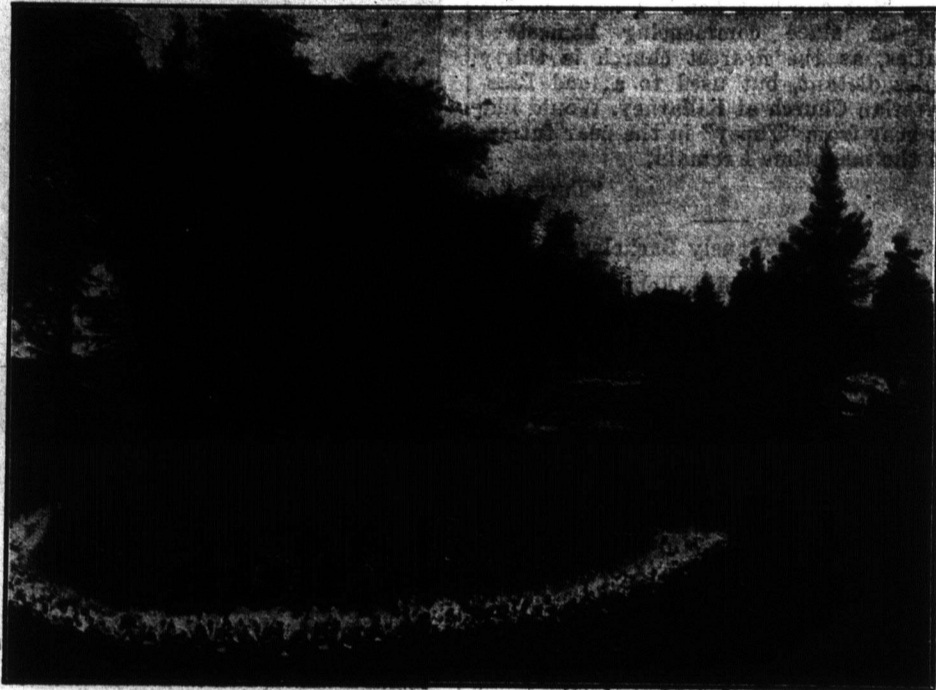
I shall never forget the night I returned. I was not expected for several days longer. I went to the nursery at once. My once sunny, bright little man was resisting Mary Ann's attempt to undress him, because he had been told earlier in the day that for some childish offence he should have a whipping at bed-time. I took him on my lap, told his nurse to leave the matter to me, and proceeded to make him comfortable for the night. As I laid him down in his little white bed he gave a great sigh and said:

"I am glad you are here, but did you know there is an awful place called hell, where bad children go? Nurse says I am going there." His whole body shook as he clasped his arms around my neck.

I had come home to great sorrow, to a hopeless and suddenly-stricken invalid, one who drew upon all my strength of spirit to give him courage for the inevitable. I was taxed to the utmost. Often I would read out loud until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning; then, going to my room, would fling myself on my bed and give vent to my overwrought nerves, as I dared not do in the daytime. My little sleeping child was a great comfort; I loved to feel the warm little body so sound asleep, and I would murmur over the dear curls my grief, so quieting myself for the rest of the night.

Soon I noticed a peculiar sympathy existing between us. To my surprise he seemed to reflect my own nervous state. It grew more marked, and apparently the gaiety of babyhood was leaving him. For some time I had been anxious over

a fault which had arisen and developed under the tyrannical sway of his nurse during our separation. From a remarkably truthful child he had become just the opposite. I cannot tell how the inspiration came to me; I think solely from my own inner consciousness—but this flashed over me: "Why cannot I control him in one way as in another? My nervousness has been given him with my cares at night while he was asleep; now why cannot I influence him in this other matter?" I worked it all out in my own way and said nothing of the experiment to anybody else. At night, upon coming to the bed, which we shared, I would put my arms around him and say, not loud enough to waken him even in the slightest: "Mother loves her little boy. She loves him the most in the world, even though sometimes she has to punish him. And he loves his mother dearly. He must not tell her naughty stories. He does not tell her naughty stories. He tells the truth. My little boy must grow up to be an honest Christian little gentleman. He is now an honest Christian little boy." I kept this up night after night, and in less than three weeks there was a



A Beauty Spot in one of Winnipeg's Public Parks.

wonderful change. The child is now nearly ten years old. While of a remarkably imaginative disposition, he is noticeably truthful and positively sure of his mother's love, even though she feels it necessary to mingle with it the restraint and authority that a father would exercise. I have since influenced him in the same manner in regard to other matters; his lessons, his aversion to soap and water, a certain pertness he has adopted; and always with unflinching success. His love and trust in me are greater than in the average child. For instance, on an ocean voyage, and although there were other children, my little son was universally known as "the boy who loves his mother."

Once in speaking of a friend whose grown son had died, my boy most earnestly said to me: "Oh, mother, I am so sorry for her, after all these years when she had to train him and make him into a good man, and then to lose him!"

If more mothers knew of this wonderful power in their possession the management of children would be much simplified. Call it thought transference, hypnotism, sub-conscious mind control, whatever you will, the fact remains that in the hands of an earnest, loving mother lies a wonderful force for good; for good in both ways, the one's giving as well as taking; a glimmer of the divine is vouchsafed to the reverent woman who looks upon the so I given her to mold and says, "It is good."

All doors open to pleasing, sunny personalities, therefore, cultivate the art of pleasing. Charm of personality creates an individual atmosphere that has much to do with one's advancement.

A Sensitive Soul

A poet began it, a true poet and a good man who would not for worlds have been responsible for such mischief as his words wrought. Della was at the impressionable age that summer. The poet met her need of an ideal, and she, being a clever girl as well as a pretty one, showed such a quick comprehension of his fancies and such a ready sympathy with his moods that he very nearly mistook her for a kindred genius.

"That is a rare, sweet, sensitive soul," the poet told some one—who promptly told Della. "The world should touch her gently, not to bruise a petal of the flower."

Then presently the poet went away, leaving Della to try to "live up to it." Unhappily, she had no very clear idea of the man's meaning, and the word "sensitive" misled her. She took it that in order to develop her nature she needed to follow her precious fancies and have her own way.

Sensitiveness of a certain kind is easily preserved and cultivated. It soon became apparent to her friends that one must not contradict or oppose Della if one wanted to get along with her. When she saw fit to volunteer advice, as she frequently did, one must either follow it or hurt her feelings. Fortunately

How to Preserve a Husband

Be careful in your selection; do not choose too young, and take only such as have been raised in a good moral atmosphere. Some insist on keeping them in pickle, while others keep them in hot water. This only makes them sour, hard and sometimes bitter. Even poor varieties may be made sweet, tender and good by garnishing them with patience and flavored with kisses to taste; then wrap them in a mantle of charity, keep warm with a steady fire of domestic devotion and serve with peaches and cream. When thus prepared they will keep for years.—Nebraska Farmer.

The Game

The car was crowded, but the two pretty girls who entered it at Madison Avenue had no trouble in getting seats. They thanked the men who gave them places, and immediately fell into an absorbing conversation, so absorbing that one of them did not look up when the conductor called for fares. He glanced at her doubtfully, but after a second's hesitation, passed on; it was almost beyond human possibility to be certain of every one at the crowded hour.

As they left the car, one of the girls turned to the other triumphantly. "Another nickel in!" she exclaimed.

"Another nickel? What do you mean?" the other asked, puzzled.

Claire laughed, showing her prettiest dimple. "I mean," she explained, "that that's five nickels I've saved this week by free rides. Of course I don't care for the nickels, but it's loads of fun to do it."

"But—Claire Ellis—it isn't honest!" Claire laughed again. "What's the harm?" she asked. "The company's far too rich. Lots of people do it, only they don't own up."

"But I should think the conductor would catch you."

"That's just the fun of it—I've found out how. If I think the conductor is going to ask me, I just smile right into his eyes. They never insist when you do that. Once, though, I did nearly get caught. I took a big chance that time, for I'd been snapping, and had spent every cent except a ten-dollar bill—and the conductor was a grim old thing, who wouldn't know a pretty girl from a cow! When he said, 'Fare, miss, I was scared for a second, then before I realized it, my life was saved. The man who had given me his seat and was standing just in front of me, said, 'I paid for that young lady—I gave you two tickets.' The conductor looked doubtful, but he couldn't be sure because the car was crowded, so after an instant he went on."

"But, Claire Ellis—to let a strange man pay for you!"

Claire flushed a little.

"Well, of course I didn't quite like it, but what could I do?" she protested. "And I'm sure he was very nice about it, only he did keep staring at me afterward. I wouldn't have father know it for anything—he's so fussy over some things. Don't you dare breathe it to a living soul, Pats Harriman!"

They were at dinner, and the dainties were on the table.

"Will you take tart or pudding?" asked papa of Tommy.

"Tart," said Tommy, promptly. His father sighed as he recalled the many lessons on manners he had given the boy.

"Tart what?" he queried, kindly. But Tommy's eyes were glued on the pastry. "Tart, what?" was asked sharply, this time.

"Tart first!" answered Tommy triumphantly.

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No vice is more difficult to overcome than that of idleness and untidiness.