

HOUSE AND HOME CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

Good cheer is the hall mark of a brave and healthy soul. To give way to gloomy thoughts, otherwise the "blues" is a sign of weakness.

"Laugh and grow fat" is a somewhat vulgar aphorism that may not appeal to women who weigh over 140, but there is more real good sense in it than in most old aphorisms.

ABOUT WOMEN.

Only fools laugh at the woman who lavishes her caresses on a canary or a pug dog. The discerning weep at the tragedy of a heart so poor that it has nothing better on which to expend its love.

Women gauge virtue by emotion. They always believe in the goodness of a man whose voice trembles when he prays aloud in prayer meeting, and are convinced that the woman criminal who weeps when she tells her story is a poor, abused, persecuted creature.

THE COMING CHAPEAU.

It is certain that we shall have straight-brimmed hats with us in the early spring—certainly in the summer. And with these straight, wide brims, which are so becoming to most faces, we shall have high crowns, surrounded with upstanding feathers, or a cluster of handsome feathers placed high at the left side with an enormous ostray springing from the midst.

KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH CHILDREN.

As one grows older it seems harder and harder to enter into the plays and fancies of the children around us, even if they are our very own. There are mothers who have such busy lives that any exertion that is not absolutely necessary, is really an impossibility, but many are too lazy mentally and physically to keep in touch with their children, mothers who wall around that their children do not give them their confidence.

One cannot help being struck by the lack of sympathy between the average mother and daughter or father and son, especially as the children grow up, and the fault seems to be largely with the parents, not the friend or companion to whom the children would go with even the stillness of youth and have them received as such, not as things of lasting importance, and to be referred to again and again after they have passed and are sinking into oblivion.

"Oh, I can't tell mother anything; she lays so much stress, so much importance, on every trifling and never forgets it or lets me. I wish I had a mother I could tell things to," is the cry one hears continually from school girls.

WINTER LINGERIE WAISTS.

"Even girls who have foot muffs, hand muffs, fur coats and lap robes to protect them against the cold when they are out driving, still cling to airy lingerie waists," asserted the observer of feminine fables.

THE USE OF MUSTARD IN THE BATH.

The growing use of mustard in the bath is a modern adaptation of the principle that mustard is one of the most valuable external stimulants, says Black and White. To those who have not tried it the result is really surprising.

Take a teaspoonful of best mustard and add to the bath when filled. The water will be found to be of slightly yellow-green color and absolutely free from any stinging or smarting sensation.

A NEW VERSION OF THE GOLDEN RULE.

The end of the day found the Two of Them in the Garden, for the Garden, on a mild midwinter evening, is not without its attractions. The mist rising up there by the river, reaching out its white arms to enfold the dark trees, had offered the Two of Them fanciful talk for half an hour, and Orion and Florida had told them tales of other times, when Memphis was young and the Sphinx less of a mystery.

"Have you ever," asked the One "stood on the brow of a hill overlooking a city when the gray twilight was mingling with smoke of the many shops and factories, weaving a cloak for it, such as the woods never wore?"

"And I hope never will wear!" ejaculated the Other. "But go on—and pardon the interruption."

"And as you looked down upon it—its lights outlining the streets pressed by hurrying feet, its illuminated windows showing where are the toil-shops—and measured those lives by the ones of which you have clearer knowledge, did you not feel that that darkness rising before you is not the withdrawal of the sun's rays, but, instead, the human misery of those men and women? And so much of it is needless!"

"I wish," said the Other, "you would tell why any of it is necessary! It seems to me we could all get along admirably without it."

"Why don't we put that belief into practice?" asked the One. "You mean we are the cause of the misery?"

"Who else?" "I thought it was fate, or Destiny—and some have said it was God."

"And instead it is ourselves—man's inhumanity to man. But as I stood there late this afternoon and thought of some things that have recently thrust themselves upon my observation, recalled faces that tell so plainly of hearts being wrung until it would seem only the physical action remains; of voices whose anguish smites you because of the smile on the face of the speaker; of the strong deliberately seeking the wrong way and luring the weak to walk therein with them; of men slaying honor in their hearts and women trampling on virtue, preparing a rack of torture for themselves and all who love them when I thought of all this needless suffering, I could but ask God, Why! And this is only what I beheld in my limited sphere. Add to it what falls under the observation of 100,000 persons in that city, and be glad God has withheld from you the vision of an angel."

from our eyes?" "And as you stood there and thought of all that misery and sin and suffering, you sought for a remedy, what did you find? But I know—and it is as old as Adam, and it is being applied more frequently and thoroughly than you perhaps think."

"It is," asked the One, turning toward the gate, for the night was growing chill. "Why, let each one alleviate the suffering he sees, of course!" "No, that was not it! It was for each one to do nothing that would cause suffering to himself or any other."

"If such a thing could be!" cried the Other, with eyes on the stars. "Earth would be what we fancy they are. Can you not see such an one, wearing even here the visible glory of righteousness, walking amongst us, scattering healing as he went, feared by no living thing and loved by God and man? And there are so many who could become such, in a large measure. Their work tends toward elevation; their habits of mind and conduct have been trained toward goodness, nature herself aiding education. Sympathy and tenderness are theirs in a degree far beyond their brethren, and they have abiding faith in the ultimate attainment of good by all things. And what withholds them from becoming that which would crown them and humanity with them, is, to them, weaker than a spider's web!"

NEW THINGS FOR THE HOUSE-KEEPER.

In the March Woman's Home Companion, Fannie Merritt Farmer gives her attention to the needs of the young housekeeper, and her talk is well worthy the careful reading of any woman of the home who is on the lookout for new, simple and good things.

A bean rabbit is just one of her many good hints to housekeepers. "Just the way to use the last of the baked beans! Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one teaspoonful of salt, one eighth of a teaspoonful of paprika, one half cupful of milk and one cupful of cold

mashed baked beans. Stir until thoroughly heated, and add one half cupful of grated soft, mild cheese. As soon as the cheese has melted, serve on small circular pieces of toasted bread or zephyrettes. It may be readily seen that this recipe is admirably adapted for chafing-dish use."

THE MARCH WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

The March number of the Woman's Home Companion again captures public notice with its charming cover picture of a Japanese girl—one of the daintiest magazine covers that has appeared in years. This issue is the Spring Fashion Number, and for it Grace Margaret Gould, the fashion editor, has prepared many delightful pages, illustrating in detail the advance spring styles.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale contributes a charming talk on "Home Reading." Kellogg Durland, the author of "The Red Reign," has an article of absorbing interest, entitled "Women of the Revolt," containing some heart-rending anecdotes of the part that certain brave women have played in the Russian Revolution.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson writes on "The Mental Growth of Babies," a refreshingly bright article, and Irving Bacheller, Francis Lynde, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and many others contribute fiction. The usual department, presided over by Margaret E. Sangster, Fannie Merritt Farmer, Anna Steese Richardson and others, are helpful and attractive. The whole number is beautifully illustrated.

"The old lads are lonesome— Youth must have a chance; Too old to dance now— Too old to dance!"

"The old lads are lonesome— Youth must have a chance; Too old to dance now— Too old to dance!"

"The old lads are lonesome— Youth must have a chance; Too old to dance now— Too old to dance!"

"The old lads are lonesome— Youth must have a chance; Too old to dance now— Too old to dance!"

"The old lads are lonesome— Youth must have a chance; Too old to dance now— Too old to dance!"

"The old lads are lonesome— Youth must have a chance; Too old to dance now— Too old to dance!"

then again by a scarf-like drapery so arranged that— it widens the shoulder-line. While if, on the other hand, she has a fondness for the long drooping shoulder, she can find many designs that will carry out this effect."

WHEN THE PREACHER LAUGHED

Rev. Dr. Eddy was one of the most dignified and learned of preachers. He said that in his sixty years of church work there were two occasions on which he could not restrain himself from laughing. One night a bad boy sat in the gallery and amused himself by dropping, or trying to drop, spit balls into the open mouth of a pillar of the church who had fallen asleep in the amen corner. This incident nearly broke up the meeting, because every man and woman in the congregation was watching the performance and no one paid the slightest attention to Dr. Eddy.

The other occasion which caused Dr. Eddy to laugh concerned his own son. The youngster, going to church in a white duck suit, had a nose-bleed, and, being without a handkerchief, allowed the blood, drop by drop, to form diagrams upon his trousers. He made all sorts of figures by moving his head about. Mrs. Eddy finally took notice of this performance, but dared not interrupt her husband's prayer by motherly officiousness. As soon, however, as the prayer was ended she hit her boy a mighty whack—whereat the doctor laughed.

"And there I stood, Aunt Susan," said Miss Porter's long-winded nephew, who had been droning on about his summer in Switzerland for some hours since the old lady's eyes had begun to droop—"and there I stood, Aunt Susan, with the abyss yawning in front of me." "William," said Aunt Susan, speaking as one who has long kept silence, "was that abyss yawning before you got there, or did it begin afterwards?"

JUMPING AT A CONCLUSION.

"I have just swallowed a couple of—of—what are these things that work while you sleep?" "Gas meters! Great Scott, you've never swallowed a couple of those!"

"I went to hear 'Il Trovatore' last night."

Blue Ribbon Tea advertisement with coupon and contact information.

"Fine opera." "Oh, shucks! Man, the hand organs have been playing them tunes for years. I recognized them all."

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE. Jimmy had his weak points, as an example of the result of modern educational methods, but his brain was of excellent quality. When the teacher looked at him and inquired, coldly, "What is a synonym, James?" he was ready with his answer.

With the Poets. THE MESSAGE OF THE MUSIC. What's that the fiddle's sayin', which the others never hear?— Somethin' that's a-hoverin' betwixt a smile an' tear— Somethin' of the past time—th' shadow an' the beam, An' I hear it for the last time in a dream—in a dream!

THE MESSAGE OF THE MUSIC. What's that the fiddle's sayin', which the others never hear?— Somethin' that's a-hoverin' betwixt a smile an' tear— Somethin' of the past time—th' shadow an' the beam, An' I hear it for the last time in a dream—in a dream!

THE MESSAGE OF THE MUSIC. What's that the fiddle's sayin', which the others never hear?— Somethin' that's a-hoverin' betwixt a smile an' tear— Somethin' of the past time—th' shadow an' the beam, An' I hear it for the last time in a dream—in a dream!

THE MESSAGE OF THE MUSIC. What's that the fiddle's sayin', which the others never hear?— Somethin' that's a-hoverin' betwixt a smile an' tear— Somethin' of the past time—th' shadow an' the beam, An' I hear it for the last time in a dream—in a dream!

THE MESSAGE OF THE MUSIC. What's that the fiddle's sayin', which the others never hear?— Somethin' that's a-hoverin' betwixt a smile an' tear— Somethin' of the past time—th' shadow an' the beam, An' I hear it for the last time in a dream—in a dream!

THE MESSAGE OF THE MUSIC. What's that the fiddle's sayin', which the others never hear?— Somethin' that's a-hoverin' betwixt a smile an' tear— Somethin' of the past time—th' shadow an' the beam, An' I hear it for the last time in a dream—in a dream!

BOYS AND GIRLS a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

JAMIE'S PRIZE.

Just as Jamie was about to climb over the fence on his way to school one cold morning, he was surprised to find the fence gone, and only a neat zigzag of ashes where it had been. The little gap between the two sections of wire fence had been pieced out the summer before with a raffance, and a spark from a passing engine had burnt it up completely. Of course the wire fence would not burn, so the fire went out after reaching it.

"Good! I don't have to climb over this morning," said Jamie. "I'm glad all these weeds and brush are gone." Jamie was only seven years old, but he was allowed to cross two large fields alone on his way to school, because his mamma was sure she could trust him. Never in all the time he had been going to the little school house had he been tardy, and this year, which teacher had promised to every scholar who would be present every day and not tardy.

"Oh, there are Mr. Harper's sheep!" said James aloud as the whole flock came running to meet him. "They will get on the track and get killed if some one does not watch them." Tommy Harper and Jamie had had a little tiff the day before over a game of marbles, so Jamie walked on quickly, saying: "Tommy's lamb had better look out or it will get pitched off the track by an engine. I guess I can't afford to be tardy and lose the prize just because their sheep got out. I'll tell Tommy when I get to school, and he can run home. Teacher will excuse him that long."

But just then a train whistled, and Jamie felt ashamed of his naughty words. He hurried back to drive the stupid sheep away from the gap, and presently a long slow freight thundered past. When the noise was over, Jamie heard the last school-bell ringing, and he knew it was too late to get there in time.

"I might just as well stay and watch," he said, as the big tears rolled down his cheeks. "I've lost the prize now." The silly sheep creaked around, and he had to get a long stick to drive them away. Many a time he had carried a handful of salt to the tame creatures, so they imagined he had a treat for them again. Over and over he sent them back over the light snow, but always they would come sniffing back, ready to escape if he had not been there to watch them. The tired little boy wished they would behave for a few moments, but the exercise was just what he needed to keep his fingers and toes from freezing.

"Why, Jamie Ford, are you here?" said Mr. Harper after four trains had thundered past and the winter sun rose high in the sky. "Have you been keeping my lambs safe from harm? I can never thank you enough. The stupid creatures would have fuddled together on the track as sure as anything if you had not been here. I'll carry some rails from the old fence and close this gap and you run on home as quickly as you can."

Jamie wanted to hurry on to the school, but Mr. Harper persuaded him to go home, where his mamma looked very grave when she heard the story. She gave her little boy a hot footbath and a cup of hot herb tea before putting him to bed, so he lost a whole day by his act of kindness.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

THEY ALSO SERVE. They also serve who only stand and wait; Yea, Lord, and many such perchance there be, Who, unawares, in patience serving thee, Stand all day long before some fast-barred gate.

25c to Cure Your Cough advertisement for Boie's Preparation of Friar's Cough Balsam.

Boie's Preparation of Friar's Cough Balsam advertisement with logo and contact information.

Activite Catho advertisement on the right edge of the page.