

## RANDOM NOTES

### For Busy Households.

#### A FATHER'S LULLABY.

(Written a few weeks after the birth of my first boy.)

Sleep little baby boy,  
Slumber on in silence deep.  
Never more a thing of joy,  
Than when wrapt in peaceful sleep.

Hush, darling, do not wake,  
Dream on while angels woo.  
Sleep, love, for papa's sake,  
He would do as much for you.

Ope not those pretty eyes,  
I will see them later, dear.  
When lonesome for thy cries,  
I will call thee, never fear.

Gr-e-at Scott! what a shout!  
What big angry eyes of blue!  
Don't you know that mamma's out?  
Faith, I'd like to bet you do!

—GEORGE O'ROURKE

Passing to the duty of the child to the parent, we would direct attention in a special manner to that which comes under the head of assisting the parent in his temporal necessities, says His Lordship Bishop Bradley, of Manchester, N. H., in his Lenten pastoral letter.

Where this care for the parent in things temporal is found to exist, there also, we may safely say, will be found the presence of all other filial virtues. It is much to be deplored that, in these days, so many children are found who when they become capable of earning the wherewith to maintain themselves, emancipate themselves from parental control and parental obligation, and begin to deal with their parents as if these were the veriest strangers. It matters not that the father grows feeble with increasing years; it matters not that because of the obligation of providing for his children when they were unable to provide for themselves, he finds himself unprovided not only with the comforts but even with the necessities which become his advanced years and failing health; it matters not of these things, he must still bear the burden and still carry on the struggle for the support of the household; and this because of the ungrateful child "who forsaketh his father . . . and angereth his mother." This offspring, grown to manhood and capable of earning a livelihood, protests that he will contribute to the maintenance of the home just as much and no more than the stranger who finds a shelter under the roof and if this be not agreeable, he does not hesitate to declare that he will seek a home elsewhere. If of necessity and because of the love he bears his child, the parent accept this alternative and allows him to remain, it will be found that this ungrateful child will soon discover a pretext for escaping even this obligation, and the father will still be forced to hold the spoon to his mouth, as he did in the days of the feebleness of infancy. St. Ambrose reads a striking lesson to the child on his obligation of providing for his parent in his temporal needs. He says "Honor thy father and thy mother, and when they want provide for them that have provided for you. Assist thy father and feed thy mother, and when thou hast done this, thou hast not satisfied for half that she has done for thee. Feed thy mother, and when thou hast done this thou hast made no return for the sorrow and the pains she endured for thee. Consider the nights she has watched, and the hours she has wept when thou wert ill, and canst thou see her want?" How charmingly the sacred writer tells the duty and reward of filial devotion—"Son support the old age of thy father, and grieve him not in his life; and if his understanding fail, have patience with him, and despise him not, when thou art in strength—and in justice thou shalt be built up, and in the day of affliction thou shalt be remembered; and thy sins shall melt away as ice in the fair warm weather."

The anti-vaccinationists in England, encouraged by the enactment of a law in their favor, are doing very damaging missionary work there, and fears of an epidemic of smallpox are entertained by the various British health authorities accordingly, says the New Herald.

Some of the apostles of this absurd faith are also propagating their doctrines in this country, with a like promise of mischievous results. All this is going on at a time when in every large city having communication with Havana there is likely to be a marked prevalence of the disease unless the proper precautionary measures are taken.

Far from listening to the teachings

of the cranks in question, it behooves every citizen who is not guaranteed against a possible attack of the malady to be vaccinated without delay. It is much better to be sure now than to be sorry later that there is no possible argument against being on the safe side. In fact, now is the season of the year when every one is not certain that he is protected should take his own case in hand. The Health Board stands ready to do its duty with such of the poor as are unable to pay for the services of a physician, and there is consequently no excuse for any such to neglect the opportunities offered.

It is a well assured fact that vaccination, when properly performed, is a perfectly safe and a sure preventive against small pox. All that is necessary is the selection of pure virus and the use of a clean instrument. With vaccination there is nothing to be lost, but everything to be gained. The proper course under such circumstances is to take the full benefit of any doubt that may present itself.

"Every day we see a few men growing enormously rich without any exertion," is the old cry says the Dry Goods Chronicle.

The truth seems to be that the people—the plain, plodding people—only see the enormously rich men after they have made their money; they never see them while they are getting there. Away back somewhere in their lives, these enormously rich men have done something. They have worked with a tenacity and an intelligence, that would make the pecking box orator and peace-disturber shrivel up. No man, barring a few of fortune's freak-favorites, ever got anything without working for it.

Of course some are born rich—the nobility, for instance, or those of that glittering circle seen at opera, the horse show, and other exploitive functions. But of these their riches are as the sea. Where once an atom was, an atom is not; but, mayhap, there is a new atom. These people can do nothing but buy, buy, buy. Their laces, their diamonds, their food, and even their loves and friendships—they all mean the outpour of money. They pass through the world only by dipping their hands into their gold-bags and scattering the contents.

And any man with a good brain and a good body, or with a fair average of both, can get some of it if he only half tries. If he will quit solving unsolvable problems, and trying to develop schemes to make the active lazy and the dull quick-witted, if he will build a house, or sweep a street, or bake bread, part of this money is for him.

The really serious crime of the money-maker is not the making, but keeping it. Happily, human nature is so constituted that keeping or hoarding, as a general thing, does not exist. Where nature does produce her occasional miser, she always takes particular care to attach to him persons who make a sea-foam of his pile before his lips are well cold. This is her retributive act.

Dr. E. M. Chamot, of the Chemical Department of Cornell University, states that chemical analysis of wall paper which he has been carrying on for several months show that nearly all wall paper sold at the present time contains arsenical poisons some of them in surprising quantities.

Dr. Chamot's investigations were prompted by several cases of arsenic poisoning which were said to have been caused by contact with paper-covered walls. One case, in W. S. Bancroft's family, at Cornell University, was caused by red wall paper. Dr. Chamot says there is no basis for the popular belief that green paper contains the most arsenic.

Despite the tremendous number of professional dressmakers, probably three-quarters of the dresses worn by American women are made by their own hands. Home dressmaking, too, is constantly improving and increasing, both in the country and in cities. The perfection of paper patterns is directly responsible for the improvement and increase in this branch of home industry. This pattern business has grown to enormous proportions, and while it is strictly an American institution, it is now finding its way into Great Britain and the countries of Europe. The people over there like our paper patterns, and are beginning to make large demands for them, says a writer in the New York Sun.

Some people have an idea that only country women or citywomen of very limited incomes do their own dress-making. In this supposition they are vastly mistaken. Women living in the small towns—or in the country—do make their own gowns, but the very poor of the cities, as a rule, do not

know how to sew well enough to do this. They are compelled to use the very cheapest grade of ready-made garments. Two classes of the city women who do most of their own sewing are the upper middle and middle classes. They have generous enough allowances, but realize that it takes a small sized fortune yearly to supply all the gowns necessary to their station in life, when made by an even moderate priced modiste or tailor. Of course, the very wealthy demand dressmakers who can create, and not copy.

Women living on farms or in isolated and remote settlements and villages would be lost without the paper pattern, issued by people in the pattern business.

In an article entitled, "Why Men Don't Marry," the Washington Post says:—

"The extravagant theory of the young people as to the necessity for keeping up a certain style is the reason why so many of them put off marriage year after year and finally drift into the irremediable stage of celibacy. Girls without fortunes are supported in idleness and luxury by over-indulgent parents and expect to be thus cared for after marriage. The annual cost of such a girl's maintenance is more than the income of a young man, unless he be exceptionally fortunate. The fault lies with the parents. Unless they are prepared to give a fortune with a daughter when she marries they have no moral right to make her unfit for the position of wife in the home of a young man who has his fortune to make. And this is not a trivial mistake, for it is a great and increasing source of personal unhappiness, and it inevitably promotes immorality. Instead of thousands of bachelors and spinsters in boarding-houses in Baltimore, Washington and other cities, there should be thousands of modest homes in which young married couples would be helping each other to realize the dreams of their youth. The old-fashioned virtue, thrift, domestic economy, saving up for a rainy day, needs a revival, not especially in the homes of the very poor, but in those who have fair incomes and whose ambition to make a show prompts them to adopt the habits and ape the ways of the very rich."

#### THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

The maid of fashion softly sighs,  
With saddened glance uplifts her eyes.  
Says an avoird to social ties—  
The Lenten time has come.

The penitential season's night:  
No more to fancy balls she'll tie,  
Nor eat the dreamful mid-night pie—  
Except, perhaps, at home.

All gaieties he will eschew,  
Each Sunday in the family pew,  
Devotion shall sit the sermon through,  
In meekness quite contrite.

At eve she'll take a volume down,  
And scan each page with troubled frown—  
Her ponder this—to choose a gown,  
For Easter Monday Night!

—GEORGE O'ROURKE

Scrofula, salt rheum and all diseases caused by impure blood are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is America's Greatest Medicine.

Impudence, silly talk, foolish vanity and vain curiosity are closely allied. They are children of one family.

## THE WORLD'S BILL OF FARE.

The average man, if asked what was the most important crop in the world, would unhesitatingly say, "Wheat." This is true in England, France, and the United States, but far from the case in the world as a whole. The first place must be given the potato. Ireland is not the only country of Europe which subsists largely on that vegetable. Of all the staple crops of the world, the potato takes the first place, the annual crop being more than 4,000 million bushels, against 2,500 million bushels of wheat, 2,600 million bushels of maize, 1,300 million bushels of barley. Of the total potato crop, Europe produces fully seven-eighths, which is two and one half times as much as her wheat, and all her cereals together but 50 per cent. more.

In the consumption of the potato, Ireland, as may be expected, stands at the head. Her average annual consumption per inhabitant is 1,467 lbs., or a daily average of four pounds. Next comes Germany, with over 1,300 pounds to each person. Her total consumption reaches 1,170 million bushels, or more than a quarter the entire consumption of the world. Then comes the Netherlands with a per capita consumption of 840 lbs.; then Norway and Sweden, with 710 lbs.; France 700; Austria-Hungary, 663 pounds. At the other end of the list stands Italy, with only 48 lbs. to each inhabitant. The United States requires 250 million bushels of potatoes a year, or 200 pounds for each person. This is less by 38 lbs. than the average consumption in Great Britain, and about the same as that of Australia. European Russia uses 850 million bushels, or 481 lbs. per head.

In the consumption of wheat France heads the list, requiring 300 million bushels a year, or 467 pounds to each inhabitant. Next comes Canada with 360 pounds per head, and a total of 30 million bushels. In the United States the consumption of wheat is 240 pounds, requiring a total of 300 million bushels. Italy requires 307 pounds per head, or a total of 160 million bushels. Germany, Russia, Great Britain, and Hungary each use about the same total, 165 million bushels; but Great Britain's per capita consumption is 250 lbs., against 93 pounds for Russia, 180 pounds for Germany, and 230 pounds for Austria-Hungary. At the other end of the list is Japan, with but 16 millions total, making a consumption of 22 pounds to each inhabitant.

Where these countries lack in the consumption of wheat, however, the deficit is, as a rule, made up in other grains. Rye is the grain most in

use in Russia, where 580 million bushels are consumed each year, or an average of 307 pounds to each inhabitant. At the head of the list of European countries stands Denmark, with 320 pounds; then Sweden, 311 pounds, and Norway 224 pounds. Italy uses but 29 pounds per head, and Germany only 26 pounds, while France requires 53 pounds, or a total of 36 million bushels. The rye used for food in the United States aggregates about 30 million bushels, or 22 lbs. to each inhabitant.

The use of oats for human food is also, as a rule, largest where wheat

is least common. Norway, for example, stands near the head of the list, with 112 pounds to each person. Germany uses 97 pounds; the Netherlands and Sweden, both 96; Russia 90; Belgium 74; Spain, 55; Italy, 46; and Austria-Hungary, 45 pounds. In spite of the large use of oats as a food in Scotland, the average of the United Kingdom is but 12 pounds. In the United States it is estimated that 180 million bushels are used for food, or 77 pounds per head. Canada uses 51 pounds.

It is in the use of meats that the various nations show a wide divergence. At the head of the list, both as to total and per capita consumption, stands the United States. Not less than 11,000 million lbs are retained for use in that country, 147 lbs to each person. Of this, in round numbers, 5,000 million pounds are beef, 4,000 pork, and 800 mutton. Next stands the United Kingdom, with an average of 100 pounds per inhabitant, but only a fraction of this amount goes to the Irish, since their average consumption is but 56 pounds. Norway uses 80 pounds; France, 77; Spain, 70; Germany, 64; Sweden and Switzerland, 62; Belgium 61; Austria-Hungary, 60; and Russia Portugal, and the Netherlands, 59 lbs. Italy uses about 21 pounds of meat per head.

The United States also stands at the head in the use of eggs, fully 10,000 million being required in a year, or 133 eggs to each person. Next stands Canada, with 90 eggs to each person. Denmark uses 80 eggs; France 78; and Germany 75 eggs. The United Kingdom requires but 39 eggs to each person, and Italy but 17 eggs.

In the use of rice there is a wide divergence. Great Britain takes 350 million pounds, or nine pounds to each person, whilst the United States requires but 300 million lbs., which is only four pounds per capita; Spain uses 5 pounds, and Italy 14. But Japan requires no less than 300 pounds and the average of all India is 200 pounds. The Province of Bombay alone uses 10,000 million pounds, or 547 pounds to each inhabitant.

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A business man is not the most patient creature in the world. He cannot wait to hear any long-drawn-out story of the cause of his ailment. He does not care two straws about a fine spun theory of how he should treat himself. He may be predisposed to scrofula, or consumption. "That," he will tell you, "has nothing to do with the case." He wants to be well, if he can be cured, write out a prescription and send in your bill.

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## MISSSES LEDA AND ANNIE SMITH.

Two Sisters Were Sick, Weak and Disheartened—Now They Are Happy, Strong and Well—Each Writes a Letter to Other Women.

In nearly every family there are weak, pale, sickly daughters. Usually the mother has female trouble, too. Such a family cannot be happy. Sickness of women casts a spell of gloom over the entire household. It seems so strange that this suffering should go on. Why in the world is it that women refuse to cure themselves when they can do it beyond the shadow of a doubt? Who can tell why there is so much leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, despondency, loss of flesh and appetite? Why are there so many pallid faces and wasted bodies? It is easy to get the health back. Here are two sisters, Misses Leda and Annie Smith, living at 38 Elmhurst street, Providence, R. I. They used to be sick. Read how each has got well again—

Miss Leda (aged 23) writes: "I work in a mill in this city, and suffered for a long time with headache. I was pale, weak and tired all the time. My attention was called to the wonderful cures being effected by Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, and I bought some at a drug store. They have made me well again, and I can now go through each day's work without pain or suffering. I recommend the pills to all women."

Miss Annie (aged 25) writes: "I suffered ever so much with headache, indigestion and dyspepsia. My trouble all seemed to be in the stomach. My appetite was so poor that I never enjoyed eating. A friend recommended Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, and they have driven out all diseases and made me a well woman."



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They are good for the girl just blossoming into womanhood. They fit women to become wives, and wives to become mothers, without dangers or distress. At the turn of life they help the sufferer through that critical period, and insure happy, healthy old age.

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Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are widely imitated. Beware of all worthless red pills sold by the dozen, the hundred, or at 25 cents a box. The genuine cost 50 cents for a box containing fifty Red Pills, or six boxes for \$2.50. They last longer and are easier to take than liquid medicines costing \$1. Best of all, Dr. Coderre's Red Pills cure without a bit of doubt.

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