



# THE HOME WORLD



The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please, and is within the reach of the humblest.—F. W. Faber.

There is joy in forgetfulness. So I try to make the light in others' eyes my sun, the music in others' ears my symphony, the smile on others' lips my happiness.—Helen Keller.

## Be Patient

Be patient  
When trials have clouded your day  
Be patient  
When sorrows have saddened your way.  
Be patient  
Though hopes have departed, though fortune has fled,  
Though storms have extinguished the stars overhead;  
Though life with its grief bids you long for the dead;  
Be patient, He understands all.

Be patient.  
Thy God hath a star for thy night.  
Be patient.  
The end of all darkness is light.  
Thy griefs, though their purpose be hid from thee, eyes,  
Shall yet be revealed in the bliss of the skies  
When thou in His likeness at length shall arise.  
Be patient, He understands all.

## Mistakes of Women

ONE of the mistakes of women is not knowing how to eat. If a man is not to be fed when she is, she thinks a cup of tea and anything handy is good enough. If she needs to save money, she does it at the butcher's cost. If she is busy, she will not waste time in eating. If she is unhappy, she goes without food. A man eats if the sheriff is at the door, if his work drives, if the undertaker interrupts, and he is right. A woman will choose ice cream instead of beefsteak, and a man will not.

Another of her mistakes is in not knowing when to rest. If she is tired, she may sit down, but she will darn stockings, crochet shawls, embroider doilies. Does she not know that hard work tires? If she is exhausted, she will write letters or figure her accounts. She will laugh at you if you hinted that reading or writing could fail to rest her. All over the country women's hospitals flourish because women do not know how to rest.

Another mistake on the list is their constant worrying. Worry and hurry are their enemies, and yet they hug them to their bosoms. Women cross bridges before they come to them, and even build bridges to cross. They imagine misfortune and run out to meet it. Women are not jolly enough. They make too serious business of life, and laugh at its little humors too seldom. Men can stop in the midst of perplexities and have a hearty laugh, and it keeps them young. Women cannot, and that is one reason why they fade so early—there are other reasons, but we will pass them now. Worry not only wrinkles the face, but it wrinkles and withers the mind.

## Both Bothered

The neighbor leaned upon her garden-rake and called over the fence.

"I noticed a light in your house last night, Mr. Dimley," she said. "Are your baby's teeth bothering him again?"

"Don't know how much they're bothering him," he answered, shortly; "but they're bothering the life out of me."

## How to Save Coal

Every stove and every chimney has a way of its own, and one must know all about those "ways" first. I never put a poker in the top of the fire, but do all my clearing from the bottom. In the evening, if the furnace fire is poor, we put on a little coal, turn on all the draughts, and when the coal is half burned, poke ashes and cinders out from the bottom grate, thus giving it plenty of air, and then we put on first a layer of stove coal, packing it down solid, and top off with a layer of nut coal to fill in the hollows. Over all we put on a thin layer of cinders or ashes, and when the little blue flames leap merrily through these we know it is time to shut off the main draughts, a little later closing them all for the night. You have then a good, clear, solidly packed fire, well banked, which will last and give warmth all night. In the morning it

chimney. Use stove coal with a fine top dressing, and pack even and solid—that is the most economical method. I use much less coal in preparation than do some of my friends.—Canadian Good Housekeeping.

## New Year's in Russia

The peasants of White Russia keep up a strange custom, by which they symbolically convey the idea that the New Year brings to every man his allotted share of weal and woe. On New Year's Eve they take about from house to house two youths. One, called the "Rich Kolyada," is clad in festive attire, and wears a wreath woven from ears of rye. The other, the "Poor Kolyada," is dressed in rags, and his wreath is made of threshed-out straw. When they come to a cottage, they wrap up both youths in cloth, and tell the owner of the house to choose one of them. Then the visitors sing a song predicting a good harvest or poverty and death, according as his choice turns out. The singers receive gifts, which take the place of the ancient sacrifice to the gods. On New Year's Eve, boys go about from house to house, scattering grains of different kinds, chiefly oats.

All labor during the "Holy Evenings" or *Soyuzhi*, between Christmas and the Epiphany, is regarded as a sin; because the new-born divinity is said to come down upon the earth, and wander



[An Ontario woman hunter in the Rockies and what she got.

may look dead, but when all the draughts are turned on, in five or ten minutes the furnace is ready for another good feed of black diamonds. Of course, during the day we do not bank the fire. It is only in very, very cold weather that we find it necessary to attend to the fire in the middle of the day; generally mornings and evenings suffice. My range fire I treat about the same. It is a mistake to use large (egg) coal, though dealers often urge its use, for it requires a lot of draught to keep it alive, and more than half the heat is thus lost up the

about; and all sorts of hidden treasures are revealed during that period, it is believed. The *soyuzhi* end with the feast of the Epiphany. On the eve, a curious custom is observed. The young girls go out into the open air, and address this prayer to the stars:

O Stars, Stars,  
Dear little Stars!  
All ye, O Stars,  
Are the fair children,  
Ruddy and white,  
Of one mother.

Send forth through the christened world.  
Proposers of marriage.