

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

The Flatch.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons,
With loving looks and treasons
And tears of night and morrow
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leaves for hours,
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Successful Women.

Something over half a century ago a woman began to assert herself as a human being, an individual, entitled to the rights, privileges and responsibilities commensurate with her mental powers and natural abilities, and to demand recognition for the same from the world about her. Of course there was a storm of disapproval, and the pioneers of the movement had much to bear. I need not recapitulate to you the fierce opposition which met their every advance, or point out to you the details of their many hard fought battles. Great reforms move slowly, and demand much sacrifice, and there must be great minds to stand at the helm and guide the beaten ship into smoother waters and safe channels. But the woman and the hour were come, and the cause has progressed steadily onward, until now the world is willing to accord to those noble women their well-earned meed of praise.

These women were born with powers to weather the fiercest storms and ride triumphantly into harbor over waves that would have lashed the life out of weaker vessels. They found their greatest happiness, attained their most telling successes, accomplished their marvelous works by fighting down well-nigh insurmountable obstacles. Their peculiar mission made it neces-

sary for them to stand in the very front ranks of the assailing army, never flinching under the fiercest fires, forcing their way over slain hopes, wounded ambitions, and perished dreams, into the fields of victory.

These are the successful women of today. Tomorrow the task will be easier, the barriers broken down, and the reinforcements now springing up from everywhere need but to follow in the blood-stained footsteps of these dauntless souls who have swept away the sword-points of public opinion and opened up the "promised land" to their fortunate sisters. These duties had need of strong hearts, matchless courage, sterling abilities, and a wonderful faith in the justness of their cause.

The women of today have but to stretch forth their hand and gather the fruits of these wonderful pioneer plantings. The list of employments now open to the woman wage-earner is large, and her sphere is limited only by her fitness and ability to endure—and it is largely a question of endurance as to winning in the race. An exchange tells us that at least 60 per cent of the army at work in the dry goods stores, 40 per cent of telegraph operators, 20 per cent of type-setters, and over 50 per cent of type-writers are women; in thousands of other avenues of labor women are found successfully competing with men, and in nearly all it is an admitted fact that she is found capable and conscientious in the discharge of her duties.

But in order to gain the greatest success there must be more than a mere wish and willingness to work. There must be painstaking training, a determination to know more, work harder, and do better the work in hand than any one about you. You will need courage and persistence to mate with trained ability, and a fixed determination to win at whatever cost to your own personal comfort.

There is a ladder, and if you can but fight your way to its foot, can reach the lowest rung, can keep your hold upon it until you can plant your foot securely thereon, and then cling there until you reach the next higher, you will find the fight growing less fierce as step by step the resistance decreases.

As you get higher perhaps some kindly hand may reach down to help you. Do not expect it; do not depend upon it; those who could help you will not reach until their aid is not needed. The strong lean upon no prop. Depend upon yourself and your God. Be faithful in little things, and press closely to the side of the crucified one. Whatever duty falls to you, do it well, and unquestioningly. Keep your heart pure and your hands clean. Trifles must not dismay you, nor failures weaken. Do not contrast your lot with those above you—they, too, have had to climb. Bring to your work a brave, bright courage, a dogged determination to succeed. Be content to plod, if need be; to push, to crowd, and do not let sharp elbows

and sour looks deter you. Be courteous; be kind, but be firm.

As you reach the upper air, the outlook will broaden and brighten; the ascent will grow easy, and at times you may "rest from your labors," knowing that your victory is assured.

But, oh, the peril of being trodden down into the mire of failure, if you dare succumb to a moment of weakness in the mad scramble at the bottom!

The "Straight Front."

And now the "straight-front girl" has come to us. With her pigeon-toed gait and her arm akimbo, the upper part of her body very much front, the lower very much back, she walks amongst us and we wonder whence she came. Dimly she suggests to us stories of the past and we go home to ask our mothers to describe the Grecian bend. We laugh at the portrayal of that form of walking, but see the likeness between that and this way of today. The "straight-front" girl has some other general characteristics quite unlike those of the girls that bent and called their bending Grecian. Not all girls that walk "straight front" wear their shirtwaist sleeves rolled to their elbows, but most of them do. It is quite the same way with the turned-in collar and the belt with the drawn-down-in-front exaggeration.

But while there are few things more alluring than a plump forearm and a rounded neck, still it seems to me that it would be better to display them at other places than the public streets, or to wear garments with short sleeves and low collars. That would take away from the young woman affecting them the suggestion of untidiness that no woman can afford to risk. But the costume is not nearly so bad as the walk.—Rose Marion, in Post-Dispatch.

Woman and Her Opportunity.

One of our brightest lady writers has this to say as to the cause of failure among the would-be woman wage-earners:

"To hear the frantic wail that goes up from the prisoners of poverty one would suppose that women desired nothing so much as the chance to earn. Yet, never in my life, can I remember going to a woman for help that she was ready to undertake the work at once. No matter how great the emergency, how liberal the pay, or how much her need, she was never ready to at once set to work. Literary women are the only ones who seem to have the slightest idea of the value of time, and who are able to sit down in the midst of her affairs and do the work wanted in the hour."

And I am very much afraid the charge is true, in the majority of cases. Prompt, unquestioning obedience to the will of another is seldom demanded in the home training of the daughter. In most cases her personal interests and love of ease are allowed to set the time for the accomplishment of any task. Seldom is the performance of any duty demanded upon the instant, and an "at-all-times-ready" spirit is rarely inculcated by the slack methods too prevalent among the mothers of our land. "Things"

generally take their course; what is not done today may be taken up tomorrow, and in this way an irresponsible spirit is fostered in the girl that will have to be exorcised with tears and tribulations by the woman when she goes out into the Maelstrom of the business world hoping to earn her living by her abilities. A woman, to succeed at any calling, must be ready to answer the call whenever it comes. She should indeed "turn on a pivot, and stop at a touch."

Dual Lives.

How little we know of the inner life of even the most transparent of our daily associates! What a mystery, at times, seems our most intimate companion! How often we applaud the fool, and deck him in robes of royalty, honor him with pomp and pageantry, the while, meekly following in his train, the wise man walks, clothed in the harlequin's garb and humility!

How often some bold, bad spirit pushes its screening body into places of trust and honor, and through brazen effrontery conquers its little world into a belief of and trust in its matchless worth, while some uncrowned king treads silently along, unknown, unrecognized, until some chance jars apart the door between, and each stands revealed—the one in tarnished imitation, while the other shines forth, pure gold through the coarsest of serge.

Putting up Grapes.

Ripe grapes are used for making delicious preserves, an excellent jelly, a good catsup, a nice spiced fruit, an appetizing butter and a refreshing unfermented wine. The middle of September is early enough to put up grapes if one depends upon the markets, but if grown at home, they should receive attention when in proper condition for use. Select only perfectly firm fruit, and not too ripe. The berries should show no sign of dropping off the stem.

It is more troublesome to make grape preserves than grape jelly, as in preserving the skin must be slipped off each berry instead of being strained out with the seeds, as in jelly. Grape preserves are peculiarly liable to mold, and great care should be taken in sealing to prevent this.

To make grape jelly, after picking the fruit from the stem, slightly mash the berries with a wooden potato masher, and put into a perfectly clean porcelain kettle, with a very little water, if any is needed. Let boil until tender, then pour into a sheer muslin bag and hang over a bowl or earthen jar, to drip without any pressure. Measure out the juice, allowing a pound of granulated sugar to a pint of juice; put the juice over the fire to boil, and the sugar in a warm place to dry. Boil the juice about twenty-five minutes, add the sugar, let boil about five minutes longer, test it, and if done, pour into glass tumblers or small jars. As soon as cold, pour paraffine over the top, tie a paper over and set away in a cool, dry place.

Spiced Grapes.—Ten pounds of grapes, six pounds of granulated sugar, two teaspoonfuls powdered cloves, two teaspoonfuls ground cinnamon,