



### My Work

Let me but do my work from day to day,  
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,  
In roaring market-place or tranquil room,  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—  
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom,  
Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done, in the right way."  
  
Then shall I see it not too great nor small  
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;  
Then shall I, cheerful, greet the laboring hours,  
And cheerfully turn, when the long shadows fall  
At eventide, to play and love and rest,  
Because I know for me my work is best.

—Selected.

### Home Chats

Nearly all my correspondence this week deals with matters pertaining to the toilet. Some of the writers say: "Please do not give my name," which is entirely unnecessary, as I only give initials. Others ask if I think it is right for women to be so anxious to retain and to regain their good looks. I might answer this question by asking if it is right for a woman to try to keep her house clean or her table attractive. Women, as a rule, are far too careless of their personal appearance—many of them from a foolish idea that a systematic care of the "looks" is a subject for ridicule. But I must say this: Do not mind the ridicule. Make yourself just as attractive and fair to look upon as you can, not only for your family's and friends' sakes, but for your own. Your husband and children will be twice as proud of you if you are worth looking at, and you will, yourself, be very much more comfortable if you know you are looking well. You must respect yourself, if you wish others to respect you. By all sensible means, keep your good looks, if you can.

But in order to do this, the care and treatment given must be persevering and persistent. You can not expect desired results from a haphazard, spasmodic, hit-and-miss treatment, any more than you can expect to keep clean without regular bathing and washings. A perfectly healthy skin will cleanse itself, but there are few perfectly healthy skins, especially after the first flush of youth; hence, soaps must be used. All soaps—even the mildest—are more or less alkaline, and the removal of the natural oil of the skin leaves it rough and harsh, and this must be counteracted by the use of creams and foods. The average cuticle is absolutely starved for proper nourishment, and this condition brings wrinkles, flabby muscles, ugly coloring, blotchings, and a general appearance of ageing so distasteful to a refined woman. Meantime, your health conditions must be attended to, for no one can get good results from merely local treatments, if the body is ailing. Constipation and a sluggish liver will render abortive any amount of local care, cosmetics, creams or tissue builders. Mental

ailments require attention. Worry, fretting, ill-temper, scowling, repinings, melancholy, all tend to bring sallow color and wrinkles. You must purge yourself well with pleasant thoughts and cheerfulness. If you can remedy unpleasant conditions, do so; if you can not, what good will it do to fret over it? Just say to those "blue devils," "Get thee behind me;" then make it your business to let them stay there. You see, there is a whole lot necessary, if you would be lovely to look upon, besides rubbing into the face a little oils and creams.

And I must tell you again, that I am not a toilet specialist, or a physician, and can give you only old, tried, simple formulas that are, so far as I know, at least harmless, and are as effective as newer and more expensive ones. They may be "just the thing" in your case, and they may not; physical conditions make a difference; and you must use plenty of common sense with them.

### Uses of Toilet Soap

The attraction of the alkali in soap for the oils of the skin as well as for its unclean accumulation, constitutes its cleansing property. Many good authorities claim that water alone is a sufficient cleanser, except at rare intervals. There are oil glands as well as excretory ducts, and for no idle purpose has nature produced these tiny oil wells in the human cuticle. Inunction, or the external use of oil, has a recognized place among the prescriptions of some famous modern physicians, who seek in this way to restore that necessary property of which the body has been deprived by the excessive use of soaps or by disease. They claim that it enables the patient to resist cold, that its nutritive qualities convey heat to those organs which require it; that it gives a sense of exhilarating freshness, and that it is not only soothing in cases of nervous depression, but it is capable of strengthening weak lungs. For this purpose, almond oil, coconut oil, olive oil, or cold creams are applied by the aid of vigorous rubbing. Those milk baths indulged in by the ancients owed their emollient properties to the oil contained in the milk. Every old nurse, too, knows that weakly children are often injured by too frequent ablutions; dry rubbing is recommended as the safest opiate for a nervous little one, and answers many of the purposes of soap. Some persons secrete oil much more plentifully than others, and to such, soap is not so injurious as to one lacking in this particular. Soft water and a pure soap, if any, should be used.—Medical Journal.

### A Graceful Carriage

A well-poised body is no less essential to health than to physical beauty, and the woman who desires to be physically perfect, even though she may be indifferent to her personal appearance, must guard against faulty positions of the body. In standing, the weight of the body should rest principally on the balls of the feet, letting the heels lightly touch the ground. The chest should be elevated and thrown forward, the head held erect, while the lower part of the spine should be thrown backward. In sitting, one is apt to be even more careless and slouchy than when standing. The body should take an upright position and the lower part of the

spine thrown a couple of inches back of the shoulders, bringing them into a line parallel with the hips, the feet resting lightly on the ground. In walking, the ball of the toe should first touch the ground, the heel coming after, if one would have a light, springy step. Practice this, as you go about your work.—Marguerite Brooks in Success.

### "Mothering"

On a recent visit to an Orphan's Asylum, I noticed, sitting quite apart from the restless groups of playing children, a little boy of about three years old, whose troubled, pathetic air and pale little cheeks, streaked with dirt and stained with tears, appealed strongly to my sympathies, for I think there is no sadder sight than a little, helpless child, sorrowing and alone.

"What is the matter with the baby?" I asked, as my guide stopped, applying her handkerchief, not unkindly, to the little wet face.

"O," she said, wearily, "he is always whimpering; he wants to be mothered, and nobody has time."

Just then, attracted, perhaps, by my sympathetic glance, the little fellow made a motion as if to reach out his arms to me, the little mouth quivered and the big blue eyes filled with tears; but he was learning the hard lessons, and he turned his little face away. I stooped and lifted him in my arms, holding the little face close to my own; the little arms clasped me tightly, and sob after sob shook the little form. In my own eyes were tears, for all the little children that had once lain upon my bosom were gone, and my heart was just as hungry for the baby's love as his was for the love of the mother that had passed out of his little life so soon. When he had wept his heartache away, the little form grew limp in the sleep of exhaustion, and I laid him in his cot, asleep, but now and then a little sob broke his regular breathing. "He will probably be placed soon," said the nurse, "for he is a pretty little fellow when he don't cry." "But he came of a bad lot," she said, sorrowfully. I could not but feel that love and tenderness, with wise training, would do wonders for the baby waif, if only he were rightly "placed."

As I passed out into the street, I thought how many hearts, older and more inured to griefs, bruised and buffeted by contact with the world, are, like the little, lonely boy, crying to be mothered—grieving for the love that is their right, yet of which they are deprived. We so long for a touch of tenderness—drawing close to some warm, sympathetic heart; a clasping that will for the moment shut us away from all unfeelingness, and allow us to cry it all out, in a corner by ourselves. All along the roadway of life, in every walk, we meet them; yet, like the little child who "whimpered" in vain, we learn the lesson of repression, and to cover our hurts from other eyes. In time, our tears are all shed, and we grow outwardly calm. We learn to look with level eyes upon the world and its warfare. It may be that some day we cease to grieve, and our hearts even grow callous to the griefs of others. But I do not think the longing for the touch of mother-love ever quite dies—we are all, in some degree, "crying to be mothered," so long as life lasts.

### A Cloth-Cleaner

In renovating our garments, a cloth-cleaner is often quite a convenience. Roll a straight strip of black (or white) cloth, about four inches wide, over and over, very tightly, until you have a roll about as thick as a broom stick and as long as the strip is wide. Cut off the extra cloth and sew the roll firmly down the side; trim the ends, if uneven, with sharp scissors, and you will have a very convenient and effective "brush" with which to scrub or rub out stains.

### More, or Better-Cared-For Children?

Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, the president of the National Woman's Suffrage association, in her address before the National Council of Women, meeting in Washington, D. C., spoke her mind on the question of parenthood, saying very sensibly: "It is said that women should rear more children, but I say, you must first make your country fit to rear children in. We need to make this world safe for children. To do this, we must give them social heredity, so that they will be born in safe conditions and protected until grown. This can not be done until women have rights in the state to protect them." If one stops to consider this question, it has other sides than the political one, and these sides should be carefully looked into. In every large city, you will find that the orphan asylums are overflowing, and the thousands of little children constantly pouring into them do not all come from homes of vice or poverty. Many an overburdened mother lays down her life from excessive or ill-advised maternity, leaving a half-dozen or more helpless little ones, and the fathers find themselves helpless to keep and to care for them; so, they are sent to the asylums and from there, placed as best they may be, in other homes, where they do not always receive the best of treatment, or training to make good citizens of them. If the wife dies, the husband and father thinks he can not earn a support for them and keep them together, so if there are no relatives to whom they may be sent, or a second wife is not found available, the father gives them into stranger hands and—forgets them. If the husband and father dies, very seldom do we find the mother "counting the cost"; she goes on, somehow, and manages, as by a miracle, to keep the little brood under her wing, more often than not rearing her sons and daughters to a life of honor and usefulness. That the social conditions of today are not such as would seem to be the best in which to rear the future men and women, no one will deny.

There is, also, another side that should be considered. Very few parents have any idea of the real laws of hygiene, and little children are brought into the world with less thought and care than we give to our animals. An ignorant girl and boy find themselves possessed of a frail little human being, and they accept the trust with a lightness that is appalling to one who knows the requirements, physically, of the new-being. Physicians tell us that the wonder is, not how many, but how few of these children are taken before they have completed their fifth year. Thousands who are permitted to live and grow up are moral, mental or physical cripples, and this is especially true of the first-borns of the family.

### For the Young Folks

Hard-run tucks, fancy stitchery, inserts and applications of lace and embroidery all go into the making of the young girl's dresses. Narrow laces and frill of the same goods are used as trimming for thin materials; ribbons are also much used. Girdles are more

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