



"TRIED AS BY FIRE"

Yes, friend, I know that o'er your life
Have fallen darker woes than mine;
That from ambition's firmament
One brilliant star has ceased to
shine.

I know that from the victor's wreath
The world has woven 'round your
name,
One matchless leaf was rudely torn,
And tarnished by the touch of
shame.

I know how hard 'twill be to bear
This shadow, through the coming
years;
To meet the world with bold, brave
front,
With smiling eyes, your heart in
tears.

All this, I know. Yet know as well
That, strong and brave and true
and proud,
It can not crush you—you will rise
Triumphantly, through every cloud.

And some day you will know, dear
friend,

The Hand that smites is not unjust;
From out the grave of perished hopes
Will spring the flowers of love and
trust.

And bloom will lie where blight
hath been;

Your soul, from out this holocaust,
Will come as gold, refined by fire—
With not one gleam of glory lost.

HELEN WATTS-McVEEY.

Home Chat

When one looks about and sees so many old people, even those possessed of some means, who are kicked about, literally from pillar to post, by the younger generation when called upon to minister to the growing infirmities of the old parent, it is scarcely possible to dodge the question as to the feasibility of some plan by which the aged may find a safe harbor from the storms of life's late afternoon. This is no new question, but it should be canvassed more thoroughly, and some plan thought out by which it may be made practicable.

There are various institutions where, either through charitable associations or for a stated sum of money, an old person may find anchorage; but many of them are very little better than the "poor farm" or pauperage, while some are veritable work-houses, where these feeble old folks are expected to do nurse and hospital duties when, in fact, they are themselves in the utmost need of nursing and hospital care. Self-respecting old people, especially those of refinement, dislike very much to become inmates of one of them. At the same time, it is too often the case that, in the homes of the children whom they have reared, the old people are made to feel very sensibly that their care and presence are burdensome and their room preferable to their company. Between these two extremes, fortunately, is often a mean where the dear old parents are treated with all the tenderness they so richly deserve. Oftentimes, the parents themselves are unduly sensitive, and consider themselves burdensome where the children do not.

It has been said—and the facts bear out the statement only too often—that, while one parent can and does support a dozen children in comfort and luxury, it takes a dozen children to supply the real needs of one parent. "And pity 'tis, 'tis true." Not

that the parents are expensive charges, but because they are not wanted about. In a family of a half dozen sons and daughters, it is not unusual to find but one or two who are willing to give the old folks a home; and, usually, that one is a daughter—not always the one most financially able to do so, but the one richest in love, sympathy and self-denial. The care is cheerfully assumed, and the rest of them are glad to respectfully get rid of a so-regarded incumbrance. Old people do not like to go to institutions, and, in many cases, their reluctance is not without reason, for many homes are run in the interests of the office-holders, or at least turned into a source of revenue by them, greatly to the disadvantage of the inmates. Others, with larger experiences of the world's charities, know to what indignities the helpless ones are often subjected by unfeeling employes, and their self-respect rebels.

We are often told that we should "take thought of the morrow," and lay by in store against the "evil days;" but riches often take wings, and many old persons, who have, by rigid self-denial and hard work, accumulated a little, investing it as safely as good advice could help them to do, have found themselves stripped of everything at a time when further provision is impossible, owing to the infirmities of age. They are thus thrown upon the world's charity, if not upon that of their children—oftentimes the most unfeeling of the two. It would seem that there might be some means provided through which, by the payment, during a term of years, of a small sum weekly, monthly or yearly, an annuity or pension might be assured to one arriving at a certain age or condition of helplessness, so that the aged one might at least keep the sustaining consciousness of being not literally a pauper or dependent. Old people have few wants, so they have shelter and privacy afforded them.

We have homes for our soldiers who fought in the armies of the nation; but for the veterans who fought the world's battle for bread where-with to rear the material for the nation's armies, there is no provision made. Could not something be done in this direction? Could it not be made to the state's or nation's interests to provide annuities, and thus encourage and educate the people to economic measures, teaching them to save and rendering their savings safe against their time of need, even though the savings of a life-time be but small? Is there any objection to this idea? We have the pleasing assurances that the Home pages are read, and their usefulness acknowledged by many of our fine thinkers, and I hope this may awaken in their minds a sense of the need of the measure herein advocated. I would be glad to receive suggestions from any one interested. I have met so many old people who suffer keenly from a morbid fear of a pauperized old age, that I am greatly interested. The churches of all religions are active in the work of caring for the helpless of the world, but the measures we would advocate do not call for charities. It would include a work of education along a line of economical savings, safely invested, for the needs of the worn out body when one can no longer work. The beneficiary of such a measure might well feel pride in the knowledge that they were thus laying a foundation for respectable independence (at least partial), where-

in they would not be beholden to any one during their waiting for the end.

Foot Corns

Corns are not always confined to the foot or toes, but are sometimes developed on the hands, or parts of the limbs or joints subject to usage developing callouses. Corns are the result of pressure; the blood is forced from the sebaceous glands, causing an excessive or unnatural quantity of oil to be thrown off. This diseases the blood, and the oil forces its way to the surface; as it reaches the cuticle it evaporates, leaving the top layer hard. Layer upon layer forms downward and deepens until it presses upon the nerves. Corns have no "roots," but they cannot be cured until one goes beneath those layers of diseased oil and removes them. This may be done by thorough and repeated soakings in warm or hot water, and the layers scraped off until the little dark spot is reached and laid bare, after which an emolient should be rubbed on the place, and the pressure kept off of it. A soft corn is more easily treated than a hard corn, and is usually the result of acid in the blood.—H. H.

Discouragements of Housekeeping

There is in housekeeping the constantly recurring elements of destructiveness and its action follows in such quick succession that it tends to discouragement as no other work seemingly does. Every day, the routine goes on, several times each day, in some things; the beds are made but to be unmade; the dishes are scarcely dried until again dirtied; the dusted furniture speedily undusts itself, the dining room is scarcely "set to rights" before it must again be used, and the sitting room, even in the most careful families, seems always "undoing" itself. Nothing seems stable about the house; it is a constant state of doing over, and the never-endingness of the work tends to become discouraging drudgery, even with the most optimistic housewife. Because of this monotonous repetition, this incessant call for building up what is at once torn down, women grow dissatisfied and discouraged, and "lose heart," and under this pressure, health fails; she becomes "nagging," fretful, anxious and irritable; she is blamed, where she should be sympathized with, and her element grows more restricted as she is "set apart" because of her discouragement, until she seems utterly beaten down, and thinks of and lives only for the successful carrying of her burden, machine-like, and with a resignation that is absolutely pathetic, but for which she is more than likely blamed, instead of given her due for the successful carrying of her supposed duties, according to her limited light.

Housekeeping should not be considered drudgery; yet it looks that way, to most of us. The reason of such a "look" is that we undertake too much, and tax ourselves until our nervous systems are torn to tatters or stretched all out of shape. We should learn our own strength, utterly refusing to go beyond the limit. We do so many useless things, and cheat ourselves with the fond delusion that we are a necessary part of the machinery; that without us, the wheels would cease to go around; when, in fact, the world will go on, just the same, after we are out of it—or our "job" is taken from us because of incompetency. It we would only stop

to consider the situation, we would see that at least two-thirds of the tasks we set ourselves are of no vital use to any one, and only add to the element of destructiveness, by having to be done over, in endless repetition, once they become established facts in our households.

Do, dear mothers and housekeepers, let us study the "simple life," and learn to weed out the unnecessary; shirk the unimportant, and tone up our distracted nerves by learning to be lazy! Let us practice the unselfishness of allowing others to help us bear our burdens, and, as we so love to do all the work, let us "do unto others" letting them have some of our greedily gathered-together joys and teach them the blessedness we so well know—that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Don't refuse to let the other members of the family know how delightful it is to serve, instead of being served. We are praised for our unselfishness, when I do think we are, in this respect, the most selfish of human beings. Housekeeping and serving that do not admit of a little leisure wherein to rest and enjoy the fruits of our labor, is, in the end, the poorest of housekeeping, no matter how perfect the cleanliness and order we may achieve. It is said that "the woman who lets the housework cry sometimes in order to make the family happy is a good housekeeper," and I think we all need a higher ideal of such a position than to make a machine the standard of our emulation. Do let us be human beings.

For the Sewing Room

I am sure we are all rejoiced at the fact, that, for some time past, the apron has been gradually working its way into favor again, and the mystery to most of us is, how it ever went out of favor, for it is one of the most useful and feminine fashions that ever "came in." In its new reign, it will be of many shapes and designs, of many materials, and its uses will be widely extended. There are designs for the society girl, the home girl, the housekeeper, nurse, business woman, clerk, book-keeper or office girl; dressy affairs, as well as useful ones, and a wide scope is left for the tastes of its wearer. It may be merely ornamental, or worn prosaically to protect the dress, and the materials used will be of such as to suit all needs. Mohair, silk, saten, percale, linen, organdies, dotted swiss, silk mull, fine lawns, calicoes, ginghams, and even oil cloths and white rubber sheetings, are all used. The oil cloth or sheeting may be cut circular, slightly gathered at the band, and either "pinked" around the lower edge, or bound with silk ribbon or serviceable braids. Some of the dainty designs shown represent the apron cut in one piece, with pointed bib and skirt, fitted to the waist-line with tiny tucks, while others are tucked, shirred, ruffled, piped with bias bands, or ornamented with dainty bows of ribbon, or ruching. Some of the designs are particularly "fetching."

It will soon be time for the mother of the school boys and girls to begin overhauling the boxes, bags and bundles, for the warm days will be followed by cool nights, and there will be many cool days in which additional clothing will be very comfortable to the little ones about to enter the school room. Happy the woman who remembered, last spring, in packing away the winter garments, that the autumn would be full of duties and leisure time be scarce, and that nicely mended garments to be put on at a moment's notice would be a boon

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bed wetting. If it did there would be few children that would do it. There is a constitutional cause for this. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 118, Notre Dame, Ind., will send her home treatment to any mother. She asks no money. Write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child. The chances are it can't help it.