



Warp and Woof

All night the beautiful snow came down,
And folded the world in its stainless shroud,
Till over the bleak hill's rugged crown
The morning laughed from a rosy cloud.
And the earth was a jewelled and ponderous loom,
Where winter his pallid web had hung—
Awaiting the checker of light and gloom,
And the mystical weavers, old and young.

The blank warp waited; and suddenly,
From field, and highway and paved street,
The sound of labor, and laugh and song
Blent with the tramp of the restless feet.
From the latticed cabins beneath the hill,
The rosy children, with tumult, pour,
As the whirring wheels of the waking mill
Jar on the wind with a stifled roar.

From manse and cottage, with haste and din,
The world's great army of workers hie.
Some the battle with fate to win—
Some to faint by the way, and die.
In the busy hives of the crowded mart,
The shuttles ring and the plans unfold—
And the black thread spun from a broken heart
Is woven in with the thread of gold.

Here blacken the frosts, and the rude winds blow—
There gleams the desert, with well and palms,
And yonder the lilies of springtime glow,
Or autumn mellows in golden calms.
And always the workers, early and late,
By clews that are held in the Hand Divine,
Weave into the year-long web of fate
The blind details of the Year's design.

And hither and thither, and to and fro,
The restless feet of the nameless throng
Blazon their wanderings through the snow,
To a mingled burden of wail and song;
So the mystical pattern grows and thrives,
Till the night shuts down, and the Year is done,
But the tangled threads of the broken lives—
God gathers them softly, every one.

And the flawless pattern our lives hath wrought
Gleams up from the loom to the Master's eyes—
The wondrous pattern the Old Year wove,
'Mid fading seasons, 'neath changing skies.
We never shall know, till the Dawn of Day,
What mystical figures for us were planned,
But under and over, and in and out,
The threads were guided by His dear hand.

—Selected.

The Passing Year

This will be our last meeting before

the Old Year fades into the New, and I can not refrain from thanking our readers for the many bright spots their kind words have strewn along the pathway of the past twelve months for me. We have all had sorrow as well as joys; sunshine has played with the shadows, and there have been tears as well as laughter. Our songs have not all been paeons of joy; neither have all our tears been drawn by pain. In pleasure, as in pain, the Guiding Hand has held us, and now, out of the closing night of the year, we seem to hear the "All's well" that gives us courage to lay aside the old with calmness while we take up the new in loving faith.

After all, the coming year will bring us the same old, work-a-day duties, and we shall need just the same (perhaps more) strength for the new that we craved for the old. It is useless to "resolve" and "turn leaves." We must ask for the strength that up-bears us for the "one-step at a time." We must strive for the faith that lets "tomorrow take care of tomorrow" while we toil for today. You, who are the home-makers and the home-keepers, will have to go on doing the pleasant and the disagreeable, just as you have done in the past, while those who are doing the world's work will come to you for the strength that fails not, but of which the world's exactions have robbed them. They must lean on you; they must come to you for rest, recuperation and renewal of courage; for you are the foundation-stones of the world. Some of you will get very weary of this incessant giving; but you must learn to take, as well as give. You must learn to demand your price—to take of the life they bring with them; to grow interested in things above the pots and pans, to partake of the harvest of their experiences.

And you who go out to do battle with the world—do not forget to bring with you a share of the spoils; give, as you are given unto; lift the tolling one to your own heights, taking her into the outer crowds. For the home-cheer and loving rest she gives you, take her with you in spirit to the loftiest hill-tops her home love has enabled you to climb. She gives more than she gets—give her the love and honor and tenderness that is her due.

May the New Year bring you all that is beautiful and blessed.

The Worry Habit

Not long ago I warned you against the stay-at-home habit, and now I must point out to you another habit—often but the offspring of the first, but usually of a much more mischievous character. "The woman who worries" seldom gets the sympathy she deserves, for a worrying woman is, in nearly every case, a sick woman. No really healthy woman ever frets, or scolds, or nags. Health is, in all cases, happiness; sickness, it is claimed, is sin—or the result of it, and sickness of the body affects the mental as well as the moral nature. The worry habit can not, in all cases, be controlled by the will. Nine-tenths of the fretful worry and despondency which map the face with fine wrinkles are the outcome of ill-health caused by "house-nerves"—lack of fresh air, overwork, unsuitable food, or disagreeable environment. There is always a cause behind such a condition, and the wise woman will forget to fret long enough to ferret out the trouble

and seek to remove it. Worrying is destructive to good looks and youthful appearance, and, unless the woman is too utterly crushed to care how she looks, this fact may be an incentive to her to "brace up" and cultivate an optimistic disposition.

But few women can effect a cure alone through their own efforts. The family must help. The husband, most of all, is responsible for the condition he deplures, and he should study the matter as a business proposition, if his love for his wife is not strong enough to set him to thinking. Many of the ills that afflict both men and women are but the hereditary bequeathed us by former generations, leaving us with "weak spots" that must be carefully guarded, and many of the effects of heredity are hard to overcome. In these cases, we must bring our higher and better natures to the task of developing our resisting powers and freeing us from the consequences of the weaknesses of our forbears. A knowledge of ourselves should be sought, and there is no excuse for ignorance of vital matters, in these days when books are so plentiful. Every library, however small, should contain one or more of the most authoritative books treating on these matters. Many of the best are not expensive.

Why Some Workingmen Are Poor

Many a workingman bitterly arraigns the capitalist—the monopolist—loudly blaming his employer for his failure to get along comfortably on the wages paid him for his labor. He admits that his wages are promptly paid, and that, in most cases, he has "privileges." But his cry is that he can not make his income cover his expenses. There must be some cause for this, and it is well to look into it.

There are three classes of capitalists—manufacturers—who grow rich largely through the willing support of the working class. "Without money, and without price," literally, to these men, the wage-earner brings the profits of his labor, getting nothing in return but degradation and disease to himself and disaster to all who depend upon him. There is the tobaccoist. The money they give to him brings them neither food, fuel, clothing nor shelter. It in no sense adds to his self-respect or material success. Why do they work for him?

Then, there is the brewer, and the distiller. Here, as in other countries, these alone thrive when other industries may be working at a loss. Who is to blame for this traffic? Who are its patrons? Are not the workingmen its chief supporters? Do they need urging, or promise of pay, to induce them to squander on drink the money for which their families are suffering? Why do they choose to fatten these industries on their souls and the souls of their families? Who have they to blame? Why do they not choose as representatives among the nation's law makers men who will legislate these worse-than-cancers on the business body out of existence? Why do the voters uphold the liquor trade by giving the making of their laws into the hands of the liquor interests?

Here, at least, the workingmen have the remedy in their own hands. They have not the slightest excuse for worse than wasting their wages on what brings them no returns but degradation and its accompaniments. The wealth won by railroad kings, corpor-

ations, iron-mongers or monopolies, increased by the toil of the working class, is a mere bagatelle compared to that which these same workers give away—thrust eagerly into the liquor and tobacco dealer's hands despite the tears and pleadings of their best friends. The industries mentioned give them at least a wage, and enable them to care for their families to some extent, but of the three classes referred to above, not one offers anything but ruin and shame—the three-fold degradation which destroys body and soul, often passing on through hereditary, even to the "third and fourth generation." So long as men will willingly—nay, eagerly—become slaves to these manufacturers, they should be silent as to all other sources of poverty, for no man who has allowed the liquor and tobacco habit to master him can refer his downfall to outside sources. If the workingman will "boycott" drink and tobacco, he will find many a dime in his pocket that would not otherwise be there, at the close of the day's work.

The Increased Cost of Living

"Interviews with city housewives brought out the facts that nine-tenths of them are struggling with the problem of how to make a ten-dollar weekly income cover a twelve-dollar weekly expense. The cost of food, fuel, clothing, rents, house-furnishings, helps, and all items of household expense has increased to such proportions that the problem of making the earnings cover the actual necessary outlay is becoming a serious one in every community. It is claimed that the uniformity of the price-scale of all food products all over the United States lends color to the charge that there is a strict agreement among corporations which handle them. All kinds of textile fabrics have advanced 20 to 50 per cent in price during the last five years, and the statistics of the department of labor and commerce show an increase in the cost of foods alone during the past ten years of 50 per cent. The increase of rents is attributed to the increased cost of labor and building material—not to increased values of real estate. It is shown by the government's figures that the cost of bacon has advanced 43.5 per cent; potatoes, 43.1 per cent; eggs, 41.8 per cent; dry and pickled pork, 31.1 per cent; fresh pork, 30 per cent; flour, 29.3 per cent, and corn meal 28.6 per cent. These are the articles selected by the bureau of labor as the staples of a workingman's bill of fare. The increase in the price of beef has been even greater than the figures here given, and other items of diet have increased accordingly."—Globe Democrat.

For Corns

A corn is simply a callous spot, caused by wearing an ill-fitting shoe or stocking, or both, the constant rubbing of the leather against the foot, or pressing one toe against the other. Some people are more subject to corns than others. The first step toward a cure is to get a shoe that fits the foot. Insist upon having it; if possible, get one without tips. Next, soak the feet in quite warm water before going to bed, and while wet, rub off all the hard skin you can with a piece of pumice stone—do not rub until the flesh is sore. Then apply a poultice made of common laundry soap and brown sugar, well-kneaded together, and leave on over night. This may have to be repeated several times. It does not act so quickly as some others, but is harmless and usu-

AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children's teething should always be used for children while teething. It softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.