

...The Home Department...

A Parody with a Purpose.

It is not generally known that some years ago, when Professor Crouch, author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," was first reported to be in needy circumstances, James Whitcomb Riley gave him large assistance and wrote the following appeal for him—a parody on the exquisite "Kathleen Mavourneen":

Kathleen Mavourneen, the song is still ringing,
As fresh and as clear as the trill of the bird.
In world-weary hearts it is sobbing and singing,
In pathos too sweet for the tenderest word.

Oh, have we forgotten the one who first breathed it?
And have we forgotten his rapturous art?
Our meed to the master whose genius bequeathed it;
O, why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

"Kathleen Mavourneen," thy lover still lingers,
The long night is waning—the stars pale and few.
Thy sad serenader, with tremulous fingers,
Is bound with his tears as the lily with dew.

The old harpstrings quaver, the old voice is shaking,
In sighs and in sobs moans the yearning refrain.
The old vision dims, and the old heart is breaking—
Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again!

Hurtful Habits.

One of the most difficult habits to break up, when once well established, is that of envious fault-finding, not only with persons and things, but with the dealing of Providence. If things do not go just to suit us, we rail at circumstances, and talk of the injustice of fate. If some one more happily endowed, or more suitably conditioned than ourselves, is awarded the good for which we would have striven, or, if the prize we coveted is dealt out to another, we are apt to open the door to envy, and fret because of our failure.

Once envy has obtained a foothold, hate is right at its heels, and with them a legion of devils are let into our souls that make short work of our comfort and happiness; once we are in the hands of our friends, we lose control of even the little sense we may have previously possessed, and our jaundiced eyes see in every act of our more fortunate rival a covert triumphing over our discomfiture. We can see nothing good or meritorious in anything that is done; everything is ill-done; and we could have done so much better, had the work been entrusted to our hands.

When our friend comes to us, sure of our sympathy with her in her rejoicing, it is on our tongue to stab her, and, if we do not wound her outright, we "damn with faint praise" her achievements, or chill with coldness and averted eyes, her happy enthusiasm. Before we are aware of it, our heartsome friend is turned to a scornful foe; the breach widens, and we go through life with a sorrowful sense of something gone. We have lost our friend.

The habit grows, and every loss adds to our discomfort; we blame everybody and everything, except ourselves, and we become peevish, fretful, ill-tempered, irritable, unjust, unthankful and ungracious. We treat every-

body as an enemy, and we fall into a state of moral and mental dyspepsia, hating our friends, loathing ourselves, railing at fate, and arraigning even Providence, because of the almost incurable distemper into which we have brought ourselves.

But the habit can be overcome; the patient, however, must be her own physician. One must look upward and outward, and keep a firm hold upon their perishing self-respect. We must look into our own hearts and compare ourselves, in all kindness, with the successful one, trying to discover the source of success in the one case, and of failure in the other. We cannot all succeed, and it may be that we needed just this discipline to fit us for the work reserved for us. Through these losses, sorrows, adversities, we may be attaining—or should be—to goodness and blessings we could not otherwise have found. These trials of our faith and patience and generosity may be the "refining fires" to burn away the dross which hinders us from fitting into the work God has chosen for us. We should strive to be glad that another is worthy; glad that over another's pathway the sun is shining. We cannot know how great her need may have been, or what this success may mean to her. Let us always see the good side, shunning the evil. Scourge envy and hate and all the foul brood out of the temple of your soul. Remember that "close behind the bitter fountain of Marah grew the tree that healed the waters; back of every sorrow awaits the comfort needed to alleviate its pangs." Every loss carries in its hand golden compensation, if only we will accept it as God's gift.

Building One's House.

From lid to lid of the Bible, we are warned against the sin of wastefulness and the wanton abuse of our possessions. In line upon line, lesson upon lesson, the value of economy and care-taking is impressed, in language so plain and direct that "tho' a fool," he who reads—may understand.

"Faithfulness in little things," is especially taught—the Savior, himself, concerning himself about the "gathering up of the fragments" after the feast.

There is no way in which the housewife and mother can so clearly show her "faithfulness and wisdom" as in the ordering of the affairs entrusted to her hands. It is said that a man can build a house, but only a woman can make a home. To a greater extent than many are willing to allow, the happiness, health and comfort of the family are dependent upon these qualities in the woman who rules over it. A house may be so filled and fitted up with expensive elegance as to look like the "sample rooms" of a house furnishing store, but if the womanly touch is wanting, there will never be found within it the slightest trace of a true home; while a poor, bare, battered room, containing only the scantest necessities, will be literally transformed by a few thoughtful touches of a woman's deft hands.

"A wise woman buildeth her house, but a foolish one plucketh it down with her hands." And one of the sweet ways to prove valid our claim to the distinction of the former, is by the careful and wise expenditure of whatever amount of money is entrusted to us for household expenses. A woman of modest means—one who has to "count her pennies" should be careful in making her purchases. It is well to practice the small economies, but economy does not mean niggardliness, and in "building her house," it is not always economical to buy the

low-priced building material. Such purchases often prove the most expensive in the end. Neither is the highest priced always the best. Herein must be exercised her "wisdom."

In selecting for the culinary department, consideration should be had for the habits and occupations of her family. The sturdy out-door worker will not thrive on the food suited to the toiler of sedentary habits. In selecting meats, it is not necessary to buy the high-priced cuts only, for the cheaper prices, properly cooked, will be fully as satisfactory; vegetables, fruits, butter, eggs, and such things, should be as fresh as possible. Do not buy low grades of flour. Neither is it wise to buy the "fancy" grades, but make sure you get the best for your uses. And herein will be demonstrated the importance of a clear, practical knowledge of cookery. A poor cook will waste whatever grade you place in her hands—the best or the poorest, it will be all the same; while a good cook will be able—almost—to concoct a satisfactory meal out of "chips and whittlings." The poor cook is the one who "plucketh down."

In the matter of table, bed linen, or toweling, the same common-sense wisdom should be exercised. Select according to the uses to which it is to be put. In this, too, one should strive for quality more than quantity. By buying the most serviceable—the most suitable, and caring for it properly, you will find your store increasing instead of being always "short," because of the constant "giving out" or wretched appearance of the cheaper grades you have allowed yourself to buy.

One should try to have at least one set of really nice table linen, for nothing adds so much to a well-cooked meal as the refinement of good table furnishings. But even for every day, family use, one good article is better than two poor ones. It is better to buy the one good one, and use oil-cloth until you can get a second. A mixture of cotton and linen will never launder well, and will be a constant disappointment, while all linen costs but a few cents more per yard, and keeps its appearance. Unbleached all linen, purchased by the yard, at a cost of from 75c to \$1.25, is the best for ordinary use, will soon bleach out perfectly white, and will look better and better as long as it wears. The fabric is heavy, and the patterns handsome. With care, several of these will last for every-day use for several years. The same reasoning will apply to the purchase of the red table damask.

Bridge Building.

In many sparsely settled farming regions, the sight of a human being outside the family is of exceedingly rare occurrence. To visit a "neighbor" means a long, tiresome ride on horseback, or in a rough farm wagon, and an absence of several days' duration from the farm. As both cannot often be spared from the farm at the same time, it is generally the man who makes the "trip" to town, or on neighborly errands, while the wife and children are left to "look after things." Statistics show conclusively that a large percentage of the women in our insane asylums are from the farms.

The reason is obvious. They have few of the joys of life, and none of the social stimulus to active thought given by mingling with other thinking beings. Thought stagnates, and the brain grows dull from disuse. Their latent abilities are not developed. Because of the awful monotony of existence, many drift into melancholy, and, as mind has a large controlling influence over matter, we have the bent back, the withered face, the dumb, pathetic wistfulness of faded eyes, so pitiful to see in even the dumb brute. Hard work, disappointment, the baptism of pain, have eaten out

her heart, until there is but one thing left her to look forward to—the rest of the grave. As the years drift by, her bodily health fails, the mental faculties lose their power to act, and many thus become certainly insane.

It is not always that this deadening of mentality necessitates incarceration; the vacant mind does not at all times invalidate the bodily strength, and in these cases, the physical machine creaks on automatically; but the woman is dead, practically, and for her, there is no resurrection this side the grave.

Too often the husband also suffers from this isolation, until he, too, through long hours of hard labor and dangerous exposure, becomes simply a machine, and, when this is the case, it is so much the more dreadful, for all the refinements and courtesies of love die with the death of his better self, and the woman is but the slave of a slave—the home but little, if any, better than the shed that shelters the stock, and they learn to live like dumb, driven cattle.

It is hard to suggest a remedy for conditions like these, and it is well that these are exceptions to the rule in some strong, sterling natures that conquer all things and make of frontier life a glory that shines on all who come within their radiance. But it seems that "such things needs must be" in blazing the way through the wilderness, and these far away, isolated homes upon the confines of civilization are but the beginning of better conditions to follow.

In order to prepare the way for the thousands and thousands of the future, there is but one only way—"down the banks of Labor and through the waters of Suffering." There is no bridge, and the waters are deep; "the track to show the best fording" of the stream must be marked out by human sacrifice.

In one of her "Dreams," Olive Schreiner has the following: "Have you seen the locusts, how they cross a stream? First, one comes down to the water edge; then another comes; then another, then another, and at last, with their bodies piled up, a bridge is built, and the rest pass over.

"And of those that come first, some are swept away and are heard of no more; their bodies do not even help to build the bridge!

"What of that? They make a track to the water's edge.

"Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will pass? "The entire human race."

There are always human souls, who, through courage and a sublime faith, or through restlessness and ignorance, are willing to "turn down the dark path to the river," bridging with their lives the stream that others must cross. And who shall say it is not well?

Death of Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

In the passing away of this widely known and wonderfully endowed woman, all womankind has lost a true, courageous, helpful friend. Mrs. Cady-Stanton was, for over fifty years, one of the ablest leaders of the woman movement. She was born November 12, 1815, at Johnstown, N. Y., and died at her home in New York city October 26, 1902, of old age. Although partly blind for two or three years, she has retained her interest in and activity for the cause she loved, and for which she fought to the last. But a week before her death she dictated to her secretary several letters for publication on her favorite theme.

She was not only a successful writer and lecturer, but her home life was ideal; her husband, who was a lawyer and statesman, died in 1887. He was in full sympathy with her in her life work. She leaves four sons and two daughters, all honorable and honored men and women, as testimony for her