OUR HOUSEHOLD

CONDUCTED BY MISS LIZZIE O. THOMAS

IS IT WELL?

This morning as I looked at the frost and felt the sting of the chilly atmosphere I wondered if my neighbor had covered the tender things in her garden, and from these gardens of ours and the animals over which we are supposed to hold a special providence my thoughts went to the little children that are cold and hungry and neglected, to the little children whose parents are too absorbed in other things to give them the loving they need, and to the little children growing up like weeds because their parents would rather do the work than be patient enough to teach them. A little child enjoys being helpful, and nothing cements their affection like companionship with their parents. Then I thought of the poor little children that are looked upon as machines and must do a certain amount of work, often beyond the little one's strength, or feel the lash on quivering flesh.

Sitting around the fire or out on the piazza, in other days, many times have I heard men talking about their early days, and more than half admitted that they had left home because "the old man" did not know when he had worked them to their limit, and many of them said their mother's life was a treadmill. They could tell how their first dollar had been made. Some would never have left if they had been allowed a little money for themselves. Then think of the number who are not to be located, the multitude who left home and let the recklessness that drove them away plunge them into vice and sin. Go to a Monday session of th city court and see them weed out the old offenders and the young men who have just thrown off restraint. Nowadays the latter are not herded with the vicious as in the past, and the probation officer takes more interest in helping reform these beginners in crime than their parents did.

I ask you the straight question: How often do you hear your child recite the ten commandments? How often do you cheat, or tell an untruth or take God's name in vain? Doing these things and pretending to teach morality is a mockery. To cover these sins up you say in the presence of your child, "Nobody can keep all the commandments." The children then get the idea that it's all a sham, they measure the world by the lessons learned at home. There are some men and women who pride themselves on what the world thinks of them, and if they could see on a bulletin board what their families know of them they would cry to the rocks to cover them.

Watch a man, or woman, and see if little children or animals love them, see if the cow or horse or dog dodges and you will find the same cruelty in the home. Of course, there are happy homes, united loving families and children innumerable who will grow up and call down blessings on the heads of their parents. However one can almost apply the lines literally:

"There is no flock howe'er well tended,
But one dead lamb is there."

And that brings me to the idea that came to me this morning as I heard the question asked about the plants in the neighbor's garden.

These lines came to me:

"Is it well with the child?
Yes, it is well; for he has gone from me,
From my poor care, my human fallacy,
Straight to the Master's school, the Shepherd's love;
(Blessed are they whose training is above.)
He will grow up in heaven; he'll never know
The trials that attend our life below.
He, from his earliest consciousness, shall walk
With Christ Himself in glory; he shall talk
With sinless little children, and his ear
No sound discordant, no harsh words shall hear.
Nay, I have no words with which to tell
How well it is with him, how well, how well."

My earnest prayer is that in every home where a dear child has been taken out of earth's trials and disappointment to heaven's glory there may be that balm on the bruised heart that comes from knowing, absolutely, that it is well with the child. Then the parents may say in answer to the question,

"Is it well with thee?
Yes, it is well. For while with 'anguish wild,'
I gave to God, who asked him, my dear child,
He gave strong faith and peace and joy;
Gave me his blessings, when He took my boy.
He gave Himself to me; in boundless grace,
Within my deepest depths He took His place,
Made heaven look homelike, made my bleeding heart
In all the griefs of other hearts take part;
Brought down my pride, burned up my dross,
Made me fling down the world and clasp the cross;
Ah, how my inmost soul in me doth swell
When I declare that all with me is well."

Faithfully yours,
LIZZIE O. THOMAS.

Tuscumbia, Ala.

TRY THIS PLAN FOR MEAT.

I notice in The Journal of the 11th how to cure meat. While that gives the old way there is a better way especially in a warm climate and any one that follows the new way will have better and sweeter meat and will never follow the old way.

As soon as the hogs are dressed cut them up your own way and salt them immediately. Using a box or salt barrel, see that there is opening enough so it will not hold water. Sprinkle a little salt in the bottom, then put hams and shoulders in first, spinkle a layer of salt over these and between them, say half an inch thick. Then put in another layer and salt, putting the side meat in last and salting. If salted warm it will be ready to smoke in two or three weeks as the salt will reach every part of the hams as well as the side meat. I have followed this plan for forty years, and never had any spoilt meat. If salted just enough will be salt enough for use and sweeter than any brine salted meat; use nothing but clear salt. After smoking hang up in paper sacks in a dry place and it will keep for years. If any one has doubts about the keeping the quality of this process, let him try a small amount to test it. As nothing is as convincing as a trial.

In the first place the meat must be salted while warm so that the salt will go through quick; will not take 6 or 8 weeks as the case if it is allowed to cool and salted with brine. What all pork users want is meat of the best flavor and meat that will keep as long as desired. Then try the above plan of dry salting and report your success.

M. THURSTON,
Stryker, Ohio.

WHY DO YOU SWEAR?

Suppose you are given to the habit of swearing. You enter into conversation with a man who never swears, or, in other words, with a gentleman. By and by you begin to see that he is the superior man. Your own remarks have a tame, flat, feeble sound to your ears. Your cheeks begin to burn with a sense of your friend's excellence. Your pert little drama sounds course and drop out of you sentences ashamed to remain in the company of good company, of good honest English words until you discover that you are carrying on your part of the conversation without swearing, you feel easier. Your intellect, real stature increases by a foot. Most of us know the power of influence. Give a child his first years in a loving Christian home, a good, noble mother, a consecrated father, all harmoniously working together for the good of mankind. That home may be humble, but a home in the truest sense of the word, after years may bring temptations and trials and cares, but the influence of that home can never be blotted out nor its power for good ever overestimated. First influences will last until life itself is gone. If our influence counts for so much, ought we to ever grow weary striving to make that influence strong for good? But how soon when we have made good resolutions and promised to be more thoughtful and kind do we fall back into the old listlessness and let opportunities for good pass by that would make us rich with their blessings.

N. E. REID.

Tuscumbia, Ala.

One Woman's Story

By Carolyn Beecher.

CHAPTER V.

IF Aunt Edith had only taught me some of the things that now seemed so necessary for me to know, instead of the many little accomplishments that amounted to so little in the new scheme of things, I should have been much happier.

It was awful! Simply awful! The meals I used to put on the table were enough to make a stray dog seek another stopping place. At first Robert used to laugh and then he tried to help me with the cooking. It was noble of him, really, to even try to eat. But after a week he rebelled, not loudly at first, but he rebelled.

"I thought it was natural for women to cook," he said one day when the fish was burned to a cinder.

"Think again, then," I answered angrily. I was hot and tired, and besides burning the fish I had burned my finger.

The next day he sent a young girl to me who said she could cook She couldn't. But even so, she did better than I did, and I didn't burn my fingers any more. Then she could wash dishes.

"The first big case I get I will have the living room repapered," Robert said one evening when the ugly unsympathetic paper had been the subject of my complaint.

"Oh, this is only one of many things about this ugly house that gets on my nerves," I rejoined crossly. Then seeing the look on Robert's face was immediately penitent.

"Margaret, dear," he said, after I had satisfied him of my penitence, "do you think you really try to make the best of things? I know the house is very different from the home you have been accustomed to; that everything is different and hard. But, dear, we have each other, and until I get on my feet that will be about all we will have."

Gradually I came to see that it was not only expedient but necessary for me to learn to care for our home. The girl Robert had secured was singularly incompetent and extravagant. Robert had an occasional client, it is true, but he either received so little as a fee or had to wait so long for it that we had been obliged to draw on my little nest egg for our running expenses, which were much larger than was at all necessary.

I shall never forget the shamefacedness with which Robert told me he had no money for the rent. He had paid the butcher and the grocer—their bills were outrageous for so small a family—and his office rent, but that had taken all he had available. I willingly gave it to him, the more so that I saw how it hurt him to ask.

Like many another town of its type, the place where we lived served as the end of the commuting line to many people. In the town were asphalt streets, several saloons, some stores, and many local politicians. Robert had already met some of them, and was beginning to be interested in town politics. I thought I saw in this another menace to my happiness, and discouraged him all I was able concerning this new departure. But he assured me that it would help him to stand in with the local politicians, that a country lawyer was nearly always a politician, either embryo or otherwise, and a lot more talk of that kind that neither convinced nor satisfied me.

I was fiercely trying to hold on to my happiness all this time without doing anything to conserve it, or without putting an inhibition on my speech. I was not naturally a faultfinder, but my nerves were often rasped to the breaking point by the trials of housekeeping and other things of which I was so ignorant.

I had determined to let the maid go at the end of her month and to try it alone again. I had said nothing of this to Robert, as if I failed as ignominiously as before I did not want him to know I had discharged Bertha to economize, as I should then have to find some one else.

At this time had any one asked me what was the most necessary thing for a girl to know I should have answered, "To know how to cook," and then should have added, "If she doesn't for heaven's sake don't let her marry a poor man until she has taken a course in domestic science, if she has to take it in her own father's kitchen."

At first, when love was at the stage where Robert laughed at my shortcomings, he had excused; but as time went on he became annoyed, then disgusted, and vowed he could stand it no longer. He loved order, and home meant much to him. To come back night after night to a place that was still in the curl paper and kimono state of the morning, filled him with disgust, although he did his best to hide it. Once I heard him mutter "home, sweet home," as he looked around the untidy living room.

Every day I made resolutions to do better, to learn to make a home for Robert, a real home of neatness and comfort, but as each day came and passed as quickly forgot them. It wasn't that I did not love Robert, it was that I loved my ease, my own selfish comfort more. And yet I was not comfortable, I did not really like disorder, but everything had been so ordered for me, been made so neat with no effort of my own, that I had not yet been able to concentrate on what was required to gain efficiency.

Robert's parents lived in Los Angeles, and I, to tell the truth, was rather glad of it. I was not anxious to have in-laws see and know my incompetency. His mother was quite an invalid, so they had not come on for the wedding. And while Robert never talked of the good things his mother made, he often conveyed the idea that she was a wonderful housekeeper.

Even at this early stage Robert was doing his best. Had I been less self-centered I should have recognized it. He loved his profession, was a great student, and indefatigable worker, and so bound to succeed.

(Continued Next Issue.)

Dorothy Dix Says

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It is a fact that all women are—well, prevaricators, and that men make them so, because they don't want to hear the truth from them.

BY DOROTHY DIX.

RECENTLY a distinguished English woman novelist, giving her views on various matters, said that one of the greatest shocks a woman ever got was when she discovered that she could not tell the truth to her husband. He simply would not stand for it. He demanded that she lie to him.

This statement is astounding simply because it is the plain, unvarnished truth. It is one of the few occasions upon which a woman has permitted herself the luxury of handing a man a large hunk of strict veracity instead of the nice flub-dub tarra-diddle that he is accustomed to receive from her.

It is a fact that all women are liars, and that men make them so.

A girl's education in duplicity begins in her cradle. A boy is permitted to be the elemental savage that nature made him. He is allowed to act out himself, and to comport himself towards the feminine sex, in especial, just in accordance with his true sentiments. If he doesn't like a girl, he lets her alone. If he doesn't want to make himself agreeable to an old lady, he simply vanishes from the scene, or else is gruff or silent, or freezes her off in some other way.

On the other hand, the little girl is taught that no matter how ill tempered and selfish and cattish she may be, she must act like a little angel and be all sweetness and amiability and unselfishness, because, if she doesn't, people won't like her and they won't give her things and ask her to their parties.

She has it also grounded into her juvenile consciousness that woman's mission in life is to always rub the masculine fur the right way. No matter how much a stupid boy bores her, she must sit up with a rapt expression as if she were having the time of her life. No matter how much the love making and compliments of some doddering old beau may disgust her, she must smirk and smile and affect to be tickled to death; no matter what a fool she thinks some egotistical braggart is, she has got to patiently work the bellows.

She can't cut herself away from the men who weary her beyond endurance, or whose presence make her very flesh crawl with loathing, because if she did she would get the reputation of being peculiar and difficult and hard to please and men would avoid her as they would the plague. So, in order that she may have the pleasure of the society of a few men she likes, she is bound to be a hypocrite towards the many that she doesn't like.

Every girl looks forward to being married as to a time when she can drop the double life and be sincere and frank with the one man that she loves. Alas, it is a vain hope, and the few brides who attempt the truthful Jane theory soon find themselves in the divorce courts.

The first minute the wife attempts to insert a few planks of veracity into the domestic platform she finds that for some unaccountable reason she is about to upset the whole structure of her domestic happiness, and so, if she is a wise woman, she abandons the task and falls back once more upon the soothing and salving white lie.

It is a cold, hard fact, that every married woman knows, that a wife cannot deal with absolute frankness, as she would like to, with a husband without him thinking that she is a human icicle, and a brute, into the bargain. For a man doesn't want the truth from any woman, still less from his wife, and if she hands it out to him at home, it doesn't take him long to scamper away to some one who is a graceful and cheerful liar.

Every man wants his wife to flatter him and tell him continually that he is the wisest and greatest of his sex and a perfect oracle, and the women who hold their husbands and keep their husbands in love with them are the mendacious ladies who keep up this polite fiction.

In his secret soul the man is bound to know that his wife is lying to him, because he knows that she is a creature possessed of ordinary intelligence, and that she is bound to perceive his limitations and weaknesses, and how ignorant and narrow and prejudiced he is. All the same, he wouldn't stand for a minute for her telling him that she knew just what sort of a man he was, but that she loved him in spite of his weaknesses.

Nor, no matter how intelligent, nor what good judgment a wife has, is she permitted to abandon the pose of a fool. She has to always pretend to sit at her husband's feet and ask his opinion, and defer to his great wisdom, although both of them may know that she's got more sense in a minute than he'll have in a life time, and that he leans upon her, and not she upon him. But, my! what a rumpus there would be in the family if she didn't do her little kowtowing before she went ahead and did as she had intended doing from the first.

And take the ever acute money trouble. Suppose a woman should say to her husband:

"Now, see here, John, I want $50 for a new dress. I've earned the money doing the housework, and sewing, and patching, and mending, and baby tending, and I expect you to hand it over without a word of protest because its my due as my part f the proceeds of our joint partnership as husband and wife."

Wouldn't John go up in the air? Wouldn't he consider any wife who would speak like that as lacking in all natural feeling? And wouldn't he hang on to the coin until she came to her senses? And don't all women know that? And doesn't the woman who wants a new hat find the easiest way to get it is to cajole it out of her husband by telling him how good and dear and sweet and generous he is, and what a lucky woman she is to have a great, big, strong, noble husband who gives his wife her clothes?

Thus are the amenities of omestic life sustained, and the more gifted a fabricator the wife, the better beloved she is by her husband. No doubt Ananias regarded Saphira as a model wife, and, as we know, Schererezade was the only one of his numerous wives that ever kept her husband.

$8,500,000 Gold Deposited

NEW YORK, March 13.—Gold to the amount of $8,500,000 from Canada was deposited at the assy office here today today to the account of J. P. Morgan & Co. Gold imports from all sources since January 1 now total $213,500,000.

DIANA of the GREAT GAME

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S HUNT FOR A MAN.

BY ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON.

No. 87—All Settled

Dreams change the child into the girl; love makes the girl into a woman. Her baby touches the woman's heart and makes her immortal.

WHEN Howard came home that night I told him at once that his parents had called upon me. My husband was not overly delighted.

"I don't like it, Di," he told me. "I think it's sort of mean of them to come snooping to find out how we live if they're not going to help you any! You know, I'd have died of starvation before I'd have asked dad for anything. But now that you're ill and need so many things and the little chap is coming along I'd be glad if he would lend a hand for your sake."

I smiled ruefully.

"Well, dear heart," I said, "I'm afraid I've spoiled your chances I told your father and mother that I wouldn't go live with them while they felt toward me as they do. If at any future date they could learn to love me and I loved them, that would be different. But just now, I told them, it was better for you and I to try to get on without them."

"And you did just right, too, Di!" exclaimed Howard. "I wouldn't have the old man think for the world that I came crying to him the first bit of trouble I got into! I tell you I have everything I want and I always will, while I have you! But I do wish I could earn a little more money for your sake."

A few days passed and I began to think that maybe I had not only alienated Mr. and Mrs. Boyd's interest in us, but that I had permanently offended them. No word came. And then, just when I was beginning to wonder how much I actually had harmed my husband's future, a letter which changed and brightened our whole life came from my father-in-law:

"Dear Diana—I liked your pluck the other day. I think you were dead right to refuse to come and live with us on a sort of sufferance. I wanted you to think I was angry at your franknees. I thought I would go away and wait a few days to see if you would weaken. I perceive now that you are not the sort ow young person who does weaken. The more I think of it the more I begin to understand. Howard may have done better for himself in marrying you than he would if he had married some skeleton in fox furs with her dresses to her knees. At any rate, you two have not been afraid to face life and live it as a red-blooded man and girl should live. I think it is fine of you to be having your baby while you are still so poor. I think it's finer yet that you seem to be tickled to death over it instead of scared. I don't know whether I measure up as a father-in-law to the sensible young woman you seem to be, and although I think I would like you to come and live with us first-rate, I am not going to ask you just yet until I have earned some real affection from you. Instead, I would suggest that Howard and you come for dinner with mother and me next Sunday night. Come early in the afternoon because I want to talk to that husband of yours about a job with me if he doesn't object to working with the old man. I think I have an opening that will pay him enough to give you the comforts you ought to have at this time I wouldn't like my little grandson not to have a comfortable cradle.

"Mother joins me in all this. And don't think it's generosity; it's our happiness and yours, and anyhow it's your right. Howard is my son. When all is said and done, if he made me angry he only did what I did before him—married the girl he loved."

I read this letter over several times. Naturally, a great relief swept over me. It really was not for myself, but it had pained me so much to feel that I had come between Howard and his people. Now it was all to be settled. I tucked the precious paper into the front of my gown. And when my husband came home that night I laid it before him on our little center table beneath the lamp, where he might read it.

For a few minutes after he had read it there was only silence in the room. Then my dear one raised his eyes to mine. There were tears on his lashes.

"Gee, Di!" he said. "The old boy's got the real stuff in him, hasn't he? I certainly am glad to be friends again!"

I slipped my arms about my husband.

"I am glad for your sake, dear," I whispered. "So it is settled and it looks as though 'they were going to live happily ever after.'"

My husband's grasp upon me tightened.

"And yet," he said, and he looked round our simple little room quite wistfully, "it's been a good little home. I don't believe we'll ever be any happier any place else."

"Yes, we will," I said, and laid my cheek against his. "We'll be happiest when the baby comes—wherever that is."

THE END.

Miss Gladys Ingalls To Wed British Diplomat

(By Associated Press.)

WASHINGTON, March 20.—Arnold Robertson, first secretary of the British embassy, and Miss Gladys Ingalls, daughter of the late Melville E. Ingalls, railroad financier, will be married here Thursday.

The COUNTRY HOME

Timely Topics Conducted By Mrs. W. H. Hefton

IT DOES NOT AFFECT HER CONTENTMENT.

Read the following and you will see that this mother in Israel is ont easily excited. Perhaps this will account for her length of days, if it is not responsible for her lack of curiosity.

NEVER HAS SEEN THE "MOVIES." When One's 102 Years Old New Things Don't Appeal, Woman Says.

(Minneapolis Journal.)

Mrs. Mary Ingenhutt, of Minneapolis, who is 102 years old, has never seen a motion picture show, although her sight is excellent, and she has never ridden in a motor car, although two cars are constantly at her command. She is afraid to ride in them and says that motion pictures would take time which she might devote to things she cares more about.

There are so many things to enjoy even at 102 years old that Mrs. Ingenhut's daily life is full of interest. She visits, reads, cooks occasionally to keep in practice, knits and keeps in touch with church work.

She has relied on these things for her enjoyment all her life, she said, and sees no reason for turning to others that she knows little about.

Mrs. Ingenhutt came to Minneapolis from Germany fifty-four years ago.

CENTERS OF THE NATION AND OF GEORGIA.

Somewhere in Illinois, name of place not now remembered, the center of population of the United States is placed by those who assume to know from correct data.

In Georgia the center of population of our state is located in Jones county, adjoining to Bibb county. During the last five years there has been more or less agitation as to capital removal, because of this estimated center.

The drift of population towards south Georgia, particularly towards southwest Georgia, has been very great. If it thus continues the center will also go lower down, below Macon.

WHAT COCAINE IS.

Speaking for myself I know so little about this medicinal remedy—that I went to an encyclopedia to get information. This much I can furnish to you.

What Cocaine Is.

From the Chicago Chronicle.

Cocaine is an alkaloid of a small shrub found in Peru and Bolivia. The official name of the drug as used in medicine is cocaine sulphate, a salt derived from the shrub treated with sulphurate acid. Cocaine is composed of carbon, hydrogen and nitrosyl reduced to a sulphate. Each element of the compound has a direct influence on the nervous system, blood and lymphatics. It possesses the singular property of killing all sensation of pain in the parts where it is locally applied while elevating the mind of the patient to a pitch of exaltation absolutely without parallel.

That it is a wonderful drug we can all admit--and that it is a dangerous drug, the authorities have convinced us. The cocaine habit is very much like the morphine habit and no matter where you find it, it makes an exhibit of its powers.

I had a number of teeth extracted some years ago, and the dentist proposed to "cocaine," before the extraction. Before he suceeded in extracting two—his "needle" broke and there was none nearer than Atlanta, fifty miles away. I had been timid about the business, and then felt a little irritated to know I must quit and "come another day," or say, "go ahead" and "get done with it." I decided to go ahead and I had no complaint to make.

The virtue in cocaine is the "deadening of pain." So far so good. When it gets to be a habit it will give trouble—and affect health and happiness.

TOTTERING THRONE.

The abdication of Czar Nicholas means more than appears on the surface. It will make other thrones totter and fall.

It is presumed that he was pro-German to a large extent, influenced by his German wife who is a full cousin of the kaiser—sister's children—and both were grandchildren of the late Queen Victoria. Emperor William was the son of Queen Vic's oldest daughter, —Princess Victoria—and the czarina was daughter of Princess Alice, who married a German prince and died early leaving small children. These children were often in England visiting the illustrious grandmother and the czar was a nephew to Queen Alexandra of England.

The life in Russia was very different to the life in London and Berlin, and the czarina was reported to be very miserable in St. Petersburg, now Petrograd, for several years. Her mind was unbalanced as reported. After the birth of a son and heir to the Russian throne things grew brighter for the unhappy woman who was afraid to eat a mouthful until somebody tasted it first, to detect poison, if any was put in it.

The crowned heads had no peace of mind. Maybe they will sleep better without the crowns. In the years to come these banished queens and kings can get together and tell their trials to interested listeners. Why should there be any kings and queens if all men are born equal?

Peach Crop Is Damaged From 25 to 60 Per Cent

LYERLY, Ga., March 21.—Reports reaching here from various parts of Georgia state that the peach crop was damaged anywhere from 25 to 60 per cent by the cold weather about two weeks ago. Peach growers in this county have made careful examinations of their orchards and are of the opinion that no damage whatever hs been done the peach crop here. In fact, it is believed that a large peach crop will be produced in this county unless there are severe freezes later in the spring.