

# The Home Corner



### MY SHADOW.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me, And what can be the use of him is more than I can see. He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the head; And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow— Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow; For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India rubber ball, And sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play, And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way. He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see; He'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me.

One morning very early, before the sun was up, I rose and found the shining dew on every butterfly; But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head, Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

### LITTLE BROWN.

Little Brown was a bantam hen— one of the cutest, daintiest little brown bantam you ever saw, and Little Brown belonged to Minnie.

Minnie loved her pet, and the hen loved Minnie, and would let her mistress catch her anywhere she happened to be, and would eat from her mistress' hand.

Minnie thought Little Brown very smart, and talked of her to every one, and told how cunning she was; but in the way her pet was a great disappointment to her—she never had any little chickens of her own.

"Why is it," she asked of her mother, "that Little Brown has no chickens? Spotty has them, and so does Topknot, and Old Grey has more than she knows what to do with. I think she might give a few of hers to Little Brown."

"Well," said mother, "as Little Brown does not seem to think she can raise a family, I guess you will have to be contented with Old Gray's children."

But Minnie wasn't contented, and finally she took her troubles to Little Brown herself. "Little Brown," she said, "I guess you feel mighty bad that you haven't any babies—I would if I were you; and—and I'm disappointed that you haven't any—I'm real disappointed."

The little brown hen chirped cozily in Minnie's arms as if she were quite contented with life.

"I'll tell you what Little Brown," continued her mistress, "I believe you are a little bit lazy; you don't want to set on your eggs—that's what the matter is."

"Quit, quit," piped the pet.

"Don't you tell me to quit. you naughty," returned Minnie, patting her chicken hard.

"Quit, quit," said Little Brown again.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Miss Little Brown—I'll get two of old Gray's chickens tonight, and put under you; and when you feel how sweet it is to have babies hugged up to you, why, you'll want some of your own, won't you?"

"Quit, quit," answered Little Brown.

"You mean you'll think about it, don't you, dear?"

How long Little Brown stayed awake to think about it Minnie never knew, for when she awoke in the morning the chickens were following their mother, and Little Brown was alone.

"I hope she feels how lonesome she is," sighed Minnie.

She must have done so, for in a very few days she was sitting on some eggs—sitting there as patiently as would Old Gray herself; and when after three weeks she came off her nest, she has five of the tiniest, cutest, daintiest chickens you ever saw; and, my! how proud and happy was Little Brown, and so was her mistress, Minnie.—Mary A. Spaulding Hatch. In Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

### A DRAMA IN THE SUBWAY.

A subway train was leaving Grand Central Station with its usual five o'clock load. In a corner by the door sat a man, whose worn clothes and shabby shoes were whitened with the lime he worked in. His face was lean and marked with tired lines, and his hands, joint-swollen and blunted, hung wearily between his knees. A large woman, bejeweled and plumed, entered the car with a rustle of skirts and a jingle of finery that attracted all eyes. Swaying uncertainly on her high heels as she made for the only empty seat, she was thrown from her balance by a sudden lurch of the train, and only the laborer's promptly outstretched arm saved her from an ignominious fall.

She straightened herself with what grace she could, and turned with a smile to thank the gentleman who had rescued her. A glance at the workman, however, made her expres-

see no fun in the dear old family jokes, then hasten to take a powerful medicine in the shape of a new dress, a good concert, a little visit or a brisk walk. Believe me, your family will enjoy bread and butter and smiles better than a seven-course dinner with a frown after each course.

My bulletin board is one of our family jokes, but I notice that my scoffer's frequently glance at it. It hangs on the kitchen wall by the little rocking chair where I sit to beat up a sponge cake or pare my potatoes. I clip my periodicals and pin up sermons and assimilate them little by little. Gay little poems and good jokes are found on the board, too, for my fingers can stone raisins skillfully while my brain and heart are visiting cozily with Robert Burns or Jovial Mr. Herrick, of the little English rectory, who sang so often of little joys that he should be the poet of the kitchen and good housewives. Lately I learned the quaint little "Thanksgiving." It is too long to quote, but I will give the first few lines:

Lord, thou hast given me a cell, Wherein to dwell; A little house, whose humble roof Is weatherproof; Under the spars of which I lie Both soft and dry.

He goes on to count every little blessing, not forgetting the hen "that lays her egg each day," and then finishes as we all should at the end of a happy day of small deeds: All these and better, thou dost send Me, to this end. That I should render for my part A thankful heart.

—Mary Davis, in the Congressional and Christian World.

The man straightened himself, and with face alight, carefully took the little white-clad form in his arms and led the way up the stairs. Passers-by stared curiously at the trio, but there was no consciousness of that in the woman's gracious "Thank you! That was a great help."

As the mother and child passed on, the man lifted his battered hat, and turned homeward with a buoyant step.—Exchange.

### THE JOY OF HOUSEWORK.

My title is as brave as that grizzled old explorer who risked the terrors of miles of pathless jungles. When asked how he endured such a perilous, wearisome journey, he remarked simply that he never anticipated the end of his journey, but enjoyed every bit of the way as he went along. So the housemother who enjoys her labors can let the kings and queens and great ones of the world go by, while she contentedly creates an apple pie that is an apple pie for her appreciative family.

Every one has her own tried and true recipe, I suppose, for the joy of life. Like creeds and dogmas, they read and sound very unlike, but strange to say, lead to the same destination.

Mine begins with early rising. If I am to move among my family with "a glorious morning face," I must have a few minutes alone with the Guest who loved to linger in the simple homes of Galilee. I never get over my glad swift surprise that he cares about the little ins and outs of my daily tasks. It seems to me that he still delights in a clean, well-ordered home. Perhaps, after all, it is my Guest who makes the heavy labor light.

Chaucer wrote his poetry with the nightingales at Woodstock. I confess that a couple of blue linen house dresses, with pretty muslin collars and a pair of the kind of shoes that are constructed especially for nurses, help me to live mine. It was a hard task to make a lyric poem of dish-washing until I disposed of all my battered, dingy pots and kettles and invested in the pretty blue and white agate ware which can be kept clean with a minimum of labor. Despite custom and tradition, I always wash my kettles first and then with clean hot water dabble lovingly over the pretty china.

Our little house is built on the hillside and our chamber windows are open all day long, consequently making the beds is like approaching Greenland's icy mountains. It took the icy breaths of several winters to make me put on a sweater, gloves and cap and account bed-making as a bit of outdoor winter sport. Incidentally I have discovered that fresh air and good temper are first cousins. I never knew a "nagger" who kept her kitchen windows open at the top on a wholesome winter day.

Grandmother used to say: "Make your head save your heels, child." Housemothers need to realize that there are many legitimate short cuts in housework. The American business world is famous for its system; and system in the day's budget of housework gets the house in the way of running itself.

A few weeks ago I went to the installation of a young clergyman in a country town near by. A long row of dignitaries from city churches were present and were respectfully listened to by the little country congregation. At last a man of great presence, with silvery hair, arose and said crisply: "Take care of yourself. The church has no use for invalids and worn-out preachers." It is cruelly true of housemothers, too. Just as soon as you cease to relish your dinner, and the sound of the children's voices jars on your nerves and you

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"Victoria, you shall amuse yourself just as you want to amuse yourself to-day. Choose anything, and you shall do it if it is possible."

The small guest took in the gravity of the situation, meditated carefully, and announced her decision: "I have always wanted to wash windows."

The word of an English-woman held good. The usual pail, chambraskin, etc., were provided; and the future queen of Great Britain scrubbed away diligently, to her heart's content.—Selected.

A druggist in a small Michigan town used to use on all his advertising matter the slogan, "We take our own medicine." But eventually he passed away.

His clerk, who had saved his wages, bought the business from the estate. Desiring to use his own name as that of the proprietor, but realizing the value of the old slogan, he had the new sign painted thus:  
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Once a year the newsboys of London are given an outing some place on the Thames River, where they can swim to their hearts' content. As one boy was getting into the water his little friend said: "Jack, you're fearful dirty!" "Yes," replied Jack, "I went an' missed the train last year."

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