

# THE JOURNAL'S CORNER FOR WOMEN

Edited by Eleanor F. Baldwin

## THE QUIET HOUR

**Dedication.**  
By Richard Realf.  
All around us lie the awful sacredness  
Of babes and cradles, graves and  
Of youthful laughter and of manly  
Of moaning sighs and passionate  
Of infinite ascensions of the soul.  
And gnawing hunger of the heavy  
Of cottage virtues, and the solemn roll  
Of populous cities' thunder, and the  
Fresh  
Warm faith of childhood, sweet as  
Among Doubt's bitter herbage, and the  
Re-glimpses of the earlier stars that  
Down the blue skies of our lost wonder-  
sphere,  
And all the consecrations and delights  
Woven in the textures of the days and  
nights.  
The daily miracle of life goes on  
Within our chambers, at our house-  
hold hearths.  
In sober duties and in jocund mirths,  
In all the quiet hopes and fears that  
run  
Out of our hearts along the edges of  
The terrible abysses, in the calms  
Of friendship, in the ecstasies of love,  
In bridal dirges and in marriage psalms  
In all the far, weird voices that we  
hear,  
In all the mystic visions that we behold,  
In our sleep's summers when the days  
are clear,  
And in our winters when the nights are  
cold,  
And in the subtle aspects of our  
health,  
And that announcement men call death,  
O earth, thou hast not any wind that  
blows  
That is not music; every weed of  
field  
Frosted rightly, flows in aromatic  
wines;  
And every humble hedgerow flower that  
grows  
An every little brown bird that doth  
sing,  
Hath something greater than itself, and  
bears  
A living word to every living thing.  
Albeit it hold the message unaware,  
All shapes and sounds have something  
which is not  
Of them; a spirit walks amid the grass,  
Vague outlines of the everlasting  
thought  
Melt in the mellow shadows as they  
pass.  
The touch of an Eternal Presence  
thrills  
The tranquil sunsets and the brooding  
hills.  
Forever, through the world's material  
forms  
God shoots his immaterial. Night and  
day  
Apocalyptic intimations stray  
Down the dark lanes of matter; view-  
less  
Lean lovingly toward us from the air,  
There is a breathing marvel in the sea,  
The sapphirine forehead of the moun-  
tain  
A light within light which any soul  
can  
The unutterable beauty and perfection  
That, with immeasurable striving,  
arrives  
Through bodied form and sensual  
indirection,  
To hint into our dull and hardened lives  
(Poor lives that cannot see nor hear  
aright)  
His bodiless glories which are out of  
sight.  
**Our Possibilities.**  
When we go away from the noise and  
care of the outer world into the still-  
ness to take counsel with our own  
souls and to receive help from the  
infinite sources of power that surround  
us, it is well to leave our fears and  
our consciousness of what we regard  
as our limitations behind us.  
It is well, too, to leave opinions and  
prejudices outside, with the life that  
expands them and deal only with our  
innermost convictions with which pre-  
judice and mere opinion have nothing  
to do.  
The Bible is full of promises to those  
who believe of spiritual, of physical,  
even of financial strength. Why is it  
that so few, comparatively, ever test  
the validity of those promises and be-  
lieve they refer to some future state,  
when a careful study of them shows  
them to be especially adapted to this  
very world in which we live?  
Why is it that a sense of weakness  
that shows itself in illness, in trouble  
and want oppresses so many of the  
human race?  
Is it not because they have no faith  
in their own possibilities and in the  
partnership with power they could  
enter into if they only would?  
"They shall walk and not faint." Surely  
that promise is not for the immortal  
spirit, freed from all fleshly bonds, but  
for those who are liable to fainting  
and weakness.  
"A thousand shall fall at thy side  
and ten thousand at thy right hand,  
but it shall not come nigh thee." Is  
not meant to be taken advantage of, in  
a state where there is no disaster,  
"Prove me and see." Is the command  
in another place—in short, put these  
promises to the test by waking up to  
the fact that the power and strength  
in your own body and soul, conjoined  
with the powers of like kind in the  
invisible world, are vastly greater than  
you have ever believed them.  
The secret of weakness is to be found  
in these words of Paul: "As a man  
thinketh, so is he."  
Well, if a man doesn't think at all,  
but lets somebody do his thinking for  
him—what then?  
Why then, he is simply a negation  
and utterly fails to connect with the  
conditions that would enable him to take  
advantage of these promises that are  
intended to encourage us to dig deep  
into ourselves for the riches and power  
God has put there for us to use.  
Emerson tells us to do the thing we  
are afraid to do as an antidote for an-  
xiety and cowardice, and many a one  
can testify to the healthfulness and  
sense of power that has come from this  
very course—a course that substantially  
modified or changed entirely condi-  
tions for the better.  
Well, perhaps you say "the evidences  
of health, physical and mental, are so  
thick on every hand that we can  
not help but believe them to be the  
heritage of the human race, besides we  
have been taught to believe that we  
were of no account—mere worms of the  
dust—unconsequential atoms of no con-

sequence in the economy of the Creator  
of the universe."  
First, let us see the patient study of  
the scientist brought him in perfect ac-  
cord with the sentiment of Jesus ex-  
pressed in "not a sparrow falleth" but  
God takes notice. Size—bulk, merely  
does not determine power or impor-  
tance.  
We are like God because we live by  
the spark of divinity within us; that  
relates us to the source of infinite  
power.  
The question is, how can we make  
that truth of use in everyday living and  
thinking? How can we put divinity into  
the commonplace matters of life?  
To begin with all possible  
speed that nothing is commonplace;  
that time and eternity are one and the  
same thing; that we are in eternity  
just as much now as we ever will be;  
that God is as near to us now as we will  
let him be and that here or hereafter  
he will never be any nearer than we let  
him be. The closeness of the relation-  
ship rests wholly with us, for "he is not  
far from every one of us."  
Let us see if there is today any mani-  
festations of this power that in times  
past would have been regarded as mi-  
raculous, or little short of that usual  
To begin with the physical realm.  
Time was not so very long ago when  
it was believed a man could not live  
longer than nine days without food. It  
has in recent years been demonstrated  
over and over again that a 40-day fast  
is in some instances positively beneficial  
instead of being fatal.  
An interesting case of this sort is of  
recent occurrence in Salem—that of  
Constance Baker, who fasted 41 days, dur-  
ing which time, says Edward Conable  
in the Path Finder, hunger did not an-  
noy him nor did he lose in activity of  
mind or body.  
"When we think of the mass of young  
men living wholly in the senses—  
knowing no life but the life of sense  
and sensual indulgence—this young  
man seems a modern Galahad, and the  
contrast his act affords to the usual  
kind of average human life is as bracing  
as a north wind.  
Not that everybody should fast 41  
days, but that every one should be a  
faithful to follow and obey the leadings  
of the inner High as we Claude Barker,  
in which event the world would soon  
be a different place.  
Reference has been made before in  
this column to Helen Wilmans, and

there is no better evidence of the power  
of faith and courage on earth than this  
woman's life for the past 25 years.  
For the past four years she has been  
passing through a very severe ordeal,  
having been accused of fraudulent use  
of the mails and been tried by the fed-  
eral authorities on that charge.  
Although not set out from under the  
back, one or two decisions have been  
rendered in her favor.  
Mrs. Wilmans was 75 years of age  
before she was arrested on this charge.  
The proceedings melted away a large  
part of her paper and prevented her  
from practicing her vocation as mental  
healer.  
Many a woman of half her years  
would have sunk under such an accumu-  
lation of trouble as this. But now,  
after four years of the fiery furnace,  
hear what she says, remembering the  
feebleness of mind and body that we  
usually associate with 40 years:  
—"At the time the fraud order was pro-  
nounced against me patients began to  
send me testimonials. In a short time  
there were more than a thousand, many  
of them sworn to. They read like old-  
time miracles, but they were not per-  
mitted to appear in my defense when  
my trial came off.  
"But I am not writing about my per-  
secutions here. I doubt whether I shall  
ever do so. I have no malice against  
any one of the people who for four  
years have been struggling to ruin me.  
It is ignorance on their part, obtained  
by learning the lesson of my life from  
I would not take Rockefeller's billion  
today and forget the lesson my expe-  
rience in the last four years has taught  
me.  
"There was a hard knot in my un-  
derstanding to get over before I could  
enter the absolute knowledge of how to  
conquer old age and death. Nothing  
would satisfy me but this knowledge,  
I had to have it. I challenged the  
forces of Pandemonium to keep it from  
me.  
"I have said to myself a thousand  
times, 'all I ask is to come out of this  
with my life.'  
"I have brought more than my life  
out of it (or I shall do so; it is not  
ended yet).  
"I have brought out 10 times the  
courage and determination, the health  
and vitality that I started in with, and  
these are the qualities that win in a  
long struggle; they are the qualities for  
which nature stakes all her forces, and  
which nature stakes all her forces, and  
which nature stakes all her forces."  
This quotation from Mrs. Wilmans  
is from Constance Baker's "Finds a Path  
to Well Worth Dispassionate  
meditation in more than one Quiet Hour.

## NEW VISITING GOWN



Visiting Gown of cloth, trimmed with ruffles. The little bolero jacket is fastened with three large buttons. The undersleeves and chamisette are of lace.

## THE BOOK SHELF

Edited by Eleanor F. Baldwin.  
In the Literary Digest of January 5,  
under "Letters and Art" is a delightful  
little essay on reading by George  
Brandes, a famous Danish writer, and  
to show that purposeful, intelligent  
reading is an intellectual exercise for  
which we should all be the better and  
abler. I quote the following:  
"A book which is really to instruct  
must embrace either a single country,  
or a short, definite period. One might  
as well read the shorter period of the  
book.  
"The comparative narrowness of the  
period does not render the book narrow."  
"What is great and comprehensive  
is only produced by greatness of treat-  
ment, by the author's comprehensive  
vision, not by his endeavor to cover  
an immense field.  
"The infinite is not immensely much;  
it arises from the symbolic treatment  
of detail.  
"A naturalist can discuss an insect  
so as to reveal an insight into the  
universe. Eachew, therefore, general  
surveys.  
"Every one who can do anything, can  
do something in particular.  
"From the particular, windows open  
out into the general. There are far  
fewer roads that lead from the purely  
general to special knowledge."  
"So, if the question be asked: 'What  
should we read?' I reply, better by far  
read 10 books about one thing or about  
one man than a hundred books about a  
hundred different things."  
But this paragraph from Mr. Brandes  
should be engraved upon the heart of  
every one who prizes her own individ-  
uality and desires to develop and grow  
in harmony with her original pattern,  
and not to obliterate it by trying to  
be like somebody else:  
"As soon as a person or a thing inter-  
ests my reader, my advice is, seize it,  
absorb yourself in it. You will learn  
a thousand times more by so  
doing than by absorbing yourself in a  
thousand things and people.  
"The object widens before your gaze  
and gradually expands to a whole  
horizon.  
"But never begin with the horizon;  
you will know nothing of what you  
see."  
In answer to what we should read,  
Mr. Brandes says: "The books that  
attracted us and hold us fast, because  
they are exactly suited to us. These  
books are the good books for us. The  
books are good for us which develop  
us."  
In answer to how to read, this writer  
says: "First with affection; next with  
criticism; further, if possible, so that  
our reading has a central point. A  
whole world may thus open itself out  
for us in a single book."  
"Lastly, if we read attentively, we  
are able to grow morally, insofar as  
we vividly feel what ought to be done  
and what ought to be left undone."

## THE BAY PATH

By J. G. Holland.  
Leading from Massachusetts bay far  
into the wilderness, in the year 1831,  
was a narrow, dangerous trail, threaded  
through the densest forest, and with  
every precaution against its dan-  
gers. There were hostile Indians to be  
feared, there were wild beasts to be  
dreaded, and these were the dangers of  
the hard journey to be endured.  
What wonder, then, that the little  
settlement of Agawam, now Springfield,  
had few visitors from the Bay colony.  
What wonder that the gloom of the  
solitude that surrounded them served  
to intensify the terrors with which they  
had filled their own hearts in this pre-  
sent world, as well as the manifold mys-  
teries of awe and pain in the world to  
come.  
Antedating by nearly a century and  
a half the "minister's wooing," the "ter-  
rors of the law" were that much more  
severe, and the love of the gospel burn-  
ing that much the more dimly in the  
hearts of men.  
In the little settlement of Agawam,  
as this book (largely taken from his-  
tory) pictures it, there were the min-  
ister, Mr. Moxon; the magistrate, Mr.  
Fynchon; John Woodcock, a man of free  
spirit and almost an outlaw. Of course  
there are many other characters grouped  
around these, but this widely varying  
circle forms the basis of the story.  
The minister is the author of good  
Mr. Hopkins. He is narrow, vengeful,  
gloomy, full of forebodings and always  
anxious to censure and bring to punish-  
ment the evil-doer; and it is this weak,  
swarting, censorious nature that brings  
all the trouble to the little colony.  
Mary Fynchon is the beloved daugh-  
ter of the magistrate and a girl of un-  
usual sweetness and depth of character.  
John Woodcock also has a daughter—  
a wayward, passionate, moody, shrink-  
ing child of 12, when the story opens.  
As the story progresses the magis-  
trate and his daughter endeavor to  
stand between the minister and the  
struggling, but intemperate Woodcock  
and his daughter, but do not altogether  
succeed, for the man is finally driven  
from the settlement and goes to live  
with the Indians, while the daughter,  
after many years of persecution, is at last  
driven to insanity, as the result of  
which she strangles her new-born infant  
and is then taken to Boston, so ill and  
weak that she can scarcely make the  
journey; she is tried and condemned  
to death for murder, much to the satis-  
faction of Mr. Moxon, but dies before  
sentence can be executed.  
From this one might think the book  
altogether a gloomy one, but it is not  
so. The pictures of life and scenery  
are beautiful in the extreme, and  
Peter Trimble, the bad boy of the  
little settlement, furnishes considerable  
humor.  
Although the time of this story is  
considerably earlier than the witch-  
craft epidemic, as may be supposed, the  
pretext for the minister's persecution  
of the honest old Woodcock and his  
black-eyed, high-tempered daughter,  
his belief that they were in league with  
the devil, and after the death of the  
daughter he transfers his accusation  
to her husband, a small, innocuous,  
middle-aged man, whom even the most  
superstitious court of that time could  
not consider guilty; so, disgraced at  
last, Mr. Moxon goes to England, where  
he is "silenced" and afterward dies in  
poverty and obscurity.  
But the time shall all unknown to  
him, goes John Woodcock, who has al-  
ways found a congenial spirit in the  
magistrate, Mr. Fynchon, despite the  
latter's culture, and he is it who  
induces the one-time outlaw to return  
to England with him; so on one ship,  
return to their native land, the principal  
characters of the story.  
A few quotations are given that will  
show the beauty of the book—a book  
that would lend itself readily to dramatiza-  
tion.  
Here is a description of a New Eng-  
land snow storm that could hardly be  
exceeded in beauty:  
It snowed incessantly. Far up in the  
featureless gray the shooting flakes  
mingled in dim confusion, or crossed  
each other's lines in momentary angles,  
or came calmly down for a brief space,  
and then the traces into the tempo-  
ral, and all, as they met the breath of  
the blast became his burden and were  
swept in blinding and spiteful, clouds  
to the earth.  
All around the storm was vocal. The  
pines hissed like serpents, and the old  
oak, catching the wild roar of his chil-  
dren in the far northeast, as it came  
on and on, over whirling and in the  
forests, took up the same strain, and  
struggled like a giant, set it off tri-  
umphantly to the southwestern hills.  
But the storm was skillful as well  
as strong. It wove a wreath in the  
of the splintered stump; it crowned  
the steeple with a rime of snow; it  
crowned stone chimneys with pillars of  
marble; it veneered rough house walls  
with ivory; it made soft pillows and spoils  
shrouds for dead old trees; it wrought  
cave openings for rough cabins; it  
clothed with ermine unsheltered basins  
and sought fantastic shapes around  
every corner and in every nook where  
there was sufficient quiet for the quest.

## GIRL BURNED TO DEATH IN PUNISHING HERSELF

Motherless Orphan Inflicts Tor-  
ture on Herself to Atonement  
for an Accident.  
(Journal Special Service.)  
Cincinnati, Feb. 17.—Death under cir-  
cumstances peculiarly sad was that of  
Rose H. Elmers, a motherless inmate of  
the Bethany home, an Episcopal or-  
phanage in the pretty suburban village  
of Glendale. The girl, who was 17  
years of age, died of burns received  
Thursday evening. The girl burned her  
arm doing self-imposed penance and ac-  
cidentally set fire to her clothing. She  
had a great desire to become a nurse.  
Elizabeth Fears, a 2-year-old inmate of  
the home, was suffering from a small cut  
on her arm. Anxious to do something  
for the infant, Rose attempted to read-  
just the bandage and in doing so  
knocked over a kettle of boiling water  
that scalded the child's arm badly. She  
was reproved for violating the rules.  
She was seized with a strange idea  
of burning herself on the arm as a  
penance. She was seen by other chil-  
dren holding her bare arm over a safe  
fire so that the flames touched the bare  
flesh. Before any one could interfere  
her clothing caught fire and she was  
soon enveloped in flames. The children  
tried to give her assistance, but  
she never ralled from the shock.

## YOUR BAD TIME

If you take a cold, or it takes you,  
and you sneeze and sneeze and almost  
cough your head off, GET  
**Ozomulsion**

The Cod Liver Oil Emulsion "Par Excellence."  
The New Cod Liver Oil Emulsion—  
Guaiacol, Glycerine and the Hypo-  
phosphites of Lime and Soda.  
Then the cold will end in cure, not  
in consumption. Under-nourished  
folk, with thin blood and sluggish di-  
gestion, cannot get rid of a cold.  
Consumption's shadow is always  
over them.  
Come out of the shadow, and stay  
out.  
Fortify yourself with the great food,  
**OZOMULSION.**  
At all drug stores.  
There are two sizes—3-oz. and 15-oz. Bottles  
of the Formula is printed in 7 languages on each  
bottle.  
**OZOMULSION LABORATORIES**  
Fine St., New York.

## MELLIN'S FOOD

For the Baby  
FOOD  
What better testimonial do  
you want, than the words of the  
mother, who has used Mellin's Food  
for her babies? Ask any mother, who  
has raised her baby on Mellin's Food, and  
she will tell you that it is the best  
if it is not more than possible. If it is  
not, she will tell you that it is the best  
she has ever used. We may have  
some from your town for you have them  
all over the United States. Send for a  
free sample of Mellin's Food for your baby.  
The only Mellin's Food prepared  
in the United States, at  
Gold Medal, Highest Award,  
Portland, Ore. 1903.  
MELLIN'S FOOD CO., BOSTON, MASS.  
The story's here. We're 6 inches shy  
on rails. You'll need  
**COAL**  
How if you ever did. We have it at  
lowest prices and sell every kind mixed.  
Ring Up Phone Main 2776  
and ask us about it. Our service is  
quick as lightning—almost.  
**Vulcan Coal Co.**

## TRAINING ASSOCIATION

Last Thursday's meeting of the asso-  
ciation was well attended, nearly every  
seat being filled, not counting one  
child too much, but as he questions  
and becomes interested in things about  
him, answer his questions with truth  
and intelligence. These little questions  
that we sometimes find so hard to an-  
swer are the child's natural way of  
learning, and it mothers would realize  
that each day as they answer their  
children, they are doing the very thing  
which sometimes wish they had more  
time for—training their children—and  
that here, sometimes, is planted the  
seed of untruth. If you are not cer-  
tain your answer is correct, tell the  
child so. Teach him the value of truth  
by always speaking it.  
This paper is to be typewritten and  
added to the association library, where,  
with the others that have been referred  
to, in this column, and the mothers  
and fathers who were not present  
at the last few meetings to avail  
themselves of the library privi-  
leges and read these papers, as a short  
extract does not give the whole scope  
and full comprehension of the subjects  
treated, which they display.  
Next Thursday's meeting is to be a  
party for the little folks and mothers,  
and to bring all the children, as the  
children, as the grownups are going to  
devote themselves to their entertain-  
ment. Miss Zulch C. Hopkins will be  
hostess-in-chief, and Miss Virginia  
Borwick will tell the little folks stories,  
some of which, let us hope, will begin  
like the dear old fairy tales of our  
childhood—"Once upon a time"—and  
end with "lived happily ever after."

## CAUSES OF WIFE DESERTION

until the first quarter of a century of  
married life has passed.  
"Silver weddings" celebrations are  
frequent, and may be charming social  
functions.  
To give a reception is the most usual  
way of celebrating these. There is a  
large amount of dancing, and, perhaps,  
more enjoyment.  
It is by rights an occasion when only  
one's intimate friends should be in-  
vited, and if the family connection is  
a large one it is hardly necessary to go  
outside.  
At a reception a husband should an-  
nounce his wife in receiving, and if a  
dinner party is given it quite agrees  
with his sentiment of the occasion and  
to lead the way to the dining-room  
with his wife on his arm and for her  
to occupy a seat at his right hand, as  
she may have done at their wedding  
breakfast.  
For an anniversary dinner there are  
few variations from the rules for an  
ordinary dinner party.  
The decorations should be white and  
green with silver, and bouquets of  
white flowers should be placed at every  
cover for the ladies, with boutonnières  
for the men.  
If a guest drinks to the health of  
the happy pair, they smile and bow their  
heads, and the husband and wife are  
dug. It may be jealousy and nagging;  
it may be the proverbial mother-in-law  
or interfering relatives, and all the time  
the wife may think herself blamed  
and deserving of public sympathy, and  
she may regard her deserting husband  
as a monster of cruelty and faithless-  
ness.  
And he is. For no man who takes a  
wife for better or for worse and deserts  
her when the "worse" comes can retain  
his self-respect or his right to the name  
of a manly man.  
**WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.**  
Many people may be interested to  
know that the order of wedding anni-  
versaries runs as follows: First year,  
paper; fifth, wooden; tenth, tin; twelfth,  
leather; fifteenth, crystal; twentieth,  
china; twenty-fifth, silver; thirtieth,  
silver; fortieth, woolen; forty-fifth,  
silk; fiftieth, golden; and seventy-fifth,  
diamond.  
But of late years it has become the  
custom to overlook all the anniversaries

## DRESS FOR WEDDINGS.

Elaborate afternoon and reception  
gowns are worn at church or house  
weddings held in the morning or after-  
noon. Hats are to be worn at the  
following reception or breakfast, and  
gloves should be laid aside only when  
one is eating.  
For the immediate family of the  
bride or groom, deep mourning should  
be left off for the wedding day and  
gray and lilac or black and purple be  
worn instead.  
At an evening wedding full dress may  
be worn, or also very elaborate high-  
throated, long-sleeved gowns, without  
hats and with white gloves.  
For a second marriage, the bride  
should wear a traveling dress, or if she