



# The Home Department

Conducted by Helen Watts Moore

In January

The pines and hemlocks were awake  
all night  
Down through the country side.  
How could they sleep  
While the great stormbirds from the  
upper deep  
Swept through them, in their flight?

All the night long they never paused  
for rest,  
While the white flock resistlessly  
drove by  
To find broad pastures 'neath the  
midnight sky  
Whereon to make their nest.

The farm roofs shuddered at the  
trees' complaint,  
And from the migrant hosts that  
hurried past  
Their thousands wavered, strove  
and fell at last,  
With the long journey faint.

But with the day-stars coming, one  
by one  
The trees sought slumber, and at  
sunrise, lo!  
Far as the eye could see, the drifted  
snow  
Lay sleeping in the sun.

—Selected.

### With Our Friends

We wish you a Happy New Year, with the blessed things it can bring to pass in your behalf. May your springtime sowing be such that a blessed and bountiful harvest shall meet you later on. We do not ask that your sky may be cloudless or that no rain may fall upon your pathways, for without the clouds and rain, the harvest will be worthless. Without trials there could be no triumphs, and the life that knows no tears will be lacking in tenderness, too. But we wish and hope that unto you may be given the grace to bear your burdens, the strength to endure your trials. Better than all else, we would ask for you that you be wise enough to recognize the guiding hand, and to make of every sorrow, deprivation or failure but a stepping stone to lift you further along in the path leading upward to the higher and holier life to follow this one.

I have many things to thank you for, and I know you will not fail me, in the months to come. Your kind words have been an inspiration to higher effort, and the very few letters of gentle setting-right of my mistakes have been gratefully accepted as bearing evidence that your interest was all for the greater helpfulness of the Home pages. We recognize, and thank you for it all.

### For the Sewing Room

January is the month when the wise housekeeper tries to get her sewing well in hand. The coldest weather is yet to come, and for full three months the call for warm clothing will be urgent. From now on, woolen goods will be cheaper in price, and many remnants may now be had with plenty of material in them, not only for a small garment, but for the piecing down, combination or trimming which all mothers of families have to practice more or less. Garments that served as "between-seasons" for the older ones may now

be made for the smaller children, at the cost of but a few more yards of material, trimming, or goods suitable for combinations. Not long ago, I heard the mother of several poorly clad little ones complaining that money was so scarce with her that she really could not get the little ones the necessary clothing. She had just told me of having given away the clothing of the older girls, as they were out of style, and the girls refused to wear them to their work longer. I asked her if she could not have used those garments for the little ones. She said, "Oh, yes, I suppose I could; but it would have taken such a lot of ripping and piecing and pressing; I would rather buy new goods in the piece, as it would be so much less work." Do you wonder that the family was always hard-pressed for ready money, and the children poorly clad? It would be well, if folks could arrange their finances for that object, to buy the woolen goods and garments in the late winter months, and the thin, cotton wear in the late fall. Knit underwear can be had in late winter cheaper than one can buy the goods and make them at home, and the garments of the older members of the family can be readily cut down to fit the little forms. But the little garments themselves can be had very cheaply indeed by the village and city mother, or any one whose time is too taken up to do so much home sewing.

### Twelfth-Night

In the old England of our forefathers, the twelfth-night after Christmas ended the revels of the festival season. It was the custom on this night for the revellers to divide a cake in which was baked a bean and a pea. The man who was so fortunate as to get the bean in his share of the cake was called the king of the bean, while the girl who got the pea was to be his queen. Amid a world of fun and frolic, the king was lifted to the ceiling of the house, where he was to make crosses with a piece of chalk, supposed to protect the house and its inmates from evil spirits during the coming year. The Festival of Epiphany is one of the chief festivals of the Christian church, in commemoration of the appearance of our Saviour to the wise men of the east.

### Early Mornings In the Home

January is the month when, if at all, the busy mother can count on a little leisure; but more often than not, the short days find us with many an unfinished task on our hands. In these cases, we must make up our minds to do the very necessary things first, leaving the less needed for another time. Let the girls and boys help all they will in the early mornings and evenings. Let them feel a responsibility for part of the work, assigning some regular tasks to each, and insisting on its timely performance. Have a regular hour for getting up, even though the morning is cold, and do not let "the family" lie in bed until you have the breakfast on the table. If you do, there will be cross, snarly little faces, and the children, at least, will want to come to the table half dressed, uncombed, and oftentimes unwashed; they will be irritable, and ready to snap and "fuss" with each other, thus starting the day with clouds and contention. If called up soon after the fire is

started in the living room, with the consciousness that their part of the morning work is awaiting them, they will be ready for their breakfast; and if the hour of rising be such that the getting ready for school, or other duties need not be of the "rush" order, with plenty of time to make themselves neat and tidy, the day will be much pleasanter for all concerned. One of the greatest mistakes of mothers is that of letting the children lie until breakfast is so nearly ready to be dished up that they have not time to get their stomachs aroused from the night's inertia, and they do not appreciate the intended kindness, which is, indeed, no kindness at all. Teach the little folks that "life is real, life is earnest," and that it is much better to meet the duties of the day, fully prepared for them, than to have the "crush" come upon them when they are not yet "ready to receive."

### Fostering the Social Spirit

Now is a good time to organize a club in your village or neighborhood. The tastes of your neighbors may be more social than literary, and, in that case, it might be well to, in the beginning, have the meetings perfectly informal, something like the old-fashioned "spending the day" of our mothers' and grandmothers' time. Sewing, knitting, fancywork, may be allowed, and even encouraged, until the "newness" of the idea be somewhat worn away. The time given to the exchange of ideas, harmless social chat and the companionship of friends and acquaintances, with the broadening effects upon individual horizons, would be very restful and refreshing. The refreshments should be limited to sandwiches and tea, fruits, or anything light enough not to burden the hostess. Reading and discussions of neighborhood needs might be gradually introduced, until even those not wishing to take an active part in them would become interested.

As a suggestion, the farm women might take up the subject of the school facilities provided for their children, and a little concerted action in that direction might result in a very great betterment of prevailing conditions. Let them see that the children are housed comfortably and taught properly; see that the seemingly dull child has as careful instruction as do the bright ones. Take the teacher into your confidence, make yourselves familiar with present conditions, and try to plan for more desirable ones. You can make your children love the farm life, and much can be done, also, to develop tastes and higher ideals in your neighborhood. The social affairs are too often sacrificed to the fancied needs of the material.

Rest rooms should be in every village, and in this, the farm woman can meet her village sister half way. It is alike to the interests of both classes that there should be some place where, after a long, cold ride over country roads, the farm wife and her children should have some better place of getting warm and eating their lunch than around the usually untidy stove in the country store. Many women, after their little trading is finished, must wait, perhaps hours, before the business (?) of the gude mon is finally transacted, and there is great need that they have some room to which they may feel free to

go, with the pleasing anticipation of meeting other, perhaps neighborhood, women with whom they can pass the time in pleasant converse. In this plan, the village club women could most profitably join the country sister, and between them they should be able to effect their object.

It would save many a nickel, too, to the family, as the husband or brother would not have to go to the saloon to spend his leisure moments or meet his business friends. Here, too, the girls might meet their neighborhood friends with perfect propriety in the companionship of mother or older friend. If any plan for betterment along the social lines of rural and village life could be evolved during the leisure winter months, it would be a wonderful good to any community, and I hope our friends will give the matter serious attention. As much of my own life has been spent in lonely farm regions, I feel keenly the need of fostering the social spirit. This rest room could well be the meeting place of the club themselves, and the good that might spring from these accomplished objects would be of untold value to all.

### For the Sick Room

During convalescence, invalids of our well-to-do class are apt to be overloaded with gifts of flowers, or dainty dishes to tempt the appetite, or magazines, if they like reading, or the last new novel. A better contribution to carry into the sick room is a good anecdote, a mirth-provoking story, or a bright piece of good natured gossip, over which we can smile again and again. The welcome visitor is he who has some cheery message to bring, some tale to recite which may be punctured with laughter. The aroma lasts after the flowers have faded, and even after the dainty dish is eaten and forgotten. A good laugh is one of the best tonics for the invalid depressed and discouraged by weakness. It helps him to forget the hot water bags, medicine vials, douches, atomizers, and to escape the sense of solitary confinement amid the tiresome, but necessary paraphernalia of the sick room, and changes the atmosphere of his prison like a wind blown over a bed of spices. Do not make your visit too long—a few minutes is better than an hour, and leave while your visit will "leave a good taste in the mouth." One of the most desirable gifts in a visitor is to be able, while recognizing with a subtle sympathy, the illness of the invalid, to carry an atmosphere of optimism and a cheerful conviction that the sick one will almost immediately feel better, and "be well in no time." It is better than medicine. Remember that to the invalid, sickness and pain are very real things, and you must tactfully avoid either further depression by too much sympathy or a blunt declaration that you see nothing the matter with him—in short, giving him to understand that if he would "make an effort," he would be out of bed. Touch the sores with tender fingers, but do not annoy with unctuous "coddling."

### Danger from Leaving the Gas "Turned Low"

Our daily papers frequently chronicle the fact that persons are found dead in rooms where get jets are open and flowing. The gas men repeat the warning that those using gas as an illuminant should not leave the gas "turned low" in their rooms over night, especially in cold weather.

### BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bed wetting. If it did there would be few children that would do it. There is a constitutional cause for this. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 118, Notre Dame, Ind., will send her home treatment to any mother. She asks no money. Write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child. The chances are it can't help it.

**AN OLD AND WELL TRIED REMEDY**  
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children  
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.