



The Home Department

Conducted by
Helen Watts Myles

The Used-to-be

Beyond the purple, hazy trees
Of Summer's utmost boundaries;
Beyond the sands—beyond the seas—
Beyond the range of eyes like these,
And only in the reach of the
Enraptured gaze of Memory,
There lies a land, long lost to me—
The Land of Used-to-be.

A land enchanted—such as swung
In golden seas when sirens clung
Along their dripping brinks, and sung
To Jason in that mystic tongue
That dazed men with its melody—
Oh, such a land, with such a sea
Kissing its shores eternally,
Is the fair Used-to-be.

A land where music ever girds
The air with belts of singing birds,
And sows all sounds with such sweet
words,
That even in the lowing herds
A meaning lives so sweet to me,
Lost laughter ripples limpidly
From lips brimmed o'er with all the
glee
Of rare old Used-to-be.

Lost laughter, and the whistled tunes
Of boyhood's mouth of crescent runes,
That rounded through long afternoons,
To serenading penitlunes—
When starlight fell so mistily
That, peering up from bended knee,
I dreamed 'twas bridal drapery
Snowed over Used-to-be.

O land of love and dreamy thoughts,
And shining fields and shady spots
Of coolest, greenest grassy plots,
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots—
And all ye blooms that cunningly
Lift your faces up to me
Out of the past, I kiss in thee
The lips of Used-to-be.

And love ye all, and with wet eyes
Turned glimmeringly on the skies,
My blessings like your perfumes rise,
Till o'er my soul a silence lies
Sweeter than any song to me—
Sweeter than its melody
Or its sweet echo, yea, all three—
My dream of Used-to-be.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Our Social Chat

We are always glad to hear both sides of the story; so, friends, when you differ with us, and write to state your opinions, please do not say, "I hope you will not take offense." The right may be on your side, and, if so, we wish to know it. Some of our friends object to my suggestion that the idle husband shall turn his spare moments to account by helping his wife about the house. The relief these friends offer is that the children be kept at home from the shops, factories and offices, and, while attending school, taught to put themselves to use in their idle hours in the mother's workshop, in order that the "tired husband may recuperate from his hard day's work, so as to be ready rested for the work of the morrow." It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. The children are supposed to put in some hours of hard work in school, and, if they must take up the tasks to relieve the strain on the mother, to say nothing of the evening hour's study demanded of them, and which the mother is supposed to

superintend, it is possible they may need resting, also. The fourteen to sixteen hours that comprise the mother's day might also be considered. Then, too, the mother is often forced by too much serving to sit up sewing, patching and darning, away into the "wee, sma' hours," and it looks like she might need recuperating a little, too. Turn which way one may, the problem, in some form, meets us.

Then, too, in many homes, there are no children save the tiny little tots, whose needs, love them as we may, demand more attention than a delicate mother can give them. In other homes, the wife is delicate, and heavy tasks tax her strength cruelly. There are other homes where the family is composed of both nurslings and those of school age; but the children attending school are at home only during the busy morning and evening hours—hours when it is impossible for the hurried mother to take time to teach them, and their efforts at helping are more often than not hindrances. These are the hours when the eight-hour-day man is most at leisure. And the home, the wife and the children are his! Why not?

A Pleasant Nerve Tonic

We hear a great deal about the stimulating properties of outdoor exercises for delicate, nervous or overworked women, and believe strongly in the advisability of women living more in the open air and less in the close, enervating atmosphere of the house. But simply walking about, with no ultimate object in view, is worse than useless. If such walks must be taken on the streets of a city or village, one must spend some time (often all there is to spare for the walk) in "fixing up," and the consciousness that we are on "dress parade" is as wearing as would be the work we are neglecting.

To obtain the real stimulus of outdoor exercise, one must be interested, even into forgetfulness of self—and how we "look," and this can nowhere be brought about more satisfactorily than by working in the garden. The kitchen garden work is, much of it, too heavy for a woman to undertake; but even here many pleasant, restful, tasks are to be found, and women are not slow to avail themselves of this diversion. But they generally over-do, because there is so much to be done, and every one seems willing to allow them as much latitude in this occupation as they see fit to take. Did you ever hear of a woman who does the work in the garden being arraigned as "crowding out the men folks?" Flower-gardening is light, dainty, refreshing, and no woman can watch her planting from seed-time, through germination, expanding leaflet and opening bud, without becoming healthier, happier and more wholesome every day. Every woman is a beauty lover; every woman, down in her heart, hates coarseness, disorder and untidiness; but many women have "fought the fight" with falling courage, and at last given up because of the indifference or opposition her efforts have encountered.

A refined woman prides herself on the beauty of her front yard and flower border, especially; she does not always have the direction of the back premises, but she is proud of a well-kept front yard, and having this mark of refinement before her eyes, she grows to love her home and home duties more and more. She is judged largely by the appearance of her lawn

—often unjustly so, as she is not always responsible for an unkempt appearance, and it is not only the farm wife who has this trial to contend with. The village and city sister has her trials, too, and comes in for a larger share of censure than does the country sister, if her door yard is an eye-sore to her neighbors, for it is thought that she has much less to overcome and more time to devote to it. But only too often she has little to do with ordering its appearance.

No woman should be ashamed of a big sun hat, stout shoes, thick gloves and short skirts, so necessary in the work of the garden, and I am glad to say that few of them are. There is no exercise so health-giving, because it combines outdoor air, sunshine, exercise of all the muscles, as well as of mind and brain, a healthy absorption of interest, and the combination has a stimulating, tonic, exhilarating effect which no known drug can possibly bring about. Health, beauty, optimism, cheerfulness, good temper, and an uplifting and refining of one's tastes is the sure outcome of the cultivation of flowers.

Our Boys

The lament ever comes up anew, "The boys are leaving the farm," and why should they not, if they have the energy and intelligence and the education to struggle with the problems, and to avoid the false allurements of city life? They doubtless have the physical endowment—a strong constitution, and muscles mured to labor; but it is not to be expected that bone and sinew and muscle will enable them to win the race to fortune unless they have the active brain and strong mind that will enable them to overcome obstacles. So, also, these essentials are necessary to enable a boy to draw the wealth from the soil. If he does not succeed in making his mark as a merchant or manufacturer in the city, he becomes a slave to the city grind, and with his first gray hairs is no longer eligible, with impaired health, to make more than a pittance. If he stays on the farm, he may be equally a failure, but it is not likely; and in this day of improved machinery and implements, farm labor is not so exhausting as it once was, and there are few farmers that do not live better than their city brothers of the same grade. It is calculated that where one boy in 10,000 who leaves the farm for the city, acquires a large fortune, only about one in 1,000 gains a competency, while the vast majority live "from hand to mouth," or sink into abject poverty. Success in any line depends on health and push, and the ability to grasp the opportunity when it offers, and the strength of mind and body to hold on, once one has a foothold. But the boy is not going to stay on the farm simply because he is told it is his duty to do so, or that it is to his interest. A little experience is sometimes a good thing for a boy to have.—Ex.

Stylish Headwear

The woman who wants a hat for all the season's wear is safe in getting an all-flower hat. These hats are fashionable every spring, and, except for a slight variation of shape, they are made very nearly the same, year after year. This season there is the violet toque, which is rather pointed in the front, and many of these toques are trimmed with roses at the side, making a truly French combination.

An all-violet toque, with a mass of roses at one side, and perhaps some heliotrope mixed in with the roses, makes a beautiful hat for dress wear all the year.

The woman with not very much money who is trying to pick out a hat that will last her all the season, is safe in getting a sailor. She can select one of the new shapes and she can make sure that it will be pretty until snow flies. Of course, the sailor is not a dressy hat, but if prettily trimmed it will hold its style for general wear all the season. Trim the sailor with coral silk and coral quills, and you will have something smart. The prettiest hats are among the cheapest.—Ex.

Caring For Children

There are some things that ought not be allowed, and one of these is that the child should not be allowed to run the streets after dark. Go on the streets any time, and you find them full of boys and girls, from the tiniest tots up to the grown children, and, to see them, it seems there must be something lacking in the home—either in attractiveness or in authority, and the mistake of allowing them to form the taste and habit of seeking the glare of the sidewalk when they should be safe-folded inside the home, will inevitably lead to our losing all control of them. The street is a bad place for these young people; the lessons they learn there are none of the best, and the excitement of the crowds is bad for the undeveloped character.

Children must have occupation, and the busier they are kept the better. Not always with hard labor; though labor is very good for them sometimes; but the mind and muscles may be kept active without overdoing. If they have no taste for reading, allow them other sources of amusement, no matter if they do "litter up" things; the dirt will all be on the outside, and can be readily cleaned up by the children, themselves, after their fun is over. Let us strive to keep the little ones clean, morally, no matter what the condition of the house that holds them. A mother has just said to me: "It is all very well to talk; but we mothers are too tired to play with our children of an evening, and they must have some recreation." If the mothers would give the children part of her work—give it to them early enough, and teach them that the responsibility of its accomplishment rests on them—then the mother will not be so tired, and the children, accustomed to trotting about with the mother in the home work, will expect nothing else, and this will be their recreation. The evening hours are the danger hours. Darkness and vice go hand in hand, and even the glare of the street lamps is not a sufficient protection for the little or the large children so carelessly allowed to haunt the streets. The curfew bell should ring early, and its voice be heeded.

Spring Housecleaning

The question of ridding the house of vermin comes up afresh every spring-time, and several of our readers are seeking information in that line; so, it is necessary to repeat instructions.

Some houses are more easily kept free from these vile things than others; but, in any event, the thing to do is to wage a war of extermination, followed by a most vigorous vigilance. The last bug must be routed and killed; the last egg destroyed; then one must keep a sharp lookout for the occasional new-comer brought

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.