



# The Home Department

Conducted by  
Helen Wat is Mather

## The Grandsire's Corner

Every day he has his corner, where his wide-armed chair is placed,  
And he sits, sometimes, and muses with his fingers interlaced—  
Muses, doubtless, of the drifting of the years that come and go.  
(And his eyes have caught their sunshine, and his hair has held their snow.)

So he nods there, in his corner, and it seems a place apart,  
Seems a spot afar from stresses of the street and of the mart,  
Seems a place that asks no portion of the rushing world without—  
Just his corner, with his armchair, and his books spread roundabout.

Here he dreams betimes, and dozes, here he hums the olden songs,  
Here his heart is always happy—he has long forgot his wrongs;  
And when lamps are lit at twilight, here within his inglenook  
He will spend an hour of comfort with an olden friend—a book.

But the best of all—the children! How they love those songs of his!  
How their feet have worn a pathway straight to where his corner is!  
And he drops his books and papers, and each little lass and chap  
Hears the wondrous fairy stories from the throne on grandpa's lap.

Or the children laugh and scamper in some game about his chair—  
And the light creates a halo of his quaintly silvered hair—  
And the children understand him; they are playmates all, in truth,  
For they sense the bond that likens happy age to joyous youth.

And I sometimes think that heaven is a place serene and fair  
With a-plenty tempting corners, each with one big wide-armed chair  
And a grandsire throned upon it with the children at his knee,  
Filling all the ways of heaven with the music of their glee.

—W. D. Nesbit, in St. Louis Republic.

## The Stay-at-Home Habit

An exchange says: "There are women who actually boast that they have not 'been off the place' for months, and do not wish to go; but why they should think it anything to be proud of, nobody has any idea."

Instead of the stay-at-home habit being a source of pride, it is usually an indication of a very unsocial, selfish disposition, if it can be helped; but if it is one of the inevitables, then the woman who is a victim of it is to be pitied. It should not only be considered a privilege, but a positive duty, to go to church, town, neighborhood gatherings, or exchange visits with our neighbors, thus showing that you appreciate your friends and have an interest in the welfare of the community. In order to thoroughly enjoy these social comminglings, one should try to look her best, and take a pride in a good personal appearance. To be becomingly dressed, one need not be expensively garbed; a neatly made, well-fitting, clean, whole garment, if only of print, percale, sateen, or gingham, with a touch of becoming color at the throat, will make even a plain woman pleasant to the eye. Do not be afraid "people will laugh at you" for "fixing up." Just try to look your best. Have your skin clean and your hair neatly combed, and choose the

colors that become you. Don't be satisfied with "any old thing."

The stay-at-home habit is a disease, and a degrading one, at that. A woman can not be either well, or happy or wholesome who lives down in the solitude of her workshop all the time, and she cannot do justice to her family unless she broadens her views. Ill-health, bad temper, crankiness, and irritability all lie in wait for the solitary woman, and through her, reach out to her family and surroundings. She must get out of doors, go "off the place," look at other people's door-yards, and discuss the world's doings. Begin now. Whenever the gude mon is going to town, or to "see a neighbor," put on your hat and go with him. It may astonish him at first, but he will soon get used to it—in fact, grow to like the sensation of having you along, expect it of you, and you will both be the better for the new turn of affairs.

## "Making Over"

In many instances, it is really more economical to buy the new than to make over the old garment; but there are those who are "too poor to economize," hence, the old garment must serve for another season, preferably in a new form. It is not always the seemingly poor who are thus forced to save the pennies. Many who are well-to-do are often forced to meet emergencies which leave little for the every-day needs, and it is far better to wear the old than to go in debt for the new. The darn or patch is a badge of honor in such cases, for it shows that the parents will not take goods they see no way of paying for, and if the child is properly trained, it will be proud of the fact that the parents are honest and asking no favors; that they are too honest to go in debt.

In many cases, the mother, or seamstress of the family will have more time than money, and thus she will be earning the "penny saved," if she refuses to throw away really good cloth simply because it may become known that the garment when finished has been "made over." In some instances it may call for courage to live within our means, but we should all strive for the courage to shelter, clothe and feed our family strictly within the limits of our income. There is nothing more harassing and degrading than debt; the feeling that the clothes we wear, the food we eat and the shelter over our heads are all beyond our means, and that we are using the property of another, knowing we cannot at once (if at all) pay for it! A great many people are preaching (to others) the living of the simple life, at the same time they, themselves, are straining every nerve to enable themselves to live and dress as expensively as do the families of men of large and unrestricted means, solely for other people's eyes. This is neither honest nor honorable, and leads to many (often disreputable) makeshifts, and unhappy hours.

## Voices of the Silence

Do you ever think of it—you, who have outlived many things; who go through empty rooms, hearing the ghosts of song and laughter, the echo of feet that fall no more upon the boards upon which you stand? Even the walls seem to ask: "Whither have they gone?" And your answer is tears.

When the little feet frolicked about you, and the little, meddling fingers were everywhere, you did not mind the empty rooms; there were no

voices; no echoes then, and yet there was no silence anywhere, and the doors were always swinging. Now—the door is shut. There is nothing more to say.

One of the saddest things a mother is called upon to do is the putting away of the childish belongings of those who are children no more. Especially saddening is this, when they to whom the abandoned things belonged have gone out into the world, out of your sight, dragging your heart after them, as these toys were once dragged after the childish forms. Every broken toy, every bit of soiled ribbon, every tatter of torn lace, the scattered debris of some idle day, finds a voice, and speaks in trumpet tones to the bereft heart. We remember this torn ruffle, and recall that she was scolded for not mending it; and we hear the girlish voice, as the soft arms are thrown about our neck as she laughingly says: "Good old mammy! you will mend it for your bad girl." You find, in some odd corner the scissors that were lost; the ball of worsted that rolled away; the mislaid needle case; the unmatched glove, whose mate has somehow disappeared, necessitating a new pair; the rent or ripped garment cast aside in a moment of girlish haste—the book, the paper, with a passage marked here and there; the half-worn shoe that she had outgrown and tossed aside—the crumpled lace, the faded flower. Yes, they all speak; they all have tongues. She, only, is silent. Here is the music she last sang—a plant her little fingers "slipped," and then let it die because she forgot to water it. All things are here; all things speak. But she—the child we loved—the world called her, and she followed the call. Some day, a woman will come back to us. But the child—never any more.

## Floral Notes

The question with most of us is not what plants we shall bring inside, but what must we leave outside. It is very hard to deliberately doom our summer pets to the death, while every one of them is crying to us, out of its frost-bitten foliage, "Take me, too." "Do not leave me to die." But we look ahead, and realize that their death is but a question of time, for we know we cannot take care of them all. It is at such time that we look longingly at green houses, conservatories, plant rooms and big, sunny windows, and often, when we shut our eyes to the pleadings of our plants, there are tears in them that blur our vision.

Do not try to keep too many plants, else you must neglect them all, and a few healthy, well-cared for things is much better than a houseful of invalids. A short, quick death in the border is not so pitiful as the lingering death in the window. "No luck" is usually the result of an unwise selection of varieties, ignorance of their needs, or carelessness in caring for them.

One who brings to her window gardening but little time and less experience will find the culture of bulbs particularly suited to her needs as they require so little attention, and bloom so beautifully at their appointed time. "Store" bulbs are not always satisfactory; it is wise to buy of a reliable florist, even at the cost of a few cents more. Bulbs should not be potted later than the first of November, to obtain the best results, as the longer time they have for the formation of roots, the better and larger the bloom. Bulbs may be planted at intervals, however,

for a continuous bloom, up to the first of January; but the later planting will not do as well as the first. One of the most satisfactory ways to "root" them is, on potting them, to sink them in the ground outside, where water will not stand on them, covering them with a blanket of manure. Let them stay buried for six or eight weeks—even longer; and when you are ready to take them inside, bring them into the warmth and light gradually. Do not at any time keep them very warm. Even a freeze when in bloom does not damage them a great deal, but it is as well not to let them freeze carelessly.

## Chrysanthemums

One of our readers asks how she may have chrysanthemum blossoms like she sees in the greenhouses and at the florist's windows. She cannot have them by any treatment she can now give her plants. The treatment must begin in the spring, by having thrifty, well-growing plants to start with. These may be bought as pot-plants, or she may raise them from seeds; but the seedlings do not always "come true"—that is, bear flowers like the parent. They must be cared for all through the summer, generally in pots, and the buds must all be pinched out, except one or two; or, if more blooms are wanted, the buds must be severely thinned. Those that are wanted for extra large blooms must have extra care given them, with all favorable conditions, and should be under shelter or indoors before frost appears. The plants will give some bloom if out in the cold, but the blooms will be damaged, and not so many of them.

When we see these beautiful flowers in the fall, we want, right away, to begin growing them ourselves; but as they pass away, our ardor cools, and we forget to plant them when the spring time comes. In the gardens of our mothers, and even now, in some country gardens, we find the old, hardy sorts, with great balls of gold and white, red and lavender, and mixed colors, and we covet them. If we get a "root" of these hardy varieties from the garden, plant it this fall, and care for it until it gets established, giving it care every year after, we, too, can have this beautiful flower. But, like every other good thing, we must take care of it, or lose it.

The best time in the year in which to take up those "wildlings" you staked last summer, is in October or November; or, if you neglect it then, in February or March. But the autumn months are best, because you have more time. Do not disturb the roots more than you can help, retaining as much of the soil in which they grew as possible. Our native flowering plants are, many of them, well worth saving, and they are rapidly passing away.

## An Old Fashioned Mite Society

A reader who is interested in church work asks, "What is a Mite society, how should it be conducted, and who may be members of it?"

We hear less of mite societies now than in the old days, but the old-fashioned mite society was organized and conducted as a means of raising money for the various expenses of the church. Any one interested in church work could become a member of it. Its usual custom was to hold meetings at the houses of its members, usually, once each week, or month, as the society might determine. It was the duty of the hostess receiving to plan (together with such committee as might be chosen, how the evening should be spent, and new features were sought to be added to the various methods of

## 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 bottle.