

## THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

### Put Out the Lights.

Put out the lights. The curtains draw  
aside.  
The vigil's done; open the windows  
wide.  
The ghostly gleam of evening's fading  
light,  
The deathlike stillness of the middle  
night,  
The monstrous fancies of the fevered  
brain,  
The trembling grasp of life, the puls-  
ing pain  
Are over. Set disorder'd things to  
rights.  
The dawn is here at last; put out the  
lights.

Let in the morning's freshness. As a  
dream

It flows upon us in a fragrant stream  
Of strengthening. Far on its joyful  
way

A soul is travelling to immortal day,  
Safeguarded in the path that saints  
have trod

By level lances of the light of God,  
Feasting new-opened eyes on holy  
sights,

Its night forever done. Put out the  
lights.

The birds break out in song. Away  
with grief!

Joy is the blossom of sincere belief.  
Sorrow at best is but a mist-born  
wraith.

Take up again life's duties in the  
faith

Untouched by fear, untainted by a  
doubt.

For us God's dawn will break when  
lights are out.

For us an endless morn and glorious  
sights

When come to us the words: "Put  
out the lights."

—Ross Deforris, in *Youth's Com-  
panion*.

### Honoring Mother.

Boys, do you read the biographies  
of the men who have made their mark  
in the world? Risen to distinction  
among men? Do you not always read  
what good mothers they had? Very  
little said about the fathers; mothers  
get the praise. Their mothers might  
have been the noblest of women, and  
yet never have been heard of had not  
those sons risen to "call them  
blessed."

Whether they had, or not, exception-  
ally wise or good mothers, these men  
by drawing the eyes of the world to  
their own achievements, have also  
shown the mothers behind them, col-  
ored by their sons' character. And  
the world goes down onto its knees  
and does homage to these dear old  
white-haired ladies whose sons have  
wrung honor and fame from its re-  
luctant grasp.

But some of the tenderest and truest  
mothers in the world go down to their  
graves, their virtues unsung because  
of their sons' dishonor. The world  
never knows of them; if it meets them,  
it turns aside. "Who is she?" "Oh, she  
cannot be much—such an one is her  
son; and he's anything but an honor

to the community." Dishonored, be-  
cause of her son's dishonor!

And after these sweet and tender  
hearts break because of the ignominy  
heaped upon—not themselves! They  
have asked no praise, sought no rec-  
ognition; but upon the head their poor  
lips have kissed when he was a little  
boy—the little white-souled boy, now  
a man, spotted with shame!

So you see, the verdict is always the  
same—like his mother. Be he good or  
bad, mother stands just behind him—  
mother "reaps as she sowed." This is  
the verdict of the world, whether just  
or unjust.

And mother—mother who believes in  
him, when all other faith has failed,  
who sees the little, white-souled child  
always, though all the murky  
shroudings of guilt and shame;  
mother, who kneels and kisses his  
feet, no matter what mire clings to  
them; and who, no matter how low in  
vice and crime the hardened man may  
have sunken, sees only "her boy"—  
oh, the loving, hoping mother who  
prayed for him; who always prays  
for him as she prays for no other,  
and who never will give up that there  
is no good in him—that he will yet  
show that she knew him best! Poor,  
yearning, clinging-hearted mother,  
how pitifully hard it is for her when  
the world scorns her because of her  
scorned son!

Boys, did you ever think of this?  
You have no friend in all the human  
world like this one north star love to  
which you may always turn, sure of  
finding it when it is sought. If your  
mother can say of you before the  
world, "I can trust my boy," no heart  
in all the world will be so light, so joy-  
ous as hers. Though she may be poor,  
and toiling, and careworn, no wealth  
would tempt her to exchange with the  
mother, who, having all other good,  
is yet so poor if she have cause to be  
ashamed of her son; the son who  
might have crowned her old age with  
the lillies of distinction, yet who  
buried her spotless name beneath the  
deadly night-shade of his own shame  
and dishonor.

### Flower Talks.

The success of the window-garden  
depends largely upon the work done  
in the early summer season. By Sep-  
tember first, your plants should be  
well-nigh ready for the house, well-  
rooted, thrifty and stocky, and should  
be gradually acclimated to house con-  
ditions before being permanently shut  
up indoors for the winter.

Those who wait until a sign of frost,  
then rush out and dig—or oftener pull  
up some big, sprawling plant, full of  
bud and bloom, hurriedly pot it with  
water and set it at once in the full  
sunshine of the window, need expect  
nothing but failure. The plant may  
live, and may perfect the bud and  
bloom already provided for, but after  
that you will have but an unshapely,  
"leggy" specimen, with at best but a  
tuft of leaves upon the tip ends of its  
branches. These are the kind of peo-

ple who have no "luck" with house  
plants.

To have plants do well and bloom in-  
doors, one should take young seed-  
lings, or rooted slips early in the sum-  
mer—preferably in June—pot them in  
as small pots as will hold the roots  
comfortably, shifting into larger as  
their growth demands, pinching out all  
buds and straggling branches, induc-  
ing a shrubby, stocky growth, keep-  
ing down all insect pests, syringing,  
watering and encouraging as thrifty  
growth as possible, by keeping the  
pots in a cool, moist place.

To root soft-wooded plants, such as  
geraniums, Coleus, fuschias, petunias,  
heliotropes, etc., one should select a  
thrifty branch, not too soft, or it will  
rot instead of root; it should neither  
break nor bend, but snap off smooth-  
ly; trim off the larger leaves and cut  
it smoothly across just below a joint;  
let the slip be three to five inches long,  
though a shorter one will grow pro-  
vided the wood is hard enough, but it  
must snap off smoothly. Take a box  
four inches deep, nearly fill it with  
leaf mold or good rich sandy soil,  
water thoroughly, and into this stick  
your slip, firming the soil about it,  
set the box in a warm place, and keep  
the soil always moist, not wet.

Many hard-wooded plants may be  
propagated in the same way, though  
these must be cut off with a sharp  
knife. A good way to root oleander,  
lemon verbena, artemisia, and many  
other shrubby plants, is to fill a wide-  
mouthed bottle with water, put the  
ends of the cuttings in the water, and,  
as roots appear, fill in with sand, or  
soil, allowing the water to evaporate  
until the soil will hold together, break  
the bottle and pot your plants. They  
must not be potted until well rooted.

Drainage is not so necessary in  
small pots during the hot months, as  
your greatest trouble will be to keep  
the soil moist, and prevent drying  
out. The pots may be sunken in moist  
soil, in a warm, shady place. Keep  
the plants clean and growing, and al-  
low no bloom, while out of doors.

Do not overpot; a plant that will  
die in a four-inch pot will grow  
thriftily in a "thumb pot"—which is  
the smallest size.

There are many things which only  
experience will teach you, but if you  
love your work, you will soon learn  
its needs, and how to meet them. Plant  
culture will teach you a world of pa-  
tience, and a "beginning" may cost  
you several dollars, until you learn  
to take proper care of your plants.  
You will probably, at first, literally  
kill them with kindness, but do not  
allow yourself to get discouraged. It  
is best to begin with plants that will  
bear a great deal of abuse, both from  
over-nursing and neglect; but try to  
have a few "green things" growing in  
your windows the coming winter, and  
now is the time to begin your plan-  
ning—and potting.

### Our Boys.

In every well regulated home there  
is, or should be, a boy, or boys. It  
would be a poor place without them,  
and I know every one of the dear lit-  
tle fellows wants and intends to be a  
gentleman, in the true sense of the

word. And, by the way, it would be a  
good idea if the boys should try to  
find out for themselves, both by in-  
quiry and observation, what the "true  
sense" of the word gentleman is, or  
is not.

In the first place, then, it does not  
mean the boy who spends his leisure  
hours loafing on the street corners,  
perhaps spending his pocket money  
for cheap cigars and learning to swear  
and use coarse language. It does not  
mean cultivating a low swagger, or  
slang language, with the mistaken no-  
tion that it "makes a man" of them.  
Men are not made that way, though  
human animals usually are. It does  
not mean the boy who calls his father  
"governor," or the "old man;" or  
who calls his mother "the old woman,"  
or the "old gal." It does not mean  
the boy who is impudent, or loud-  
mouthed, or brazen, or selfish, or cruel  
to smaller boys, and ugly and brutal  
to little girls. It does not mean any  
of these things.

It does mean the boy who forgets to  
wipe his feet on the door mat, or hang  
up his hat and coat in the hall, or who  
commands his little sister to do his  
bidding in the many little acts of ser-  
vice he may feel privileged to call  
upon her to perform.

It does not mean the boy who frets  
and stews when mother asks him to  
go on an errand for her when he is  
just ready to run out into the street  
to join some young companions. Gen-  
tlemen do not scowl, or snap, or snarl  
at ladies—and your mother and sis-  
ters are ladies, you know. You would  
knock any boy down that dared to  
insinuate otherwise; you know you  
would! And serve him right, too.  
You'd be a "poor stick" if you would  
not.

Now, these are some of the things  
that no gentleman would be guilty of  
doing, and if you do any of them, then  
it behooves you to think the matter  
over and go to your mother, kiss her  
cheek and ask her to tell you what, in  
those cases, a gentleman would do.  
She knows. Bless you, yes! Mother  
knows. A boy's mother knows nearly  
everything, and she does so love to  
tell her little boy the best of it all,  
when he puts his arm around her and  
kisses her, and shows a desire to be  
himself, a gentleman.

### Ready-Made Housekeeping.

Furnished rooms and light house-  
keeping now largely takes the place  
of the old-time boarding house and the  
home kitchen, doing away with the  
range or stove and the almost endless  
array of utensils once so necessary to  
the preparation of viands from the  
raw material.

While such an arrangement greatly  
simplifies the duties of the house-  
keeper, it does not entirely satisfy the  
idea of a home for one brought up in  
"mother's" kitchen, and on mother's  
cooking. Yet to the man of small  
means or the woman forced to spend  
all or part of her time in wage-earn-  
ing it seems the solution of a very  
difficult problem—that of how to feed  
and shelter a family at the least pos-  
sible cost and with the least possible  
labor on the part of the one who  
must carry his or her strength to the  
labor market in order to provide even