



# The Home Department

Conducted by  
Helen Watts McKee

## October Fields

Though sharp the morn with autumn frost,  
And chill the early air,  
The mellow sun gives promise of  
A day superbly fair.

What etchings of the shade and light,  
What matchless tints are born  
Each moment in the frosty fields  
Of pumpkins and of corn.

The corn shocks rustle dreamily,  
As if they whispered low  
The story of the summer which  
Was here short space ago;  
And gleaming in the autumn sun,  
To eager eyes revealed,  
Big, tawny globes repose at ease  
About the pumpkin field.

The cool, soft dew of rosy June,  
The fervor of July,  
When copper-pointed shafts were flung  
From out a seething sky,  
The tranquil glow of August with  
Her warmly-fragrant tears,  
Have wrought their mingled flavor in  
Those yellow-rinded spheres.

And comes delicious visions  
Of the luxury to be  
When wind and frost shall shake the leaves  
From every hapless tree,  
When, holding for the household band,  
A radiant surprise,  
The board shall creak beneath the weight  
Of royal pumpkin pies.  
—Hattie Whitney, in *Ladies' World*.

## Hallowe'en

Among all ages and classes, the evening of the 30th of October has, for many centuries, been set apart for the practicing of "spells" and indulging in superstitions and merry-makings. Especially was this evening observed by the ancient Scotch peasantry, with the practicing of many mysterious ceremonies. Burns' poems are full of references to these merry-makings, in which devils, witches and other imps of darkness are conspicuous for their baneful pranks. Fairies, too, both good and bad, select this season on which to exercise their powers. There are many innocent Hallowe'en customs which may be indulged in by those of all ages.

One of the first ceremonies of the evening was the pulling of stalks of cabbage. The lads and lassies used to go hand in hand, with eyes blindfolded, into the garden and pull the first stalk that came in their way; its being big or little, straight or crooked, was indicative of the size and form of their "true loves"—their future husband or wife.

Two chestnuts were placed side by side in the fire on the open grate, giving each the name of a lad or lassie, and as they burn quietly together, or hop and jump away from one another, the course and termination of their courtship would be foretold.

To see the portrait of your future spouse, eat an apple before a mirror, brushing your hair all the time, occasionally glancing over your left shoulder.

Fill a basket with ears of corn, from which each guest takes one blindfolded; a fine, large, full ear promises prosperity for a twelve-month; a tasselled ear, a great joy; a short ear, a gift; a red ear, no luck at all.

If you desire to see your future husband or wife, descend the cellar stairs alone backward; you will see him or her peering over your shoulder in a

looking-glass that you are holding before you.

If the girls go blindfolded into a vegetable garden at midnight, they may learn the vocation of their future husband; if a beet be pulled up he will be a tradesman; a turnip signifies a traveler; a carrot, a husband rolling in gold. If in a city house, where no garden is available, place the vegetables upon a table, scattering, lead the blindfolded girl to the table and let her pull from the vegetables her choice.

Fill a tub three-fourths full of water; write the name of the lad who is the admirer of each of the lassies assembled, on a slip of paper, make a deep cut in the side of each apple and insert the slip of paper in the cut. Now place the apple in the water in the tub, and as they float have each lad kneel, one at a time, and duck for the apple, trying to catch it in his teeth if he can. The lass whose name is on the slip in the apple thus taken will be his future wife. This may also be played to determine partners for the evening.

## The Twentieth Century Woman.

Thoughtful women are coming more and more to realize that it is not the essentials, but the non-essentials, which make the life of the modern woman anything but a "primrose path of dalliance." With all the privileges, so new and alluring, and all the responsibilities and duties which rise up to confront her, and all the praise and censure and advice and criticism aimed at her, it is small wonder if, sometimes, her perspective becomes a little blurred, and in her confusion she may take the wrong path; but we may still trust to the fidelity of every true, womanly heart to at last realize the utter folly of giving the best part of life to simply "playing to pawns."

Why should we wish to make our homes simply show-places, at the expense of our peace of mind, and why should we overtax ourselves, mentally, physically and financially, simply to keep up with the procession, when the opinion of the procession has really no bearing on the things in our individual life that are really worth while?

Why should we strive to right all the wrongs of humanity? Why should we seek to reform the world to the neglect of our own homes, and the simple duties which lie close at hand? If we look closely within our own four walls, we may find a greater need than any which lies outside. This does not mean narrow living; but its very simplicity and conservatism is the open-door through which women may pass to a broader and higher life.—*Ladies' World*.

## Floral Talks.

Leave the canna roots out doors as long as possible, taking them up only when there is danger of a hard freeze. The first few frosts will not hurt them. Dig them just after a rain and leave the mud on the roots. Be careful not to injure the tubers, and cut the foliage off one or two inches from the root. Pack closely together on a moist bottom and cover with coarse sand where frost cannot reach them—a frost-proof cellar is just the place. During the cool, moist months of late fall, the canna makes its most valuable growth. If you have any plants that are now full of buds, you can keep them until quite late by lifting them with plenty of earth on the roots

and putting them in boxes, giving them a warm, sunny corner with sufficient moisture until done blooming. After done blooming, set the box away in the frost-proof cellar.

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Before the wet, freezing weather comes you should go to the woods and get a large-box of leaf mold, or woods soil. This is obtained by pushing back the decaying leaves and scraping up the loose black dirt that lies immediately under them, being careful not to scrape too deep; an excellent soil is found around old, decayed stumps and logs. Sieve this in order to free it from trash and twigs. A suitable sieve may be made by tacking a square of wire netting such as screen doors are made of, on an old box frame. Be sure to put away a box of well-dried hen manure, as this is best for some plants, but should be used sparingly, as it is very rich. Pulverized sheep manure is also excellent. For some plants, old, well-rotted cow manure is best, and old, well-rotted stable manure is always standard. Liquid manure must be used intelligently, else it may do much harm. Some plants are very impatient of manure in any but the weakest form.

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Before attempting to lift a large plant, cut around it with a sharp trowel or spade, at a distance proportionate to the size of the pot in which it is to grow. After a few days, the shortened roots will have become calloused, and the plant may be lifted, top-pruned, potted and thoroughly watered and set away in a cool, dark room until its freshened leaves show that it has recovered from the shock of removal, when it can be brought gradually to the full light. More plants die from over-watering than from any other cause. If too much water is given, the surplus sours the soil and the plant gets sickly. All plants will not receive cheerfully even the sprinkling overhead. Primrose, gloxinia, rough-leaved begonias, achimenes and other hairy-leaved plants object strongly to having their leaves wetted or their crowns deluged.

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When you use a nice lemon, just tuck the seeds down into a box or pot of soil, and bye-and-bye you will find the seed transformed into plants which in time will grow into nice little shrubs. A seedling lemon will blossom and bear fruit when eight to twelve years old, but the pot shrub is always beautiful, and requires about the same care as a geranium. You may shorten the time considerably by grafting bearing shoots onto the shrub, and, while your window shrub will not bear enough to injure the lemon trade, it will be a pretty thing to look at. Seedling oranges may be grown the same way, and the foliage is always lovely and fragrant. Neither of these shrubs will bear much frost, and it is best not to subject them to any.

## Questions of Importance.

Shall we strive for social position and favor at the cost of a quiet and peaceful home life? Shall we run after every new fad at the expense of health and happiness and peace of mind? Shall we regulate our lives by what people say, and shall we try to be something we are not capable of being, do something we are not capable of doing, or live our life according to our abilities? Would it not be best to stamp our own simple individuality upon our lives, and make them healthy and honest and satisfying to our best

and highest ideals of what is really worth while?

It is the overdoing, the straining after things beyond our reach in our daily lives, and the overcrowding of our homes with useless furnishings, our desire to outshine our neighbor and attain to social distinction which crowds out the things which are really essential to the sweet serenity which is a benediction in our homes, and the sign and seal of a life well lived. There is always hope for every woman who is honest enough to row and then stand face to face with her own conscience, and ask and answer the question of what things in our complex civilization are really broadening and satisfying, and what things make for the best interests of the home life of humanity.—Selected.

## Tender Feet.

We all suffer from them, and we all wish we could find a remedy for this trying condition. To the busy woman, compelled to be on her feet much of the time, aching feet are simply a species of torture. Shoes, either loose or tight, are alike in this matter, and it is often a comfort to change from one to another. Washing the feet frequently in cool water is very helpful. Changing the shoes for a few hours is also restful. Various powders are advertised, and some of them are quite

## IS YOUR STOMACH ON A STRIKE?

There is Nothing to Prevent You Employing a Substitute to Do Its Work

There is such a thing as forbearance ceasing to be a virtue even in the case of one's stomach. There is no question but that some stomachs will stand a great deal more wear and tear and abuse than others, but they all have their limit, and when that limit is reached, the stomach must be reckoned with as sure as fate. The best way and really the only effective way to treat your stomach when it rebels is to employ a substitute to do its work. This will give the weakened and worn-out organ an opportunity to rest and regain its strength and health.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets relieve the stomach of its work by taking up the work and doing it just as one set or shift of workmen relieves another. They actually digest the food in just the same manner and just the same time as the digestive fluids of a sound stomach do. In fact, when dissolved in the stomach, they are digestive fluids for they contain exactly the same constituents and elements as the gastric juice and other digestive fluids of the stomach. No matter what the condition of the stomach is, their work is just the same. They work in their own natural way without regard to surrounding conditions.

The stomach being thus relieved by Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is restored and renewed by Nature and the rest of the human body does not suffer in the least by reason of its failure to perform its work.

A Wisconsin man says: "I suffered the pangs of dyspepsia for 10 years. I tried every known remedy with indifferent results until I was told of the remarkable cures of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I bought a box, began taking them and forgot I had a stomach. Three boxes cured me completely. I have had no trouble whatever for a year and have an appetite like a harvest hand and can eat anything that is set before me without fear of bad results."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50c a box. The druggist never fails to have them in stock because the demand for them is so great and so pronounced that he cannot afford to be without them. People who could not get them of one druggist would go to another and would get in the habit of buying their other drugs there as well as their Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.