



The Home Department

Conducted by
Helen Watts McKee

Defeated.

Soul, come thou, and let us see
How we come to lose the day;
How we failed to reach the goal—
Slacked the pace, or missed the way.
Thou art beaten: face the truth;
Was it fate, or was it fault?
Where the battle fiercest raged,
Did we strike, or did we halt?

Did we own the battle lost—
Bleeding, torn, swept from the field—
Was it lot, or was it lack?
Did we strive, or weakly yield?
Let us look the victor o'er—
Flushed with triumph, at the goal:
This? this weakling of the band?
Did we yield to this, my soul!

If some stronger hero's sword
Had struck down my weaker blade,
Not one coward's moan or word
Had the stinging wound betrayed.
But to see the battle won
By less daring heart than mine;
Feebler feet to win the race—
Shallow brows the wreath to twine!

Up, and strive! The golden day
Is not lost, but still unwon!
Far beyond the weakling lie
Glorious deeds as yet undone!
Golden heights are yet to scale—
Far beyond the weakling's powers;
Strong of heart, and fleet of foot—
Soul, the day shall yet be ours.
—Selected.

Flower Talks.

Did you plant any hardy carnation seeds last fall? Did you plant any last spring? If not, you have missed much that is beautiful. The early freeze in October finished all that the September frosts had left of the fading summertime in my own flower garden, and even the woodlawn slopes were stripped of their floral beauty. But in the border, the hardy chrysanthemums, red, white, yellow and purple, glow cheerfully in the autumn sunshine, while the hardy pinks and carnations bloom on undisturbed. Such brave, sturdy little blossoms, laughing at threat of frost or frown of cloud. They are like little soldiers keeping guard over the remnant of the dying year. Here and there, a petunia blossom smiles out of its thrifty leaves, and a belated rosebud bends a discouraged head from its swaying stem, but there is no death in the carnation bed; it has given freely of its wealth all through the summer, and the early snows will lie upon its bright, smiling petals.

The seeds are so cheap, and germinate so readily, that there is little excuse for doing without them. If a bed is prepared, even now, and the seeds sown, many plants will spring up this fall, while others will appear very early next spring, and you will have many blossoms next year. Over the bed, when the earth freezes, you should scatter a coarse litter to prevent the alternate freezing and thawing of the surface, which is what will ruin your bed by throwing the young plants out of the soil.

Many biennials and perennials may be sown this fall and the beds covered lightly with coarse litter, and the plants will appear very early next season—much earlier than you can work the soil. Prepare your beds carefully, and buy your seeds of a reliable firm; in flower seeds, as in everything else, the best is the cheapest. Mixed packages give good results and a great variety of colors. Many things may be raised from seed which, if bought as individual plants from the florist, would cost many dollars. Then,

too, there is a fascination in watching the growing plants which will more than repay you for the time and trouble given them.

I do not like to think of a home where there are no flowers—at least outside; and it is wonderfully restful to the woman who is racked with "house nerves" to have a few seedling plants out-doors, the care of which takes her out into the fresh air and the tonic sunshine, even for a few minutes.

Suggestions.

Are you still "a-going-to" get those Christmas presents? or have you already begun their collection? Don't allow yourself to wait too long, for you know how many things claim your attention the last moment. You are always hurried; always worried; and you find yourself wishing there was no present-giving to be done, because of the burden it has become to you. Then, too, when you have to buy everything at once, you find it makes such a hole in your purse that you feel faint to think of it.

If you have everything to do in a hurry, you never get just what you want, or intend to get, and half the time your presents are woefully inappropriate, and you feel ashamed to offer them. You have to divide your pin money among so many that everything has to be haphazard and cheap, and you lose your temper, and, often as not, your friend, and you wish there was no such thing as Christmas giving.

Under such circumstances, your gifts grow to seem "duty presents;" and there is nothing more ungracious or unfriendly than an offering of regard which is given simply because it must be—because you feel that it is expected of you. In such gifts there is nothing of the sweet Christmas spirit—the "good will to all men" which should make doubly acceptable this happy holiday custom.

Whatever the value of your gift, let it have a "christmassy" look. A few sheets of tissue, or other soft, pretty paper, with a few yards of baby ribbon and a bottle of dainty perfume, will add greatly to the effectiveness of the plainest present. Japanese napkins make pretty wrappings, and, tied with a bit of ribbon and a few drops of perfume added, make the commonest gift attractive. Why should your present represent a money value which you can ill afford? Do you think your friend will love you more than if your offering represented yourself?

Flowers and candy are cheap, but no matter—a great love may nestle in the heart of a tiny bouquet, or among the dainty sweets of the candy box. A set of hem-stitched doilies will cost but a few hours' work and a yard or two of material; a bit of crochet, battenburg, tatting, beadwork, or fancy knitting; so many and so pretty things can be made by these methods and they are always in good taste and acceptable; a half-dozen soft lawn handkerchiefs, hem-stitched, or finished with edging and inserting, or embroidered monogram; bits of pretty colored or oddly fashioned china; trifles, in little fancy boxes or baskets, which may be only "little things," home-made, handcraft—something of yourself, done up in real, Christmassy style, are always acceptable.

Christmas is the children's festival, and the child-spirit should pervade all things, keeping up the mystery

and preserving the charming traditions.

Cross-Stitch Embroidery.

The old-fashioned fancy-work stitch of our grandmother's days is being revived. The importance of this stitch is that any one can do it without instruction; it is very easily done, and when finished, it is very stylish and effective. It is especially lovely worked out in several colors, giving the effect of Persian embroidery, or of Bulgarian fancy-work. On canvas or a very coarse-meshed goods, this work can be done without a pattern, but on a fine-weave goods it is necessary to have a pattern, or to baste a coarse canvas over the goods and count the stitches. Work through both canvas and material, being careful not to sew any of the threads of the canvas, but always put the needle through the open mesh; this is necessary, that the threads may be pulled out when the embroidery is done. This sampler embroidery is used for decorating all sorts of summer clothes and light weight goods.

There is no end to the combinations of interesting color schemes that can be worked out in this cross-stitch; it can be done in silk, wool, linen or cotton, and be made very fine and lace-like in effect, or very coarse and vulgar. In using the cross-stitch embroidery as a decoration, it is effective to turn all the hems of a garment on the right side, and, instead of hemming, finish with a single line of cross-stitch; it is the prettiest kind of trimming for little school frocks, for baby's clothes, and for underwear. The best canvas to use for basting over materials to get a body on which to work is the old-fashioned, open-work sampler canvas, which is very stiff and the needle does not go readily through the thread, and it has such a wide mesh that there is no difficulty in working up a large stitch. If you cannot get regular sampler canvas, the coarse canvas used for men's coats may be employed, or, starch very stiff a piece of mosquito netting and work through the meshes.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Bolero Blouse.

The "bolero blouse" comes as a friend to the woman with half-worn silk blouses to wear under the longer and heavier coats of winter suits. These blouses were much worn during the summer, and were not only useful, but becoming, and have, for this reason, been continued in the winter fashions. They are quite short, some two to four inches above the waist-line, and half-fitting in shape both back and front. The sleeves are very wide-flowing, bell-shaped ones, either ending at the elbows or continuing to the wrist. If the sleeves end at the elbows, the sleeves of the blouse worn beneath the bolero form the necessary undersleeves. The bolero should always match in color, if not material, the skirt with which it is worn. One of these useful garments will hide many discrepancies between this year's and last year's fashions.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Helpful Paragraphs.

Progress is the law of nature, and if we do not go up, we must go down. We cannot stand still. If we are not gaining, we are losing. Motion is life; inertia is death. William Ellery Channing says: "You cannot, without guilt and disgrace, stop where you are. The past and the present

call on you to advance. Let what you have gained be an impulse to something higher. Your nature is too great to be crushed. You were not created that you are merely to toil, eat, drink and sleep, like the inferior animals. If you will, you can rise. No power in society, no hardship in your condition can depress you, or keep you down, in knowledge, power, virtue or influence, but by your own consent."

Self-help is the only help that will make strong, vigorous lives. Self-reliance is a great educator, and early poverty a good teacher. Necessity has ever been the priceless spur which has called man out of himself and sped him on to his goal. Grit is more than a match for almost any handicap. It is the man who makes an opportunity and does not wait for it—the man who helps himself, and does not wait to be helped—that makes the strong thinker and vigorous operator. It is the man who dares to be himself, and to work by his own program, without imitating others, who wins.—Success.

There is no doubt that a great many young men fail because they do not aim high enough, and a great many more do not succeed because they are not willing to pay the price of success. They are not willing to dig, and stick, and save, for it. Their ambition leads them no further than wishing. It is not backed by effort. No matter what business, or profession, or occupation one is engaged in, he should aim to excel in it, and to reach its highest pinnacle. The love of excellence is the lodestar that leads the world onward. Nothing less than our best efforts will result in any lasting benefit to ourselves or to the community in which we live. It matters not if we do not thereby reach our aim; we will grow broader and higher and richer in experience and knowledge through the trying.—Success.

Old Clothes.

A great many mothers are worrying about clothing for the little ones, who have enough material stowed away and hanging about to make every child comfortable for the winter. Trunks, boxes, bags are literally bulg-

LIKED HIS "NIP"

Not a Whiskey but a Coffee Toper

Give coffee half a chance and with some people it sets its grip hard and fast. "Up to a couple of years ago," says a business man of Brooklyn, N. Y. "I was as constant a coffee drinker as it was possible to be, indeed my craving for coffee was equal to that of a drunkard for his regular 'nip' and the effect of the coffee drug upon my system was indeed deplorable.

"My skin lacked its natural color, my features were pinches and my nerves were shattered to such an extent as to render me very irritable. I also suffered from palpitation of the heart.

It was while in this condition I read an article about Postum Food Coffee and concluded to try it. It was not long before Postum had entirely destroyed my raging passion for coffee and in a short time I had entirely given up coffee for delicious Postum.

"The change that followed was so extraordinary I am unable to describe it. Suffice it to say, however, that all my troubles have disappeared. I am my original happy self again and on the whole the soothing and pleasant effects produced by my cup of Postum make me feel as though I have been landed at another station.

"Not long ago I converted one of my friends to Postum and he is now as loud in its praise as I am." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."