



The Home Department

Conducted by
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November.

All shorn of their grace are the elm
and the willows;
The winds through the locust
boughs gustily blow;
The sun has gone down under turbu-
lent billows,
There's wrath in the west, and the
fire says "snow."
Well, let the winds blow through the
fields bleak and lonely,
Where fell the June sunshine, all
golden and soft;
'Twill find the dry stubble and brown
brambles only—
The corn's in the crib and the hay's
in the loft.
And let the rain pour—not a wisp of
the clover,
Nor spray of the meadow is left to
be lost,
For tempest to beat or the snow to
drift over—
For blast of the storm, or for blight
of the frost.

And, Oh, the red light where the fore-
stick is burning
And back-log is cheerily glowing
could shame
The tint of the leaves where the forest
is turning
From cool ocean-green into amber
and flame.
And cellars and store-room are filled
to o'erflowing,
And granaries a-burst with the bar-
ley and wheat;
Our cottage is snug when wierd
winds are blowing,
So let the winds wall and the wild
tempest beat.
But here, while our hearthstone is
brilliantly lighted,
And fortune has favored us bravely
indeed,
Let us think of the ones whom the
goddess has slighted,
And spare of our store to the neigh-
bor in need.
And, Father, look down, in thy far-
seeing power,
On those who have neither the wine
nor the corn;
Keep watch of them all, in their win-
ter-time hour,
And temper the wind to the lamb
that is shorn.
—Hattie Whitney, in Good House-
keeping.

The Other Side.

Years ago, when I had a greater re-
spect for what "they say" than it is
possible for me to have now, I used to
get greatly discouraged on reading the
household columns of the weekly pa-
pers which found their way into my
home. The writers of these articles
were such wonderfully thorough and
systematic housewives, and everything
was so carefully carried on by "sys-
tem" and "method," and there seemed
never to be anything but "neatness,
order, arrangement and grace" about
the homes (on paper) over which they
presided. Every duty seemed per-
formed without friction, or the dis-
arrangement of the methodical
smoothness which, according to them,
it is the duty of every home-mother
to preserve.

I used to worry a great deal if I
had to let things go a little out of
shape, and to have a tidy neighbor
come in and find things at odd ends
would almost send me to bed with a

sick headache, to say nothing of the
heartache that I strove bravely to
conceal. But the years bring wis-
dom, and I learned at last to do the
best I could and not hear what "they
said." Oftener than not, there was
nothing said, for every sensible wo-
man had enough to do to attend to
her own affairs.

While we heartily commend the ad-
vice that one should keep the home as
orderly and as sweet as her strength
will allow, we know that the time
comes to each of us when the most
carefully planned system will be com-
pletely destroyed by sickness, or other
interruptions, and that we cannot al-
ways control circumstances. It is very
common, even at this day, for house-
hold writers to insist that everything
shall be done in the most "spick-and-
span" manner, and that no excuse
should be accepted for failure to do
this on the part of the home-keeper,
without regard to health, size of fam-
ily, or circumstances. No wonder so
many women break down in their
foolish endeavor to live up to what
"other people" say they should do.

There are a great many things an
overburdened housewife is justified in
refusing to shoulder, and one of the
first of these is the idea that she
must live up to the standard set by
another. Every woman must be "a
law unto herself." The requirements
of no two homes are alike, and there
can be no cast-iron rule, applicable to
all cases, for doing housework. The
burden imposed by the housekeeping
of today is crushing the life out of
more women than anything else under
the sun. No business is so compli-
cated; no trade, profession or calling
imposes so many and such diversified
duties, or call for intellect of a high-
er, stronger grade. When one thinks
of it, it is no wonder that so many
women break down or so soon fade
and become querulous, nagging, fret-
ful invalids.

We are told to "simplify," and that
is a good way to do; but how few
have the necessary knowledge and
courage to undertake it! Let us take,
for instance, the ironing: What do
you suppose our foremothers would
have said to the piles of white gar-
ments—ruffles, tucks, sheerings, folds,
laces, embroideries, flounces; the
closets full of sheer muslins and wash
materials which go to make up the
wardrobes of the feminine portion of
the family, whose only servant, too
often, is the wife and mother? It is
not always easy, even, to find a com-
petent washerwoman, and the average
housekeeper tries to do the ironing
herself. Competent cooks are notori-
ously scarce, but the menus, even for
the family, must, too often, be elab-
orate. There are too many rooms
kept; too much dust-gathering furni-
ture and wall and window furnish-
ings, to say nothing of the useless
bric-a-brac, forever in need of the
freshening brush.

The truth is, that women undertake
too much; with the burden of house-
work, little children to care for, and,
in most cases, with the additional
burden of ill-health, if they manage
to keep things comfortably clean,
their children's clothes whole and
sweet, and plenty of plain, healthful
food to place before them, they are
deserving of praise instead of con-
demnation, and the "virtue of selfish-
ness" should, by most of them, be
most sedulously cultivated, even
though the family table is never gar-
nished with cake and the family ward-
robe knows nothing of tuck, ruffle,

founce or sheer. Live plainly and
restfully, and do not worry.

Trees About the Home.

When planting trees for ornament
or shade about the home, it is well
to combine use and beauty by plant-
ing some trees that shall "pay for
their raising." Nut trees are general-
ly longer-lived than fruit trees, are
fully as good for shade, and when
well cared for, are quite profitable,
while, as regards ornamentation,
some nut-bearing trees are as beauti-
ful as anything we have in the merely
ornamental line. As regards profit,
what nuts are not wanted for family
use are easily handled, non-perish-
able under ordinary circumstances,
may be shipped long distances, and a
few days' delay in gathering or ship-
ping will not cause loss to grower,
shipper or consumer.

In most parts of the country, wal-
nuts, hickory nuts, and butternut
trees are native; the nuts are plenti-
ful in all wooded districts, and many
of the trees are planted in villages
and along roadsides, while not a few
farms have groves of them specially
planted. Some varieties of chestnut
are hardy in most localities; pecans
are fairly productive in some of the
lower northern states, bearing abun-
dantly in the south. The northern
pecan, it is said, will grow anywhere
that a hickory nut will, and there is
a species in Illinois which grows to
good size and bears finely. English
walnuts will grow in some states; in
the south and on the Pacific coast
they do well and bear good crops.
The filbert is much like the common
hazelnut, is of easy culture and comes
into bearing early. The variety
known as Kentish Cob is recommend-
ed. The native hazelnut pays reason-
ably well for cultivation, or at
least for protection and thinning out.

If the nuts are planted, one should
be sure they have not dried out at all;
they should be planted as soon as
ripened, or they may be kept in moist-
ened sand or sawdust until they can
be put in the ground. Nuts should
be planted in the fall, as they germi-
nate better when allowed to freeze,
the frost cracking the shell. Nuts
must not be planted too deep; nature
drops them on the surface, covers
them with leaves in which the dirt,
blowing about, catches, snows cover
them, the leaves decay forming "leaf-
mold," the rains beat them down into
the softened soil and thus nature
plants them. Plant a few, this fall;
they may be found about under the
trees. And, although you may not
live to reap the benefits, or to "eat
the fruits thereof," those who come
after you will rise up and call you
blessed. Trees well cared for should
bear a bushel of nuts each, at ten
years old, and the amount should in-
crease rapidly after that time.

One-Sided Education.

Many parents go to great pains and
expense in giving to their children—
and especially the daughters—the best
school education their means will af-
ford. Many sacrifices are made and
much inconvenience borne that this
may be accomplished, and when the
"finished product" of the college or
young ladies' school comes home to
help make the happiness of the home,
it is a great gratification for the old
folks to feel that their children have
had "as good as the best," and being
now "educated," they, as well as the
young people, imagine they have but
to "go forth to conquer," with the

odds in their favor. Most of these
young people have learned many
things. They are interested in many
things, art, literature, music, golf,
college athletics, philanthropy, club
work, etc., and are able to discuss flu-
ently, and with more or less intelli-
gence, all the popular questions of the
day, from the religious down to poli-
tics.

But one has but to touch upon the
subject of food values, practical hy-
giene, and the homely virtues of the
common kitchen and laundry to see
how very one-sided their education
really is. To be sure, they have the
theory—or, at least, some of them
have—of domestic science at their
tongues' end, and can wind the best
cook in the crowd all into a tangle
with their scientific treatment of the
subject; but how many of them can
go into the home kitchen, and with
the few homely utensils which have
served their mothers so long and so
well, get up a good, healthy meal of
victuals?

There is no reason why these daugh-
ters, and even sons, should not know
something about practical matters of
this kind. They should be taught to
apply, as well as recite the teachings
of chemistry and hygiene, and their
interest in the homely "home" du-
ties should not only have been
aroused, but stimulated and strength-
ened, and the value of a practical
knowledge of food and food values,
and of the hygienic treatment of sim-
ple, every-day home matters should
have been duly impressed upon their
minds.

The Question of Marriage.

If these gay, light-hearted girls,
commonly called "boy-crazy," would
give as much careful thought to the
question of marriage as they give to a
new gown and its trimmings, innum-
erable sad marriages would be avoid-
ed. It is the one thing that really
counts in a girl's whole life. For al-
most everything else she may do there
is a remedy; there is none for a luck-
less marriage. "Oh, yes," says some

HAPPY DAYS

When Friends Say "How Well
You Look"

What happy days are those when
all our friends say "How well you
look."

We can bring those days by a little
care in the selection of food just as
this young man did.

"I had suffered from dyspepsia for
three years and last summer was so
bad I was unable to attend school,"
he says: "I was very thin and my
appetite at times was poor while
again it was craving. I was dizzy and
my food always used to ferment in-
stead of digesting. Crossness, unhap-
piness and nervousness were very
prominent symptoms.

"Late in the summer I went to visit
a sister and there I saw and used
Grape-Nuts. I had heard of this fam-
ous food before, but never was in-
terested enough to try it, for I never
knew how really good it was. But
when I came home we used Grape-
Nuts in our household all the time
and I soon began to note changes in
my health. I improved steadily and
am now strong and well in every way
and am back at school able to get
my lessons with ease and pleasure
and can remember them, too, for the
improvement in my mental power is
very noticeable and I get good marks
in my studies which always seemed
difficult before.

"I have no more of the bad symp-
toms given above, but feel fine and
strong and happy and it is mighty
pleasant to hear my friends say: 'How
well you look.'" Name given by Pos-
tum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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