



The Home Department

Conducted by
Helen Watts McVeigh

AUTUMN

Shorter and shorter now the twilight clips
The days, as through the sunset gates they crowd.
And summer from her golden collar slips
And strays through stubble-fields, and moans aloud.

Save when by fits the warmer air deceives,
And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,
She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves,
And tries the old tunes over for an hour.

The wind, whose tender whisper in the May
Set all the young blooms listening through th' grove,
Sits rustling in the faded boughs today,
And makes his cold and unsuccessful love.

The rose has taken off her tire of red—
The mullein-stalk its yellow stars has lost,
And the proud meadow-pink hangs down her head
Against earth's chilly bosom, witched with frost.

The robin, that was busy all the June,
Before the sun had kissed the top-most bough,
Catching our hearts up in his golden tune,
Has given place to the brown cricket now.

The very cock crows lonesomely at morn—
Each flag and fern the shrinking stream divides—
Uneasy cattle low, and lambs forlorn.
Creep to their strawy sheds with nettled sides.

Shut up the door: Who loves me must not look
Upon the withered world, but haste to bring
His lighted candle, and his story-book,
And live w h me the poetry of Spring.

—ALICE CARY.

Home Chat

It hardly seems possible, in these golden October days, that it is but the question of a few more weeks until we shall be living behind closed doors, and demanding heavier menus as well as warmer clothing. That the year has brought a plenteous harvest is a cause for fervent thanks, but our full supplies of everything is apt to make us a little prodigal in the use of them. Because we have much, we are apt to think we must eat much—that the table must, indeed, literally groan with its abundant load. This, however, is just neither to ourselves nor to the one who must do the cooking. Enough is enough, be it little or much, and we have no justification if we overtax either the stomach or the cook. As a rule,

we eat beyond our capacity to digest, to say nothing of the needs of our system, and in consequence, we become intellectually lazy, and physically ailing, and life does not hold nearly so much enjoyment for us as if we exercised common sense in our eating.

With the advent of the cold days, we expect the table to be supplied, usually three times a day, with meats cooked in some form or other, flanked on either side with dishes of hot, generally greasy vegetables, to be followed by a "top-off" of rich, greasy pies, cakes or puddings. Hot breads, too, are usually demanded as accompaniments to the meats, with strong coffee or tea as a "wash-down." This is not a "company" dinner, but an every-day affair, and, no matter how much the cook—or the stomach—may rebel, it is the gude mon, usually, who insists upon the gormandizing, and the family, whether of children or adults, usually "live by his law," very often to the detriment of health that is injured beyond repair.

For the Dyspeptic

A letter from a farmer reader tells me he is a "confirmed dyspeptic," and claims that life is a burden because of stomach troubles. I am afraid he has been "living to eat," rather than eating to live. For such a condition, I think drugs are not of much avail, but there is help, even for him, if he will practice self-denial and use plenty of common sense. It may be a hard fight—probably will be; but "He that conquereth self," you know "is greater than he that taketh a city." Not all the heroes are on the world's battle fields. First, he should eat as little as possible to keep in good health, and that little must be of a nourishing character. Do not mistake appetite for hunger. Hunger is the call for sustenance; appetite is for the pleasure of the palate. It will not hurt one to fast awhile, now and then, and if the cries of the inflamed stomach are too insistent, drink large quantities of water of a temperature that best agrees with it. Always leave the table before the appetite flags—go away hungry. Reduce the usual allowance at least one-half, or even more, and let the hot teas and coffees and hot breads alone. Do not allow the cook to fix up dishes to "tempt the appetite." Don't rush to patent medicines or "cure-alls." Do not allow your friends to "doctor" you, and do not "doctor yourself." If you must take treatment, go to a good, honest physician. Don't indulge in gloomy forebodings, but force yourself to see the funny side. Be always on the lookout for "funny things." If you seek, you shall find, and you never know, until you look for them, how full of "fun" the world is.

Think cheerful thoughts, whether you feel like it or not, and believe the best of yourself and everybody about you. Try the laughter cure. Don't allow yourself to walk in the shadow, literally or figuratively. If you don't find sunshine, make it, for yourselves and others. You can do it—not, perhaps just at first; but every little helps, and exercise is always good for growth. Fight the blue devils with pleasant associations. It may cost you some effort, and you will often feel like turning back to the "flesh-pots," but if you do, the "pound of flesh" will be rigorously exacted of you. Feed the mental and spiritual, as well as the physical, and in all appetites, be temperate. Lift, are very often unfit, because they

yourself above the mere animal life of the flesh.

The New Departure

"The sexes are gradually changing (or exchanging) qualities. Men are feminizing, more particularly in matters of vanity, and the women in boots, buttons, canes, men's hats and coats, are striding on to the millennium in a 'devil-take-the-hindmost' fashion which is laughable to see. Now, I, for one, do not object to this: something desperate had to be done to wake men out of the stupor which no cry of 'Fire! Murder! Thieves!' would effect. In short, nothing but just the idea that their beloved shirt-buttons, roast joints and puddings would gradually and totally disappear under the incoming regeneration of women would startle them out of their satisfaction with self. But of this one thing be assured: When women do take hold of anything, they make the chips fly. The husband who is pleased when his wife relieves him of the bore of driving sharp bargains with the butcher, grocer, and coal merchant, innocently thinks that the domestic locomotive will fetch up at the point of road which he indicates. No, sir! Madame has found a new amusement, and she has brought to it all the tact and ingenuity for which the animal is celebrated. What is the dreary fun of sewing on buttons, re-seating dilapidated trousers and 'taking orders,' compared with the exhilaration of this new accomplishment?

"Of course, she will try it on you, my dear sir; you should know that. You note that her tones grow sharp and incisive; that her bonnet sits more firmly on her head as if she were always rigged for a possible set-to, and she elbows you around in a manner to make you stare! She, who used to count on her fingers, in a stupid, snail-like way, now makes change with the rapidity of a street car conductor, and some fine morning you wonder, as you look at her, 'what has come over Mary?' You are not quite sure that you like it. Of course you don't; reasonable man that you are, you want her to elbow and jostle her way among others, but not with you; you want her to preserve, through it all, unharmed, the lovely dimple in that well-rounded, business elbow; you want her to speak up and suffer no imposition from tradesmen between whom and yourself she interposes herself as a shield, and yet retain the nightingale tones said to be so pretty and so proper in 'The Guide to Wives.' In short, my dear sir, you want to keep your cake and eat it, too, just as you did when you were a little bawling youngster, whom your mother should have well-spanked, but, alas for your future wife, did not!"—Fanny Fern, in *New York Ledger*.

Training for Parenthood

A writer in the *Delineator* for July says: "If training is essential for the teacher, the nurse, the physician, why is it not necessary for the prospective mother, when the issues at stake are of such concern? Mothers' clubs are very helpful, but so much mischief has been done, and there is so much to learn and to be unlearned, that their help is but as a drop in the bucket. The popular belief that none are so fit as the mother to give to her daughter this training is not founded on good sense. Mothers

have, themselves, had no training, and have obtained their knowledge by hard experience that they cannot bear to make use of. Girls are loth to look into those matters that concern their future, thinking that there will be plenty of time for such things later, and there is so much that is trivial and more interesting to engage them. Younger children, too, claim much of their mother's time and strength, and, with so many exhausting duties in hand, they, like the daughters, consider that there will be plenty of time later; so the matter goes. I believe that God has placed enough good substitutes in the world so that mothers may safely take the rest and recreation which they need to keep themselves in a sweet and healthy condition, mentally and physically."

The mother is usually so burdened with variety of cares that it is impossible for her to give her mind as fully to such subjects as is necessary for the careful training and teaching of the vital lessons to the daughter who sees "no use" in thinking of such foolishness, in the days when she is close enough to the mother to heed the lessons.

Home Dress Making

In deciding upon the materials for your new dresses, it is better, if you are very much of an amateur, that you stick to the old favorites. They will be easier for you to handle, and you will be more familiar with their texture and the care of them. Many of the old fabrics are much superior in durability and in other respects as to wearing qualities to the new, and are far less expensive. One of the most serviceable materials is a nice, fine serge; it is a most economical fabric, as it can be "done over," even to dyeing, and looks well to the last shred.

The new fabrics are soft and clinging and preferably of plain colors. Henriettes and cashmeres are extremely popular, the more expensive weaves being used for evening and elaborate gowns, while pretty house frocks are made of the cheaper qualities.

Comparatively few of the new skirts are lined, or, if a lining is used, it is in the form of a drop skirt, and is often made entirely separate from the outer skirt, having its own band and placket closing. The graduated flounce is again in favor, many of the new gowns showing this feature. The gored skirts cling closely to the hips, flaring widely at the feet, provision being made for the back to be in habit or double box-plait style.

The long coat is very popular, and this insures the continuance of the short skirt for the street. The Eton jacket still holds its own, while plain, slightly fitted coats are in high favor. Empire coats find increased favor, and are attractive on a figure that is not too full.

In making your dress skirt, see that the closing placket at the back is well fitted and well finished. The fullness, if any, must hang straight—not flare out toward the bottom like a fan. The straight-hanging folds will give an air of elegance that can be secured in no other way.

There is little else so disagreeable to a dainty woman as the soil of perspiration, and the stain is exceedingly hard to remove from colored goods of any kind. The rubber protectors are sometimes not sufficient protection, and the flannel ones are a good substitute. Get the fine white flannel such as is used for baby's wear, and double it, shaping it after

BETTER THAN SPANNING

Spanking does not cure children of bed wetting. If it did there would be few children that would do it. There is a constitutional cause for this. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 118, Notre Dame, Ind., will send her home treatment to any mother. She asks no money. Write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child. The chances are it can't help it.