

About the House

"OH, MOTHER!"

Every mother of a growing daughter knows the "Oh, mother!" stage.

Nothing is right. The parlor rug or father's shabby but beloved slippers; mother's coiffure or Bob's enthusiastic table manners; daughter's clothes or—but nothing else ever is quite so tragic as this last mentioned, so why look further? Everyone suffers.

What about mother during this particular phase of the "growing pains" of her child—mother who must bear the brunt of daughter's discontent on the one hand and of her family's resentment of criticism on the other?

Mother A—, with thin-lipped and positive determination, puts her foot down. "What has always been good enough for your parents—" or "When you get too nice for your home—" These caustic rebukes are a pity because they lead to disagreements and coldness that are sometimes never bridged in after years.

Mother B— says tolerantly: "They have to go through it—it's just like measles and school-day squabbles and outgrown petticoats. She'll get over it!" So daughter is allowed free rein with her discontent and her fault-finding.

Mother C—allows her feelings to become lacerated. "Our daughter is ashamed of us!" Mother D— agrees with daughter. She "goes over to the enemy" and demands new furnishings and better clothes.

Mother E— listens so interestedly, so sympathetically. "That is true, dear. But you see, I have been so busy and father has always been so driven for ready money. I'll give you the broiler money to get new furnishings for the table provided you will promise to take all the care of it while you are at home.

"Yes, the house does need fixing up. Suppose you see what you can do with your own room? If you will help me three hours each day during vacation you may have the rest of your time to earn money for new furniture. When you get that finished, we'll see what we can do for the parlor, if you wish."

No more criticism from daughter—she is much too busy over her own enticing plans.

My, but mother and the rest of the family enjoy the peaceful interlude. And by the time daughter has earned the money for new furniture and has crawled about on aching knees to smooth and putty her rough floor, has painted and varnished and ceaselessly laundered things of dainty linen, she has learned a great many enlightening lessons.

If she is the right sort she will finish her undertaking. But before she is through she will understand why mother shortens the tablecloths or dis-

penses with them entirely in favor of the despised white olecloth during rush seasons. She will comprehend what "refurnishing the house" means in terms of hard work and crop disappointments and weary bodies. She will have an entirely new slant on things.

"Oh, mother," she says, "when we get something new for the dining-room floor, let's get something easy to take care of!"

Daughter isn't to blame for this trying period in her development. It is an instinctive reaching out after the best and most beautiful with no knowledge of what goes into the getting of them. Isn't it a pity when she is driven out of sympathy and understanding with her family before the lesson is learned?

Let her remedy her own discontent. If she is the right sort she will see. Really, it is up to mother!

AUNT MANDY'S LETTER.

Aunt Mandy came tolling up the stairs; she always answered the postman's ring, though there seldom was a letter for her. "There's only one, but it's for me!" she exclaimed happily. "It's from Callista Adams down in Florida."

Bertha, her niece, was counting the laundry: "Six, seven eight—All right, Aunt Mandy, I'm busy just now."

Aunt Mandy turned away and went silently to her own room. There the joy returned to her face. The letter was so interesting! It told about the Reeds' little boy who had been bitten by a rattler—they had had such a time saving him! And it told how Callista—

Aunt Mandy looked up eagerly as her niece's step sounded in the hall. "Bertha, Callista says the orange crop is the finest in ten years! She's been able to pay off everything on her bungalow! And the Reeds' little boy, the one who was bitten by the rattler—here, I'll read it!"

But Bertha interrupted her: "I'm afraid I can't stop to hear it, Aunt Mandy. I have the marketing to do, you know."

Aunt Mandy's eyes shadowed. She did so want to tell some one about that rattler! Maybe at dinner—She pictured the whole family eagerly listening to her.

When the dinner hour came she began during the first pause: "I had a letter from Callista Adams to-day. She's the one who lives down in Florida. She told about a little boy—"

Julie's gay voice interrupted her: "How nice, Aunt Mandy! Ethel, they have the most gorgeous sport silks at Hooper's. I'm wild to have one."

Aunt Mandy waited. Presently she tried again, looking at Henry: "Callista says they've had the finest orange crop in ten years, and they—"

"Why, that's fine, Aunt Mandy!"

Henry replied heartily. "Bertha, whom do you suppose I met to-day? Tom Hall!"

Aunt Mandy began again when Ethel was done talking about the sport silks. "You'd ought to hear Callista's letter," she remarked stoutly, "where she tells about the Reeds' little boy—"

Ethel nodded pleasantly. "Sometime when I have a few minutes, auntie," she said lightly.

After dinner Aunt Mandy went slowly back to her room. There was a dull pain in her heart. A letter was only half a letter if you couldn't share it with some one!

She looked up eagerly; a brown-eyed girl was smiling at her from the doorway, and a gay voice was calling, "Am I invited in?"

"Margie Brant!" Aunt Mandy cried eagerly. "I've just got a letter from Callista Adams down in Florida—"

"I want to hear every word of it," Margie responded.

A SIMPLE POPULAR MODEL.



4471. This is a good style for ging-ham, printed voile, and other cotton goods now in vogue. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. For collar and cuffs of contrasting material 1/2 yard is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c, in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

SPRING CLOTHESPINs.

With the cleaning equipment of one capable housewife are invariably to be found a number of spring clothespins. "These are so handy," she explains, "when cleaning a room having a number of window and door draperies."

She grasped the lower corners of a drapery, lifted them well out of the way along the outside edge of the curtain and secured them all together with the clothespins. "This keeps them well out of the way when cleaning and it is surprising how fresh and unwrinkled the draperies are when dropped back in place. Anyone accustomed to pinning up the curtain ends or tucking them over the rod or laying them over the back of an adjacent chair would never do so again if they gave this simple method a trial.

"I keep my bedroom curtains clean and fresh for a long time by fastening them up in exactly the same way when the windows are raised at night," she added.

A box of spring clothespins on the closet shelf are handy for snapping together pairs of rubbers, mittens, and the like, when several persons must make use of a common storage place.—A. M. A.

PETTICOATS THAT ALWAYS FIT.

Every mother of a growing girl knows the never-ending struggle with the petticoat that is too long or too short for the pretty thin wash dresses. The petticoats may be made ever so accurately and carefully and yet prove the wrong length, because some dresses shrink more or less in washing, according to the fabric of which they are made, while others are let-down left-overs from a previous season.

A portion of the child's petticoats may, of course, be permanently shortened to wear with the different dresses, but a more convenient way seems to be to make slip petticoats, leaving them open at the shoulder seams where they are held in place by ribbons or tape ties. They may then be adjusted to suit exactly the length of each dress with which they are worn. I preferred they may be finished with a flap that fastens with snaps at the shoulder and several snaps be used in a row so as to vary the length.—G. L. S.

The gossips do us this service: they punish the indiscreet.

"Joan of Arc was burnt as a steak," wrote an English schoolboy.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Dress Fads of Famous Authors.

"He had a double gold chain outside his waistcoat, and such breastpins that I thought he looked like one of our river gamblers." Such is the description of Charles Dickens, given by Prentice in an account of his tour of the United States. A tendency for overdressing was always one of Dickens's characteristics.

A photograph of Dickens, taken in 1852, shows him in a frock-coat with a broad velvet collar, a waistcoat made of some furry stuff, and trousers of a huge check. Percy Fitzgerald says the French painter's remark, that Dickens was "more like one of the old Dutch admirals we see in the picture galleries than a man of letters," conveys an admirably true idea to his friends.

"The first time I saw Archbishop Whately," said the Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, "he wore a pea-green coat, white waistcoat, stone-colored shorts, flesh-colored stockings. Bishop Heber was dressed in a parsley and butter coat. Dr. Arnold in a light blue coat with metal buttons and a buff waistcoat."

Charles Lamb always dressed in black. "I take it," he said, "to be the proper costume of an author." When this was once objected to at a wedding, he pleaded the raven's apology in the fable that "he had no other." His clothes were entirely black, and he wore long black gaiters up to the knees.

Southey wore clogs; he had a fawn-colored all-round coat and a cap with a knob to it. He never put on a swallow-tailed coat. Like Southey, Porson, the great Greek scholar, had an utter contempt for appearances. When Hazlitt met him in the library of the London Institution, he was dressed in an old rusty black coat, with cobwebs hanging to the skirt, and with a large patch of coarse brown paper covering the whole length of his nose.



Still Solid, We'll Say

"The recently discovered Patagonian skull of untold age has turned to stone and is perfectly solid." "The men haven't changed so much after all."

"When are you going to pay for that sewing-machine I sold you?" "Pay for it? Why, you said that in a short time it would pay for itself!"

Smoking in the street was once an offence punishable by fine.

Why Do the Old Have Stillness in Their Eyes?

Why do the old wear stillness in their eyes,

They who in youth were amorous and gay,
Breathing of life? How come they by these wise

Glances of calm, this dignity to-day?
Quiet, aloof, almost they scorn the young,

Silence is theirs, but laughter never more.

Do they forget their own mad challenge flung
From youth to age in careless days of yore?

Ah, no! Their calm is heaven lit with dreams,
Not of their pride they walk thus silently;

Out of the past a faint, far echo seems
Borne unto them—the voice of Memory.

How can they speak, whose ears are strained to hear
Joy long since fled and laughter once held dear?

—Helen Frazee-Bower.

How Marie Helped.

Unselfish mothers too often make or permit their daughters to be selfish, more's the pity. One such mother, according to a story that Mr. Booth Tarkington, the novelist, likes to tell, was bending industriously over the wash-tub when a neighbor said to her, "Hard at it as usual, ain't ye?"

"Yes," replied the mother cheerfully. "Yes, this is wash day, Mrs. O'Hoolahan, and washin' for eleven don't leave you much spare time on your hands."

"Is that Marie I hear singin' to the ukulele in the parlor?"

Marie by the way was in infancy christened Mary and in her early youth was always known as Mollie.

"Yes, Mrs. O'Hoolahan, that's her. The help she is to me! O dear! O dear! I don't know how I'd get along without that girl! Every Monday morning she gets out the ukulele or opens up the piano, and while I'm scrubbin' the clothes she sings the nicest, cheerin'est pieces, like Mother's Day, or Dear Mother, in Dreams I see you, or Lighen Mother's Tasks With Love, and the work just rolls off like play. I tell you, Mrs. O'Hoolahan, there ain't many girls like our Marie."

King George "Swaps" Stamps With American.

King George is known far and wide as the most democratic monarch ruling to-day. He is as equally famous as a stamp collector and takes a deep interest in matters philatelic.

At the recent International Stamp Exhibition, held in London, which the King visited, he pointed to one stamp in the collection of Arthur Hind, a prominent American philatelist, and said: "Too bad you were ou'bidding me for that the other day."

Mr. Hind said he had no idea he was bidding against the King, and offered him the stamp as a gift. But the King, being a sport, refused to accept and said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I have a stamp you'd like; let's swap." And they did.

Irish.

Judge—"Pat, the evidence shows that you hit this man twice."

Pat—"I did not, y'r Honor. The first time I hit him I missed him."

HEALTH EDUCATION

BY DR. J. J. MIDDLETON

Provincial Board of Health, Ontario

Dr. Middleton will be glad to answer questions on Public Health matters through this column. Address him at Spadina House, Spadina Crescent, Toronto.

"What is a Christian nation?" asked an exchange, and it answers this way: "A Christian Nation is one that contains underpaid girl employes and rescue homes." A bit far-fetched perhaps, but still with a grain of truth in it. Because, if there were no underpaid girl employes, or boy employes for that matter, there might not be need for half the number of rescue homes there are at present.

The thought that we are spending money for health and welfare work at the wrong end of the problem, always comes to my mind every time I hear of a drive to collect funds for some charitable or philanthropic purpose. Not that I am minimizing the necessity of praiseworthiness of any object that tries to aid and succeeds in relieving suffering, hardships or distress. It is only with regard to the way in which we attack the problem that I have any criticism to offer.

But people will at once say "Orphans have to be cared for." True, but preventive measures were adopted perhaps there would not be so many orphans. And here is where I believe the solution of the distressing conditions that to-day often lie—prevention. That's the thing. "Prevention is better than cure" says an old adage, and it is very true.

When we think over the situation we can at once see the possibilities of attacking the problem from the preventive aspect. A mother may die at the birth of her child through lack of medical and nursing attention. She may have endangered her life weeks before her baby was born by failing to realize the seriousness of symptoms—symptoms which to her seemed trifling but which were in reality grave warnings of serious trouble ahead. The maternal mortality in this province is far too high, and sad to say many,

many lives of mothers could be saved if preventive measures were taken in time.

Then the father may lose his life through an avoidable accident while at work, and many avoidable accidents take place in every line of industry. Statistics show that. But whatever the cause the result is the same—the parents come to an untimely end, and orphans have to be cared for. And so we must have drives and raise thousands upon top of thousands of dollars to care for orphans, and not only orphans but wrecks of humanity who through lack of preventive medicine, hygienic measures or whatever one may be pleased to call it, become burdens on society and are nothing more than human derelicts when they might have been strong, active, self-supporting men and women.

Or in a more general way take an epidemic such as the recent typhoid outbreak at Cochrane. Through lack of knowledge of what serious results might follow or through an unwillingness to spend money on a filtration plant to purify the water supply, the citizens of that northern town took a chance and a terrible record of suffering and death resulted with a gigantic outlay of money to try and cope with the ravages of the disease. Had a filtration plant been installed and the water purified, the epidemic might never have occurred at all.

Some day we will realize the waste and foolishness of neglecting to spend a comparatively small amount of money on the prevention of disease. Humanity is kind, and no worthy object fails to get public support, but through education we will learn the value of nipping trouble in the bud at a small expense rather than delving deep into our pockets to repair the damage after it is done.