HOUSEHOLD.

12

The Seasons of the Heart.

(Edward Wilbur Mason, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

If we be blithe and warm at heart, If we be bithe and warm at heart,
If we be sound and pure within,
No sorrow shall abide with us
Longer than dwells the sin;
Though autumn fogs the landscape fold,
Though autumn tempests roam,
Our summer is not over yet—
We keep the sun at home.

But if our heart be void and cold, Be sure no good will live therein, But sorrow for the sorrow's sake, And sin because of sin; And aye the dropping of the leaf, And aye the falling of the snow, And aye the barren, barren earth—Though summer winds do blow.

The Reform of Thomas.

Mrs. Niblick was skilled in a kind of mari-Mrs. Niblick was skilled in a kind of manital alchemy, an art possessed by a few of her sex, by which Niblick's defects were converted into something like virtues. The Chicako 'News' tells of this transformation, which was see easy that Niblick's family thought that it was spontaneous. As soon as the Niblick's returned from their honeymoon trip Niblick's mother took the bride aside and spoke to her confidentially. confidentially.

confidentially.

'Perhaps I should say nothing at all, my dear,' she said, 'but my motherly affection for Thomas doesn't blind me to his faults, and there's no doubt about it he's the most disorderly of men. I don't want to assume the attitude of an adviser, but if I were you I'd accept the fact philosophically, and not try to reform him. I've been trying to do that ever since he was able to run alone.'

The bride looked thoughtful. I'm glad you told me,' she said. 'I hadn't noticed that he was careless.'

'He'll soon show it,' said the mother.

was careless.'

'He'll soon show it,' said the mother.
Shortly after Niblick's carelessness began to manifest itself. He came in one evening and left his hat on the dining-room table. When he sat down to dinner the hat was still there, between the soup tureen and the fern dish. Mrs. Niblick, at her end of the table, looked sweetly unconscious of the odd decoration.

'Hello! What's my hat doing there?'
'I was wondering.'

'Eshauld think that girl would know enough

'I should think that girl would know enough to hang a man's hat up where it belongs!'
I told her never to disturb any of your per-

sonal belongings, dear. Didn't you want it

I meant to hang it up on the hall rack as I

'That does seem rather more suitable for it, esn't it?'

Niblick laughed and hung up his hat. But when he changed his linen that evening to go out he tossad what he had discarded on the floor of his dressing room. When, on the evening following, he found it in the same place he told his wife that the floor had not been swent? swept.

'Certainly it has,' said Mrs. Niblick. 'Oh, is that why you thought so? How absurd! Have you never seen that hamper in the closet? That's for soiled clothes, dear.'

Niblick picked up his things and threw them into the hamper.

After that a cigar stub remained a fixture on the library clock for two weeks before Niblick removed it. Meantime articles were accumulating on all sides—newspaper clippings, burned matches, torn envelopes, golf sticks, and so on. Finally, when his smokning-jacket was found only after a long search, Niblick declared that the domestic's ideas of tidying up were those of an idiot. 'The apartment looks like a dump-heap,' said he.

'There's a division in your closet for your smoking-jacket,' said Mrs. Niblick, 'but if you prefer to hang it on a door-knob I've nothing to say.'

Niblick immediately owned that he was an

Niblick immediately owned that he was an untidy brute. But why haven't you spoken to me about these things? I just forget, you know.

'You'll learn to remember, perhaps. You are

'You'll learn to remember, perhaps. You are systematic enough at your office.'

'I have to be,' said Niblick, ingenuously.

'As for speaking to you,' said Mrs. Niblick, 'your mother tried that for a number of years, I understand. But don't let that worry you, dear. You shall put your things exactly where you please. Only no one will pick them up after you.

Niblick is now learning fast.—'The Youth's Companion.'

About Play

The English people are a home game-playing people, and Americans might catch a good hint or two from them on this point. Is it not true that in the administration of the average American home—we emphasize average for the exceptions' sake—'every man for himself' is the ruling principle. When evening brings freedom from work, it is well for the boy—and man—who can find and supply his own amusement, but if so be he wants to play, the chances are few that anyone else in that particular group of individuals—'related' though they be—will want to play his play.

Fathers and mothers need to look into this matter of play with much seriousness. If father himself be one of those who must needs turn to playthings for his evening's relaxation, then mother and sister must shoulder the responsibility, for mark you, the child who plays, be he eight years old or forty-eight, is also a child in this, that he seeks a 'playfellow.' Seriousness is a game of solitaire. Play never.

If mothers and sisters would learn to amuse,

If mothers and sisters would learn to amuse,

If mothers and sisters would learn to amuse, by games, music, reading 210ud, and other forms of unselfish amusement, many of the child-men would never dream of going to the home's arch enemy for their play—a real necessity of their nature.

We have in mind at this writing a woman of serious, self-reliant, mature mind, who through all the years of wifehood and motherhod has never let her husband and son find out how irksome the recurrent chess, bagatherhod has never let her husband and son muout how irksome the recurrent chess, bagatelle, and backgammon boards have been to her. They were her men-children. If they had not played at home they would have played elsewhere, and one of them began life with a tendency to inebriety. But 'mother' has never failed and she is towing them away to the kingdom of God. She might have read many books in these past years, and have sewed many seams. She 'has' helped to save souls. And what shall a women give in exchange for dear ones' souls?

Let no one dream that we claim for an instant that an outbreaking of games and play will empty saloons. The saloon catches men will empty saloons. The saloon catches men by more than one bait and through more than by more than one bait and through more than one need and weakness and deception. But we do claim that the loneliness of many a play-hungry individual has been a factor in diawing him to look through the gay saloon window with the later catastrophe of his complete enthralment, and that this phase of temperance work is not to be despised while men are born with minds that never wholly outgrow the desire to play.

Selected Recipes.

Berry Muffins.—Any good recipe can be used for berry muffins, but the batter should be made somewhat thicker than usual or the fruit





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will be apt to sink. One cupful of fruit to three of flour is the usual allowance.

Fig Cake.—Wash and chop two pounds of pulled figs. Beat half a pound of butter to a cream; add the same weight of sugar; beat again and add five eggs well beaten, without separating. Dust the fruit with half a cupful of flour. Add half a cupful of grape juice, the juice of an orange, and half a nutmeg, grated, to the sugar mixture; mix, add one pint of flour; beat, and then stir in the fruit. Bake in a five-pound fruit cake pan, in a moderate oven, for four hours. erate oven, for four hours.

Quick Baked Potatoes.—If it is necessary

Quick Baked Potatoes.—If it is necessary to bake potatoes in a hurry, the process may be considerably shortened by putting them first in boiling salted water for ten minutes; they are then taken out and put into the oven and will bake in a very short time. The object is to heat them through quickly, this process being slowly accomplished if left to the oven alone.—'Green's Fruit-Grower.'

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