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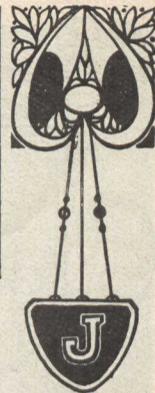
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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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The Autumn Days

IT is a significant circumstance that our Canadian poets and artists have all paid tribute to autumn—and especially to October. Go to an exhibition of work by Canadian artists and you will find a picture named "October," with all the flaming glories of that month of sumptuous departure. Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman and Archibald Lampman have all given us delightful autumn songs, and the former declares his autumnal preference in lines which few writers have equalled.

To turn from the poets to more practical persons, we find many housewives declaring that there is no time of the year quite so enjoyable as the crisp, autumn days. Spring comes when we are tired out and depressed, after the long winter, and we do not half enjoy its early freshness, since we are working in preparation for the summer holiday. But in the autumn days everything is made new and refreshed. Even school seems inviting to the children, who have been scampering along the beach or in the fields for two long, happy months. The mother of the household has had a rest and turns to the ordinary tasks with renewed energy and enthusiasm. The hot days have gone, the cold days have not yet descended upon us, and we are living in that happy "between time" which remains a pleasant memory of lazy and yet glowing days. It is the time of the "harvest home"—one of the most beautiful and impressive spectacles of the year, when the sheaves stand as a shining symbol of our country's prosperity. We have so much to be thankful for, in this bright, hopeful, young country, that our October days may well close in songs of thanksgiving.

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Lessons from the Exhibitions

WE women are often accused of being ultra-conservative and conventional—especially in matters of social or domestic usage. The charge may be a just one, but the fault has its compensating virtue. In these days of aeroplanes and motor boats, when we may waken any morning to find ourselves flying, it is comforting to find some stubborn and stable persons, who are unwilling to depart from the customs of their grandfathers.

However, in domestic life, we must admit the utility and convenience of the many devices which modern science has invented and trained for our service. Among the lessons to be learned from the modern exhibition is this, of grasping every opportunity to economize in the day's labor and to use every effort to the best advantage. Who would dispense with the sewing machine, though we may reserve some of our spare time for "hand embroidery" or lace?

From the great Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto to the smallest township fair, we may learn the lesson of improving the quality of whatever we may undertake to produce. "The best, not the biggest" is the motto of a certain firm which may well be adopted by many of us. Showy articles of doubtful workmanship have been discarded, in favor of that which is more carefully and finely wrought.

There is another lesson to be learned from these displays of resource and industry—and that is, to be a cheerful loser. Whatever may be the decision of the judges, take it as final and unquestioned. Make the exhibition just as good as you can; and if first prize does not fall to your lot, show the best display of all—

a temper which congratulates another on success. This will permit you to retain your self esteem and what is equally important will gain for you the highest respect of your competitors.

Prevention of Typhoid

THE *Evening Telegram* has called attention to the fact that the Toronto civic authorities were to blame for the prevalence of typhoid fever in that city last winter. There was no excuse for the epidemic, nor was there any excuse for a worse state of affairs in Montreal. The generosity of private citizens in the latter city only throws into more striking contrast the criminal indifference of those whose duty it is to look after the city's health. Typhoid fever, like any other dirt disease, is a disgrace to a civilized community. The civic dignitaries in Toronto have been fumbling about for nearly twenty years, in a pretence of securing a pure water supply. About the year 1920 we shall probably see active measures taken to obtain it.

This is a matter in which women are immediately concerned. The health of the household is of vital importance, and women should be brought to see the overwhelming importance of having pure milk and pure water. The ingenuous milkman may combine them, but if the ingredients are pure, we need not inquire too closely about the compound. There is nothing bitterer than the reflection that the life of a loved one might have been saved if certain preventive measures had been taken. Death is inevitable and must be faced with courage and Christian philosophy. But dirt diseases may and can be prevented, and those who murmur over the victims—"It is the Lord's will"—are neither religious nor practical. We need not blame Providence for the results of our own laziness or indifference and attribute to a mysterious Fate what is nothing more nor less than the consequence of human neglect.

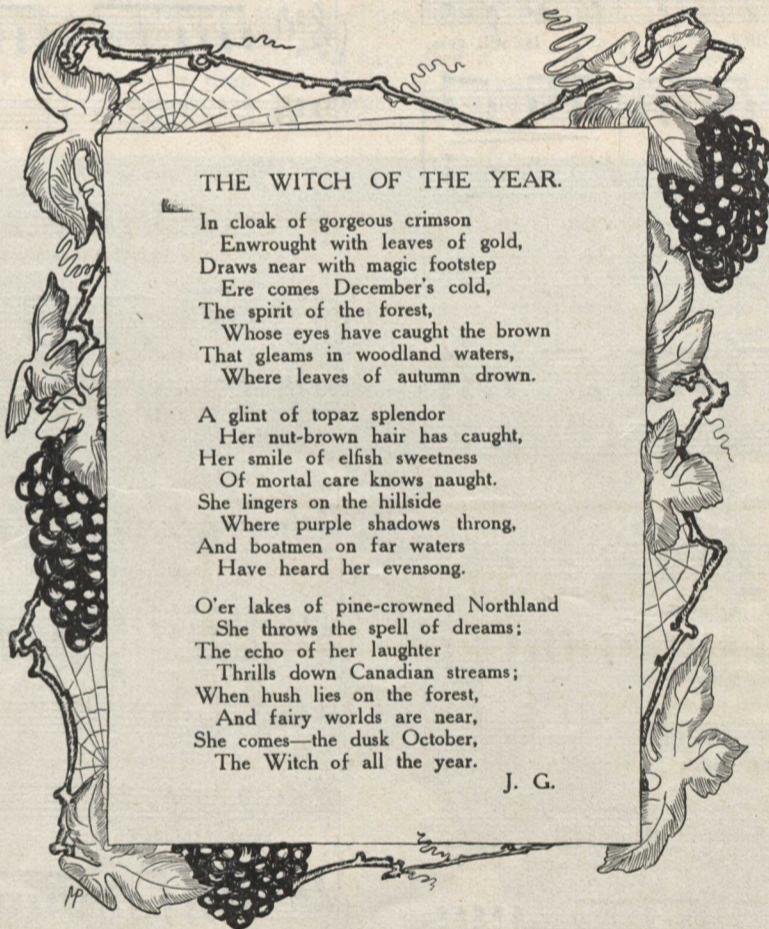
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Less Home Work

THE crusade against "home work" has been successfully carried on by mothers and physicians, and our educational authorities are not inflicting upon the younger pupils those tasks involving home work which, at one time,

threatened to become a crushing burden. The old mathematician's dictum that there is no royal road to geometry is true of all manner of learning and achievement. No one expects or demands that the pupil should be encouraged to believe that acquiring knowledge of a science or proficiency in an art is a facile undertaking. Work and play are distinct, and no one can obtain that which is worth while, unless effort is put forth.

But the younger pupils should be led very slowly into the ways of toil and study. The small, sturdy limbs are so restless that there should be abundant exercise out of school hours. The child's eyes are yet so untried that they should be spared the strain of evening tasks until greater strength and vigor have come to the small body. Germany, which has attained such a high place in the world's scholarship, is beginning to relax in the severe discipline and high standard expected of juvenile pupils. The recent nervous breakdowns of young persons have shown the Teutonic professor that the childish brain has been overtaxed, with the usual tragic result. Health is a supreme consideration, and all the degress in the world will not compensate for a wrecked constitution.



THE WITCH OF THE YEAR.

In cloak of gorgeous crimson
Enwrought with leaves of gold,
Draws near with magic footstep
Ere comes December's cold,
The spirit of the forest,
Whose eyes have caught the brown
That gleams in woodland waters,
Where leaves of autumn drown.

A glint of topaz splendor
Her nut-brown hair has caught,
Her smile of elfish sweetness
Of mortal care knows naught.
She lingers on the hillside
Where purple shadows throng,
And boatmen on far waters
Have heard her evensong.

O'er lakes of pine-crowned Northland
She throws the spell of dreams;
The echo of her laughter
Thrills down Canadian streams;
When hush lies on the forest,
And fairy worlds are near,
She comes—the dusk October,
The Witch of all the year.

J. G.