

About the House

A VERY ATTRACTIVE HOUSE FROCK.



4302. Blue or black sateen with white dots, and with trimming of white line, would be pleasing for this style. It is also nice for percale and gingham.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5 yards of 40-inch material. To trim as illustrated will require 1/4 yard of 32-inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/4 yards.

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.

"SUCH A GOOD BABY."

He is such a good baby—just lies and sucks his thumb." How often have you heard that remark? And the poor little fellow, who substituted his thumb for the want of proper nourishment or simply contracted the habit through neglect, grows into a child with a will of his own and a habit that his parents have a terrible time breaking him of.

All babies do not contract this habit because they are being undernourished, but a great many of them do, and wise mothers who find their babies sucking their fists or their thumbs will investigate the babies' weight records to see if they are getting enough to eat. If they are gaining nicely then it is simply a habit or maybe the lack of water.

The evils of thumb sucking are not always realized. In the first place, the mouth is very frequently deformed in this way, and the teeth are unsightly, pushing out from the lips. Then the thumb which goes into the child's mouth may not always be clean—is apt not to be, in fact.

Babies and young children may be broken of this habit by having muslin mittens pinned over the hands and fastened to the clothing in such a way that they cannot be removed. The mitten should be of thin material so that the freedom of the hands is not interfered with. An egg-shaped aluminum cover for the hands, with tapes that tie round the wrists, is sold for this purpose. Two weeks is usually long enough to break the most stubborn case.

With older children, however, some other method must be used, as they can remove the mittens. The using of bad-tasting medicines seldom helps, since the effect is soon gone, and it is doubtful if anything except an appeal to a child's sense of pride will have any effect. Bribes are effectual at times, but are a bad thing to start with children. The best way to overcome any bad habit with children is to nip it in the bud and never let it take root.

Given his own way, it is quite likely that a child would choose candy as the principal part of his diet. And it must be confessed that many parents seem to be of the same mind. Such a condition is deplorable, because sweets are hard on the teeth as well as the digestion and spoil the child's appetite for nourishing foods. Sweets should form a part of his diet, of course, but a piece of candy or two given to a child after meals each day is much better for him than to buy him a sack and let him sit down and eat the contents in a half hour.

His love of sweets may be satisfied also by giving him raisins, dates or figs when he asks for candy. Dates are especially high in food value, and all three fruits may be given to chil-

dren past three in moderate quantities. It has been noticed that the child who eats plenty of fruits and vegetables seldom has the doctor's thermometer in his mouth.—Velma West Sykes.

MY MEAT CHOPPER—AN ECONOMIC TREASURE.

I look on the meat chopper as my most valued kitchen pet. It is truly a friend in need. It has helped me out of many a tight place and enabled me to serve quickly and in appetizing forms the odds and ends of meats that otherwise would have gone to waste. This almost indispensable utensil can be quickly set up in some convenient part of the kitchen and is ready for business immediately and at all times. Scraps of meat, tough or tender, can be readily converted into the most appetizing forms of hash, delightful croquettes or meat balls of varying size.

One can thus utilize every particle of meat down to the last scrap.

So, too, crackers, dry toast or stale bread can be quickly turned into crumbs, and in this form utilized for dressings, gravies, stuffings, scallops, etc.

Nut meats run through the chopper are neatly and expeditiously prepared for cakes and salads. Quinces run through are in good condition for marmalade, also the ingredients for chopped pickle. It is, indeed, the greatest help for all forms of table waste, and saves for the careful housewife a great big percentage of the cost of food for the family.

It can be purchased for about a dollar, is fool-proof, rarely gets out of order and can be thoroughly, easily and quickly cleaned.

To me, it is an economic necessity and as much a part of the menage as the home itself.—J. J. O'C.

CHILDREN'S TASK TIME.

I have a schedule of tasks for the children that works very well, writes a contributor. My children used never to have spare time to do all the things they wished, but now they play for an hour after school, after which they know comes task time, when they are expected to do the evening chores and whatever else may be necessary. Task time comes again on Saturday morning, when they are occupied with home duties, for each child helps to clean his own room.

A very important thing is that I have purposely taught my girls and boys what seems to me to be an important thing—to exchange duties; then when one is ill or away the work goes on just the same. There are times in everyone's life when son or husband must help to do a woman's work, and the other way round.

Just as regular as task time is playtime. Saturday afternoon is an established half holiday for us all, including my husband. Then we all go on a jaunt, either on foot or in the motor car, to a picnic with a camp fire and a meal cooked out of doors. The boys help to prepare the luncheon with as much enthusiasm as the girls. Tasks become habit and should have

their allotted time. Children called from play to do an errand will complain about it, for it upsets their reasonable plans and they revise the old adage, "Work while you work and play while you play," until it reads:

Play while you work and work while you play;
That is the way to grow grouchy and gray.

Possession.

I say I own a mountain,
Having bought it fair and square,
On I own its cool green waters
Tumbling down through maiden hair
And its secret, perilous pathways
strewn with leaves
That autumn and sunlight pattern
there.
I own the earth with its warm brown loam
Giving birth to a million living things,
And the friendly trees where the twilight brings
The little, sleepy, winged things home.

But I do not own the arching sky
Or the great, soft winds that whisper by,
When shadows purple my hill at night,
These and their brother things, the stars,
God owns, not I.

My Love I own in his white, white youth,
For he gave unto me his heart of fire
And fiercely my two frail hands shall keep
His sudden desire.
The swift, unsmiling lips he bends to me are mine,
And mine the hands that never tire.
But oh, his singing self goes free!
I do not own my lover's soul,
And all his thuctured dreams I can but dimly see
Involate within a crystal bowl.

The beauty I am anhungered to possess
Through empty hands slips lightly by,
All hidden and intangible earth loveliness,
My wind, my stars, my Love's young soul,
God owns, not I.

—Kathryn Worth.



Biggest One He Knew.

"We're gonna have a big gobbler for dinner at our house on Christmas." "I know who he is. It's Fatty Burns."

Success doesn't "happen." It is organized, pre-empted, captured by common sense.—Frances E. Willard.

AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



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.

Good health is the greatest thing in the world. Without it life means little to anyone. Up till very recently we have accepted our state of health almost as a gift from God, but now we are beginning to see that it is to a large extent of our own making.

A new philosophy of life is taking hold of us, and as education spreads we begin to see how much we actually can do to keep ourselves well and to avoid those excesses and habits of life that tend to break up our physical machine, so to speak, and bring on infirmities. A whole lot of forces are at work to help us in our efforts to keep well. There is the increasing interest being taken in Child Welfare, and I would like to impress on everyone who reads these lines the value of Child Welfare work to the whole community. If we get a good start in life, if we are brought up through infancy and childhood under intelligent supervision, if any little physical defects we may develop are corrected early, if we are privileged to have in our early years common sense methods used in our upbringing, there is

no doubt but that we will be the better for it and that we will grow up healthier men and women.

Think what child welfare work has done in New Zealand and other countries where it has been given a fair and reasonable try-out. The infant death rate has been more than cut in half, and those who survive are being given medical and nursing supervision as never before. Little ailments, little defects of teeth, eyes, ears, tonsils, etc., are being attended to before they become chronic and are allowed to poison the system, thus bringing on heart disease, rheumatism, debility and other troubles later on in life. In this Dominion the work of Child Welfare is only just beginning. The ground has hardly been scratched. If a large proportion of the physical defects found in men and women had been corrected in early life, instead of growing up into adult life handicapped, they might have been normal healthy human beings, able to do a man's or woman's work in the world, and enjoy the blessings of good health and full vigor.

A Mender in the Dark.

"M.D." he signed and stifled a quiver of regret;
In youth a country doctor—a country doctor yet.

The little life on Granite had quickened with the dark,
Lit, like a star of twilight, a tiny glowing spark;
And in the awe-filled silence a birth-night can but keep
The doctor left the little rude homestead to its sleep.
The broken arm at Banock's was mending steadily;
The bandaged eyes, at Campbell's with caution, soon might see.
So down the rough-hewn roadway the weary doctor went
On the old endless circuit where all his days were spent.

Down in the night-held valley, against the freight red,
Haloed against the window, shone Tony's curly head;
Burrowed among his cushions, frail in his cavern chair,
And smiling through the cruel grim pain that held him there.
"Hi, doc," his hail came floating, "I knew you'd not go by.
I saw your light on Granite so high—oh, very high!
Weave down the twisty roadway, a thread all gaily bright;
I played you were a shuttles-a-mending up the night.
From Blair's to Terrance Campbell's, from Banock's to McNair's,
Just in and out and over as mother stitches tears.
When I grow up and after my leg is not so bad
I'd like to mend the darkness and make the people glad."

In youth a country doctor—a country doctor yet.
Then in his eyes, toll-weary, there shone a love-bright spark.
"M.D." he signed and chuckled: "A mender in the dark."

—Gertrude West.

ARE YOU YOUR BOY'S COMPANION?

By Frank H. Chelley

Most men say they never knew their fathers. Happy, indeed, is the boy who has known through the formative period of youth the kind beneficence of a sympathetic, understanding dad.

"No father who is his boy's chum and confident need worry very much about the kid going wrong. That kind of a kid goes the other way and he generally travels with a good head of steam."

I never knew my father until I was a man. Somehow we never seemed to have anything in common. I so often misunderstood him and he so often misunderstood me, and as I look back over it now, with him gone these several years, I am certain of the reason—we did not do things together. We were not comrades. Our interest lay in entirely different fields, we thought, but all the time there was just a mere fence of reserve separating us.

How well I remember what happened when one day as a full-grown man I returned from a little hike in the mountains and announced that I was simply crazy to build a log cabin. I can see the smile on his face now and the twinkle in his gray eyes—"you want to build a log cabin—why, that has been one of my secret ambitions all these years, but I didn't suppose that you—"

"Why, dad," I gulped. "I've always—"

"Then let's go to it." They were very happy days; cutting the logs, getting in the million stones that went into that old fireplace, sleeping on a browse bed of white spruce, eating indigestible flapjacks and biscuits and working together. Slowly the ugly little shanty went up, and how proud we were of it! It was ours and we had built it with our little hatchets.

Then the last night came, supper was over and we stood side by side by the dying fire—just dreaming. It had been such a delicious experience for both of us—for an old, bent, gray-haired man and for a son grown tall scarcely without realizing it. He came round to my side of the fire and put his arm on my shoulder and then said, half wistfully, "Kid, we've missed a lot, haven't we?"

One of the most touching little yarns of the war is the story of a big, strong, young officer who walked down to the liner in France the night it was to sail for America, carrying back a friend to his home. And when it came time for the parting that great big boy stuck out his iron hand and with a grip that told volumes said to his departing friend, "Bill, when you see my dad—just say to him, won't you, that I miss him." That is the relationship that makes men.

The Helping Hand.

The boys started off for a walk one Saturday afternoon. Their path led them out into the wooded hills and up the rocky glens of their native state, Pennsylvania. Toward evening, tired from their exertions, they found a place high on a hillside overlooking a valley. Stone had once been cut from the spot, leaving a straight wall ten or fifteen feet high with sharp rocks at the foot. A great oak that had grown up from the bottom sent an arm out above the wall, and the boys lost no time in scrambling upon it.

As they were looking out across the valley the younger boy suddenly lost his balance and began to slip backward. There was nothing for him to catch. He was frightened at the thought of the sharp rocks beneath and did not even try to circle the limb with his arms. Just then the older boy turned and in the nick of time shot out his arm, grasped the shoulder of his companion and pulled him back. Some time afterwards the younger boy, remembering the event, remarked to his friend, "I don't know what would have happened to me that time if you hadn't reached out your hand just when you did. I guess I should have fallen!"

Friends, life for every one of us is lived over the cliff of temptation, and there are thousands who need a helping hand. A word may save them; a look may save them; the companionship of an hour may save them. Or it may take years of effort. But when your life comes to its close, if there are some to say to you, "I think I should have fallen if you had not reached out your hand just when you did!" oh, it will repay you a thousand-fold!

We're Glad That's Settled.

A subscriber, whose name we withhold for obvious reasons, asks our advice upon a very important matter. "I am in love," he writes, "with two girls, and both would be willing to marry me. One is very well off and is as pretty as a picture. The other is quite plain and has no worldly goods to speak of. Which should I marry?" The answer is easy. Marry the poor girl and send us the address of the other.



"DOUG. HAINS" PALS UP WITH LEADING CHATEAU FRONTENAC DOG TEAM.

Quebec will this year be the winter sport centre of the world. During the past four or five years its equable climate and exceptional sporting facilities have attracted even those who in previous years were wont to winter in Switzerland and Norway, and during that season, the capital of French Canada is perhaps the most cosmopolitan and fashionable of cities in the Dominion. The great International Dog Derby, on February 21, 22 and 23, will be one of the chief features of this season's program. Thirteen teams, ten Canadian and three American, will enter for the gold cup which was won last season by Jean Lobell of the Brown Corporation.