



Conducted by "ISOBEL"

Renovating Last Year's Wearing Apparel

WHEN figuring on a wardrobe for her family, the first duty the economical housewife performs is to overhaul last year's hats and clothing and find out accurately just how much of the old can be made to do service for another season, and decide too, what can be improved by a dye bath or making over for a smaller child.

Any of the heavy cotton summer-suiting cloths, such as drill and repp (both so popular last summer) that have seen hard service and look dingy can be restored to their first beauty and brightness by the proper use of a ten cent package of dye.

The other day a lady took a pale blue drill suit that was so faded as to be quite hopeless for any further wear (a most satisfactory garment to experiment upon, for it could not be hurt), bought a package of dark blue dye, followed very closely the directions for dying, and without ripping the suit (only removing the buttons) at the close of an hour or so had a new suit much prettier and more serviceable than it was when new. One must always use the cotton dye for cottons, and one more point to be very particular about is to dry the goods after the dye bath in the shade. To hang in the sun to dry is fatal, for it would be all streaked. The garment could be hung in a room by an open window or door where there is a good draft. This will insure a quick drying which is essential to success. One package is enough for one suit. Take care to dye a darker shade than the original one whether of the same or another color. Silk ribbons can be freshened by using the dye for silk. There is on the market now a new preparation known as "straw hat enamel." It is done up in small tins, that hold about three ounces or enough to do one hat. It costs ten cents a tin, is applied with a very small brush and can be had in all colors. This should be a boon to the country woman whose millinery is so much exposed to the pitiless sun and wind, causing the colors to look shabby while the straw itself is still good. A proper application of the enamel will make all bright and fresh again without buying new goods outright, and the average country woman wears her millinery so seldom, comparatively speaking, that buying the present day fabulously priced hat every season is a severe tax on pin-money. So long as the hat is straw the enamel is guaranteed to do satisfactory work.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AS NEEDED IN THE HOME

By ELAIE BEALE HEMPHILL

If you could see my class of eighteen girls as they come to me each morning from their homes, looking so fresh and neat in their white caps and aprons, so eager to learn to cook new dishes where-with to surprise and delight the family at home, you would understand my desire to provide them a means of acquiring the simple but much-needed knowledge and accomplishment of cooking wholesome food.

The results of a few months' careful training of this class has made me realize how vitally the power and success of a great nation must depend on its cooks, and to what degree this nation has suffered through the lack of good cooks.

Mothers may make sound boys, but the cooks must make the men and the nation. You smile, no doubt, and think of statesmen, politicians, inventors, architects, financiers, shining lights, indeed that would be dangerous without, but the cook is the one who wards off danger from within.

The great heaving, working class, with its brawn and muscle, needs an abundance of good soup, bread, beef and potatoes well cooked, and the woman who has the ability to cook these few dishes faultlessly, holds the brawn-making, temper-steadying, projective power of the nation in her grasp. She has mastered the elemental principles involved, viz., of making her own fire, boiling her own kettle, and cooking bread, meat, vegetables, and their combination.

No machine can work unless it is well fed. The man machine needs an abundance of clean, simple, perfectly prepared food, that his energy may be the propelling power of this great country.

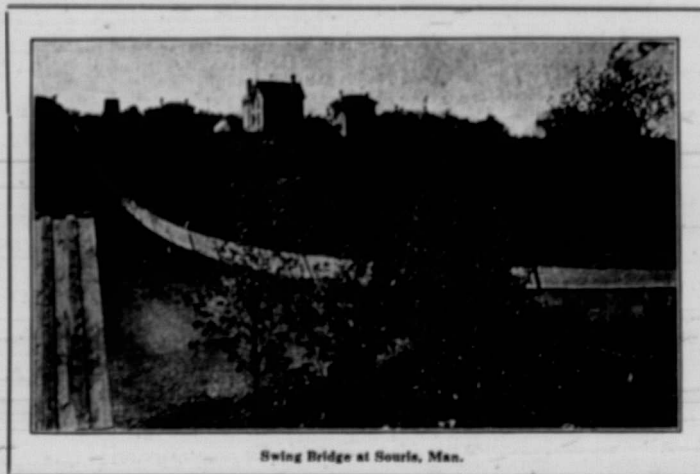
In Europe the nations depend on their armies, but we are essentially a peaceful nation, and ours is a working machine,

force when she places a chop or a steak broiled to the turn, a faultless loaf, or a crumbling potato falling in flakes, before her simple man, or simple offspring, whereof she means to create her quota of the exemplary national machine.

Can a man, who has been poorly fed from childhood, who is, in consequence, dyspeptic, dissatisfied, be as prosperous or ambitious a part of the machine as the man who has simple, well-cooked food, and a wife or daughter who has been taught to make his wages procure the greatest amount of comfort that a good, economical cook, and a clean, thrifty housekeeper can provide?

Domestic science is much too imposing a name for it. Domestic economy is much nearer the mark. Teach the girls with the simplest equipment, and the simplest materials, and avoid using those things which they cannot procure easily in their own homes. Vegetables, especially, if from their own gardens, could be appetizingly and nutritiously prepared; and beef, chicken, lamb, fish and eggs, cooked and served in a dozen ways, all different from the perpetual "fry or stew" to which many have been habituated from their cradles.

Domestic science is too often taught with a gas stove and fancy little pans, or else a range with equipment sufficient to prepare a banquet, but what use



Swing Bridge at Souris, Man.

creating vast commodities by our own energies—energies concreted from the working power of millions of men and women—and each man and woman is a sample of our national force, and each man should feel bound to provide the best material, and each woman bound to make the best use of that material, and thereby help to create a better example of national

are they to a poor country girl in her home, where at best she has but a small cast-iron stove?

The elemental principles of quickness, neatness, promptness and orderliness are the first things to teach girls; afterwards, to make good bread, and to make a good cup of coffee or tea, and the principles of making butter. With this we have

the elements of the morning meal, to which it is easy to add fruit or berries from the garden, an egg—boiled, or an omelette, or poached. Any child of eleven can do this much. Good soup requires more discretion, as more ingredients and their proportions have to be considered, and more or less of economy involved.

Do you know what economy means to some people? Simply privation. It is wonderful to see their surprise at the comparative results of economy and care, as contrasted with carelessness and privation. How much saving of time, of strength, of material, and consequently how much increase in power and money and energy may be gained by thrift and painstaking as opposed to shiftless disorder and hurry!

THE STORY HOUR

By HELEN A. HAWLEY

Persons well qualified for judging have said that more than a parent's influence, and more than a teacher's influence, is the influence on a child of what he reads. This is a surprising statement and is not presented for discussion, but only as suggesting the unquestionable importance of the subject.

A child's first reading is done by proxy. Long before the little one knows its letters the mother begins to educate its taste, by telling stories she herself has learned from books. She may think it matters little what the recitals are; any silliness, any jingle, any doggerel will answer to amuse this tiny bit of humanity. She gives no concern, perhaps, to the shadowy hour when baby passes beyond the vague mists of infancy, and the small mind begins definitely to understand.

Each mother tries to feed her child's physical system with the best food, that which will make the little body grow in ways of firm health and in proper proportions. Is there any reason why she should not have as great regard for his mental growth? Not that a child's mind should be fed on the strong meat which suits a grown-up intelligence. Not that jingles and simple stories should be tabooed; far from it. But they should be wisely selected. There are many jingles which have become classics, and there is scarcely an old myth or a fairy tale which is not now put into the simplest language, with especial adaptation to children. The child who has heard these familiarly from his mother's lips is started toward a fine literary education. If a practical (?) mother asks, "What is the good of it all?" the answer is: Such cultivation, when it becomes more mature, brings a keen enjoyment to the mind; it enables one to read the best books understandingly, and creates a positive distaste for the floods of trash which threaten to overwhelm; it fits one for association with men and women of noble intellect; it is a consolation in loneliness or sorrow, and has a direct moral influence in keeping its possessor from degrading pleasures or companionships. Surely any mother may well aspire to be the bringer of such a lifelong blessing.

Starting thus, and keeping along with her child as he comes under other teachers, she and he need never grow apart intellectually; they may read and enjoy the same books all along, so far as they walk the road of life together. And what a hold this gives on a young life! It has been the happy experience of some mothers with their sons and daughters.

Therefore, let story telling and verse repeating follow some definite plan. This is not so difficult as it might at first seem. The mother need not be in a maze of doubt as to how and with what to begin. There are several lists of suitable books from which to choose her own furnishing for this pleasing work. Among these is one recently published by the Carnegie library of Pittsburgh, Pa., entitled, "A List of Good Stories to Tell to Children Under Twelve Years of Age," containing, also, an account of the "Story Hour Conducted by the Children's Department," with some useful hints on story telling. Beginning with selected Bible stories and parables, the list goes on with fables, myths, Greek myths, fairy tales, historical stories, Christmas, Thanksgiving, Easter and miscellaneous stories and poems. Information is also given of publishers and prices of books. It is worth while for any mother to own this pamphlet and make her choices therefrom—always remembering that, with such facilities at hand, it is as easy to accustom a child to good reading as to an inferior sort.

NOT UNDERSTOOD

Not understood, we move along asunder:

Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep

Along the years; we marvel and we wonder—

Why life is life, and then we fall asleep,

Not understood.

Not understood! We gather false impressions

And hug them closer as the years go by;

The virtues often seem to us transgressions;

And thus men rise, and fall, and live, and die,

Not understood.

Not understood! Poor souls with stunted vision

Of measure giants with their narrow gauge;

The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision

Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould the age

Not understood.

Not understood! The secret springs of action

Which lie beneath the surface and the show,

Are disregarded with self-satisfaction; We judge our neighbors, and they often go

Not understood.

Not understood! How trifles often change us—

The thoughtless sentence and the fancied slight

Destroy long years of friendship, and estrange us,

And on our souls there falls a freezing light.

Not understood.

Not understood! How many breasts are aching

For lack of sympathy! Ah! day by day

How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!

How many noble spirits pass away,

Not understood.

O God! that men would see a little clearer,

Or judge less harshly where they cannot see!

O God! that men would draw a little nearer

To one another—they'd be nearer Thee,

And understood.

—Thomas Bracken.