

THE HOUSEHOLD.

CAREFUL MOTHERS.

DEAR "HOUSEKEEPER SISTERS:"

I have not felt quite free to take part in the mothers' discussions, because, no matter how good my resolutions may be each morning, when night comes it overtakes me with a big bundle of regrets strapped tightly above my shoulders. And yet there are some offences that I never commit towards my children.

In the first place, I never frighten a child. Mice come out of holes to nibble the cookies or to search for crumbs, but never to bite the babies. We do not like rats because they eat our apples, and bore holes in our squashes, but no baby of mine over thought of being afraid of the cellar. Rats, they know, are afraid of them, and we delight in going down cellar with a pan for potatoes, a basket for vegetables, and a pail for apples. Here we go, clatter, clatter, mamma holds little Love's hand lest he fall. The Clover Lodge cellar is a particularly nice one, or rather the cellars are nice, one being all solid cement (this was the old square cistern under the kitchen), and then there is the lighted cellar in front with plastered walls and a brick floor. Here is the swing shelf, and we select a can of corn or peas, turn a can of peaches about to see if it is keeping well (all canned fruit should be wrapped in brown paper, so I tell Birdie, posting her little by little on housekeeping matters), take a look at a pot of hyacinths to see if they seem sufficiently well rooted to be transferred to the sunny nursery windows, and Little Love runs his fingers deep into the sand in the box where the parsnips are buried, while Dot fishes out big Tallman Sweets or brilliant Northern Spys for Pet and the Cherub, who cannot, as yet, dive into barrels. Then we take, each his load, and start up stairs. Oh, but that rogue Little Love, where is he? "Turn on, Sunshine!" Pet calls, looking back as she climbs the stairs, and down comes her apronful of apples. "Oh, Oh!" Sunshine squeals, bobbing out of his hiding place under the stairs, "appy! appy!" and away he scrambles after them. Sunshine loves to go down cellar and play "shinny" with the apples. And that is all they know about the fear of rats.

And then again, I never yet have said, "I'll tell your father if you don't stop that," or "You'll catch it when papa comes." In the first place, I don't believe in controlling children in that way. If Tom were, in truth, a very ogre I should not do it. I am certain that it makes no difference with me that he never was able to make the children obey—unless they wanted to—and though I would be glad if he would take his half of the responsibility, yet the mother who is obliged to shower these useless tell-your-father sort of threats is not, to my mind, a success as a wise, judicious mother.

And I never yet told a child that medicine was "good" or "sweet" or any other lying adjective, if it was not. How many times have I seen the blue eyes, the black eyes and brown, look anxiously into my face while I "sampled" the new medicine. Did you ever give the little ones a dose of castor oil? Put a few drops of lemon juice in the spoon, all around the dose, and then it is not bad. But if a medicine is bad, I dilute it as much as possible, some I can sweeten a little, then I own to them that it is not good, but declare that we will be brave and just take it like a flash. And we do it every time.

The portion that mamma declared good, when proven to be exactly bad, is doubly bitter. And then if the little ones can not trust mamma's word, heaven pity them.

When they ask to be allowed to go to some particular place or do some particular thing, I never say "I will see" and let the little things endure agonies of hope and fear until my "high mightiness" gets around to relieve them. We council together, and settle the matter as nearly as possible. If we feel sure that papa could judge better than we, then of course we have to leave the matter until he comes home. But the careless "O, I'll see," I could never abide.

And I never think it wise to have the children out on the streets at night. In summer we all sit on the porches, or swing in the hammock, or, perhaps roll in the

short grass, the smaller ones of us; and some times we all turn out for a walk on moonlight nights or go sleigh-riding down the hills; but this is not the steady diet, so to speak. Inside the gates in summer; around the lights and tables in winter, and then there are no bad associates, no evil influences to leave stains on the receptive little minds. The habit of staying off the streets after dark is easily formed, and habit, you know, next to hunger, is the most arbitrary ruler man has. A habit for good is a stronghold of defence, a habit for evil—we all know how that is.

A word to the young mothers may not be amiss. From my experience and observation I would say, do not notice the little pranks and ways that will last but a few days at most. If they smack their lips while eating their bread and milk, admonish, reason with them, draw their attention to something else, and wait until day after to-morrow when it will be forgotten. It is not worth while to send them from the table to-day in disgrace. Unpleasantness at meals will injure the strongest stomach; then what will it do to the tender little ones? Besides, babies have very sensitive nerves and may grow up nervous, dyspeptic men and women if vexed and worried in their childhood. And more than this, a child that is scolded and slapped continually grows sour and vindictive, and the mother has no one but herself to blame if a little later her "bread cast on the waters" comes back to her with an exceedingly bitter flavor.

I began with Birdie with the idea that anything else than a model baby would be a ruined baby, and if, instead of being well and strong and as tall as myself to-day, she had died in her childhood, I can see what an accusing demon my memory would be. But it did not take me long to get over this folly. I found that she outgrew all her little faults and notions that a child takes up, and it has been years since a slap or a punishment has been known in Clover home.

Perhaps I might add, there never were "dark closets" or "down cellars" into which the little Clovers were thrust, but when worst came to worst it was always a genuine orthodox spanking, and a moment later the tears were wiped up and kissed away that there need remain no sting of disfavor.—KIT CLOVER, in the Household.

A STITCH IN TIME.

When the clothes come from the wash they should be sorted by some one who is sufficiently skilled and observant to let no defect escape her eye. Each garment should be opened and inspected, and then refolded in the original creases. The firmness of the threads holding buttons should be tested with a little tug, button-holes scanned, bindings, seams, and trimmings scrutinized closely. Each piece that needs only a stitch should be laid aside. The adage that a stitch in time saves nine verifies itself weekly in the experience of the housekeeper. A large basket may hold all the mending except the stockings, these should have their own bag. Being smaller than the other pieces, they are more apt to become mislaid. As they are examined they should be paired. Those that need repairing may be drawn into one another and consigned to the mending bag, while such as are in good order may be turned, rolled tightly, and put away.

The mending basket should be supplied with everything needful for performing the task easily and satisfactorily. Brick-making without straw is not much more difficult than doing fine mending well without the proper aids. One spool of stout white cotton, another of black silk, a paper of needles, a pair of scissors, and a thimble comprise nearly the entire furnishings of many family work-baskets. With such inadequate means, it is no wonder that repairing a garment and disfiguring it are likely to amount to about the same thing.

To properly equip the basket several grades of white cotton are necessary, ranging from No. 36 to No. 90. Needles to correspond should also be provided. Besides these, there should be such colored cottons as are apt to be required for the family sewing, three or four spools of black silk of varying degrees of fineness, skirt braid, rolls of tape both narrow and wide, pearl and porcelain buttons of different sizes,

neat pieces of cambric, muslin, linen, and flannel for patching, a braid of variegated silks for gloves, a measuring ribbon, a wax, an emery ball, bodkins, large and small, and button-hole scissors, thimble, shoe-thread, needles, and buttons, hooks and eyes, etc. By having all these arranged in pockets or pouches in one basket, endless time and trouble in searching may be saved. A large piece box, near at hand, should hold scraps of dresses that may be needed to repair the gowns they match.

Nor should the stocking bag be less fully stored with darning cotton of the necessary tints, darning egg, and long needles. The example taught by Mrs. Whitney in her picture of the girl who simplified stocking mending by always having a full supply of long darning needles threaded is worthy of imitation.

The larger pieces of mending should receive the first attention. They are more bulky than the stockings, and there is a feeling of having accomplished the chief portion of the week's sewing when they are out of the way. Worn spots should either be neatly patched or darned down on a piece set under them. Laying a patch by the thread is a very nice undertaking, and tedious to an inexperienced sewer. Garments that have begun to fray on the edges should be re-bound or re-hemmed before they are worn rough. Lace is more easily mended before washing. When it once begins to go, it is hardly worth while to waste time upon it. Better rip it off at once, and replace it with new trimming. It is not enough to sew buttons on when they are off; they should be tightened as soon as they show any signs of loosening. Torn button-holes may be strengthened by putting a tiny patch of tape at one side. It serves as a stay, and makes the button hole look neater. The Biblical prohibition against putting a piece of new cloth into an old garment should be carried into effect in modern mending. If the patch must perforce be of new material, it should at least be washed and shrunk before it is applied.

Stockings should always be mended with cotton of the same color. A single thread must be used. The thread should be run through the fabric some distance on each side of the hole as well as back and forth across it. Worn places also should be darned before a real break appears. The old custom of running the heels of stockings before they were put on at all is almost obsolete, but its revival might not come amiss in large families where there are plenty of small feet to tread out the heels of stockings while the rest of the foot and the leg are still good. The heel protectors that are sold at most large shoe stores save wear to the stocking. So does the habit of changing the hose often enough to prevent their becoming stiff with dirt or perspiration. Mothers of little children occasionally sew a piece on the inside of the stocking knee to prevent the skin showing as the outer covering becomes frayed.—Harper's Bazar.

THE SLEEP OF CHILDREN.

A child should be in bed as the fowls are, at sundown at least. And he should be allowed to rise in the morning as soon as he wakes. It is not only torture but an unhealthy mischief to compel children to lie in bed awake two hours to prevent disturbing older people. The morning sun is most essential to plant life. A conservatory should always, if possible, be on the east side of a house. It is equally true that the morning sun is most valuable for animal vigor, and that includes human beings. We, all of us, are breaking both ends of the laws. Our sleep should be taken earlier, and we should never fail of getting the morning sun.

I abominate night parties for children. I believe every physician does. It is not so much the exposure and the eating in the night, and the bad associations formed (of a high-toned sort, possibly) but the breaking into the sleep habit. Equally bad is it for children to study in the evening. It gorges their brains with blood, and if they sleep they dream. I had a little patient of twelve years, who was wasted and nervous, and whose dreams were filled with his problems. It was a marvel and pride to his parents that the youngster worked out hard problems in his sleep, such as he failed to master when awake. But he came near his final problem. I locked up his books at 4 o'clock. He must not touch one after his

supper. He must play and romp, and then go to bed. He is now robust. You can not emphasize too strongly the mischief of children's night study.

Whatever a stolid lot of animal natures can do our American children are sensitive and can not do—that is sleep safely two in a bed. No matter in what else you economize there is a criminal folly in economizing beds. Every person needs his own bed more than he needs his own chair, or his own plate at table. And the best bed in the world is a good bed of fresh straw covered with plenty of quilts. No child should be allowed to sleep on feathers, or animal refuse of any sort. But to sleep two in a bed is a vital damage. One is sure to absorb the electric energy of the other. What we must look for is to accumulate constitution for the child, and establish a stout conservative tendency. Our American life will be sure to make heavy drafts on him. If he has no capital he can pay no interest. This habit of sleeping alone should be retained through life under all circumstances. More mischief, as well as immorality, comes from the opposite course than from any other common habit.

Above all things to be deprecated is the stormy season so frequently indulged in just at retiring. The child prefers to sit up, and invariably retires in a storm of passion, added to by the storm of nurse or parent. He should be calmly and firmly restrained from all such outbreaks. There is a great difference in children about retiring; some very active brains grow sleepy and desire to retire early; others equally active grow wakeful and excited.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PUZZLES—No. 12.

A LONG SLEEPER.

Black and deep in the mountain side  
My resurrection day I bide;  
Once I stood in glory old,  
When the earth no man beheld;  
Mammoth creatures passed me near,  
Naught had I from them to fear;  
Ages piled their mould above,  
From my fate spot to rove  
Was not lotted unto me;  
I must wait until set free.  
Some day, will this dull, hard frame  
Into warmth and beauty flame,  
Some day I shall travel far  
Where my treasures needed are,  
Where the northern blast is sweeping,  
Where the dreadful cold is creeping,  
There I wake, all rosy, bright,  
Live a day of glad delight,  
Giving health, and warmth, and cheer,  
Vanishing I know not where.

ONARADE.

"Would cause you no affright;  
But spoil your appetite  
To view the filthy sight,  
When you sit down to eat,  
And see first on your meat,  
You'd call your cook a cheat.

Unarmed and out at night,  
"Would fill you with affright;  
Should second come in sight,  
So horrid his grimace,  
So ruthless his embrace,  
You'd shun his hiding-place.

Have courage, fainting soul,  
Nor let my threatening whole  
Divert you from your goal;  
Heed not each false alarm,  
My whole can do no harm,  
Can none but cowards disarm.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

The primals spell the name of one of the greatest and best men who ever lived.  
1. One of his friends.  
2. The name he gave the pope.  
3. His life-work.  
4. The forest where he lived when a boy.  
5. The pardons against which he fought so bravely; also the missile he cast at his enemy in prison.  
6. The profession of his wife.  
7. The title of the prince of his country.  
8. The place where he was educated.  
9. The man who sold the pardons.  
10. The songs which he wrote.  
11. His birthplace.  
12. Another of the things against which he fought.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES—NUMBER 11.

REPOS.—Psalm 81. 3.

Hour Glass.—

L E O P A R D  
S T A L E  
E R E  
A  
E B B  
P I L E D  
Q U I E T L Y

BEHEADINGS.—1. Clock-lock. 3. Tale-ale. 3. Bracket-racket. 4. Coat-out. 5. March-arch. 6. Chair-hair.

AN OLD RIDDLE.—He was his father.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Maple sugar.

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