



# The Home Department

Conducted by  
Helen Watts McKee

### Some Day; Some Day.

Some day; so many tearful eyes  
Are watching for the dawning light!  
So many, facing toward the skies,  
Are weary of the night!  
So many heart-sick prayers that reel  
Or stagger upward through the storm;  
And aching hands that reach and feel  
No pressure true and warm!

So many hearts whose crimson wine  
Is wasted to a purple stain;  
And blurred and streaked with drops  
Of brine  
Upon the lips of pain!  
So many, helpless, trodden down—  
O'er-ridden by the strong;  
So many, crying from the depths,  
Too weak to cope with wrong!

O, come to them—these weary ones!  
Or, if thou still must bide awhile,  
Make stronger yet the hope that runs  
Before the coming smile.  
And haste and find them, where they  
wait,  
Lest summer winds blow down that  
way;  
And all they long for, soon or late,  
Bring round to them—some day.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

### A Cure for Trouble.

Yes, my dear friend, you have troubles—very real ones, too, to you, and your friends are not wise when they laugh at your complaints. You say your friends advise you to count your blessings, and that is very good advice, if you are to go on thinking only of yourself. Others tell you to "take your troubles to God;" that is not so good; it strikes me, that it would be a waste of breath. Don't you think God knows all about it, without telling?

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But you have the remedy for your ills largely in your own hands. You have been told, always, that the Great Physician heals without money and without price; but if you read your Bible, you will see that God does not work on the "something for nothing" plan; everything that is of value has a price affixed to it. So, in this case of yours, the price will be that you must exert yourself to overcome some unhappy habits which you have, perhaps unknowingly, and surely unintentionally, built up about you. You are suffering from a complication of ills—heart-hunger and self-pity. You have missed something, or think you have, and you are sorry for yourself. You let your troubles absorb all your thoughts, and you reach out to your friends for sympathy. Now that is bad. Your friends, every one of them, have troubles of their own, and they feel sore and ache under the pressure of their own burdens, and when you seek to lay yours, too, upon them, they do not like it and strive to get away from you. It is like offering fire to a burn, or food to a full stomach. Did you ever stop thinking of yourself long enough to consider that?

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Everything grows by that upon which it is fed. If you feed your heart and mind upon fretfulness, complaining, discontent, envy, and self-pity, you will not only make yourself very miserable, but you will drive all your friends away from you. It is said that the "Universe pays every one in his own coin; if you smile, others smile upon you; if you frown, you will be frowned at; if you sing, you will be drawn into gay company; if you weep, you will find tears. Censure, criticism,

hate, selfishness will be dealt out to you in the measure in which it is given, 'pressed down and running over. If you have any dealings at all with the wicked horde, it will take possession of you."

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Now, the best thing you can do is to refuse to set yourself up as an object of pity. Why should you expose the weaknesses of your nature? Don't you know the world judges you by your own judgment? And if you go about telling people of your own pusillanimity, your lack of ability to face your little trials, you will be treated with the contempt which is generally meted out to moral weakness? You must look about you—find interest outside of your own trials, and forget yourself persistently and insistently. Cover your weak spots, and put on a bright brave look. If you do not feel bright, or brave, or cheerful, make-believe, even to yourself, that you do. Try to find beautiful things; there are plenty of them. Try to make other people happy, and help others over the stumbling blocks. "Do unto others;" and don't ask return favors.

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Constant dwelling upon our troubles makes them seem very large and real, and every time we recount them, they seem the more realities, and as one clear-headed writer has said, "We should get out of our sackcloth and ashes, give ourselves a good scrubbing to get the ashes off, and burn the sackcloth," and, by the light of the bonfire, read the lessons of courage, strength and helpfulness that are written all about us, if we would but clear our eyes to see them.

But whatever you do, shut self out of your thoughts and live for something higher than ministering to a morbid sense of your own unhappiness; if you would have the love and sympathy of your associate, you must be lovely and sympathetic yourself.

### Our Floral Talk.

The florists' catalogues will now be coming to us, and some of them contain colored plates which are perfect gems of art; yet the florist can show you many a real flower more beautiful than any artist can paint them.

You and I, in our little pocket-handkerchief garden, with our crude methods and not always favorable "conditions," must be satisfied with less perfection; but we can all have flowers.

In the columns of many newspapers and periodicals will be found advertisements of "Collections" which the florist will send you for a comparatively small sum, and many of these collections contain really valuable varieties; but the plants or bulbs, or roots which go to make them up are generally of small size, and will usually require nursing from the start, in order to have them grow and prove satisfactory.

If you are a flower lover, and understand nursing them into growth, these collections will repay the ordering, and one can thus get a variety of shrubs, vines, roots and bulbs for a very small amount of money. But if you know little or nothing of such work, it will pay you to buy the larger size, if fewer of them.

Many things can be raised from seeds, and by investing your "flower money" in several packages of "mixed varieties," you will be astonished at the quantities you can have for a few cents. A package of palm seed will give you more plants than you will

care to keep. So, of canna seed; abutilons, and many other pot shrubs can be grown readily from seeds. A date seed, planted in some warm moist place will give you a "date palm" plant—if you are willing to wait its growth. The Washington, or Filifera palm, grows rapidly from seed; as does the orange, or lemon. The seeds are as readily germinated as field corn, and the foliage of the orange or lemon is deliciously fragrant. The "Jerusalem cherry"—a species of red pepper makes a very pretty pot plant.

A few packages of seeds of perennials or biennials, planted in the spring, will give you quite a lot of plants; and, with very little care, these plants will live for years, growing in size of clump and beauty as they grow older. Many will bloom the first season.

Many fine plants can be raised for the window garden by planting the seeds this spring

### A Temperance Punch.

This is especially delicious in summer, when mint is plentiful, but even in winter it is possible to get the mint from the butchers and grocers, who keep it for mint sauce, and only a small bunch is really needed to flavor a large bowl full of the punch.

Make a strong lemonade, allowing five lemons and one cupful of sugar to one quart of water. Roll the lemons and slice them, letting the sugar stand on the lemons for an hour before adding the water. To every quart of the lemonade allow one quart of ginger-

## Question Box.

The conductor of the Home Department will be glad to answer questions concerning matters of interest to Housekeepers. Make your questions as brief as possible and address all communications to "Home Department, The Commoner, Lincoln, Nebr."

ale. Put both together in a large bowl or big pitcher, in which is a piece of ice. Have a number of sprays of mint, bruise the stems and lower leaves between the fingers, so as to bring out the flavor of the plant. Stick these sprays into the punch half an hour before serving.

It is well for the housewife to supply herself with mint during the summer, as it is easily dried, and will serve many purposes.—Home Companion.

### Fish Salad.

Boil halibut or other good white-fish, putting it on in boiling water, to which has been added one teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of vinegar. It should cook about twelve minutes for every pound. Take it from the water, and put aside to get perfectly cold. When ready to make the salad, cut the fish into neat pieces of uniform size, and place each upon a crisp leaf of lettuce. Lay a saucer, which has been drained from the oil, on top of every piece of fish. Make a good mayonnaise dressing, and just before sending it to table, stir into one-half pint of it two sardines stripped of their skin and flaked fine.

Squeeze a few drops of lemon juice on the sardines as the salad is about to be served. One spoonful of the dressing may be put on each portion of fish before serving it, or the mayonnaise may be passed in a bowl, with a ladle, that each may help herself.—Woman's Home Companion.

### Passing Away of Prominent Women.

But a few weeks ago, the newspapers chronicled the death of Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, widow of Gen. U. S. Grant, ex-president.

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On the evening of December 27, 1902, Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, widow of Gen. John C. Fremont, an daughter of Thomas H. Benton, Missouri's deceased statesman, died at her home in Los Angeles, Cal., aged 78 years. Mrs. Fremont had been in poor health for a long time. There was a Christmas dinner, and a general exchange of presents, and, it seems, the excitement was too much for her. She became quite ill, and finally passed away on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Fremont completed the memoirs of her husband and prefixed to them a sketch of the life of her father. She was the author of several other books. The gatherings at her home were always interesting, and there were sure to be found among her guests men of great brilliancy of mind, whom it was an honor to know. Her young years were spent in St. Louis, where she was greatly beloved, but most of those who knew her there have passed away, and to but few she now anything more than a name.

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Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, au-

### LOST SIGHT OF

#### A Most Important Aid to Education

An important point often overlooked by parents in bringing up children is the use of proper food as an aid to education.

Children make wonderful progress when scientifically fed.

A little woman in East Brentwood, N. H., says of her girlhood days, "I was never very rugged and cold lunches and hearty evening meals and improper food soon began to work serious havoc.

Then came a period of self-boarding while at college and it is now easy to see where, in the haste to acquire knowledge the true knowledge of proper and nourishing food was neglected. The result, as may be imagined, was indigestion, dyspepsia and constipation. Then followed a weary time of dieting and, one after another, physicians were consulted, till hope of permanent cure was abandoned. Then, two years after leaving school, I entered a new home as a bride and having grown wiser through experience, I resolved to use food in accordance with hygienic principles. This was also necessary as I could not eat anything at all rich.

We commenced to use Grape-Nuts and soon became convinced that it was the most nutritious food we could obtain. I noticed an immediate improvement in my health, my indigestion became less marked and eventually left me for good.

It is now two years that we have eaten Grape-Nuts regularly, and I was never as well in my life as now. I have gained ten pounds in weight and can eat, without causing the slightest distress, the richest kind of food as well as anyone, the dyspepsia is entirely gone and constipation never troubles me.

This may not interest others, but it is of great interest to us, for it is our firm belief that my present good health is due solely to the constant use of Grape-Nuts and we feel that we have great reason to be thankful to the maker of such a perfect and delicious food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.