



# The Home Department

Conducted by  
Helen Watts Noyes

## Rock Me to Sleep

Backward, turn backward, O Time in  
your flight,  
Make me a child again just for to-  
night!  
Mother, come back from the echoless  
shore,  
Take me again to your heart as of  
yore;  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows  
of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of  
my hair;  
Over my slumbers your loving watch  
keep;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me  
to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of  
the years!  
I am so weary of toil and of tears;  
Toil without recompense, tears all in  
vain,—  
Take them, and give me my child-  
hood again!  
I have grown weary of dust and de-  
cay,—  
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth  
away;  
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me  
to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the un-  
true,  
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for  
you!  
Many a summer the grass has grown  
green,  
Blossomed and faded, our faces be-  
tween;  
Yet, with strong yearning and pas-  
sionate pain,  
Long I tonight for your presence  
again;  
Come from the silence so long and  
so deep,  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me  
to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are  
flown,  
No love like mother-love ever has  
shone;  
No other worship abides and endures,  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like  
yours;  
None like a mother can charm away  
pain  
From the sick soul and the world-  
weary brain,  
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy  
lids creep;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me  
to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just light-  
ed with gold,  
Fall on your shoulders again as of  
old;  
Let it drop over my forehead tonight,  
Shading my faint eyes away from the  
light;  
For with its sunny-edged shadows  
once more  
Haply will throng the sweet visions  
of yore;  
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows  
sweep;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me  
to sleep!

—Mother, dear mother, the years have  
been long

Since I last listened your lullaby song;  
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall  
seem

Womanhood's years have been only  
a dream.

Clasped to your heart in a loving em-  
brace,

With your light lashes just sweeping  
my face,

Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—  
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me  
to sleep!

—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen was  
born in Strong, Me., in 1832, and her  
childhood was passed in Farmington.  
The family name was Chase. As  
early as 1845, she was writing for  
publication, and at the age of fifteen  
years she was known by the pen-  
name of "Florence Percy." In 1855,  
her first volume of verse appeared,  
and she wrote "Rock Me to Sleep"  
soon after, although the poem was  
not published until later. It is prob-  
ably the best known of all her pro-  
ductions, and the author's own ac-  
count of the circumstances attend-  
ing its writing is as follows: "The  
lines voiced the longing of a young  
woman for her mother, whom she had  
lost. I was myself the young woman.  
I was about to sail for Europe, and  
remembered that I had sent nothing  
recently to a periodical of which I  
was a contributor. I opened my port-  
folio and took out several poems and  
sketches which I submitted to my  
brother-in-law. He told me to send  
any one of them except 'Rock Me to  
Sleep, Mother.' I did not consider  
that as embodying my best work, but  
concluded to send it, and people seem  
to have liked it. After a time an  
animated discussion sprang up as to  
the authorship of the poem, during  
which it was distorted and garbled in  
the most ridiculous fashion, but I  
paid little attention to it, and it fi-  
nally died out." The poem has been  
translated into other languages and  
set to music, with changes many and  
various; as herewith presented, how-  
ever, it is exactly as written, forty-  
two years ago. In 1860 Miss Chase  
married the sculptor, Benjamin Paul  
Akers, who lived but a year. In 1865,  
she married William H. Allen, LL.  
D., former president of Girard Col-  
lege, and a man of literary reputa-  
tion. The residence of the Allens is  
in Tuckahoe, a short distance from  
New York City. Mrs. Allen has been  
a constant worker down to the pres-  
ent year, having published a large  
number of books, and Maine may well  
be proud to reckon her among the  
distinguished daughters born within  
the borders of the Pine Tree State.—  
American Woman, 1902.

## Our Home Chat

For some weeks past, the general  
public has been horrified by the re-  
velations being made of the methods  
employed by the meat-packers' as-  
sociations of our large cities in the  
handling and putting up of the pro-  
ducts of the slaughter-pen intended  
for the uses of the table. The dread-  
ful disclosures have not only touched  
the subject of the pocket-book and hy-  
giene, but have added greatly to the  
perplexities of the cook and the house-  
keeper. In looking over any cookery  
book, it is astonishing to observe how  
large a space is occupied in the cul-  
inary preparations by meats and other  
animal products. Not only is the  
meat, itself, the "heavy" article, but

it and the various preparations of  
the different parts of the slaughtered  
animal enter largely into the season-  
ing of vegetables and fruits—the mak-  
ing of breads, pies, puddings, cakes,  
soups, stews, gravies, etc., and deli-  
cacies for the sick as for the well.  
In spite of these disgusting disclos-  
ures, many people will still, doubt-  
less, be wedded to the flesh-pots, us-  
ing the products with more or less  
discrimination, because of a meat-eat-  
ing habit which it will be found hard  
to overcome. Yet there are, and will  
be, thousands whose stomachs will  
rebel so strongly against even so  
much as the thought of meat that  
their meat-hunger will readily give  
way before the qualms they can not  
control. In these cases, the housewife  
will be sorely "put to" for substitutes  
sufficiently satisfying to take its  
place.

The practice of selling the farm  
animals and buying back the finished  
products of the packing houses has  
become almost universal among even  
the backwoods farmers, and for the  
people in general—and especially  
those in large towns and cities—there  
seems no other source from which  
to draw their supply. But to the  
farm folks themselves, the situation,  
so far as the immediate table supply  
is concerned, should not be so bad,  
even though they may have to dis-  
card the heavy hams, shoulders and  
canned goods now so generally used  
by them, they have (or should have)  
the poultry yard, the sheep-fold, the  
calf-pen, the stock hogs and the farm  
fish-ponds, and from these may be  
drawn in sufficient quantities to supply  
any immediate demand. It is not so  
very long ago that country people  
and farmers slaughtered their own  
animals, and they can return to the  
practice for at least family supplies,  
with the assurance of using only  
healthy animals, fed and fattened un-  
der their own eyes, known to be in  
good condition, the carcasses handled  
in a cleanly manner and preserved by  
healthful methods. The cheapest is  
not always the best, and bargain coun-  
ter meats, like other bargain-counter  
goods, are good things to let alone.

Many of us can recall the neighbor-  
hood practice, once in vogue, of a  
periodical slaughtering by different  
ones and the dividing up of the fresh,  
healthy, home-fattened carcass in  
quantities according to the needs of  
the various neighbors, to be in turn  
so supplied themselves, thus keeping  
up a supply of fresh meats during  
the hot months, when a whole animal,  
however small, could hardly be kept  
in good condition by one family alone.  
On many farms there are animals on  
pasture at all times fat enough, with  
a little grain-feed for finishing the  
meat qualities, to be used as food, and  
on most farms, too, there is, or could  
be procured, a supply of old grain suffi-  
cient for the finishing rations. "Back  
to the old paths," in many instances,  
is by far the best direction to travel.  
Meantime, the housewife must put  
on her thinking cap and devise ways  
and means by which the crying want  
of a substantial, satisfying diet may  
be evolved out of the gardens, fields  
and orchards and forests. What shall  
it be sisters? May we have your sug-  
gestions and reliable recipes?

## What to Do With Our Girls

"A Mother" asks us to tell her, now  
that the school days are ended, what  
she shall teach her girls to do. If  
the girl has had no "primary" teach-  
ing in the art of doing, it is rather

late in the day to accomplish her in  
anything. But it will all depend on  
the girl. Girls should be allowed to do  
the things they show an aptitude for.  
If a girl delights in housework, let  
her become proficient in that. A  
course of home-teaching and experi-  
ence will be beneficial, no matter  
whether she likes it or not. If she  
"takes" to sewing, see that she has  
the opportunity to become skilled in  
that line. Common occupations are  
as honorable as any, and, in any case,  
it is the individual that honors the  
work. To become distinguished in  
art, music, sculpture, or literature, re-  
quires energy, perseverance, deter-  
mination, time, money and talent. To  
succeed at anything requires hard,  
persistent work, more than talent,  
and the overcoming of many and  
great obstacles. If one loves the  
work, the labor is not regarded, and  
even in the face of hindrances, there  
is an upholding sense of success, a  
knowledge that so much work has  
been done, and well-done, and another  
step has been taken toward the  
heights we hope to attain. There is  
no one who has not a talent for some-  
thing, and whatever that talent may  
be, it should be allowed to develop.  
Do not try to make a cook of your  
daughter if she takes no interest in  
culinary matters, though it is possible  
that in time, or through necessity, she  
may become tolerably proficient in  
cookery, but it won't be because she  
loves it, and she will always go at  
it reluctantly. A woman will always  
be a woman, no matter what she un-  
dertakes; but it is better to make  
her useful, independent and pleasing,  
to develop her "along the line of least  
resistance," that she may be able to  
do some one thing better than any-  
thing else, so it may become her busi-  
ness. The world is full of "square  
pegs in round holes," both men and  
women, and to this may truthfully be  
ascribed the thousands of miserable  
misfits, failures, seen on every hand.  
Help the girl to find out her mission,  
and do not seek to hinder her from  
accomplishing it; for, in whatever di-  
rection her path lies, she will always  
long to walk therein, and whatever  
else she does through circumstances  
or environment, she will always "be  
joined to her idols."

## For the Summer Waist

Every woman knows how difficult it  
is to keep a silk waist perfectly sweet,  
if it is worn much in warm weather.  
This method is recommended for rid-  
ding the garment of any odor, and  
leaving it fresh and sweet. During  
a warm summer rain, turn the waist  
to the open window and pin it in po-  
sition so the moisture may reach it,  
but not the actual rain; let it hang  
for several hours until damp and thor-  
oughly sweetened, and you will be  
surprised at the fresh, clean odor that  
has been imparted. The inside must  
be turned to the window. Woolen gar-  
ments may be as effectually refreshed  
in the same way, which is so simple  
and so easily tried that I hope it may  
prove satisfactory to you.—Ex.

## Timely Recipes

Watermelon Sweet Pickles—These  
will keep for years, improving with  
age if put up properly. The melon  
must be quite ripe and as fresh as  
may be. Cut the rind in strips and  
remove the pink part, as that is not  
used in pickle, and also pare off the  
thin green outside. Cut the rind into  
square pieces and put into weak brine  
made of one tablespoonful of salt to  
one quart of water. Keep in this  
salt water for three days, then put  
them into alum water (a small tea-  
spoonful of alum to one quart of  
water) for three days, after which

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The Butler Press, Lincoln, Nebraska

## AN OLD AND WELL TRIED REMEDY

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children  
teething should always be used for children while  
teething. It softens the gums, allays all pain, cures  
wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.  
Twenty-five cents a bottle.