



# The Home Department

Conducted by  
Helen Watts McVey

## A Story in Verse

Only two children—two tiny girls,  
The idols fair of a humble home;  
Who, care-free, sang through the  
sunny hours,  
Or knelt in prayer in the evening  
gloom.  
And nurtured thus, as the years  
went by,  
They grew in beauty as fair and  
sweet  
As the country blossoms that paved  
the way  
With fragrant snow for their rest-  
less feet.

The world, in passing, one luckless  
day,  
Espied them, and said "They are  
all too bright  
To bloom unnoticed; I'll take them  
hence,  
And crown their brows with a  
golden light."  
So, out of the cottage that knew no  
care,  
The twain went onward with lis-  
som feet,  
Nor dreamed of the poison the  
chalice held—  
The cup was golden—the wine was  
sweet.

But one sank down, with a happy  
heart,  
Ere the cup was drained of its rare  
delight,  
And they pillowed the golden head  
with tears,  
And laid it away under blossoms  
white.  
For a moment, the old World veiled  
his face—  
"How sad, that a blossom so sweet  
should die."  
Then surged along with his dance  
and song—  
Small time had he, for a tear or  
sigh.

Only a mother—a fair young thing,  
With wide blue eyes full of happy  
light,  
With mist-like floating of yellow  
hair,  
And hands that were jeweled and  
soft and white.  
She kissed her baby—a wee, white  
thing,  
And laughed as it lay in its downy  
bed  
Like a snow-flake lodged in a rosy  
cloud,  
With a shimmer of gold 'round its  
dainty head.

And the room was bright with a sum-  
mer glow  
That only the magic of wealth  
could bring;  
No matter the tempest that raged  
without—  
Within was the fragrance and  
calm of spring,  
And the father stopped in the half-  
open door,  
And looked on the picture and  
proudly smiled;  
Then kissing the twain with a tender  
warmth—  
"God bless you," he whispered—  
"My wife and child."

Crouched in a room that is bleak  
and bare,  
With shattered shutter and broken  
pane,  
Whose roof is mockingly letting  
through  
The wintry tempest of icy rain,  
A woman sits by a bed of rags—  
Her eyes pain-blinded, and faded  
hair

Strained tightly back, as in seeking  
dread  
Of the wan, white face and the  
stony stare.

In her wasted arms as she moaning  
rocks,  
What is it she clasps? Such an  
icy thing.  
Can this be the mother and babe  
who laughed  
In the sunny room, with the  
warmth of spring?  
And this—this bundle of bloat and  
shame  
That tumbles in, through the  
broken door,  
With muttered curse and maudlin  
song—  
Have we ever seen it—this thing—  
before?

The woman shrinks from the reeling  
form,  
And, shuddering, points to the  
bundle white,  
And speaks with a stony, tearless  
woe—  
"Hush, Harold. The baby is dead,  
tonight.  
And I—oh, Harold, the blow you  
struck,  
That murdered baby and broke my  
heart,  
Has done its work—it will not be  
long—  
And baby and I will not sleep  
apart."

In a lonely grave in the Potter's  
field  
They pillowed the head that had  
lost its gold;  
On the silent breast were the white  
hands crossed,  
The baby was clasped in their icy  
fold.  
And the World reeled on, in its dance  
of death—  
Scant time had he o'er the dead  
to weep;  
"I gave her the best I could give,"  
he said—  
"What matter to me, if she failed  
to keep?"

O, I often wonder, and question.  
Why?  
Does the golden head, with its  
dreams uncrowned,  
Wear whiter robes, in the world  
above,  
Than she who lies in the pauper  
ground?  
Does the simple hearted, who only  
plucked  
Earth's roses steeped in the morn-  
ing dew,  
Share sweeter draughts of the Sa-  
vior's love  
That she whose chalice was  
brimmed with rue?  
—Helen Watts McVey in Word and  
Works.

## The School as Bad as the Factory

The cry raised against child sla-  
very, says Health Culture, should not  
be directed against the mills and fac-  
tories alone; there is no doubt but  
that the slavery of the school room  
is quite as, if not more destructive  
than the slavery of the factory. A  
recent commission has found that  
12,000,000 school children in the  
United States have physical troubles  
that retard or deflect their mental  
and moral development. Whether or  
not these figures are statistically cor-  
rect, the real conditions are deplora-  
ble. A means must be found to cor-  
rect the condition that the health  
boards know to exist, and that they

are trying to cure. The parents sin  
against the children through igno-  
rance; they are slow to believe that,  
where no external evidence of dis-  
order exists, there is anything wrong  
with the health of the family.

## Housekeeping Helps

Here is an excellent preparation  
for cleaning furniture: To a quart  
bottle nearly full of warm water, add  
a tablespoonful of alcohol and a  
tablespoonful of olive oil; shake thor-  
oughly until well mixed, and use  
plentifully in cleaning the furniture;  
rub well with a dry flannel after ap-  
plying, and it will remove all soil.

For cane-seated chairs that have  
become darkened, use a solution of  
oxalic acid and water—a teaspoonful  
of the acid to a quart of water. Scrub  
the furniture hard with this mixture,  
using a stiff brush, rinse immediately  
with clean water to prevent the action  
of the acid on the cane, and the color  
will be restored, with the seat tight-  
ened.

To clean upholstered furniture,  
cover the material with a towel and  
whip with a rattan; then brush the  
upholstered parts very hard, and  
wipe quickly with a cloth wrung out  
of clear hot water. Follow this with  
a clean white flannel dipped in alco-  
hol. As soon as the flannel shows  
dirt, wash clean in tepid water; if  
this is not done, the alcohol will  
dissolve the dirt and deposit it in  
streaks on the surface of the fabric.  
Clear alcohol lightly used with the  
flannel wrung as dry as possible will  
not hurt the most delicate fabric.

## Some Reminders

If you have kept your windows and  
doors open, living as much as pos-  
sible in the fresh, clean air all sum-  
mer, night as well as day, you know  
how extremely disagreeable you felt  
if shut up in a room that lacked  
ventilation. Remember this, now  
that the cool nights are coming on,  
and do not hasten to close up the  
windows. If they must be closed,  
arrange for ventilation in some other  
way. Do breath clean air.

We are often reminded that the  
city people sleep with closed doors  
and windows; but this is in part a  
necessity, because of night prowlers  
and thieves that "break in and steal."  
Closed doors and barred windows are  
almost a necessity in the large cities.  
But some means should be supplied  
for the admission of fresh air, and  
the out-flow of the foul atmosphere  
of the in-doors. Architects should  
supply these ventilators, and it could  
be done, if those who are building  
would insist on the arrangements.  
Even a stove-pipe hole is better than  
nothing.

The deep breathing of pure, fresh  
air will warm one up quicker than  
hugging a stove or hovering over a  
register. Plenty of fresh, clean air  
is cheaper than coal, and costs noth-  
ing but its admission and the re-  
moval of the foul air. The "furnace  
within" beats the hot-air or steam  
pipes.

Many doctors, who are supposed to  
make a life study of healing the ail-  
ing, live, with their families in hot,  
stuffy rooms that are a disgrace to  
civilization, and among their patients,  
ignore the most powerful remedy on  
earth, for some worthless or death-  
dealing drug, destroying the little  
vitality left to the victim of atmos-  
pheric poison. Begin now, to arrange  
for a full supply of fresh air, even if  
less coal must be ordered. Fix up

for the fuel that keeps the internal  
furnace in good repair. See that  
there is a sufficiency of it, and de-  
pend less on the furnace in the base-  
ment.

## Gleanings From the Family Doctor

The god on whose altar is offered  
up the bodies, money, thought, effort  
and happiness of this world is  
Fashion. Man, woman and child  
pays tithes, but only the family  
physician sees the pitiful sacrifice of  
lives, the desecrated bodies, the  
maimed children, and the wrecked  
health recklessly exacted to appease  
this modern Moloch.

There are better ways to beauty  
than by lotions and emollients. The  
body is formed to endure strain,  
weight and fatigue; but when the  
strain or weight is put on the wrong  
place, the body weakens, sickens and  
gets ugly. Sooner or later, one must  
pay the penalty for the infringed  
law.

Women are fearfully ignorant as to  
anatomy and the functions of the dif-  
ferent parts of the body, and do  
things through this ignorance that  
are harmful in the highest degree.  
An art course in anatomy would be  
invaluable to women, serving not only  
to instruct as to health, but propor-  
tions and beauty.

All taste in dress that conforms  
not to the highest welfare of the body  
is bad taste, and bad taste is more  
responsible for the made up woman  
than anything else except ignorance.  
The woman who depends on pads  
should first know that she does arti-  
ficially what should be done natu-  
rally; fuller muscles and firmer flesh  
do not grow under pads, but by ex-  
ercise.

While right breathing and think-  
ing are really physical and mental ex-  
ercises, there are many motions in  
connection with those two that make  
for beauty and joy in living, and  
these, in turn make loving kindness  
and heartfelt affection, as we see this  
beauty in others. All beauty is knit  
together, and real beauty can not be  
put on with pads and powders or lo-  
tions. To attain to beauty one must  
regulate the soul and mind habits,  
breathing, eating, drinking, sleeping,  
bathing, exercising, and there must  
be a conscious willingness to trust to  
nature and life as being able to re-  
store. We must be willing to be our  
own, true selves, not some one else.—  
Health Culture.

## Sitting Correctly

Did you ever notice how your chil-  
dren sit in their chairs? If not, just  
notice it now as they gather around  
the family table, or in your presence.  
Perhaps you do not know how to sit  
gracefully, yourself. Try this, and  
teach the children to try it: On sit-  
ting down, see that your hips are  
brought no further forward than your  
shoulders when you are in an upright  
position. Get the hips as far back in  
the chair as possible, and settle firmly  
there. It is not necessary to "throw  
your shoulders back," but if you will  
straighten up and inflate your chest,  
and keep the body in the position  
which the filled lungs give to it, you  
will find that your shoulders fall into  
line, and that you find much comfort  
in it. Keep the body as straight as  
possible, with the head well up. You  
can bend forward or sideways, and in  
leaning back, you should lean with  
your shoulders, and head, keeping  
the spine straight. In this position  
you will find you can work easier and  
with less fatigue than in any other,  
because the body is braced and sup-  
ported by the backbone. See that  
the children do not "sit on the end  
of the backbone," making a "frog-  
back" of their spine. Do not lounge,  
yourself, nor allow your children to  
lounge. Keep the chest well up, hold-  
ing it in position by the chest muscles.  
It will be a little hard at first, but