

## Home Department.



### Little Boy Blue.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,  
But sturdy and stanch he stands;  
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket moulds in his hands.  
Time was when the little toy dog was new  
And the soldier was passing fair,  
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue  
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go till I come," he said,  
"And don't you make any noise!"  
So toddling off to his trundle-bed,  
He dreamed of the pretty toys.  
And as he was dreaming, an angel song  
Awakened our Little Boy Blue—  
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,  
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place,  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
The smile of a little face.  
And they wonder, as waiting these long years  
through,  
In the dust of that little chair,  
What has become of our Little Boy Blue  
Since he kissed them and put them there.  
—Eugene Field.

### The Holstein Won.

It is often asserted that the Jersey is better than the Holstein for dairy purposes, but in a contest conducted at the Nebraska state fair the prize was awarded to J. C. Doubt of University Place, Neb., whose Holstein cow, "Sharon Queen," showed 3.4 pounds of butter fat to 87 pounds of milk.

### In Norway.

The young men of Norway are jubilant over a law lately passed in that country providing that in future any woman who desires to get married must present to the proper authorities a certificate showing that she is skilled in the arts of cooking, sewing, knitting, and embroidering. The young women are wondering why no certificates are to be required from men which shall prove that they are able to support their wives.

### Rye Muffins.

As the mornings grow cool corn and rye muffins and griddle cakes will be acceptable at breakfast. The round iron pans make a good-shaped muffin and are better for pop-overs than the oblong form; therefore, when buying a new muffin iron, select the round pans, which are grouped eleven together for convenience.

A rule not new perhaps to old cooks, but safe to recommend to the beginners, is as follows: Set the iron pans on the top of the range to heat. Measure one cup of rye meal after sifting; add one cup of sifted flour, one-quarter cup of sugar, one-half level teaspoon of salt, and three and a half level teaspoons of baking powder. Sift all together. Beat one egg, add one cup of milk, and turn into the dry ingredients. Beat two minutes. Butter the pans, using either a small brush kept for the purpose or a piece of manilla paper, folded. Fill the pans two-thirds full in depth, but which is really but one-half full, as the pans flare somewhat. Bake in a hot oven twenty-five minutes, when the muffins should be a little above the top of the pans and risen evenly to the center.—Alice E. Whitaker, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

### Mistakes of Women.

One of the mistakes of women is in not knowing how to eat. If a man is not fed when she is, she thinks a cup of tea or anything handy is good enough. If she needs to save money, she

does it at the butcher's cost. If she is busy, she will not waste time in eating. If she is unhappy, she goes without food. A man eats if the sheriff is at the door, if his work drives, if the undertaker interrupts; and he is right. A woman will choose ice cream instead of beefsteak, and a man will not.

Another of her mistakes is in not knowing when to rest. If she is tired, she may sit down, but she will darn stockings, crochet shawls, embroider dollies. She doesn't know that hard work tires. If she is exhausted, she will write letters, figure her accounts. She would laugh at you if you hinted that reading or writing could fail to rest her. All over the country women's hospitals flourish because women do not know when to rest.

Another mistake on the list is their constant worrying. Worry and hurry are their enemies, and yet they hug them to their bosoms. Women cross bridges before they come to them, and even build bridges. They imagine misfortune and run out to meet it.

Women are not jolly enough. They make too serious business of life, and laugh at its little humors too seldom. Men can stop in the midst of perplexities and have a hearty laugh. And it keeps them young. Women cannot, and that is one reason why they fade so early—there are other reasons, but we will pass them now. Worry not only wrinkles the face, but it wrinkles and withers the mind. Have a hearty laugh once in a while; it is a good antiseptic and will purify the mental atmosphere, drive away evil imaginings, bad temper and other ills.—Buffalo Times.

### About the Baby.

When the days grow colder don't wrap the baby up in two or three shawls and then wonder why it sneezes at every breath.

Let it get accustomed to have no blankets or shawl about it, and it will soon be able to withstand slight changes of temperature.

If not warm enough, add another long-sleeved shirt, but do not wrap it up and keep it from the pure air.

When extra warmth is needed to relieve colic, a simple plan is the warming by means of an inverted hot saucer wrapped in flannel and placed over the abdomen. This remedy will quickly give relief.

Apply warm clothes to the feet and abdomen if there is a severe spell of crying that cannot be hushed, and try giving a little hot water. This external application of warmth is often better than the customary doses of peppermint, etc.

But whatever is done for the crying spell, don't feed the baby to quiet it, unless it is hungry. It is distressing at times to sit and see the milk forced through the lips of a fretting baby in the foolish imagination that it must be hungry to cry so.

Much depends upon the regularity of an infant's time of taking nourishment, yet few seem to realize this.

The shortest time between meals should not be less than an hour and a half—better two hours.

But the important thing is to give the nourishment regularly; whatever time is chosen, do not shorten it because the baby is fretful. Remember that very often it is water and not food that is needed to stop the peevishness of the thirsty little mite of humanity.—Farmers' Advocate.

### Favorite Names.

The favorite women's names in the thirteenth century were Alice, Agnes, and Matilda. There is scarcely a village where these do not appear repeatedly. Some of the most familiar names in modern times, however, seem to have been but little used. Out of 100 women who were so unfortunate as to be mentioned in the rolls for one reason or another, and whose names have been counted, but two had our favorite beautiful name

of Mary and there was but one Margaret. On the other hand, Isabella, Juliana, Cecilia, and Petronilla seem rather high sounding for medieval peasants, but they were common enough. There is an occasional Euphonious and not infrequent Muriel or Alice and Botild, Alvena, Estrild, Edith and the like testify to the Saxon origin.—Denver Field and Farm.

### He Backed Out.

A woman having a farm home to look after and three hired men to board, finding it extremely difficult to secure needed help in the house, worked up a nice little scheme with one of the hired men. The plan was for him to get married and live in a tenant house on the farm and he and his wife to board the other hired help. The woman found a nice girl for him and the deal looked as though it would go through, when one day the young man said to the woman: "I'd like to accommodate you, but I just dasn't take the risk."—Denver Field and Farm.

### Looking Out for Mother.

One matter which all young girls should consider, which is perhaps almost hackneyed and yet never unnecessary, is the question of reverence, all that is implied by the injunction to honor our parents. To honor them is not only to obey them; it goes farther and deeper than mere obedience.

You cannot possibly understand the love that your mother bears you; it is a law of nature that you should not understand. It is like no other love; peculiarly interwoven with every fibre of her being, not to be comprehended by any daughter of you all until the day when you perhaps hold your own children in your arms. You must take it on trust. But remember that this love of hers makes her acutely conscious of every touch of hardness and coldness in your voice; she misses the kiss that you are in too great a hurry to bestow; she winces at the argumentative voice with which you labor to get your own way; she dreads unspeakably to lose your affection and respect. Do not begrudge the tender word, the long caress, even if you feel a little impatient of it all the while. You will long for it with a heartsick longing when it can never be yours again. And remember that hardness is one of the faults of youth; you should strive against it as much as you strive against your faults of bad temper, or inaccuracy, or sloth. Be hard on yourself if you like; that will not hurt you. But you may regret it all your life that you have been hard on anybody else.—The Watchman.

### Just Be Glad.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't  
Worry so!  
What we've missed of calm, we couldn't  
Have, you know!  
What we've met of stormy pain,  
And of sorrow's driving rain,  
We can better meet again,  
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour  
We have known,  
When the tears fell with the shower,  
All alone—  
Were not shine and shower blent  
As the gracious Master meant?  
Let us temper our content  
With His own.

For we know not every morrow  
Can be sad;  
So, forgetting all the sorrow  
We have had,  
Let us fold away our fears,  
And put by our foolish tears,  
And through all the coming years  
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.