

The Home Department.

The Woman Who Worried.

Let me sing you a song of a woman I knew,
Who always was flurried and hurried;
Don't ask me her name, if it's all the same,
Just call her "The Woman Who Worried."

There was ever the battle with rust and moth,
For moths were slyer than foxes;
And so, poor thing, she spent all the spring,
Putting things into bundles and boxes.

She worried at morn and she worried at noon,
And worried when night descended,
For without some hurry and without some worry
The day hadn't been well ended.

And she'd carry her burden of household cares
Till sleep put an end to her labors;
And the dog ran away, and he went to stay,
And the cat went to live at a neighbor's.

And the children stayed out of doors when they could,
For mother was always hurried,
And noise and dirt were the things that hurt
The woman who worried and worried.

And her face grew long, and peaked, and thin,
And she once was a beauty, they said;
But she worries no more—there was crape on the door,
For the woman who worried was dead.

And her husband married again—he did,
And never before had he hurried;
But looking around a woman he found,
A woman who never had worried.
Moral—Don't worry.
—Jeanette La Flamboy, in Farm Journal.

Starting the Seedlings.

To start flower seeds indoors, procure boxes about 3 inches deep, fill nearly full of good garden soil, well pulverized, level the surface and sprinkle on the seeds. Then cover carefully with fine soil or soil and fine sand mixed. Sprinkle or sift the soil on, watching to see that the seeds are not buried too deep. Fine seeds should be only barely covered from sight. Then with a smooth bit of board, or small box, press down firmly on the soil, making it smooth and even. Sprinkle carefully; it is better if you can put on the water in spray the first time. Set the boxes in a moderately warm place away from the sunshine till the young plants begin to appear, watching carefully that the soil does not get dry.

As soon as seed germinate, set the boxes in a sunny window. Watch closely for the first few days, not allowing the soil to become dry on top till the tiny roots have got a good hold. See that the little plants get

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plenty of air and sunshine and do not over water. Transplant before they become crowded. Observe these directions and they will not "damp off," that is, tip over and die when small with no apparent cause. This trouble is caused by overwatering, a hot, close atmosphere and overcrowded condition of the plants. If the trouble appears, transplant at once. If you do not do that, give plants more air and let them become as dry as possible without wilting. Then water sparingly.—W. F. Heath, in Farm and Home.

Concerning Carpets.

"Well," remarked Mrs. Modern, "when I build my new house, I'll have hard wood floors and do away with carpets. Then house cleaning will cease to be a terror. With rugs, which may be taken up every week, half the trouble of life is lifted from one's shoulders."

"I like a carpet," said Madame Old-School, plaintively. "It's warm, it's soft, it's decorative, and it shows the money it cost. No slippery floors and scrappy rugs for me, if you please."

The daughter, just from boarding-school, looked up from the plate she was painting for her mother's birthday gift. "I'd rather have a rag carpet than the finest Axminster ever woven. A rag carpet sewed at home and woven on a hand loom. It's pretty and artistic."

"I hate that word artistic," said Madame Old-School, with emphasis. "It's a rubbishy word."

Mrs. Modern pensively smiled. "When I build my house, I'll need no carpets. While I hire, I must have them to conceal the poor floors. But I draw the line at geometrical designs and wreaths of flowers. My carpets are all-over patterns, wood color or moss color or even mud color, and they make a good, harmonious groundwork for my rooms, and if Millicent wants a rag carpet for her own chamber, there is no objection."

"We shall never think alike," said she of the Old-School.—Christian Herald.

A Bubble Party.

An in-door bubble party for the little folks is most exhilarating and ever so jolly. Decorate the invitations with an outline picture of a clay pipe and a few bubbles, or the drawings may be omitted and the invitations written upon cardboard cut in the shape of a pipe. Have your bubbles in the kitchen by all means. If the suds be properly prepared the bubbles will bound and rebound on a piece of woolen carpet or on a shawl; will float to the ceiling or will rest, fairy-like, on the shoulders of the little boys and girls. Very little preparation for the party is necessary. Purchase a clay pipe for each expected little guest—and an extra half dozen or more for the "Heedless Johnnies." In the thrilling excitement of watching the bubbles float skyward, the pipes are apt to be mislaid and broken. Instead of large receptacles for the suds have an oatmeal dish or a small milk-bowl for each child, and have the happy little host or hostess receive and present the pipes as the children arrive. When the bubble-blowing has been fairly started, a series of bubble battles may be fought on the piece of carpet or shawl. It is great fun for the onlookers as well as for those taking part in the game. The quaint little faces puffing themselves into caricatures, and the big bubbles, obedient to the human breezes, bounding and rebounding over the woolen

surface, make a pretty picture. If the big brother or sister be quick enough, and has been provident, she may get a flashlight picture worth treasuring.

To Make Suds for Bubbles.—To one quart of warm soft water add five ounces of soap shavings; use red and white castile. Stir well and add slowly one ounce of glycerine. Seal, and let stand twenty-four hours.—Gertrude Burrows Ehlers, in American Mother.

MR. HILL'S ATTACK.

(Continued from Page Seven.)

pression of violence, and the due maintenance of the proper authority of the general government against domestic resistance—which appeal so strongly to the American heart and conscience—but this vague, unfortunate, and ill-advised plank—under the peculiar circumstances existing—gave the opposition an advantage which they readily utilized, and thereby added to the burdens of an already overburdened and severely handicapped party. No pretext or excuse should have been afforded the republicans for making against the democracy the cruel charge of countenancing anarchism and lawlessness.

Sixth—LIFE TENURE IN THE PUBLIC SERVICE. This plank as reported from the sub-committee on resolutions, as presented and read in the convention, as discussed by those who debated the platform, as adopted by the convention itself, and as published in all the newspapers at the time, was as follows: "We are opposed to life tenure in the public service." There is no evidence that it was ever duly or lawfully changed. Shortly before the election, however, it appeared in the "Democratic Campaign Book," prepared by Hon. Benton McMillan of Tennessee and promulgated under the authority of the national committee, with the words "except as provided in the constitution" added thereto. When, where, how, and why these words were interpolated does not appear.

This much is clear—the plank in its original form had never been recognized as democratic doctrine. No previous platform in the whole history of the party had ever sanctioned such a position. Life tenure for our federal judges had been established in the constitution by our patriotic forefathers, and there never was any demand for a change—at least none on the part of democrats. It was an undesirable and troublesome issue to champion, with no intelligent public sentiment in its support. Neither do the disputed or additional words, which seem to have been added without the authority of the convention, make the plank acceptable, but rather make it ridiculous. When it is remembered that there are no civil officials in the public service absolutely possessing a life tenure excepting judicial officers provided for in the constitution, the declaration of opposition to all life (Continued on Page Nine.)

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