

## THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

### The Message From Judea.

Across the years and distance wide,  
Across the continent and the main,  
Through all the changes that divide,  
The message comes to us again

Of Him, who, midst the accusing band  
That stood the erring one before,  
Stooped down and wrote with sinless  
hand  
His law to sinners: Sin no more.

Oh, firmer than the sculptured stone  
That sacred message ever stands—  
The one line writ by Him alone,  
Eternal in the shifting sands.

Eternal, though the trampled mould  
Had but a single hour sufficed  
Within its fading shape to hold  
The message of the living Christ.

For glad tongues spread it far and  
wide,  
And told it o'er and o'er again;  
And thus it ever shall abide  
Engraven in the hearts of men.

He loved not sin, yet he forgave  
The doer of the deed abhorred;  
His justice lifted hands to save,  
Not menaced with the glittering  
sword.

In laws of love he did descry  
Our frail humanity's best hope;  
Not in the rule of eye for eye—  
Not in the axe, the stake, the rope.

Oh ye who take Christ's name, yet fear  
To follow where he led the way,  
Why should you doubt his precepts  
clear  
For guidance in your little day?

Think well, amidst your fear or wrath,  
If Christ were with you now, as then,  
Would he approve the doom of death  
Invoked upon your fellow-men?

Oh, if indeed to do his will  
And walk his ways be your desire,  
Seek not to make his good an ill,  
Mercy a cheat, and Christ a liar.

If wrong could ever right a wrong,  
Or life could be by death restored,  
How had the ills the centuries through  
Been banished from Thy earth, O,  
Lord!

Oh, listen to the gentler voice  
That bids all hate and violence cease,  
And trust sad earth may yet rejoice  
Within the blessed reign of peace.  
—Francis Fisher Browne, in *The Dial*.

### A Place For Everything.

One of the greatest trials the tidy housewife is called upon to undergo is the presence in the home of the disorderly person—the person who, literally, has a place for everything, said place being generally wherever the "thing" happens to fall, to be tossed off or tumbled down. From attic to cellar, from front porch to back gate, this person leaves a trail of careless and slovenly disorder, which greatly increases the work and inconvenience of every one about the premises.

That the disorderly person was "born so" is no excuse, because a taste for neatness and a habit of putting things away properly can be acquired by even the most poorly endowed in this respect; and it is really far less trouble to do everything well than to do a few things very badly. The busiest person always has the most "time" because such a person must be systematic and painstaking in having everything in its own individual place, in order to successfully meet the elements upon his or her strength and time.

I know we see a great deal of "advice to mothers" upon this subject, and sometimes we do get so tired of

having all the responsibility thrown upon us; but, after all, it is the mother who must take it upon herself to encourage in the coming man or woman and latent talent for tidiness and systematic habits. The mother may, herself, be lacking in this particular, but if she is conscientious and observing she will see that the little feet follow hers, the little eyes see as hers do, and the little hands copy after her work, and she will thus see the necessity of greater endeavor upon her own part to keep everything in the very neatest order her strength will allow.

And in this work she may be greatly helped by leading the little one along, teaching it this step, training it in that, insisting upon it thinking for itself, and showing how greatly the work is facilitated by doing everything, even the most trifling, in the best manner possible. A good little bundle of patience and persistence will be required, but we are always patient with anything we love, and we do love the little, helpless things, and even patience and persistence in ourselves may be acquired if we will it to be.

There are many little, inexpensive conveniences easily made, and the constant use of which will tend greatly to establish habits of order and neatness even in the most slovenly. It is only necessary to use the brains a great deal and the hands a little. A shelf here and there, a row of hooks, shoe pockets tacked upon the doors, inside of closets, wall pockets in convenient places, paper racks, boxes neatly covered with paper or calico, with lids hinged on, and the hundreds of little contrivances which will suggest themselves to the orderly house-mother, will save much time and labor, and help to establish habits of neatness in the family from largest to least.

Insist upon use being made of these: never allow anything to be stuffed away in haste; the untidiness will make itself manifest just at the wrong time, or the article will be wanted and cannot be found without a prodigious waste of time and temper. Do not allow the boy, when he comes in, to throw his cap in "any old corner," kick his shoes and stockings under the table, toss his coat on top of it, and dump his school-bag into the only easy chair in the room. Do not let the lassie add her belongings to the reigning confusion of scattered garments, and do not allow the boy to go out to play while you insist on the girl doing the "straightening up" for both. The boy must be taught to care for his own. Do not allow a half dozen garments hung upon one hook, even on two, in any haphazard manner, while the other half-dozen are thrown down on the closet floor to swell the already disorderly heap of shoes, stockings, rubbers, handkerchiefs, collars, laces, blacking brushes, etc. It will take far less time to hang them up properly, put them away in the boxes, wall pockets, shelves, and drawers, than it will to hunt them out of the tumbled mass when wanted.

I would like to say a word about "John;" but guess I better hold my peace, only if "John's" mother had made John "behave himself," when a small boy, even if she had to enforce her endeavors with a slim, tough hickory switch, John's wife would not get so discouraged about the children.—Helen Watts McVey.

### President Garfield's Advice.

"Let me beg of you in the outset of your career, to dismiss from your minds all idea of succeeding by luck. There is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one that by and by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. No, young gentlemen, things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns

them up. Inertia is one of the indispensable laws of matter, and things lie flat where they are until they are endowed with activity and life. Luck is an ignis fatuus. You may follow it to your ruin, but not to success. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck. Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs, young gentlemen. If you expect to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth the having unless you fight for it. Whenever you win in life, you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of yourself."

### The Up-to-Date Baby.

It isn't correct any more to have things daintily pretty for the new-born baby just in order to have them daintily pretty. It is no longer the proper thing to swathe the little body in yards and yards of muslin and lace and put him to bed in billows of down and silk perfumed with rose or violet. Up-to-date mothers no longer vie with each other on the point of delicate elaboration. They do not vie at all any more. Their one object is to make everything as sanitary and comfortable as possible for the newcomer. Sometimes they give a sigh for the pretty bow or frill of lace, but after all, everything in the new fashion looks so clean and sensible and wholesome they come to see the other was only a perverted taste, and take no pleasure in it. Things have advanced in the last few years. The nursery is one of them.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

### The Emergency Shelf.

The first time my husband walked in with three extra people for dinner nearly brought me to the verge of nervous prostration. My dinner, already cooked, consisted of four lamb chops, six potatoes and two cups of custard. It meant a scramble and a polite refusal of every dish on the table by my husband and myself. After that day I added what I called an emergency shelf to my pantry. On the shelf will be found one bottle of salad dressing, one can of lobster, one can of salmon, one can of deviled ham, three cans of assorted soups, several bottles of fancy pickles and a package of banquet wafers. Canned vegetables are of course a necessity. As soon as anything is used, replace it at once. The housekeeper who once starts an emergency shelf will never let it drop out of the pantry. She is amply repaid by having friends say they always are certain she is prepared for company. Chopped celery ready for a salad, can also be added; it makes a nice addition to the list, as salads are generally liked by all people.—*Good Housekeeping*.

### Defamers of the Army.

A curious reversal of positions has been brought about by the puerile attempts of small-bore politicians in congress to divert attention from the real issue in the Philippine debate with mere noise and bombast about the sanctity of the uniform of a hired fighting man.

From denial that any cruelties have been inflicted by soldiers upon the Filipinos, these vociferous patriots have been driven by indisputable proof of the charges into worse than foolish attempts to excuse and justify acts of brutality for which the perpetrators have been placed in jeopardy of their lives before military tribunals.

The defenders and apologists for Gen. Jake Smith, not those who have exposed and condemned his methods of "benevolent assimilation," are seeking to place responsibility for proved atrocities upon the army as a whole. If the army has been defamed—and apparently it has been—the defama-



It is a great affliction for a woman to have her face disfigured by pimples or any form of eruptive disease. It makes her morbid and sensitive, and robs her of social enjoyment. Disfiguring eruptions are caused by impure blood, and are entirely cured by the great blood-purifying medicine—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It removes from the blood the poisonous impurities which cause disease. It perfectly and permanently cures scrofulous sores, eczema, tetter, boils, pimples and other eruptive diseases which are caused by the blood's impurity. It increases the action of the blood-making glands and thus increases the supply of pure rich blood.

"For about one year and a half my face was very badly broken out," writes Miss Carrie Adams, of 116 West Main Street, Battlecreek, Mich. "I spent a great deal of money with doctors and for different kinds of medicine, but received no benefit. At last I read one of your advertisements in a paper, and obtained a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Before I had taken one bottle of this medicine I noticed a change, and after taking three bottles I was entirely cured. I can well recommend Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to any one similarly afflicted."

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tion lies in the interpretation of denunciation of men like Smith into attacks upon the military body.

When the defenders of "Hell Roaring Jake" sought to justify his monstrous order by comparing the devastation of Samar with fire and sword to the operations of Sherman and Sheridan during the civil war, they committed the crowning folly and changed places with the bitterest of the "unreconstructed" relics of the confederacy.

It was a southerner, the son of a confederate soldier, who resented with indignation the attack of scatter-brained republicans upon two of the great heroes of the union army. It was left to Representative Williams, of Mississippi, to remind these amazing blunderers that there was no murder in the war waged by Sherman and Sheridan, that no southern woman was harmed or insulted, that there was no killing of ten-year-old children, no water cure, no barbarity in the civil war.

The intelligence of the party leaders is discredited by their failure to close the mouths of republican congressmen who stupidly refuse to take from the president the cue that "nothing can excuse or will be held to excuse any cruelty in the treatment of the natives of the islands by members of the American military forces." The only way to preserve the honor of the army is to expel from the army every man who disgraces his uniform.—*Philadelphia North American* (rep.).

### Nails For the Coffin Lid.

The democratic party is getting ready for an assault on the walls of special privileges that will force something to give way. Back of the demand for tariff revision and trust regulation will be found the people. And every one of them will have a hammer and a handful of nails to help nail down the lid of that coffin.—*Toledo Bee*.