

## ....The Home Department....

### To My Only Son.

Do you know that your soul  
Is of my soul such part  
That you seem to be fibre and  
Strength of my heart?  
None other can praise me,  
As you, dear, can do;  
None other can please me,  
Or pain me, as you.  
Remember, the world will be

Quick with its blame,  
If shadow, or stain ever  
Darken your name.  
"Like mother, like son,"  
Is a saying so true,  
The world will judge largely  
Of mother, through you.

Be yours, then, the task—  
If a task it shall be—  
To force this proud world  
To do homage to me;  
Be sure it will say,  
When its verdict you've won—  
"She reaps as she sowed—  
For this man is her son."

### Mother's Influence.

A gentleman, visiting at a home where the "house is divided against itself" politically—the host being strongly republican, while the hostess is strongly democratic—seeing a handsome lad of ten years playing upon the lawn, called to him:

"Hey, Johnnie, what ticket are you going to vote when you are a man?"

The boy, cap in hand, casting a glance of affectionate pride at his mother, answered, smiling:

"Mamma says I am a man now; but when I get old enough, I shall vote the democratic ticket."

"The d—dickens you will!" exclaimed his father. "That's his mother, now, My dear," turning to his wife, "since when have you constituted yourself political tutor to my son?"

The mother answered sweetly: "I have been attending to the education of my son a little over ten years."

"Well," said the father, "I'll take a hand in his education myself in a few years, and then he'll sing another tune."

"You forget the old adage about 'training up a child in the way he should go,' etc.," replied the mother.

And that sets one to thinking. It is said that the men of the nation are what their mothers make them, as a rule. The home takes its cue and hue from her, and if a woman is, in its best sense, womanly—if she is true, loving, courageous, patient, wise and tender—she, consciously and unconsciously, organizes and puts in operation a set of influences that do more to mould the destiny of nations than any man, uncrowned with exceptional powers as a leader and worker, can possibly hope to effect. She it is to whom is given the unwritten tablets—the impressionable minds of little confiding children. To her it is given to write the first lessons, to awaken the first ideas. She colors them indelibly with her own. If she keeps herself always an ideal to her children, as a wise and loving mother may, her influences follow them, even when they are merged into manhood and womanhood; even when they are swallowed up in the whirlpool of active life, and her teachings are never forgotten; the ideals she has held up before their childish eyes are vested with a sacredness of which nothing can despoil them. The voice with which men speak, in the expression of power is the voice of the mother who bore them.

There is nothing more potent than this. There is no possible way in which women can, so surely, extend and intensify their influences and pow-

er, or make them felt in so great a measure upon the moral and social questions of the day, as by carefully and wisely rearing honorable, close-thinking, broad-minded sons and daughters. This is the highest duty—the greatest distinction conferred upon any one in this world, and woman alone was deemed worthy of the work, when God set her in the home as its queen.

For this work, then, she must prepare herself by enlarging every virtue, eliminating every vice. She cannot hope to wear the vestments of high priestess over a vicious heart of a besotted mind. She must learn to rise above the "taking of endless thought for the ignoble tomorrow;" to hold herself above vulgar interests and mean details. She must rise above neighborhood gossip and petty meannesses, and by holding up to her own eyes grander and purer ideals, she will come to see that "the life is more than meat, and the body greater than raiment."

### Game of "Forced Laugh."

This is a game the little folks will enjoy; it has been known to amuse the grown-up children, too. Have your players seated about a table. One begins by exclaiming "Ha!" The next repeats it, followed by the others, "ha! ha! ha," one after another, in quick succession till it becomes so comical that the game winds up in everybody being convulsed with laughter in good earnest.

### Green Tomato Catsup.

One peck of nice green tomatoes, six red peppers—1 teaspoonful of cayenne may be used instead—four tablespoonfuls each of salt and ground black pepper, one tablespoonful each of ground cloves, ground mustard, and ground allspice, two quarts of sharp vinegar. Run the tomatoes and peppers through a chopper or sausage mill, if you have one; if not, chop finely with chopping knife; cook in vinegar until soft, strain, add spices and cook slowly five hours, or until the required thickness. When cool, put into bottles or cans, and seal.

### Little Helps.

Try coating fresh eggs with a solution of liquid glass, or immersing them in lime water, or coating them with vaseline in order to keep them into winter.

Warts may be treated with a mixture of equal parts of tincture of iodine and acetic acid. One drop night and morning will gradually effect a cure, but it must be applied to the hard skin only, and not allowed to spread to the surrounding flesh.

The habit of biting the nails should be checked by dipping the fingers into some harmless, bitter stuff. Besides disfiguring the finger ends, these sharp fragments of the nail lodging in the mucus membranes create gastralgia and chronic tonsillitis. It is a habit due to nervousness.

Peelings from lemons and oranges should be thrown into cold water, placed on the stove and when they come to a boil, strain the water off and cover again with cold water, and let boil for fifteen minutes. Make a syrup of sugar and water, put the peelings in this, and boil until transparent. Roll in sugar, place on a plate and dry in gentle heat. This is fine for fruit cake.

It is said that only earthen ware or porcelain should be used in making

coffee. In using metal, there is an inky substance present, due to the chemical action of the coffee upon the metal, which is injurious to the stomach.

### Caring for Baby

When the first baby makes its appearance in the home, the young husband steps about with an air of added importance, and the pale little mother smiles through her pain, declaring that "Baby looks just like its papa," while "papa" is very sure its eyes and hair must be inherited from its mamma. It is a critical time, however, for baby, unless there is some dear, experienced, tender-handed grandma on hand to see that it gets its deserts. Too often it gets anything but its rights, and much suffering is caused thereby.

An ignorant nurse will first wash it; then some spirits is rubbed upon its little bald head, a cap, and some flannels, with two or three very tightly drawn bands, are put on it. Now, it must take something—a little diluted whisky, or salts, or molasses mixed with water, is poured down its delicate throat; then it must have some physic—a little castor oil; then a little "baby soup" is mixed up, and follows the oil, and then it is put to bed to sleep.

But it does not sleep; it frets and cries; then, something else must be done, so a dose of paregoric or soothing syrup is given, and, like as not, it swoons away under the influence of the narcotic, and away they go for the doctor, and when he arrives, it requires great skill to undo the harm their reckless interference with nature has done. It don't help the baby to say it was done in kindness.

But grandma will tell you that baby needs no oil or salts or whisky or molasses or soup. With her tender hands she will wash the little body in a little soft, luke warm water, and the finest of soap, using a little glycerine, rubbing it over the body to dissolve the oil particles, wash it off quickly and dry the skin with a very soft cloth; fasten on its clothing loosely, use no cap, but wrap it in the softest of flannels, and, if mamma can bear it, lay it on her breast for its first nourishment. If nature has not yet furnished a supply, it will not starve—do not feed it. The first supply of milk from her is better than any medicine.

It will not matter if the child does not get anything for the first thirty-six hours. Providence intended that the supply should be scant for the first two or three days. No babe ever died for want of food the first two days of its life; but hundreds have been killed by dosing and drugging. If the mother does not furnish the natural supply within three or four days, supply the nourishment with food prepared according to your physician's directions.

In some cases, the mother's milk is impoverished, and the child is always hungry and fretful. Take a little good bread, sago or arrow-root and simmer in water until quite smooth, then add pure milk to the proper thickness, sweeten very little, and feed the child.

Babies are not always hungry when they fret or cry; the cause may be a pin, a tightness of the clothes, or pain; or it may be that they have taken too much nourishment. Exercise common sense in caring for it.

### Baby and the Doctor.

When a child is teething, there is, at times, irritation and fever. If the bowels are relaxed, or the child fretful, or vomits, do not fly to the soothing syrup, paregoric, or laudanum; one drop of laudanum, five drops of paregoric, or half a teaspoonful of soothing syrup have each been known to kill an infant. Use little, simple remedies, the ingredients of which you know, and which are known to be harmless. If these fail, call in your

physician, in case of need.

When the teeth are coming through, do not give it hard substances to bite upon, as this breaks the enamel of the teeth and causes them to decay. The best thing is an india rubber ring; one can be gotten for a few cents at the drug store. Wash it clean, rub it with molasses, and the little one will work upon it with pleasure and safety.

Do not stand it upon its feet too early. If you force it to walk, you run the risk of making its legs crooked. Because one child walks at a certain age is no reason another must.

Do not scare your child about the doctor. To hold up the physician as a great bug-a-boo, or monster of cruelty, who only wants a chance to torture the little one, is not only very unwise, but is very cruel, and worse than foolish. How can the physician, under such circumstances, get at the correct condition of the child, or the nature of its ailment, when the little, frightened thing is trembling, and its pulse flying every way, in an agony of apprehension?

Rather than thus terrify the child with threats of what "the doctor" will do, strive to impress upon its mind that he comes upon a visit of mercy—that he knows how to ease its pain, and will be good to them and make them well again. Then they will trust him, and his examination into their sickness will be much more successful, and their restoration to health more speedy and certain.

### The Good Old Days.

In the early days of the Woman Movement, a woman who had a little smattering of Latin was called a "blue-stocking"—a term so unpopular that women in general were afraid to acknowledge a taste for learning. They were assured that it would "spoil their market," if they were suspected of knowing much of books. Men were exceedingly shy of a "blue-stocking," and women were continually on the watch to report whether there was any neglect of her household, or apparel.

The child-like and book-loving Hannah Adams was the wonder of her day, and an object of general curiosity. When some one asked whether any one had proposed to marry her when she was young, a gentleman replied, in tones of astonishment: "Marry Hannah Adams? Why, I would as soon think of marrying a Greek grammar!" With the increased facilities for education, thousands of girls now have more learning than Hannah Adams possessed; young men find them much more interesting than Greek grammars. The term "blue-stocking" has become obsolete, and it is no longer singular for women to attain to high education degrees, to write books, and to write them well.

It was thought in olden times that public speaking would be fatal to the usefulness and modesty of women. This, too, has been settled satisfactorily, and many of our most notable women have proven themselves no less at home in the domestic circle than upon the platform in public.

When the matrons of Rome were oppressively taxed, they remonstrated against the injustice, but, finding petitions of no avail, they selected the gifted Hortensia to plead their cause in person before the triumviri, accompanying her in procession to the Forum. Her speech was declared by Appian to have been worthy of Cicero. Owing to the effect her eloquence had upon the assembled populace, the vexed magistrates deemed it prudent to modify their system of taxation. The conservatives of Rome cried shame upon the women who thus overstepped the boundaries of their sex, and ridiculed them, using opprobrious nicknames—"after the manner of men" in the early days of our woman's awakening.

Women of the "clinging vine" type abound, and will continue to abound