



The Home Department

Conducted by
Helen Watts McKee

My Dog.

"Dead!" and my heart died with him.
"Buried!" What love lies there.
Gone, forever and ever,
No longer my life to share!
"Only a dog!" Yes, "only!"
Yet these are bitter tears!
Weary and heartsick and lone,
I turn to the coming years.

Something that always loved me;
Something that I could trust;
Something that cheered and soothed
me,

Is mouldering in the dust.
Gentle and faithful and noble,
Patient and tender and brave,
My pet, my playmate and guardian,
And this is his lonely grave!

I go to my empty chamber,
And linger before the door;
There once was a loving welcome—
I listen for that no more.
I sit by my lonely hearthstone,
And lean my head on my hand;
Oh, the best of my wayward nature
Lies low, with my Newfoundland!

One plank, when the ship was sinking,
In a wild and stormy sea,
One star, when the sky was darkened,
Was the love of my dog to me.
A star that will shine no longer,
A plank that has missed my hand,
And the ship may sail or founder—
No watcher is on the strand!

Oh, well may the Indian hunter
Lie calm on his couch of skins,
When the pain of this world ceases,
And the joy of the next begins.
On the happy hunting prairies,
Under bluer skies beyond,
Will not his steed and watch-dog
To his spirit call respond?

Blue hunting grounds of the red man,
May not I dream the dream?
Surely, my old companion
Awaits till I cross the stream!
Waits, with a faithful yearning,
Almost akin to pain,
Till, in some future heaven,
He bounds to my feet again.
—Mary Francis.

(This beautiful poem was written by the author, Mary Francis, on the death of a favorite Newfoundland dog, in 1857. The author's grief is touchingly expressed in the lines, and she deemed them of such a personal nature that she was averse to their publication. An invalid friend, turning over the leaves of her portfolio, read and admired the poem, and begged permission to copy it. This copy, the author avers, was found after the death of the copyist, and, under the impression that he was the author, was published under his name. The above is the poem, entire, as it was originally written by Mary Francis. The words will appeal to many hearts that have known the loss of the one faithful friend to man.)

The House-Help Question.

The term, servant-girl, has become so nearly synonymous with the words, ignorance and incompetency, that our bright young girls who would really prefer to work in the homes are made to feel an extreme reluctance toward a branch of industry that can promise them only social ostracism and no home privileges to compensate the loss. They go into stores, shops, offices and factories because they have not the moral courage to face the disadvantages attaching to the worker in the household without regard to her mental, moral or physical qualifi-

cations. The "servant" is in too many cases regarded only as a beast of burden, to whom no kind of encouraging word or notice is due, and, no attention is paid to her social needs or advancement. No matter what her abilities, to many employers a servant is a servant, pure and simple, and no claim for consideration, aside from her wages, is for a moment allowed.

To this state of affairs is to be attributed, in great measure, the fact that only the ignorant, incompetent and mentally obtuse girls—those who can get or keep no other situation, are willing to take the name and the place it has degraded. Of course, these are only a "vanity and vexation of spirit," to the distracted housekeeper, and, unfortunately, this incompetent class will not "take telling," no matter how kindly it is done. It is simply a "case of endurance" or doing without, and the latter is often the most satisfactory of the two. Then, it now and then happens that a good, capable, and the mistress, made cautious by though unskilled girl comes along, past experiences, touches lightly on the "telling" part, but works with the girl until she feels that she can at least trust her to do the simplest things, only to find her tired of the place and packing her "things" to go in search of "something better." So she drifts; capable of much, but knowing nothing thoroughly, and finally she marries—ignorant, incapable still, and either learns life's lessons through bitter tears, or degenerates into a slatternly housekeeper, an unwise mother and an unhappy wife.

The domestic education should begin in the home, in the earliest years of the child, boy or girl; its best, most patient teacher is the mother; the need of knowledge is felt here, too, and this can only be remedied by having the girls, the future mothers and housekeepers, thoroughly grounded in housewifely science; this can nowhere better be done than in the training, or cooking courses that might be added to the curriculum and made a part of every public school education. Certainly, one of the most important things in this life is to know how to keep well, and no one can keep health without knowledge of the requirements of the body. Poor cooking leads to sickness and sickness is sin—or a prolific source of it. A healthy person is a happy one, and no one can be either healthy or happy while nursing an outraged stomach.

It is claimed by some that the much ridiculed "cooking school lessons" are not practical; that few homes and kitchens are fitted up with their requirements, in the way of stoves, ovens or utensils; that these cooking school graduates will not attempt to use the old "implements" which have so long and so honorably served the family uses. In many cases, they are not to blame, for the old-time devices of the culinary quarters have little to recommend them, and our good cooks were good in spite of them. It is time the kitchen received its share of labor-saving and hygienic devices, and our inventors certainly are at work in that direction. But if every girl knew the necessary "chemical combinations" for simple dishes which could be prepared even in the most crudely furnished kitchen, it would greatly add to the health and consequent happiness of the partakers. If she always knew the "reason why," and, by a knowledge of kitchen chem-

istry, were able to vary the food combinations with confidence that there would be a minimum of failure and consequent loss, cooking would not be the detested drudgery which it is now regarded as being by too many of our home and housekeepers.

Other means have been tried, and have failed; now let us see what systematic education can do. We are all ready to fall in worship at the feet of the perfect cook, and we have some shining lights ahead of us to which to point our already half-convinced objectors.

House-Cleaning Helps.

Wash grained wood with cold tea, dry, and rub hard with a cloth dipped in linseed oil.

Old newspapers, dampened in water in which a little ammonia has been dropped are excellent for cleaning windows and polishing lamp chimneys.

To remove scratches and bruises from furniture, rub them gently with a fresh walnut, butternut or hickory-nut kernel. The oil in the kernel makes them disappear.

Strong ammonia water and a stout scrubbing brush will cause your old brass to shine like new. Scouring with hot vinegar and salt is also recommended. Wash in clear hot water afterwards, and polish with whiting.

To remove the unsightly marks caused by drippings from faucets in marble basins, or in the water-closet bowl, try pulverized chalk moistened with a few drops of ammonia; apply with an old tooth or nail brush, and they will quickly disappear.

Use a whisk broom to brush off cloth or chenille table covers and to dust out tufted furniture. Keep one near the kitchen sink and brush it out frequently with ammonia and water. Keep one for the kitchen range.

To clean bottles that have held oil, place wood ashes in each bottle and immerse in cold water, heat the water gradually until it boils; after boiling half an hour, let remain in the water until cold, then wash in soapsuds and rinse well in clear water.

For summer there is no better floor covering than matting. It is easily kept clean, and is fresh and neat in appearance. When the floor is covered with matting, rugs are, of course, a necessity, but this does not necessarily mean great expense, as Japanese rugs may be bought as low as \$2 each and many of them are as rich in coloring as the Persian. In taking care of matting, it is not well to wash it often; when it needs brightening, boil together for one hour two quarts of bran and four of water; strain, press all the moisture possible from the bran, add two quarts of cold water and two tablespoonfuls of salt to the strained mixture, wash the matting thoroughly with this, and rub dry with a clean cloth. The salt is to prevent the matting from turning yellow.

Query Box.

Young Mother.—Flannel which has become yellow from use and frequent washing will whiten considerably if left out of doors on a cold night.

W. K.—Oxalic acid, dissolved in hot water, will remove paint spots from window glass. To drive nails easily into hard wood, soap the nails.

Alice.—To renovate your oil cloth, scrub clean with just as little soap (if any) as possible, dry carefully, and varnish with oil cloth varnish, which

will cost you about 50c a pint.

Lottie, Stanbury, Mo.—To prepare oxalic acid for use, put three ounces of the crystals into a bottle with one half pint of water, let dissolve, and it is ready for use. To remove stains, remember that what will remove one kind of stain may leave another kind larger and more distressingly conspicuous, and great care is necessary in the use of acids and other cleansing fluids.

A Reader.—A good polish for a stained floor is beeswax, shredded into enough turpentine to dissolve it. This, also, will help the looks and the wear of your linoleum. Another highly recommended polish is equal parts of sweet oil, vinegar and turpentine. A "stained" floor is not a painted one. For directions for staining floors, see answer to F. L. M.

F. L. M.—To properly stain a floor, some preparation is necessary. First scrub until perfectly clean; when dry, plane down all rough places; for filling cracks and nail holes, make a paste of one pound of flour and three quarts of water, adding a teaspoonful of powdered alum; tear bits of newspaper and soak in the paste, making the mixture about the consistency of soft putty; force this into the cracks and holes with a case knife, or similar instrument, and smooth it level with the boards. Putty may be used, but will cost you more, and this will serve as well. When this filling is hardened, it may be stained or painted to match the floor color. Size the floor wherever it is to be stained, and apply three coats of varnish stain, taking care that each coat is perfectly dry before applying the next. This can be polished with turpentine and beeswax, and will keep good for years.

An Innocent Sufferer.—This recipe is said to be infallible, and we give it on that recommendation: On March 17, all furniture suspected of harboring "the little brown bug" should be thoroughly doctored with any kind of bedbug poison, full strength. You will not be troubled with bugs again until somebody brings you a new supply. Some say the vermin is destroyed because the 17th is good St. Patrick's day, but the real reason is that the bugs are killed before they lay their eggs. Once the eggs are laid, the housekeeper has an all-summer's fight

ASKING QUESTIONS

An Inquiry Changed a Man's Whole Life.

When you get a man to recognize that his bad feelings come from improper food and that he can get well by using scientific food, the battle is half won. One of New York's business men says:—

"I was troubled for a long time with indigestion, headache, and stomach trouble, and had taken various medicines but with no good results. I concluded to see how a change of food would affect me. I never cared particularly for cereals of any kind, but ate meat and pastry continually, and drank coffee.

I found on inquiring, that Grape-Nuts were highly spoken of and decided to give them a trial. To say I was surprised at the result would not begin to do justice to my feelings. My headaches left me; my brain became clearer and active; my attacks of indigestion grew fewer and fewer until they ceased entirely and where I once went home tired, fagged out and indisposed to any exertion whatever, I now found a different state of affairs.

My color was good, my muscles strong and firm and fully equal to anything I asked of them, instead of soft and flabby. I live two miles from my business and walk it daily back and forth, if the weather permits. I am 55 years old and feel as well and strong as when I was 30, and can ride 70 miles a day on a bicycle without feeling any bad results." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.