



# The Home Department

Conducted by  
Helen Watts McKee

## Those Who Wait.

To some 'tis given to stand and wait,  
And watch the green of mold decay  
Steal o'er their work, because stern fate

Has scourged them back and barred the way.

Some lives stand ever on the brink  
Of joy. They wait all through life's day

To see hope's sun shine out and sink,  
And drag their sunset tints to gray.

They wait and watch some coming good

That flings its radiance ahead:

'Twas for another; where they stood  
Falls but the shadow, cold and dead.  
As starving children through a pane

Watch others at some rich repast,  
They see each boon they craved in vain

On happy, sated favorites cast.

To some 'tis given to wait and yearn  
Till faith slow smolders into doubt;

Till love and hope to ashes turn,  
And all life's fires are faded out.

Ah, courage leaps for valorous deeds,  
And time will wipe out sorrow's tears;

But for the waiting heart's sore needs  
Patience grows threadbare through long years.

Ah, well, though lines grow hard and deep,

And eyes grow cavernous that wait,  
'Tis nobler far to struggle on

Than weakly yield, when crushed by fate.

Brave, brave is he who bears his curse  
With courage and with cheerful heart;

Who scorns to act the coward's role,  
But lifts his head, though hopes depart. —Selected.

## Undertaking Too Much.

We, who are housekeepers, will persist in undertaking tasks beyond our ability to perform. Line upon line, precept upon precept, is given us on every hand, warning us of the folly of such extravagant waste, but to all well-meant advice, from whatever source, we obstinately turn a deaf ear, earning as reward for our folly only aches and pains and a humiliating sense of failure in all important particulars. Because of the so-many unfinished, or at best poorly executed tasks, we rarely receive the coveted "well done" from lips whose praise we long for, and we do not think it of ourselves. We give way to discouragement; we feel that we are failures, and in our depression, allow ourselves to become peevish, fretful, nagging, fault-finding, and even spiteful and unjust. We grow old in face and sour in feature, and, cumbered with much serving, we allow our families to grow away from us—to look upon us in the light of servants, and, however unintentional on their part, they become so used to our services as to accept them as their dues, to be taken without thanks.

We become careless of our looks, untidy in our apparel, ruffled in appearance, until, not only does our family become ashamed of us, but we become ashamed of ourselves. We shrink into the solitude of our "workshop," delving with what spirit we may, until we, as well as others, forget that we have anything in common with the light and laughter of the world. If perchance some circumstance brings us to the surface now and then, we feel awkward and out of

place, uncomfortable, ill-at-ease, and as soon as possible escape again to the darkness that has grown to seem our normal element. We feel, and it is felt by others, that we have no lot nor parcel in the joyous life about us, and, having ourselves relinquished all right to consideration, it is easy enough to sink into the drudge and scullion where we should reign as queen.

Is the picture over-drawn, sisters? Are there not numberless wives and mothers among us living just such crushed, cowed lives? Have they not sunk the holier, higher duties into depths of degradation in thus allowing the wants of the mere physical to absorb all that is sweet and beautiful in the making of the home?

We are told of the "unselfishness" of such mothers; but I do not think it is unselfishness that robs the home life of the mother-spirit. The trouble begins in the love of the mother, surely. It is a delightful task, at first, to anticipate all the little needs and perform the little services; and our recompense is found in the smiling pleasure with which the little services are received. It is happiness to us; we do not stop to ask whither the practice may lead, but, like the victim of the opium habit, we indulge ourselves until it is too late to give it up, and we find ourselves bound in a mesh we cannot break. We have voluntarily assumed the role of servant, have continued to wear the livery of service, and our family know nothing, expect nothing of us except to minister to their wants. How should they?

Into the mere matter of material service, have we not sunk the higher duties of companionship, comradeship, guidance and guardianship? Are we not held accountable for the spiritual, mental and moral upbuilding of these little souls? Are we not warned that there are more important matters in this life than "meat and raiment"? A paid servant could do all the lower tasks—not quite as satisfactorily, perhaps, but nobody, paid or unpaid, can take the place in the home that rightfully belongs to the mother.

Mothers, think of these matters. Look at the subject in all its bearings. Look at yourself, and try to realize what you are doing. Resolve to teach your children their duty to yourself and to each other, and let their little hands help you to lift the burdens, gently relaxing your hold as their hands become stronger, until, bye and bye, you are free to stand in the home, the strong, healthful, ruling spirit—the companion and counsellor of your husband, the guardian and guide of the little souls that need nothing in this world so much as the mother spirit and its love.

## Words of Warning

Girls, no matter how well you may love him, don't promise to marry a man who is immoral, who drinks, or gambles. Your husband will have faults, the same as yourself; he may be in many ways disagreeable about the home, quick-tempered, irritable, stingy, fault-finding, cross, and uncongenial; but none of these are so inexcusable as vice. Faults may be overcome or eradicated, but vices are something you cannot handle. When you have boys of your own you will want to be proud of them; you will want them to be pure. Can you expect it, if their father revels in vices? Sometimes these traits are hereditary—is it wise to take the risk? A man

given to debauchery in youth will not be a paragon in age; if your children escape the contamination, will they not be ashamed of their father? Is it worth the while to shadow innocent lives with hereditary curses?

Remember, you do not, in marrying, "live unto yourself alone." There is always a possible progeny to provide for.

If you love a man, and there is nothing immoral about him, do not refuse him because he is poor, if he is capable and industrious; but if he is a poor manager and lazy, you cannot say no too quickly, nor too emphatically. Say no, and stick to it. Once married, you will be unlike the lillies, in that you must toil and spin—figuratively, at least. If John furnishes the house, you must make the home, and it is well to take thought of the duties to come. Upon your housewifely abilities will depend in very great measure the happiness, health and prosperity of the new family. Are you giving any thought to these matters?

Begin your housekeeping with a firm determination to run no bills. Keep out of debt. If you do not have the money to pay for a thing, do without it until you have. Be content to begin in a modest way, always keeping a little money in reserve, getting only what you really need at the outset, and even in this, take the advice of some experienced friend rather than that of the selling merchant. Your mother, or John's, if they are sensible women, will be your best advisors. There are many ways in which you can add to the comforts and conveniences of the new home with very little expenditure of money. You will have much time, at first, that you may devote to such things, and, if you are at all skillful, much may be done in the way of beautifying, as well as multiplying conveniences.

Bear in mind that it is, now-a-days, considered extremely good taste, by all sensible persons, for young people to live within their means, and a small beginning, paid for, added to as means will permit, will keep alive and strengthen within you both a sense of self-respect and independence which will be a decidedly comfortable feeling to have, under any circumstances. Let the quantity and quality of your apparelling be governed by the fullness of your purse, and, whatever you do, be sure to have the money in your purse before you make your purchase.

Do not be ashamed of patches or worn clothes. Dress according to your work, and try, always to have three sets of clothing—best, for special occasions; second-best, for ordinary dress occasions and leisure hours at home; common, for your work, and strive, even in these last, to always look neat and whole and clean. Remember that a calico, well-fitting, well-made, well-kept and cared for, is far more becoming than a slovenly silk. Cultivate a respect for yourself and your own opinions, and you will not need to care for what "they say."

## Alcoholic Stimulents

It is a well-recognized fact among hospital doctors and nurses that a man addicted to the use of alcohol, who falls ill with pneumonia, typhoid fever, liver or heart disease, or has to undergo a serious surgical operation, does not stand nearly so good a chance of recovery as the total ab-

stainer. Even the drinker who is described as "moderate" has a much harder fight for his life, while the habitual drinker not only fails to respond to the alcohol which, in this emergency, might have helped to tide him over the rigor of disease, but he fails proportionately to respond to all other drugs, and often succumbs to a slight illness or accident quite insufficient in itself to cause death.

## Girl Friendship

Very intimate friendships with other girls very seldom end well. Young people form a habit of telling each other far too much. Quarrels and misunderstandings arise; conversations once held under a bond of secrecy and affectionate confidence are repeated, exaggerated, and worked up into a whole fabric of mischief. Things said by a girl are repeated, in after years, as if they represented the wisdom, the experience and the very much wider meaning which could be given them by a mature mind. This is not to urge the application of the terrible maxim—that every friend should be treated as a future enemy—but a certain reticence should be always maintained, even in the closest human friendships. A prudent person is, indeed detestable; a cautious person is never liked or trusted; the best way, perhaps, of learning reticence in dealing with others is to be reticent with one's self—training the mind to regard facts, and the ear to hear words, and the eye to see objects. The imagination plays too great a part in these unsacramental confessions.

Of friendships with men it is difficult to speak at once plainly and sanely. Life would be intolerable if girls could not be on frank and uncoquettish terms with men of their own age, or by some years their seniors. The idea that, because two young people may have a great deal in common, they must be in love, is happily dying out. No one is hurt, no one is compromised when a friendship does not lead to marriage. Parents and guardians are beginning to see that, in any event, it is desirable that girls and their male admirers should become well acquainted with each other, because neither friendship nor marriage can be satisfactory unless it rests upon a true knowledge of character. . . . Each sex requires the assistance, the magnetism and the inspiration of its opposite, and it is only by being thrown together in healthy association that either can attain its full development. . . . The broad principle which teaches that there is safety in numbers is a wise one, even in the case of friendship between men and women.

So long as unfamiliarity is avoided, and so long as a girl remembers that she can never, under any circumstances, be regarded as a man by a man, she is in no danger of committing any serious indiscretion.—Success.

## For Pie-Makers

To keep the contents of pies from bubbling over, try this: After rolling out the under-crust and filling the pie, roll out the upper crust, make a few gashes, openings, or any fanciful design on it, and lay lightly over the contents; do not wet the edges, nor pinch the crust together; just lay the top crust on lightly, for steam will not be confined, and there is the trouble. By leaving the edges open, not pinching together, the steam will escape evenly all around. Do not fill the pie too full. Many pies which are usually baked with a top crust are much better baked without.

## Mohair Dress Goods

The new mohairs which have come this year in such a very large variety of patterns, both figured and striped,