



The Home Department

Conducted by
Helen Watts McKee

A Dream of Love.

We all have walking visions—I have mine,
And, being young and fanciful and counted fair,
I sometimes dream of love.
And, sitting all alone and musing still,
While yet the firelight flicker's dim,
I ask myself, if I should learn to love,
If my still heart could wake to life,
How would I love, or how would I be loved?

I would be loved in calmness—
Trusted, not feared;
He whom I loved should be my king,
And not my slave;
I do not ask that he be proud and cold,
But calm and grave and very strong—
A king, like Saul among the sons of men,
And kindlier o'er himself.
He must not tremble at my slightest frown,
Of trouble, if another meets my eye;
Nor must he, like a vassal, crave my smile—
Glad in the dust before my feet to lie—
For I would weary of servility.
I would not rule; nor yet would I be ruled;
I scorn the tyrant as I'd scorn the slave;
But there is love of sweet equality—
The love God gave and smiled upon
As being very good.

He whom I love must be my king,
But I must be his queen;
And he should yield me, as my tribute due
The reverence I had earned,
Not only by my womanhood, but by all gentleness,
Long suffering, and the sweet patience
Only love can teach;
And, looking on me, he should know and feel
That peace and rest which follows after toil;
In his heart should in safety trust
That he should "have no need of spoil."

I should not ask for him the world's applause,
The blaze of heraldry, the pomp of fame—
His deeds the annals of a nation's pride—
His name upon the lips of men—
But I must feel his power;
Must know he could be what Earth's heroes are;
I could not love him if he were not great.

His hands must be both safe and strong;
A hand to shield, to trust, to lay my own within,
To stake my life upon;
A strength that might have fought with Hercules
Yet would not harm the weakest worm.
For, though the heart of woman loveth oft
A thing she doth unwillingly despise,
It is a pitiful imperfect love that hath
Not for its corner-stone the rock of faith.
He must be tender and most true—
A man who loves and pities and befriends
Earth's suffering creatures, whether high,
Or yet among the lowly and the poor.
And he must love me perfectly.

If, from the first fruits of my heart's fair wealth
I bring an offering for a love-crown made,
He must not mock me with a faulty love,
Nor stoop to cheat my soul.
If I should ever meet this man—
This king I only dream of—never see,
Then could I sit most meekly at his feet,
A very child before his goodness and his power;
And when he stooped to kiss my shining hair,
Or smooth its clusters from their clinging rest,
A sweet, unspoken language in his touch
Would lift my dark eyes to the heaven in his,
And, though no sound the stillness round us stirred
My trusting heart should proudly call him "lord."

—Galveston News.

Bachelor Girls' Homes.

Mr. Grant Allen stated, some time ago, that the aim and result of the present American education is to produce a race of sprightly and intelligent spinsters. Among the proofs cited of the masculine tendency of the modern young woman, is that of aping the man in his habit of living. She shakes the dust of the ancestral home from her garments and segregates herself in what have now become familiarly known as "bachelor maid's apartments." That she does so of her own free will, without any seen compelling force, is the evident attitude of the famous author, and he deploras the loss, not to the maid, but to some man, of a home. So does the maid, not for the man, but for herself, and despite the wise Mr. Allen, when she can she congregates, not alone with her fellows, but with the neglected sex, the men.

Mystery, the essential prerogative of woman, still hangs about the bachelor maid's apartments, and failing to discern, O, Wise Men, that the impelling force is the inborn desire, the craving for a home, it is decided forthwith that the maid lives this way in order to be like the man. Long years ago, one of the greatest women in literary history was exiled by a frightened emperor because she worked—to be sure against him. Today, hundreds of young women are exiles from their family hearthstone because they, too, work—but not against the men.

Madame de Stael in her grievous exile, took with her various household treasures. This was to make, in the cold foreign land, a spot of her own, which she could call, and perhaps even believe was, home. But it was an excuse, a pretense, only a semblance of a home. Among these treasures was taken the little dish in which she had compounded dainties while helping to make the history of France. The result of the present day evolution—revolution, if you will—is a persistent female still, and in her exile she bears with her the chafing dish, whose little lamp is to stand her instead of the comforts of home she may no longer share because of the demands of the work in which she is engaged. It is the instinct of home making so strongly and truly feminine which urges her to seek with what means she may command, to make a home of her leisure hour sur-

roundings, rather than to suffer the inconvenience of an uncongenial boarding house.—Culinary Wrinkles.

Timely Recipes.

Rhubarb Compote.—Cut red rhubarb into three-inch lengths, cover with cold water and gradually bring to a boil; simmer very gently until the rhubarb is tender, but not broken. Drain the water off very carefully and measure, and to each pint allow one pound of granulated sugar, boil to a rich syrup and pour it over the rhubarb, which may have been placed as a border around a mold of plain boiled rice.

Rhubarb Pudding.—One quart of rhubarb, washed and cut into small pieces; add two cups of sugar and a very little water and simmer until tender; do not stir; skim out carefully and place in a baking dish; add enough water to the syrup to make one quart, and when boiling add two-thirds cup of tapioca; cook until done and perfectly transparent; add one tablespoonful of butter, and pour over the rhubarb and bake half an hour. Serve with liquid sauce or a soft custard.

Apricot Pudding.—One quart of sweet cream, yolk of four eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, twelve good-sized apricots. Put one pint of the cream in a farina boiler; beat together the yolks of the eggs and the sugar; stir them into the hot cream, cook one minute, take from the fire and add the remaining pint of cream. When cold, freeze. When frozen, stir in the apricots, which should be pared and cut into small pieces. Turn the crank one or two minutes longer, and pack in salt and ice until wanted for use.

A good substitute for water-ice can be quickly made by putting into a glass a small quantity of any kind of fruit syrup and mix with it sufficient shaved ice to fill the glass. The mixture will be quite stiff and suitable for eating with a spoon. In place of fruit juice, the natural juices of fresh fruits, well sweetened, may be used. An ice-shaver is a great convenience, and one costs about 50 cents.

Old-fashioned Shortcake.—Sift together four times, one pint of flour, half teaspoon salt two teaspoons baking powder; rub into this one-fourth cup of butter, one egg beaten and mixed with one scant cup of sweet milk. Roll and spread on a biscuit tin and bake in a quick oven; after cooling five minutes, pull apart, spread with butter and sugar and fill with fresh strawberries.

Query Box.

A Reader, Quincy, Ill.—The poem you ask for, "Gray's Elegy," will be published in *The Commoner* in a short time.

Saidie, Chicago, Ill.—In using a recipe, be sure you have the right ingredients. Paraffine oil is a product of petroleum, but it is not paraffine wax. It is used as a lubricating oil as well as for cleaning and polishing wood finishes. Can be got, I think, where painters' supplies are kept.

Lissa, San Antonio, Tex.—Meat glaze is simply clear stock boiled down to a gluey consistency, and is used to give color and flavor to soups, and adds the finishing touch to many of our best sauces. Put four quarts of strong stock over a brisk fire and boil uncovered until reduced to one pint; put in a stone jar, cool and

cover, set in a cold place and it will keep a long time.

Elma, St. Louis.—To clean wood-work, try this: If the finish is varnish, clean with crude oil; then go over it with a woolen cloth made damp with a mixture—equal parts—of turpentine and paraffine oil. If the finish is paint, wash it with a suds made of fine white soap, and when all is clean, rub with the oil and turpentine mixture. This will brighten it, in either case.

Summer Girl.—If the lace is only slightly soiled, try dry-cleaning it. Cover it with a mixture of magnesia and starch and let it rest for a few weeks. If too much soiled for this, wash it in gasoline, then rinse in clean gasoline, pull into shape and hang in the open air. Always remember that gasoline must not be used where there is the slightest fire or artificial light.

Laura H., Kansas City, Kas.—When laundering articles that are embroidered, stitched or trimmed with colors, always wash in tepid water with a pure white soap. Rinse thoroughly in clear cold water, and if it is to be starched, let the starch be cold; fold the article in a clean cloth and pass through a wringer; then spread on a towel or sheet and roll up. The article must not fold on itself at any point. Iron in half an hour.

Troubled Sister, Macon, Mo.—In waxing your floor, the wax preparation must be warm when used, and only the thinnest possible coating of wax should be spread on a piece of woolen cloth; rub the boards with this waxed cloth and let the floor stand for a few hours. Then rub with a weighted brush until the boards take a high polish; finally, cover the brush with a woolen cloth and rub the floor once more. Properly waxing a floor is hard work, and if one has not the time or strength to do the polishing, the waxing would better not be attempted. By following the above directions, a beautifully polished floor will result.

Mrs. S. L., Kirksville, Mo.—One of the best sauces for steamed or boiled fish, cauliflower, asparagus, etc., is a Hollandaise; there are various recipes for making it, but here is a good one: Mix in a sauce pan over the fire, one tablespoonful of flour and one of butter; add slowly one cup of strong veal or chicken stock; when it boils, remove from the fire and whisk in the yolks of four eggs beaten smooth with one tablespoonful of lemon juice (and a few drops of onion juice if liked), return to the fire and stir constantly till it begins to stiffen; then drop in one tablespoonful of butter and beat it with a whisk until dissolved and smooth.

Mrs. E. H. R., Rochester, N. Y.—Wash white gloves in gasoline, rinse in clear gasoline, and do the work in the open air. For lobster farcie (a kind of forcement or stuffing), pound to a paste the meat, tomalley and coral of a hen lobster; mix with it two tablespoonfuls of fine bread-crumbs and three ounces of butter; season with salt, pepper, a speck of nutmeg and cayenne and moisten with yolk of two eggs and white of one. Be sure the mixture is perfectly blended. If too soft when tested, add the other egg-white; if too stiff, work in a little water. To test, drop a small ball of it into a sauce pan of boiling water and set back where it will not boil, and cook for about ten minutes; if it cuts smooth and fine all through, and is tender, all right; if it is tough, add two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream to each half-pint of forcemeat. If the ball is too soft and shrinks when cut, add one well beaten egg to every pint. For white cookies, use three cupfuls of granulated sugar, three eggs, one and one-half cups cold lard, one cup sweet milk, teaspoonful of soda, pinch of