



The Home Department

Conducted by
Helen Watts McKee

After the Fourth of July.

We put him to bed in his little night-gown,
The worst battered youngster there was in the town;
Yet he said, as he opened his only whole eye,
"Rah, 'Rah, for the jolly old Fourth of July."
Two thumbs and eight fingers with lint were tied up,
On his head was a bump like an upside-down cup;
And his mouth was distorted, his nose all awry
From the joys of the glorious Fourth of July.

We were glad; he had started abroad with the sun,
All day he had lived in the powder and fun,
While the boom of the cannon roared up to the sky,
To salute Young America's Fourth of July.
I said we were glad all the pieces were there,
As we plastered and bound them with tenderest care;
But out of the wreck came the words, with a sigh,
"I wish 'at tomorrow was Fourth of July."

He will grow all together again, never fear,
And be ready to celebrate freedom next year;
Meanwhile, all his friends are most thankful there lies
A crackerless twelvemonth 'twixt Fourth of Julys.
We kissed him good-night on his powder-specked face,
We laid his bruised hands softly down in their place,
And he murmured, as sleep closed his one open eye,
"I wisht ever' day wuz the Fourth of July." —Selected.

Farm Sanitation.

The article given below was sent to me, with the request that it be given space in the Home Department, hoping thereby to awaken interest in a subject which vitally concerns so large a portion of our readers. The evils referred to exist even in the oldest settled parts of our country, as well as the newest. In this, as in other things, we become familiarized with customs that have always prevailed and, even while we recognize the disastrous effects, we allow ourselves to become blinded to the dangers which menace us. We keep our conscience comfortable by not contemplating them. Here is the note of warning:

"The cleansing of the farm homes and the preservation of the most valuable manures made upon the farms are subjects that should engage the attention of all who live in the country or till the soil. The actual condition of at least too many of our farm homes is very much as follows: Not far from the kitchen door is a gentle declivity leading often to a basin-like pool near at hand, down which there flows an almost perennial stream of whitened slops, containing all manner of soapy water and similar liquid wastes that cannot be turned to profitable account in the hog-pen. Sometimes a drain has been made to convey these slops a rod or two further away from the house, there to accumulate as before, filling the soil and air with offensive smells, and acting

as breeding-places for myriads of flies.

"In many homes, the praiseworthy desire to save steps for the over-worked housewife has reduced the accommodations for all manner of liquid waste to the least that is possible in all the bedrooms, and water, even for washing, is little used on the upper floors. The usual method of getting rid of that little is to throw it out at the window, suggestive stains discoloring the sides of the house beneath the window, especially of rooms used by the men.

"At the bottom of the garden, or in some other inconvenient place, stands a temple of ill-fame—the common garden house for the accommodation of the establishment, covering a vault of more or less depth, from the accumulation of which there arises, especially in hot weather, the vilest air to which the human senses have learned to accommodate themselves. The name, "night-soil fever," has been given to typhoid fever, so directly has this night-soil been proven to be one very active cause of the disease. From the breathing of these foul emanations arising from decaying organic filth may be traced many of the most pestilential and fatal epidemics of our times. In the cities there are few sources so prolific of death and disease as the dreaded sewer-gas; but in the farm home the deadly effect of the same, though more limited, cause is regarded as "the workings of Providence." Rather let us cry out against it as the natural result of improvidence and criminal neglect.

"Not only do these matters of which we speak exert their injurious effects upon the air we breathe, but in certain cases, by infiltration of their liquids through a porous soil, make their way into the wells and springs from which are drawn the water for drinking and cooking purposes. It is a singular fact that water thus contaminated is often peculiarly clear, sparkling and pleasant to the taste, as the soil, while it retains all foulness perceptible to the senses, has no effect on the insidious poison itself.

"Much might be said, in its proper place, about the economical side of the question, as careful estimates put the value of this wasted fertilizer material at not less than \$50,000,000 annually in this country alone, but the greater question of health and comfort—even the lives—of our farm families, far outweighs any monetary consideration which might well be advocated, and it is to this side of the subject we would most earnestly call the attention of our people.

"There are various remedies that might easily and inexpensively be applied, any one of these, intelligently managed, is a successful means of disposing of all offensive waste matters usually allowed, on the farm, to go on contaminating the very fountains of life itself, amid conditions which should be the most ideally sanitary. Country people should be the most healthy people on earth, but—are they?"

"Fourth of July."

Independence Day is generally given over to noisy explosives, sulphurous smells, military music, patriotic orations, the singing of Hall Columbia, Star Spangled Banner, and wonderful fire works, in the midst of which pandemonium, Young America gets himself blown up with powder, torn apart by explosives, mutilated by reckless

use of firearms, shatters delicate people's nerves, and occasionally makes accidental bonfires of valuable property. In view of the wholesale wreckage of the small boy, the deafening noise, smoke, smells, and lamentable mishaps often occurring to the grown-ups, the mother who lives in torment while the small boy is getting in his fun, and the elders engaged in picking up the pieces, is apt to indulge in the unpatriotic regret that Cornwallis did not win the victory and done with it. But, of course, she would not dare "say the regret out loud," lest the "stern rebuke" would be strenuously dealt out to her by those who never indulge in the weakness of "nerves."

Mount Mellick Embroidery.

Mount Mellick embroidery is an old accomplishment of the ladies of Ireland. It is said to have originated in a convent near Mount Mellick, Ireland, from which it received its name. It differs from ordinary embroidery only in the great variety of stitches used, there being really no new stitches pertaining to it alone. Heavy stitches and much raised work enter largely into the most elaborate pieces. Colors are much used, but all-white is much daintier, and the work may be done with either linen or silk floss. Colors are used for stand and cushion covers, and for the centers of dinner tables after the cloth is removed.

A wide latitude is allowed when selecting stitches for the work, any fanciful stitch being appropriate, but taste should be exercised in order to decide on those most fitted to the various parts of the design. The French knot, chain, coral, satin, button-hole, out-line, blanket, bullion, lace, herring-bone, brier, darning, feather-stitch and couching stitches are all desirable, provided they are tastefully arranged. Shading, in the usual sense, is out of place in this style of embroidery, though a disposal of various shades to be used may be so made as to give a more pleasing effect than the use of one shade only. Where more than one kind of stitch is used in a given space, one may be lighter than the other.

Query Box.

Agness.—As the wedding is to take place late in the fall, smooth cloth would be in better taste for the wedding dress than silk, and certainly more useful. If the wedding is to take place in a church, hat and gloves would be necessary, but for an informal home wedding, these may be omitted.

Housewife.—Two or three coats of oil, well rubbed in, will give a nice tone, as well as artistic finish to your kitchen walls. Oiled walls will turn dark in time. If you wish, add a little varnish to the oil, which will make it easier to scrub. Coloring may be used—a touch of forest-oak-green stain in the oil will give a nice color. Unless you have had some experience it would be well to let some practical painter mix your color for you.

Elderly Woman.—To obtain a more general culture than you now possess, a wide reading of the best periodicals of the day, good books, scientific, biographical, historical, of travel, and upon the live questions of the day, will benefit you more than a course of study with some "correspondence school." Give to your read-

ing the same close attention that you would to the conversation of a friend, and make yourself familiar with all sides of the question; note style, diction, and expression, etc., of the best authors, and compare your own with them. Learn to think. Reading without thinking—absorbing, assimilating, making your own, will not aid you.

Young Mother.—Don't begin by rocking the baby to sleep. It sounds very pretty in "song and story," but in real life, it will work hardship upon you, if, as you say, you "must be your own servant." Have as regular hours as possible for him; see that he is comfortable, with appetite appeased, dry napkin, warm feet and then lay him in a rockerless crib in a quiet, darkened room while yet awake, and train him to go to sleep without further care from yourself. When he awakens, give him the required attention, lay him back in his crib, and let him learn to amuse himself. You've no idea how nicely he can do it. Don't take him up every time he whines. You will soon learn to interpret his frettings. Begin his education now.

Student.—I think the reason a "man stays young longer than a woman" does is that the man does not think his education is finished with his school days. Men cannot afford to stand still, mentally; they realize that, to keep in the race at all, they must keep the mind awake, alert; must observe, compare, philosophize, learning how to run as they go. Then, in the very nature of things, their life-outlook is broader, and their mingling with other minds a matter of necessity, and these things help to keep their minds alive and growing. It is, in most instances, more the monotony, the never-endingness of little, oft-recurring duties of an almost unvarying sameness, and her lack of interests outside of herself, which ages a woman beyond her years.

Charley.—No, it is nothing against a boy's manliness that he wants to look nice. Everybody likes a nice-looking boy, and because a boy has to earn his living by hard work is no reason he should neglect his person, his clothes, or his manners. Just keep yourself as neat as you can, my boy, and when off duty, look nice as your means will allow. Respect your self, and command respect from others. Remember, that however neat the outside may be, the inside of the boy must be clean, too. You cannot cover up moral impurity—it will "show through."

Mrs. N. E.—For persimmon beer, wash and mash the fruit; to every gallon of pulp, add two of water; press through a sieve; then strain through a thin cheese-cloth; put in a barrel or earthen-ware jar, according to quantity; tie in a piece of cheese-cloth one cake of good, live yeast and drop in the liquid; if you make a small quantity, use less yeast; one cake of good yeast is enough for a half-barrel. Keep a thin cloth tied over the barrel.

A Child's Rights.

I have just read an article from the pen of W. W. Atkinson, the New Thought leader, which is so full of strong common sense that I wish I might give you the whole article, but must content myself by copying a few paragraphs only. Speaking of the "race suicide" question, he says:

"Regarding 'race suicide,' I have no word to offer in adverse criticism, but the suggestion merely touches upon one phase of it, and there are other and more subtle forms of injury to the race being inflicted every day by ignorant and unthinking people in all walks of life. To me it seems a question of quality, rather than quantity—not more children, but better ones.

"Every child has a right to be well-born—to be loved into being. When one considers the thoughtless, care-