



The Home Department

Conducted by
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The Two Glasses.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy and red as blood,
One was clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to the paler
brother,

"Let us tell the tales of the past to
each other:

I can tell of banquets and revel and
mirth,

And the proudest and grandest souls
on earth

Fell under my touch as though struck
by blight,

Where I was king, for I ruled in
might.

From the heights of fame I have
hurled men down;

I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip,
a taste

That has made his future a barren
waste.

Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky;
I have made the arm of the driver fail
And hurled the train from the iron
rail;

I have made good ships go down at
sea,

And the shrieks of the lost were sweet
to me;

Fame, strength, wealth, genius before
me fall,

For my strength and power are over
all.

Ho, ho, pale brother," laughed the
wine.

"Can you boast of deeds as great as
mine?"

Said the water-glass, "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered
host;

But I can tell of a heart once sad
By my crystal drops made light and
glad;

Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've
laved;

Of hands I've cooled and souls I've
saved;

I've leaped through valleys and down
the mountain,

Flowed in the river and played in the
fountain;

Slept in the sunshine and dropped
from the sky,

Brightened the landscape and glad-
dened the eye;

I have eased hot foreheads of fever
and pain,

I have made the parched meadows
grow fertile again;

I can tell of the powerful wheel at
the mill

That turned at my touch, ground flour
at my will;

I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I lifted and strengthened and
crowned anew.

I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid.
I gladden the heart of the man and
the maid;

I set the chained, wine-captive free,
And the world is better for knowing
me."

These are the tales they told each
other—

The glass of wine and the paler
brother,

As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

—Anonymous.

(By request.)

Women as Wage-Workers.

A prominent speaker, in a recent

address before the University of Min-
nesota, said:

"Women are not crowding out men;
they are only making them hustle a
little to hold their places. The strug-
gle will be productive of far-reaching
results. It is severe, interesting and
suggestive, but the man who fails
under it should not complain. If he
respects his mother's memory he will
take off his hat and thank God for
the pluck of American womanhood. . .
The American woman is none the less
a lady because she adorns a profes-
sion or becomes interested in com-
mercial affairs. I honor her all the
more for the splendid example she
sets her sister in other lands, and for
the grace, dignity, purity and faith-
fulness she contributes to the daily
routine."

O O

In Chicago, at the present time, con-
sidering all the lines of endeavor un-
dertaken by men at work, only ten of
these occupations have not been
seized upon by one or more women.
There are no women soldiers, but
there are three serving before the
mast as sailors. There are no tele-
graph or telephone line women; no
women work as roofers and slaters;
no women-plasterers, though New
York has five; no women work as
boiler-makers; no fishers and oyster-
ers among the women; no miners and
quarry-women; no coke and lime-
burners, no wheelwrights and no coop-
ers. Aside from these ten occupa-
tions, every other has its women ad-
vocates working acceptably to their
employers and to their trade. There
is at least one woman blacksmith, one
hostler, a lumberwoman, adept at
rafting logs; two brick and tile mak-
ers; two potters, making stoneware;
two woodchoppers, three boatmen and
sailors; stove-makers, distillers and
rectifiers, malsters and brewers, mill-
ers and cabinet-makers. In contrast
with this, in the showing which man
has made in invading the occupations
primarily belonging to women, there
are launderers, nurses and midwives,
dressmakers, milliners, seamstresses,
cooks and housemen. This showing is
from the census of 1900.

Query Box.

A Reader.—For making whipped
cream, see article in another column.

Aunt Allie.—For a seat for a swing
for the little folks, instead of a board,
use an old chair, sawing the legs off;
it is safer, and much more comfort-
able.

Frankie.—In purchasing a table for
your piazza, select one of bamboo,
with the top covered with matting;
it will stand all kinds of weather, and
will not need to be taken in when it
storms.

T. M.—To supply the deficiency of
shade for another season, set four
posts in the ground; let them be high
enough to admit of walking upright
when a few poles are laid across for
a roof; cover three sides with coarse
netting, and plant around the three
sides perennial climbing plants. Give
the plants good culture, and you will
soon have a charming summer house.

A Subscriber.—A good cleansing
soap is made by saving two pound
bars of any good white soap into two
quarts of hot water, stirring until it
melts, and adding three ounces of
powdered borax; stir until it forms a
jelly. For use, a tablespoonful of this
jelly stirred into a gallon of water
(soft) will clean woodwork, remov-
ing all kinds of marks without injur-

ing the paint; can be used for wash-
ing blankets, lace curtains, table lin-
ens, and other fabrics; is excellent for
washing oilcloths, linoleums, matings,
etc. Is also a good toilet soap.

Hostess.—For making iced tea,
mixed teas are best. A popular way is
to allow two teaspoonfuls of tea-
leaves to each cup of water; put the
tea-leaves in cold water ten or twelve
hours before wanted for use, setting in
a cold place. The flavor is said to
be much finer than when made with
boiling water. The tea should be
quite strong, as when the ice is added
the dissolving weakens its strength.
When needed, put two teaspoonfuls of
nice sugar into each goblet, fill half
full of shaved or cracked ice, and
pour over this the tea. A little lemon
juice added is liked by some, but
should be left to individual taste.

Mrs. S. M.—To clean your mackin-
tosh, it will be necessary for you to
take into consideration the material,
and treat the mud spots as you would
if the cloth did not have the rubber
lining. The goods in a mackintosh
is merely coated on the wrong side
with a thin film of rubber. If the
garment is made of cloth that will
not ordinarily spot, the mud may be
washed off with clear water; if not,
there is no way of cleaning it without
spotting the goods.

Mrs. J. S.—For sweet cucumber
pickles, take seven pounds of ripe cu-
cumbers, two quarts of good vinegar,
three pounds of brown sugar, one
ounce of mixed spices. Pare, quarter
and remove the seeds and let them
stand over night, well sprinkled with
salt. Drain off the brine, and cook in
vinegar until just tender. Bottle and
seal. For tomato relish, scald, peel
and cut fine one dozen ripe tomatoes,
add to them six white onions chopped
fine, one cupful of vinegar, one cupful
of sugar, one cupful of raisins chopped
and seeded, with salt to taste; add
half a teaspoonful of white pepper,
and a very little cayenne; boil slowly
one and one-half hours, bottle and
seal.

Farmer's Wife.—Trim the outer
leaves of the cauliflower, and soak
head downward in salted water; put
in the saucepan, head up; cover with
boiling water, salted to taste, and cook
gently until tender; test with a fork;
drain; break off the branches (or
flowerettes) and put in a baking dish;
sprinkle over it salt, pepper and
grated cheese; pour over it one pint
of white sauce; cover with a thick
layer of buttered crumbs and brown
in a quick oven.

Graduate.—Every "woman editor"
gets many such appeals for help from
other women, who think journalism is
easy, well paid work. As the "woman
editor" is herself but an employe, she
can only advise, and that not always
acceptably. The wages are not princely,
and the work is exacting. To keep
such a place, and do the work re-
quired, one must do more than merely
send in neatly prepared manuscript
on subjects which interest herself.
She must read broadly, and choose
intelligently, not even skipping the ad-
vertisements, and keep in mind the
fact that she has a multitude of tastes
to please with her subject matter;
she must keep in mind, too, the scope
of the department entrusted to her,
and consider the financial value to the
publishers of the matter she prepares.
One lady, employed on an eastern
periodical, and whose salary is \$15
per week, tells me that she receives
over one hundred papers and pamph-

lets per week, and has to read them
all, even the advertisements. Do you
think that is easy work—every week?

The Contrast.

Not long ago, during a visit to a
distant city, I was the guest of a
friend who lives in a handsome house
in a fashionable residence portion of
the city. There were several ser-
vants, and the furnishings of the
house, as well as the gownings of the
ladies of the family—a mother and
two adult daughters—were costly and
elegant. The mother was a "club"
woman, belonged to several societies,
and was a member of several church
committees. The daughters' time was
also occupied in various ways, so-
cially, while the father and two sons
were employed in the "down-town"
region, and were seldom seen in the
home, except in the evening. The
evening "dinner" was the only meal
shared in common by the family, and
even then usually with guests. There
seemed absolutely no time or chance
for the cultivation of home ties, or the
"getting acquainted with one's own."
Somewhere in the house there were
other children, and these, the mother
declared, she could hardly distinguish
from the other children of the neigh-
borhood, she saw them so seldom. Of
course, this was something of a jest,
as my friend is as domestic as her
duties will allow her to be, but, as she
said, she sees less of them than she
sees of her servants. She said: "I
positively envied my laundress when
I met her on the street, carrying and
kissing her baby."

My visit was delightful, as, being
an old and intimate friend, I was ad-
mitted into what there was of their
home life, but my friend sighed as
she said, "I wish we could sit down to
a dinner prepared by my own hands,
the children gathered about the table,
with Tom to carve and help the little
plates, just as we did, in the old
days." Now, you will ask, "Why, then,
does she not do so?" Because she
cannot. Wealth imposes obligations,
and social life makes demands, and
the duties of one's station may not be
evaded.

The large salary of the father and
those of the sons are all spent. The
father said: "I have educated my
four adult children, and the others
are in school; I have as good busi-
ness prospects as the times will al-
low; I am good for a few more years
in the harness, but I have accumulated
nothing. Everything goes as it comes.
I do not know what I shall do when
the harness falls off; my children may,
or they may not, care for my old age.
One does not know, now-a-days."

And somehow my heart ached for
"Tom and Hattie," despite their evi-
dent wealth and beautiful surround-
ings.

Another day found me in a very
different part of the city. "Ben and
Jennie" live in a little four-room cot-
tage—a "little hen-coop," as Ben calls
it, wherein the Mother "biddie" is
shut up all day, while the rest of the
family "scratch" outside. The father
and son are mechanics; the two
daughters work "down-town," and
there is a little five-year-old who
helps mamma keep house. The mother
is housekeeper, cook, laundress, seam-
stress, and maid of all works. The
whole family eat breakfast together,
chattering merrily, while the mother
puts up the four lunches, then there
is a laughing scramble for street
wraps, a merry good-bye, and they are
away to catch the street cars, leaving
mother and Lady Belle to set things
in order and start the business of the
day. When the day is done, young
feet patter along the hall, there is a
babel of young voices, and the "good
dinner mother always gets up" is eaten
by the reassembled band, while mother
and father enjoys the presence of the