



# The Home Department

Conducted by  
Helen Watts McKee

## Tribute to Abraham Lincoln.

(The following remarkable poetical tribute to Abraham Lincoln was composed in a foreign land and was published in a comic paper. During the civil war Tom Taylor, of the Loudon Punch, had made the great president a target for his shafts of ridicule and had poured fourth an unceasing stream of sarcastic detraction in prose, in verse, and in pictorial caricature. The tragic death of the president, at the close of the mighty struggle, suddenly and sharply brought into view the grandeur and beauty of his character and his leadership, and on May 6, following his death, this immortal wreath was laid on the murdered Lincoln's bier by Tom Taylor. We publish it by request of several of our readers.)

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier—  
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,  
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,  
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,  
His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,  
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill-at-ease,  
His lack of all we prize as de-bonaire,  
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,  
Judging each step, as though the way were plain;  
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,  
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain!  
Beside this corpse that wears for winding sheet  
The stars and stripes he lived to renew,  
Between the mourners at his head and feet,  
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes: he had lived to shame me from my sneer;  
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;  
To make me own this hind a prince's peer,  
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.  
My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,  
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;  
How his quaint wit made home truth seem more true;  
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;  
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;  
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,  
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.  
He went about his work—such work as few  
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—  
As one who knows where there's a task to do  
Man's honest will must Heaven's grace command,

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,  
That God makes instruments to

work his will,  
If but that will we can arrive to know  
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.  
So he went forth to battle on the side  
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,  
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied  
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might.

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,  
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe,  
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,  
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,  
The ambushed Indian and the prowling bear—  
Such were the deeds that helped his youth to train;  
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear  
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do;  
And lived to do it; four long-suffering years,  
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,  
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,  
The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,  
And took both with the same unwavering mood;  
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,  
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon-hand, between the goal and him,  
Reached from behind his back, a trigger pressed,  
And those perplexed and patient eyes grew dim,  
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest.  
The words of mercy were upon his lips,  
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,  
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse  
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sky,  
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame.  
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;  
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!  
A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before  
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt  
If more of honor or disgrace they bore;  
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out!  
Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,  
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;  
And with the martyr's crown thou crownest a life  
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

## Thorough Mastication.

A well-known physician, writing to an exchange, has this to say: "Eat-

ing is an art which the majority of people fail to observe. Digestion properly begins in the mouth, but the manner of eating with most people forbids this. Food should stop long enough in the mouth to be tasted. Taste, you know, has its intellectual side, and this requires fine chewing and turning over and over slowly in the mouth; a great deal of satisfaction is obtained in this way, and the food is finely comminuted and reduced to a pulp, thoroughly mixed with saliva, and the starchy portion of the aliment is largely digested before it is swallowed. When this fine-minced mass reaches the stomach, it is in a decidedly favorable state for the action of the gastric juices. It is thoroughly moist, soft and crumbly, and the work of conversion is soon performed. A failure to properly masticate the food is one of the direct causes of indigestion. Dyspeptic patients should chew their food thoroughly to the last particle, and should swallow no food until well mixed with saliva; coffee, tea, or water should be drunk separately—not to wash down the food. If people would thoroughly masticate their food, there would be little occasion for medicine, other than simple digestive secretions, and without this thorough chewing there will always be trouble from an overworked stomach. People who eat deliberately, tasting and chewing their food thoroughly so that digestion begins in the mouth, do not eat too much, yet receive a lively satisfaction from what they do eat; the silent monitor which advises them that the needs of the system is supplied is always heeded. Those who eat improperly have for their portion discomfort, distress and disease. They always eat too much, and mistake the craving of the stomach for rest for its craving for food."

## Query Box.

Mrs. M. K.—The Sacred lilies and narcissus will not bloom again in the house. As soon as the weather will permit, set them out in your yard. They will make a new growth next year, and will not bloom again for several seasons, in most regions, but will make a nice clump of foliage, and will then bloom, though more sparingly, as other hardy bulbs.

R. B. B.—Advises the lining of socks—the good old-fashioned, non-knit ones—with heavy canton flannel, the nap next the flesh, as a sure cure and preventive for chilblains, as experience has demonstrated the value of it in his own case. The frost should certainly be kept out by this method.

M. J. T.—In the Home Department of several weeks ago, recipes were given for the making of warm breads with soda and sour milk; one it apt to have discouraging results with this kind of bread, as the milk varies in acidity. Mrs. Rorer says: "The laws of chemical action are based upon a law of exact proportions. Soda breads must be made correctly, or the dough has a soapy odor and strong flavor. If the cream or milk is sufficiently sour to form a clabber, it will require a level teaspoonful of bicarbonate of sodium (saleratus) to neutralize its acidity either in biscuit or cake making."

Seamstress.—The term, overhanding, is used to designate the making of a very flat seam by sewing the selvedge edges together, edge to edge, and is very desirable as a means of joining plaids and matching stripes.

Overcasting is overhanding done on a raw edge, such as cut, or torn edge, to prevent fraying. The stitches are taken deeper and further apart than where selvages are joined.

L. M. H.—Here is a contrivance which just meets your wishes, and I copy it from The Housekeeper for you: "Nail a wooden cleat to the wall just above the cooking table; a strip of elastic is nailed to the wall a few inches above the cleat, and the cook-book, open at the right place, rests on the cleat, and is slipped back of the elastic which holds it in place. Thus one may glance repeatedly at the cook-book without touching it, or having it on the table where it may become soiled."

## Mental Attitudes.

It is getting quite the fashion for writers on domestic topics to discuss learnedly the causes and cures of the various ailments to which the children of men—and especially the daughters—are subject, and to ascribe certain symptoms emphatically to certain mental attitudes; the correction of these attitudes declared to be an infallible cure for the disease. Especially is this claimed of headache, sallow complexion, face blemishes, fretful stomachs, irritable nerves, and even the detested wrinkles.

I am not at all satisfied to attribute all our aches and pains and physical imperfections to the fact that we do wrong thinking. To think aright is undoubtedly "good medicine," and right thinking will generally insure right living; but to my mind, the trouble seems to lie in the fact that most of people do not think at all.

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We are too prone to allow other people to think for us; to follow in grooves; to take the medicine another prescribes without at all asking if the prescription may be relied upon to meet the requirements of our own case. Some active brain sets the pace which, in their own case, may be eminently proper, and, without stopping to reason whether the treatment suits our symptoms, we rush headlong after the leader, not always what we expected them to be; but we feel that we are "in the swim."

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