



The Home Department

Conducted by
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Wishing.

Do you wish the world were better?
Let me tell you what to do—
Set a watch upon your actions;
Keep them always straight and true;
Rid your mind of selfish motives;
Let your thoughts be clean and high;
You can make a little Eden
Of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser?
Well, suppose you make a start
By accumulating wisdom
In the scrap-book of your heart.
Do not waste one page in folly;
Live to learn and learn to live;
If you want to increase knowledge,
You must get ere you can give.

Do you wish the world were better?
Then remember day by day
Just to sow the seeds of kindness
As you pass along the way.
For the pleasure of the many
May be oft-times traced to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn
Shelters armies from the sun.
—Selected.

Home Chats.

Every letter received this week is asking for further information about the World's fair business, and to those who sent stamped envelopes, I have sent personal answers; but there are a few who ask for information through the Home pages, but of such a nature—addresses, etc.—that I cannot give it. It is better that you send, not only stamp, but addressed envelope as well, as I am a rather busy woman, and get a large amount of mail, and some of you do not sign your address as plainly as you should.

Several have sent letters to me, simply addressing them to Lincoln, Neb., and they have been returned to them. My readers must remember that I am but an atom in this big world, easily overlooked by a busy postmaster, and anything addressed to me at that city should be sent care of The Commoner, when it will be sure to reach me, as The Commoner is too big to be overlooked, no matter how busy the "mail-man" should be. At present, I am in the swirl of sight-seers on the World's fair grounds, but all mail is forwarded to me.

Quite a few of my correspondents say they wish I would devote the whole Home Department to the World's fair talks, but that will hardly do, as a great many of our readers are not interested in such matters. However, I will try to help you as best I can.

In the first place, I must tell you that, in order to get the worth of your money, you will have to walk a great deal, unless you can afford to hire a chair in which to be wheeled about—and I really don't think I should like that: the struggle to get about through the crowd is worth something as an experience to most of us. The fair covers 1,200 crowded acres of ground, and one building alone—the Palace of Agriculture—covers 21 acres, with seven miles of aisles, and is full of interesting exhibits of plant and food products and accessories—every one of them worth seeing. Nearly 1,000 buildings compose the exposition,

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of urine diffculties. If it did there would be few children that would do it. There is a constitutional cause for this. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 169, Norte Dame Ind., will send her home treatment to any mother. She asks no money. Write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child. The chances are it can't help it

counting all structures. There are fourteen exhibit structures, each covering from four to twenty-one acres. There are about forty-five state and territory buildings; the Philippine territory covering about forty acres, and there are three Alaska buildings.

The garden and landscape effects are fine, and many wonderful types may be seen among them. The exhibits number over 70,000, divided into fifteen departments and housed in the big palaces. At night hundreds of thousands of electric lights are switched on, showing a scene of rare beauty. In the foregoing, the "half has not been told," but you will readily see why you must come prepared to do much walking. And that brings me again to the subject of feet.

The very best thing you can bring with you is a pair of sound, sensibly-clad feet. No new shoes, no high heels, no thin soles, and no really thick ones. A soft, pliable leather with a sole broad enough to be comfortable; a sensible, broad heel, and if tipped with rubber, it will give easier walking. The shoes should not be stout and heavy, as that would make the feet too warm. If you have strong ankles, an oxford tie may do, but for the majority, there will be more comfort in the high shoe, as there will be many "ups and downs" on the ground, and the foot tires easily unless the ankle is well supported. Do not wear thick stockings; the plain, seamless kind, and enough of them so that you can change them every day, or even twice a day will be better—when you get up of a morning, and when you come in at night. Read over what I have said in a recent article about the care of the feet, changing shoes, etc., and then practice what I have preached. Whatever you do, or however vain you are of your feet, do be sensible this one time, for you would better stay at home and save your money than to come to the fair wearing tight, or uncomfortable shoes.

There is an impression abroad that living rates are very high, because a few hotels have been advertised as "raising rates." But there are thousands of rooms, restaurants, and boarding houses, which you will find very reasonable as to rates. But you had best bring a little more money than you expect to spend, for everything has a price, large or small, tacked onto it.

Some Better Things.

If you are sick and ailing, do not depend too implicitly on the drugs and remedies you are applying to effect a cure. Remember that improvement, much or little, has its start from the inside. Tonics and alteratives may be of some use, but attention to and practice of the rules of hygiene are of vastly more importance. Don't brood over your aches and pains; half the sufferings of nervous people come from the brooding over and nursing their "symptoms" until the imagination gets the upper hand and the patient is really ill. Nine out of ten sufferers can do away with disease if they will pay strict attention to their diet, have it light and nutritious, avoid stimulants, find out what they can eat the most of with the least disagreeable consequences, and then eat all they want of it, take plenty of outdoor exercise and try to think of anything but themselves. Oftentimes one is compelled by circumstances and conditions, to do the things known to be injurious to health, but in such

cases, the one thing to do is to make the best of it, cultivate a cheerful and optimistic spirit, exert what will-power one has, and, if the worst must come, at least fall fighting the "blue devils" as cheerfully as possible.

We cannot all force ourselves into a condition of successful resistance merely by "determining," in all trials, but we can do the best we can, and if defeat overtakes us, give up as gracefully as possible. Defeat is not necessarily disgrace, and we have only to try it again.

Don't imagine that you are the only one who has troubles and ill-health to bear; the world is full of it, and everybody has his or her share. By complaining and recapitulating the various symptoms one but renders himself a source of contagion to those about him, for a complaining person creates conditions that tend to develop and increase the ill-feeling of everybody within the radius of his influence. There is always a sunny side, and if we seek diligently for it, it will turn up, and the fact that one is looking for the bright side of life, and not causelessly irritating himself and others about him, will render the companionship far more agreeable, and the brightness will reflect upon the original. There is no sunshine so beautiful or so lasting as the sunshine from a courageous soul.

Worry.

We all know what it is—some of us better than others; and we all know how useless it is. It does no particle of good—lightens no load, and clears no pathway, but the habit is so firmly fixed as to seem second nature to some of us. It is the bane of, not only our own lives, but of those about us.

Worry is lack of trust. If we can help the occurrence of what troubles us, it is our duty to demolish the bugbear, but if we find ourselves powerless to combat it, fretting about it only increases the burden. It only makes a bad condition worse. Worry does not consist in having a proper forethought and solicitude for the every-day events of life, but it is the carrying of such thought and solicitude to the extreme, until doubt and fear join hands with it, and the combination makes cowards of even the stoutest. We weave the cowardice into our daily care until it becomes part of us, or until the habit masters even our common sense.

Such thought and care do not better our lives, nor improve our circumstances or conditions, and we might better take the easy side of life, and gain strength to meet the trouble when it comes. Borrowed trouble is a heavy mortgage on one's soul; we would not wish to repay the loan, yet of what use can it ever be to us? It is better to borrow sunshine, for we can settle the debt at any time by brightening other lives, and one beautiful thing about this kind of a loan is the fact that the interest is accruing on our side of the balance-sheet.

The Hidden Cross.

Sooner or later, to every soul, Christ comes with the baptism of fire. Upon every shoulder, is laid the burden of the cross. Upon every brow is bound the crown of thorns. The baptism does not always come in one terrible outpouring, one avalanche of agony before which all that is sweet and serene in life is borne out of our reach. To many—and those, perhaps, who apparently least need the refining fire—the slow torture goes on, month after

month, year after year, sometimes spreading over a whole, long lifetime; by fretting trials, humiliations and chastenings which only they and their God can understand, the Lord is cleansing them from their hidden faults; burning out of them the dross of impatience, self-will, vanity, doubt and rebellion, leaving but the pure gold of trust and obedience. Many sweet and gentle souls, who walk before the eyes of men with smiling faces and uplifted eyes, have secret sorrows and grievous anxieties which make of the long hours of the day and night one continual sacrifice of the soul. The paths their feet may tread along life's pathway may seemingly be strewn with flowers, but the "red roses" may be but the blood-spots left by their torn feet from treading on the cruel thorns that underlie the leaflets. They bear upon bruised shoulders the hidden cross, all through the sunshine, and lie down with it when the day is done. Only the dear Lord knows of the hot head and the aching heart; of the bruised shoulders and the bent back; of the eyes blinded by the slow-torturing fires; these they must bear perhaps for years, even to their graves, and may only lay the burden down at the last hour, when the work here is finished. Only they and their God will ever know, or understand—this discipline of the soul to prepare it for the call to higher duties. As the refiner of silver sits by his furnace, watching the melting metal, so God watches over their hearts, tries them by fires of discipline until, by seeing the reflection of his own face in the radiance of the proven spirit, knows that the soul is purged of its dross and ready to be the fitting vessel in which to carry to a sin-sick world the glorious peace of God's love.

The House-Help Question.

In Berlin, it is said that all servants are closely supervised by the police; a maid cannot secure a place in a household without a police certificate, and she has to secure this certificate every time she leaves a household. And this certificate is not granted till her career in that household is carefully investigated. We cannot hope for this very simple and effective solution to a very ugly problem at present, but what better work could the splendid Federation of Women's clubs in America undertake than an intelligent, scientific and thorough study of the house-help problem? Why cannot our club women take up this work, using their well-organized and far-reaching organization to solve the question which is the bane of home-life, the cause of the building of countless hotels and apartment houses, and one of the greatest possible menaces to the continuance of the home and family fireside?—Town and Country.

"Celebrating The Fourth."

Passing along the street, this morning, I saw that the show windows are filling up with the many and varied explosives without which "the Fourth" is not supposed to be a "real, truly Fourth" to the small boy—and his grown up papa; and the sight recalled to me the many stories of dreadful mishaps and accidents with which the newspaper columns are filled the few days that follow its celebration. How much misery, suffering and life-long disabilities might be saved, if parents would demand that toy pistols, cannons, mammoth fire-crackers, and other innumerable, and too often death-dealing, explosive creations should be kept from the inexperienced hands of children and irresponsible grown persons, can never be exactly known, but that the sum would be great, no one denies. Awakened at midnight by the blowing of horns, ringing of bells, beating of drums and other noisy substitutes for pandemonium, to be followed a little later by the booming of cannon, firing of guns, screaming of factory or car-whistles,