



The Home Department

Conducted by
Helen Watts McKee

"He Leadeth Me."

In the beauty of the twilight,
In the coming of the dawn,
In the stillness of the midnight,
In the glowing of the noon,
Come to me the sweetest accents
From the land and from the sea,
Dear and ever blest assurance—
By his hand he leadeth me.

Though the way be long and weary,
Though all early friends forsake,
Yet the path can not be dreary,
For I know that, for my sake,
He hath trod life's troubled by-ways,
And has hallowed with his feet
All the steps upon life's highway
I'll be called upon to meet.

Not a word of blame or censure,
Not a loss of love or friend,
Not a dimming of a pleasure
Can upon my soul attend,
But he'll know and understand it,
And will show me, in the end,
If I trust it to his keeping,
He will comfort and defend.

In the beauty of the twilight,
In the soft gray of the dawn,
In the stilly hush of midnight,
In the glowing of the noon,
I can go my way in gladness,
Knowing that I have a friend,
Who will walk forever with me,
And will love me to the end.

Home Chats

I had the pleasure, not long ago, of meeting and shaking hands with that high-priestess of good cookery whom all women should delight to honor, Mrs. Sarah T. Rorer. To this lady, more, perhaps, than to any other, belongs the credit of having stripped domestic service of its menial aspect and raised it to the dignity of a profession—a wholesome, healthy and sensible means of livelihood in which no woman, however brilliantly endowed mentally, need be at all ashamed to engage. It is not so many years now since a woman shrunk painfully from acknowledging the fact that she "did her own work," and especially the kitchen and culinary part of it. The reputation of being a "good cook" was not very greatly coveted, and very seldom boasted of, in those days, while very few girls liked it to be known that they even "helped mamma." Looking upon housework as nearly all women then did, as simply another name for disgrace and drudgery, it is not to be wondered at that the girls grew up in ignorance of the most important duties that life could, and would ask of them, and that many a young wife learned the necessary lessons through bitter tears and heart-rending experiences.

Of the hardships encountered by the "newly-wed," who could not afford to hire the customary kitchen queen, or who could not endure the reign of incompetency she invariably brought with her, I can speak from sorrowful experience, for I was, unhappily, one of the illy-handed lassies who refused the education of the kitchen and eventually took up the business of wife, mother and housekeeper without having the least idea of what constituted such a business, or how its duties were to be creditably discharged. There is, however, no teacher like practical experience, but the lessons were learned through trials and tears of discouragement.

Housekeeping requires brains, and that of a high order, and the planning

of work in order to make a success of it is a science well worth studying. Even the young woman who marries into a home of luxury, must know enough to direct her servants, else there can be no comfort, but the girl who marries a man with a small income, and takes charge of housekeeping matters herself, a knowledge of the business side of housekeeping is absolutely indispensable. The woman in the home must necessarily spend many hours in preparing, or at least planning, the meals for her family; it is a work that requires care and thought, and its many details are of the utmost importance, for upon the choice and preparation of the viands served to it, the health and comfort of the household very largely depends. If a girl has been taught to "keep house" before marriage, the greatest difficulty has been overcome, for good housekeeping invariably includes the too often despised kitchenwork and cookery.

To the girl who does not marry, but who likes to have a little home of her own, where she can rest and refresh herself after the wear and tear of business hours, the knowledge of how to blend ingredients into savory dishes by means of the gas jet or the chafing dish, is of very great importance, and enables her to make her pennies go further and to better purpose than the pounds of the "foolish virgin" who fails to supply herself with the oil of culinary wisdom, can be made to do, and her dainty dishes may be made into real "works of art" because of her knowing how. A cook book will supply general directions for any specified dish, but "so many things make a difference" that one must know, of her own personal knowledge, many details which nothing teaches but practical experience. Cooking schools are a good thing, but the home kitchen is not always supplied with the scientific helps to be found in them, and well-directed common sense is the best help, added to experience.

The summer vacation is nearing its end, and the real business of life will, in many instances, face the daughter who has done with the schools. In many instances, the season will develop the duties, and with circumstances, decide what the new work is to be; but among them all, few are so important as a course of domestic economy, taken under the able tuition of the patient mother, who will be immeasurably benefited by the help the young hands can give her. Why not try it?

The Better Way

The more one sees, the more we find we must forbid our children, so it is wisdom not to see too much. If they say little things perhaps not quite intended for our ears, it is better not to have too acute hearing; sometimes what we hear can be used to advantage for their future guidance. By being a little slow, apparently, of hearing, seeing and stepping, we may give the little ones a bit more chance to develop along their own lines, and thus learn to guide them more wisely.

It is easy to forbid children things without stopping to look into the matter from any but our own view-point; but children have their own ideas, and should be allowed to sometimes work them out of their own accord. If not, it is but the demands of nature that they lose respect for our authority and

escape from it as soon as possible. "Wot ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" was the answer of a child, in the long ago, when chidden by his mother for straying into paths she felt were unfitted for him. Other children might answer in the same way; they have paths of their own; we must allow them, at times to work out their own destiny without interference from us.—Household.

Rest-Cure

The body is just like any other machinery, use it rightly, oil it carefully, feed its fires, and turn off the power sometimes, to let the machine cool, or something will happen—nervous prostration, paralysis or insanity. A temporary rest may restore the bodily machine for a time, but if we do not know how to keep it in order, the trouble will return in worse form. When you lie down to rest, be it at night or for a few minutes during the day, relax every muscle and nerve; "let go"; use no effort, but again and again refuse to allow your mind to wander away into the work-a-day region; think of nothing, as nearly as you can, taking deep, slow breaths with closed mouth, inhaling and exhaling through the nose. Deep, regular, slow breathing is the first great step toward the natural restoration of the bodily and mental functions, and if practiced at every possible opportunity, the benefit to body and mind will be marvellous.

Every mother should insist on giving herself a period of rest during the day, if only for a few minutes; even though she may not fall asleep, she will return to her duties with renewed strength, provided she really rests, and does not take her troubles and worries to the couch with her. Some will offer as an excuse for neglecting this that they can not lay aside their cares at a moment's notice. Perhaps they can not, at the first trial, but persistent attempts, like the "little drops of water," will gradually unfold their will power and give them strength to subdue themselves, and they will find that this rest is the best tonic they can possibly command, after which they will be enabled to do their work to far better advantage than without it. Do not look upon this idle moment as wasted. Take it, as you would any other medicine, and take it believing that it will work wonders for you, and you will not be disappointed.

Our Boys

"Boys always interest me," said the mother of an only daughter, "for the chances are that one of them will be the husband of my daughter." Mothers of daughters, then, as well as mothers of sons, should make it their business to see that the youth of today does not go without warning. For the sake of the girl who will one day be his wife, the mother of sons should talk to her boy. For the lad's own sake, he should be warned of the pitfalls that lie along his path. Purity should be as precious to a boy as to a girl; there should be no double standard of morals.

A young man loves his mother with a tender, reverent affection; but after all, it is the word of the father which carries most weight in matters which pertain to his conduct in the world. A quiet word from mother may find a

lodging in the boy's heart, but let father have a real heart-to-heart talk with his son—perhaps reading to him Solomon's words about the "strange woman"—and the boy will be better armed against her whose steps lead down to death. Ignorance is not always innocence, and the knowledge gained at the father's side is a good safe-guard with which to send the boy out into the world. Most of the warnings regarding the traps which are set for unwary feet during the great world gatherings have been given to girls; but the young man is almost equally exposed, so far as moral, or even physical safety is concerned, and needs, fully as much as his sister, the words of warning and the safeguards of which only a pure morality can possess him.—Farm and Fireside.

Some "Beauty" Talks

The girl who has pimples must acquire serenity of mind; fits of anger, jealousy, hatred, envy and worry have a direct and palpable effect upon digestion, and imperfectly digested food sets up fermentation in the stomach. This undigested, noxious mass, incapable of nutrition, clogs the capillaries and poisons the tissues. If the depurating organs fail to remove it, there is trouble, as it must find outlet at some point. But it is almost impossible to convince the girl or woman thus afflicted that she has but herself, or largely so, to blame for it. The trouble with the average feminine is that she regards the mental aspect of the case as of trifling account. She imputes great potency to drugs, and wants to "take something" which shall reinstate her in a condition of pristine beauty; she has a fine contempt for radical, and consequently slower methods. A liver pill and a cold cream are the boundaries of her curative aspirations. Anything else is "too much trouble," and "takes too long." She spurns all simple, natural and logical methods.

The sooner she can be made to grasp the fact that to be beautiful without she must be beautiful within, the sooner she is on the road to acquire the desire of her soul. A woman can not sleep in illy-ventilated rooms, eat irregularly of an ill-considered diet, wear uncomfortable clothing, keep late hours, scold, fret, indulge in temper, envy, hatred and discontent, cry, worry and quarrel, without paying the penalty.

Blood impurities come from bad thoughts, bad air, bad foods and bad habits. Pimples are caused by irritation of deposits of serum, or fat, in their attempts to escape. Fat is carbon; oxygen of the air burns up carbon. A deep breath of pure air is a lung bath, and thoroughly oxygenates the blood. Ten minutes night and morning spent in practicing deep breathing exercises will purify the blood as no nostrum can. Sallowiness and pimples are said to flee before a breakfast of fresh air only, washed down by copious drafts of pure water, which acts as a bath for the stomach.—Selected.

Requested Recipes.

Wild Crabapples.—Pick over and wash the apples carefully, rejecting all that are imperfect; put the perfect ones in a kettle and cover with water and cook gently until tender, but not soft. Then throw them into a pan of cold water and remove the skins and cores. Unless you have cooked them too much the cores will come out whole. Put them in a saucepan and barely cover with water, allowing a cupful of sugar to two quarts of the apples, and boil for a few minutes—five to ten. When cool, serve them with whipped cream heaped over them, and they make a dainty dessert.

Wild Crabapple Preserves.—Wash the fruit, rejecting all imperfect ones.