



# The Home Department

Conducted by  
Helen Watts McKee

## The Book of Life

Our life is like a book; within  
Are leaves of pure unsullied white,  
Whereon the record we must write  
Of each hour's victory or sin.  
Many there be read the book,  
But few will pause to closely look  
Between the lines.

"What lies between the lines?" you  
ask;

The hidden story of the heart;  
Of every human life that part,  
Which, held from careless eyes away,  
Is yet the measure of the man.  
Look then, and read where'er you  
can  
Between the lines.

We mark, perchance, a brother's sin,  
And say, "O, thou, accursed of man,  
Henceforth I'll shun thee where I  
can;"

My door thou shalt not step within."  
We read the story of his shame,  
Nor stop to question whose the  
blame,  
Between the lines.

Behind each act a motive lies;  
For each effect a cause must be;  
And, if we would but stop to see  
What caused our brother's shame, sur-  
prise  
Might startle us. Ah, there is need,  
Before we blame, to pause and read  
Between the lines.

Thus, ere we dare to criticise  
The faults of others, great and  
small,  
'Twere better that we should recall  
Our judgment, and direct our eyes  
To our own life-book, there to see  
That no blurred, blotted marks there  
be  
Between the lines.

Far short of what we all should be  
Must each one fall; and yet, 'tis  
true  
'Tis not so much by what we do,  
As what we wished to do that we  
Can best be judged. In each life-book  
Are found such writings—only look  
Between the lines.

So let us strive, as pages turn,  
To read th' unwritten. All mankind  
To their own faults are strangely  
blind,  
Though other's fallings they discern.  
Ah, well it is, the One above  
Will ever read with patient love  
Between the lines.

—Selected.

## Our Home Talks

I have so many things to say to you, this morning, that I hardly know where to begin. But first, let me thank those who sent me letters and Christmas cards. They were all so cheery and encouraging that, despite the dreadfully dark days the new year has brought with it—dark in more senses than one, to some of us—we shall all feel better for them—they, for the sending; I, for receiving. Many good suggestions came in them, and I thank you for all of them. There is always room in the letter box for all your messages, dear friends, and I wish I could send to each of you a personal greeting, in return.

One of our readers lives on a "country road," and is often called upon to entertain the travelling public. Through recent change of residence, she is short of table supplies, except the inevitable "standards" of bread, meat and coffee, which most isolated

farms manage to have, and she would like recipes and suggestions for "meals at all hours" from our economical housewives. She expects to supplement her present supply with canned goods, but hardly knows what will be the best. I will be glad to forward such suggestions to her, if any are sent in.

In another column, I am giving you a clipping, which I wish our "men-folks" to read. As the writer says, "Some brother may get mad at this," but it will be in his favor if he does; for it will be evidence that he has the intelligence to "see himself as others see him," and the picture may cause him to straighten up and mend his manners. Let us hope so. In my experience of years in country life, I have often seen this type.

Much is being written, and said, and, let us hope, being done for the relief of the little white slaves—the babies and young children who are imprisoned in factories and work-shops; but how many are taking thought for the little children on the farms who are worked just as hard, fed as poorly, and deprived of school privileges in order to help make the scant living the barren farm grudgingly yields them. Who is to blame for this condition of things? Not always the parents; for they, too, work hard and live the life of "driven cattle" in many instances, and the school privileges are not to be had, except for a few months in the late summer and early autumn, at a time when the young people are particularly needed for gathering in the crops. During the winter months, the excuse of bad roads and rough weather is made, and the older ones prevented from getting even the little to be had in the way of schooling in sparsely settled districts.

It is well for children to work; but the work should be suited to their age and intelligence. A few hours every day will bring better results than working them from "candle-lighting" in the morning to late bed-time at night. Even play will tire a child, and if play is continued for a long time it becomes work, then drudgery. It is not so much more children we want, but better care of those we have. In large families, especially as conditions now are, the older children are forced to become bread winners for the younger, and it does not always breed harmony in the family, or cement family ties when the youth finds himself hampered and tied down with responsibilities he has not incurred, and which should never be laid upon his young shoulders. "I just hate big families," said a good wife and affectionate mother to me, one day; "I was made to slave for my father's younger children from my earliest years. Even when forced out into the world to work for myself, my scant earnings were taken to dress and school my younger brothers and sisters, who have never thanked me by so much as a word, for my years of sacrifice and humiliating self-denial for their sakes."

## More, or Better?

The doctrine of the survival of the fittest, so far as human beings are concerned, does not always work in the direction of eliminating the unfit. Man, for his own purposes, has reduced it to a practical demonstration in the breeding and grading of domestic animals, etc., but when it comes to the perpetuation of his own species, it too often happens that he is swayed by the impulses of nature, rather than guided by the dictates of

reason or wisdom. He learns little from experience, and cares even less for the advice or admonitions of those who would warn him of breakers ahead.

Race suicide is not, according to statistics, so much to be feared as the evils of congestion, especially in the older states and larger cities, such as will tend in the direction of an increase of want, poverty, misery and crime, becoming fruitful of widespread discontent, turmoil and, maybe, civil strife. Better a slower rate of growth and proper assimilation of the increase, so as to insure for all the conditions requisite to produce the types of manhood and womanhood essential to the moral as well as the physical well-being of the people as a whole. Better even decrease, if in time it results in giving the world not only a better, but the best men and women, thus restoring man to the image of his maker.—Home Friend.

## Woman's Necessity

In a recent sermon preached to a St. Louis congregation, the Rev. Mr. Bishop said:

"It is a numerical impossibility for every woman to have a husband, there not being enough husbands, or even excuses for husbands, to go around; that the question of a woman's capacity to make her own living presents itself more strongly every year, and that she must learn to do something useful to the world in order to solve the bread and butter problem. He said they should branch out into new fields and make their ingenuity and ability count. That an unmarried woman is a hundred times better off than one unhappily married, for should one make a mistake, nothing will relieve it but a funeral. "Comfort yourselves, if you are unmarried, that you have at least escaped a purgatory on earth," he said. He said "There are masculine bipeds, suitors for your hand, who needs a course of lectures from the text 'wash and be clean'; who need to be dipped oftener than the leper, Naaman, in Jordan; who need to be kept longer in the refining furnace than were Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego; who need to be soaked in vats of carbolic acid longer than hides are soaked in vats of red-oak bark, and should then be kept in quarantine for a year and fumigated daily before being allowed to come into decent society." He does not describe the good husbands, for he says every woman who has a husband at all has one of that kind; but he further contends that almost every one of the bad husbands will go around telling that his wife is "one of the best women heaven ever made."

He says there are a few bad wives, and may be a few bad women; but that many women are "so different before taking and after taking"—especially in the matter of dress and neatness of person.

## For Pimples

It is a very usual thing for boys between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one years to be troubled with pimples, and they should be very careful as to trying remedies. The best way to get rid of them is to regulate the diet, keep the body perfectly clean by daily use of soap and warm water, and not be constantly picking and pressing the pimples as they form. Eat plenty of green things, especially lettuce and onions; fruits, such as apples, oranges, dates, and be sure your

sleeping room is well ventilated. Keep early hours, and spend more time at home than you do on the streets.—Medical Magazine.

## Pillows

The "fashion" in shape of pillows changes like everything else. Now it is the oblong pillow, in place of the round or square ones so long used. Fashion decrees that none but long, narrow pillows will be "smart" for couches or window seats, and even the covers of these show distinctive changes. For materials, in place of silk, either velour or felt is selected in plain colors, among which the dark wine-red, old-rose and dark-green are most favored.

Cords are no longer used for edges, but galloons; and these are decorative in themselves, some being in bright gilt. Ruffles are not used, and large buttons covered with gilt give a serviceable finish.

For bedrooms, the newest pillows that are to make the corner seat or window boxes so comfortable, are in the new shape, long and narrow. Serviceable holland are used, or the plain linens embroidered in the vivid blues, yellows, and greens that made these covers so attractive. There are no ruffles or cords on these, either, but some have big linen-covered buttons, one at each corner, as a finish.

## Does This Mean You?

I know farmers who go to town six days in the week and leave little boys at home to do the work. Unfortunately their name is legion. They are in almost every neighborhood. Their places look like widows' houses and their wives have to pick up wood along branches and glean the fence to get fire wood to cook their meals of western pork and such vegetables as they can raise themselves. They have no house for the fowls, which sleep in trees and under the leaky shelters on the wagons and buggies. The wife had some chickens which she raised, but the gate was all to pieces and the sow got in and ate them up. The fruit trees are never trimmed. They have run away to wood till they bring no fruit, but knotty, wormy things unfit to eat. These men have no time to do anything at home; their interest seems to be centered in town. They are deeply interested in the war in the Far East, and will go to the post-office and wait for hours to get the news and if perchance they happen to stay at home one day, they will stop at the end of a row and talk politics with whoever may chance to come along, till the signal for dinner is given and then wait for their little boys, or even girls, to come and take their horses to the lot and feed them the best they may. The stable is a miserable pen, unfit for any animal to stay in, and is only cleaned when manure is obliged to be had. Tell these men of the duties they owe to their families, and it is to them a fable. Tell them of the great possibilities that lay before them, and it is an iridescent dream; is it any wonder that hard times are present with such? Would it not be in any business followed in the same way?

Is it any wonder that the occupation under such management has fallen into bad repute? In the interest of humanity, such men should be sentenced to the roads or some other penal servitude, that they may have opportunity to reflect on their ways and think of the good women they are murdering. Some brother may get mad at this, but I have heard as long as men get mad at being told of their faults, there is a chance for

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