



The Home Department

Conducted by
Helen Watts McKee

No Place for Me

The dancers dance in the palace halls
To the mad, sweet music there,
While I stand outside of the ancient
walls

In a passion of despair.
Bubbles the red, red orient wine,
And quiver the creamy blooms,
While scintillant jewels sparkle and
shine

Through all of the princely rooms.
I hear the persiflage, blithe and
bright,

And the rippling laughter free,
But, O, wherever a heart is light
There is no place for me.

I stand on a mountain ledge, and lo!
A city before me lies;
I see its western windows glow
In the flame of the sunset skies;
And I think of the happy homes
where wait—

The tenderful hearts and true—
Of the welcoming kisses at the gate,
In the roses and the dew;
The laughing lips and the eyes im-
pearled

By sympathy I see,
And I sigh to myself: In all the
world
No home has a place for me!

I tread the turbulent streets and I
Full many a face behold;
I watch them carelessly pass me by,
With calm, proud looks and cold.
They never dream—and they never
will—

How I long their love to know;
How their beautiful eyes make my
pulses thrill,
As they did in the long ago.
I pass, and my lips with pride are
curled;
None shall my misery see;
But I cry to myself—"In all the
world,
No heart has a place for me."

I see full many triumphant spheres
Of dignity and renown;
Here clash the warrior's clanging
spears,

There sparkles the victor's crown;
Here the poet sings, and the world
is hushed

To listen unto his lays;
There the statesman stands with his
honors flushed,
In the splendor of his days;
But whether in sphere, or high or
low,

On the shore, or on the sea,
No rich reward will I ever know—
There is no place for me.

Be brave, O, heart! There's a place
of graves
Afar in a lovely land,
Where murmur the long, blue Mexic
waves

Up Mississippi's strand;
And there, through the silvery sum-
mer-tide,
The oleanders bloom,
And drift their red, sweet flowers
wide

O'er many a nameless tomb;
And there, when my life is over-past,
In the beautiful years to be,
I shall find a rapturous rest at last—
In the grave is a place for me.
—Will Hubbard Kernan.

"The Much-Serving"

At this season, when the great
home festival, Thanksgiving day, and
its close rival, Christmas, come so
close together, the heart of the
housekeeper is usually in her kitchen,
intent on a pleasing hospitality

in which fine cookery plays an im-
portant part. But we warn our sisters
that there is a finer hospitality
than that heaped upon the dining
table, and it is not well to wear one's
self out over the preparation of won-
derful and plenteous viands, many
of which we would better do with-
out. When the sisters were enter-
taining our dear Lord, the one,
"troubled about many things" and
cumbered with much serving, com-
plained of her who left all to sit at
the Master's feet and hear His voice,
He, who "spake as never man spake,"
told her that the one at His feet
had chosen the better part. I do not
think the Master rebuked her for
trying to get up a good dinner for
Him, but for trying to make it so
elaborate that she must put aside
the opportunity to profit by His won-
derful counsel and wisdom. So, the
housewife of today should look upon
the gathering of loved ones more
in the light of a social gathering of
congenial friends, than as a feast
for the body that leaves no time for
the interchange of thought and sym-
pathies. A few excellently cooked
dishes, served with happy faces and
cheerful hearts is much better than
the "groaning table" with the house-
wife and hostess too terribly tired to
do anything but worry that every-
thing may not turn out "just right,"
or that there may be one dish too
few to cover her table.

There is a beautiful story in the
Bible, about the few loaves and
few fishes; they seemed so few to
the doubting disciples; but the Mas-
ter said "Feed the multitude," and
He blessed the few loaves and fishes
and "they fed the multitude," and
"they did eat, and were filled." Do
you think they would have been
"filled," if God's love and blessing
had not gone out with the broken
food? The feast should not all be
of food for the body.

The Old-Time Burial Robe

One of our readers asks that some
one who knows will give directions
for the making of the shroud used
long ago, when loving hands fash-
ioned the last garment for the friend
who had passed on. The garment in
question was long enough to wrap
around and under the dear feet,
about eighteen inches longer than
the body, thus giving the mourning
ones the feeling that the feet of the
sleeper were "comfortable." Many
people would prefer to use this kind
of shroud for their dear ones, rather
than the unattractive ready-made
coverings carried in stock by the
undertakers, which are made to sim-
ulate a dress, coarse of material,
with cheap lace and inferior silk on
the immediate front, short in length,
and high in price. We shall be glad
to pass the information along, for
the guidance of those to whom this
loving last office of kindness to a
dear one may come.

A Criticism

In a recent department, we gave a
few items, sent out by the govern-
ment and state pure food inspectors
for the instruction of housewives,
among others, the information that
"smooth, shiney eggs are usually
bad; rough-shelled eggs are fresh."
Mrs. W. A. T., of New York, takes
exceptions to the statement, saying
it is untrue, and that the official in-
spectors were mistaken, as she per-
sonally knows to the contrary, from

much handling of eggs and poultry.
The inspectors were given credit for
the article copied.

Query Box

E. J. C.—See recipes for fruit cake
in another column.

"A New Housewife"—See recipes
for brown breads in another column.
(Quite a few of our friends kindly
sent the words of poems requested,
in some instances sending favorites
of their own, for which kindness they
have our thanks. The poems will ap-
pear as soon as possible.)

Ella L.—These five things must
never boil—milk, fish, tough meats,
tough fowls and corned beef. The
water must merely ripple, or simmer.

J. D.—If a young man is anxious
to know a girl, he should find some
one to introduce him, and the one
introducing him is supposed to
vouch for his respectability.

"Ignorance"—When calling, it is
the rule to lay your card on a table,
or other convenient place, leaving it
merely as a reminder of the call, and
address of caller; it is never given
to the person being called upon.

Annie S.—Stenciling is not a
"craze" of the day, but an estab-
lished style of decorative work which
seems lasting in favor. The work
requires no great skill, but needs
doing carefully.

R. J., Illinois, wishes to know
the best way to scour or clean fleeces
of wool and prepare it for making
a mattress. Will some one please
tell him.

Mrs. I. J.—Scarfs are used for
table covers, the length usually be-
ing about fifty inches; a heavy brown
or gray linen is well liked, although
the peasant crash, being only seven-
teen inches wide, is in much favor.
The linen is twenty-two inches wide.

Fruit Cake

The success in making of a black,
moist fruit cake lies as much in the
manner of making and baking as in
the ingredients. The mixing must
be thorough, and the best cake-
bakers knead it with their hands to
insure the proper blending. The
cake contains but little batter in
proportion to the fruit, and when
put in the oven it does not rise, but
swells slowly, the juices of the fruit
permeating the whole mess. The
baking must be continued for five
hours, at least, with so moderate a
heat that, at the end of that time,
the cake will be moist and tender
but still firm enough to hold togeth-
er. If baked too rapidly, the cake
will be ruined. In all the old
recipes, where success is guaranteed,
brandy or jamaica rum are used, but
the cook of today often substitutes
unfermented grape juice and lemon
juice, if the liquors are objection-
able, and they say the cakes are just
as good. Below we give a recipe
sent in by a "Grandmother's Girl,"
which is claimed to be one of the
very best.

Black Fruit Cake

Cream together one pound of
fresh, well-washed butter, and one
pound of the finest granulated sugar
(confectioner's XXX sugar may be
used); grate in the yellow rind of a
lemon, and break into the mixture
ten eggs, one by one, beating vigor-
ously between eggs. Mix together
half a cupful of molasses, a tea-
spoonful of cinnamon, half a tea-

spoon of cloves, two teaspoons of
allspice, and half a nutmeg grated;
add this to the batter together with
a pound of pastry flour that has
been sifted several times to lighten
it; stir well, or knead with the
hands before adding the fruit, which
should be ready washed, picked and
dried and well floured before begin-
ning the cake. The relative propor-
tions of fruit may be varied to suit
the individual taste, but these may
be used: Two pounds of currants,
two pounds of Sultana raisins, two
pounds of seeded Malagas, one pound
of citron cut in very thin slices, one-
fourth pound of shredded candied
orange peel, and one gill each of un-
fermented grape juice and lemon
juice. Knead again for ten to fif-
teen minutes, and pour into cake
pans holding about three quarts
each, and lined with well buttered
paper. The fire should be so arranged
that it need not be replenished
until the cake is done baking, but
if this is impossible, the replenish-
ing should be done a little at a time,
so as not to diminish the heat. Do
not let bake too fast. If the oven
seems too hot, deaden with a pan
of cold water, changing as it gets
warm, until the oven is right. This
knowledge and control of the oven
must be gained by experience with
one's own stove. When the cake is
cool, ice as desired, and roll in par-
affin paper; cover closely in a box or
stone jar. This cake should be made
several weeks or a month before
cutting.

Brown Breads

Make the yeast about 9 o'clock in
the morning, using unbolted graham
flour. The last thing at night, mix
two cupfuls of warm water, two cup-
fuls of unbolted flour, yeast, a tea-
spoonful of salt and sugar as de-

STOPPED SHORT

Taking Tonics, and Built Up on Right Food

The mistake is frequently made of
trying to build up a worn-out nerv-
ous system on so-called tonics—
drugs.

New material from which to re-
build wasted nerve cells is what
should be supplied, and this can be
obtained only from proper food.

"Two years ago I found myself on
the verge of a complete nervous col-
lapse, due to overwork and study,
and to illness in the family," writes
a Wisconsin young mother.

"My friends became alarmed be-
cause I grew pale and thin and could
not sleep nights. I took various
tonics prescribed by physicians, but
their effects wore off shortly after I
stopped taking them. My food did
not seem to nourish me and I gained
no flesh nor blood.

"Reading of Grape-Nuts, I deter-
mined to stop the tonics and see what
a change of diet would do. I ate
Grape-Nuts four times a day, with
cream and drank milk also, went to
bed early after eating a dish of
Grape-Nuts.

"In about two weeks I was sleep-
ing soundly. In a short time gained
20 pounds in weight and felt like a
different woman. My little daughter
whom I was obliged to keep out of
school last spring on account of
chronic catarrh has changed from a
thin, pale, nervous child to a rosy,
healthy girl and has gone back to
school this fall.

"Grape-Nuts and fresh air were
the only agents used to accomplish
the happy results."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in
pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new
one appears from time to time. They
are genuine, true, and full of human
interest.