



# The Home Department

Conducted by  
Helen Watts McKee

## The Pitying Ones

Souls that have grown serene and strong,  
Patient, and of love's kinship wide,  
They have been mates with sorrow long—

These souls of purpose tried,  
The loneliness of wistful night,  
The heartache of the weary day,  
The shadows, where they looked for light,  
Have 'compained their day.

They were the hopeful souls, and glad;  
Passionate; filled with golden dreams;  
Touched with the gift, all magic-mad,  
That makes life what it seems,  
Till their sweet youth had wandered on,  
Laughing, with curled and careless lip,  
And they awoke, to find joy gone,  
And served grief's 'prenticeship.

And that so prodigal they spent  
Their gladness in life's singing time,  
Poor, shivering souls were they, and bent  
With famine in their prime.  
Their olden bliss—oh, bitterer far  
It made the pain that took its place!  
And where was laughter came the scar  
Of suffering on each face.

But these same souls of simple kind—  
Steadfast are they in their own guise;  
Not in their fabric may we find  
The weakness of vain cries;  
Silent, they pay what price they must;  
Dumb, by disaster's proudness stilled  
Till they arise from out the dust  
With a great pity filled.

Pity for all who, to the weight  
Of life's grim cares must bend them low,  
But most for those of darkest fate—  
The gentler ones they know;  
The loving ones that count no cost,  
The faithful, that but faith demand;  
The truthful whose poor way is lost  
In a misleading land.

These that are glad and childlike born,  
Not armed to cope with hate and doubt,  
So trustful that the rogue's rich scorn  
Shall follow them about;  
High souls, that yet are reckoned cheap,  
And oftenest drink life's foulest lees—  
O, pitying, poignant, strong and deep,  
The calmed ones feel for these!

And for their sakes, the song is heard  
That cheers the way on which they wend—  
The heartening cry, the manful word,  
The hall that means a friend;  
Comfort for all? Aye, in God's grace;  
But most to these dear ones addressed  
Who find the world a cruel place  
For them that love it best.  
—Ripley D. Saunders, in St. Louis Republic.

## Children's Keepsakes

How very few parents ever think of taking care of little treasures belonging to their children, putting them away until the child's sense of responsibility is so educated as to give a value to the article in his eyes! One of the things that should always be done is, when photographs are taken, to put away one to be kept for the child through life. No matter how often a picture is taken, one should be set aside for the child. How often, when a dear child dies, there is lamentation that there is no picture of him or her, because none has been kept in the family, and the picture was not of sufficient value to others to be preserved. I have in my possession a little knife, fork and spoon, given to my little girl when a baby, by one who is no more than a memory, and as soon as the tiny little daughter becomes "eligible," the set will be passed to her. Many other belongings of the mother, kept for her since her own babyhood is passed on to the babies of her own household. Of every picture taken of her there was a copy kept, and she can see herself, just as she was at the age of her own little children. A mother should keep bits of clothing—scraps of calico, gingham, and other cotton goods, and of woollens as well, which went to make up the child's wardrobe, and these may, later on, be made into "patchwork" either for or by the child. One mother I know gives to her little daughter a piece of china or glassware, or something of lasting quality, on every birthday or "gift" day, and the child is taught to keep these as treasures against her day of need. Among my own most precious belongings is a solid silver butterknife, received as a premium at a fair on some stock exhibit, by my father, half a century ago, and kept for the baby girl. There is also a little old-fashioned coal oil lamp, the first our family ever had, and because I admired it so much, it was passed on to me. The sight of it brings back visions and memories so plainly that they seem realities of today, instead of the long dead past.

## Exercise for Health

The best way to keep the body healthy is to use it. It is the still arm that stiffens, and for those engaged in sedentary pursuits, nothing is better than walking to and from their place of business. In these days of rapid transit, few will take the walk, and unless some other exercise is substituted, the health will suffer. The nearest approach to a panacea for all bodily ills that has yet been discovered is exercise. Causing the body to move, stretch, push and pull makes the blood circulate, the liver do its work, and the nerves pick up the dropped stitches. During sleep, there is little waste of energy, and on awakening there is little demand for replenishing the lost tissues; the long rest has left the nerves and digestive organs dull and leaden, and to sit down to a heavy breakfast within a few minutes after getting out of bed, with no exercise but that of dressing, means that the stomach is filled with food which is neither needed, or readily digested. The better way is to go through a few physical exercises, not requiring more than ten minutes, before starting to dress, while unincumbered with clothing.

Excellent books of instruction in this line are to be had for a small sum, and they will pay for themselves times over, if attention is given to the directions for the exercises. More and more, our best physicians are getting away from drug treatment, and advising care and attention to physical needs, such as diet, bathing, internal and external, water drinking, right breathing, and exercising every joint and muscle.

## Observations

The oldest woman in the world, regardless of her years, is the one who worries about every wrinkle that time draws on her face. She is usually the one who shuts out of her life every new affection; out of her mind, every new idea; out of her experience, every new enthusiasm; and out of her heart every tender tolerance of another's weakness. If she does these things, she becomes "old as the hills," no matter if her years be few or many. The woman who distrusts her friends, hates her enemies, and barely tolerates her acquaintances, suffers the bitterness of disappointments, the withering of illusions, and stifles faith in humanity, and is old, old, old; while the woman who lives to love; who always sees the good in everybody, and who always finds the sunshine, is young at seventy.

Do not let your little children grow up blue and pinched in a loveless home. Do not repulse them when they come to you for little tender-nesses. The affection of a child is something beautiful; the soft baby lips are lavish of kisses, and the soft baby arms twine instinctively about the mother who bends lovingly over them. But as the child grows older, the world slips between, and repulse it ever so little—give it to understand that its caresses are a bother, and the chill of disappointment drives the little heart into itself, never to feel the same trust again. These childish confidences are too precious to turn away; if guarded with mother-love, the growing children will keep the affectionate ways of babyhood, and you shall have your reward. There is nothing that appeals to the dawning manhood of the boy so strongly as his love and trust in his mother; no girl is so safe as the one who is never afraid to "tell mother," through fear of being bothersome. Many children are driven out into the world because their repulsed hearts are starved for love.

## Ingrowing Toe-Nail

A. M. wishes a cure for an ingrowing toe-nail which has become ulcerated. Give the foot a hot bath, and have it perfectly clean, and the nail softened by the hot water. With a flat probe, or thin bit of splinter slip a bit of sterilized cotton between the edge of the nail and the inflamed flesh; another strip of the cotton is put along the outer margin of the ulcerated area, and the space between the two strips of cotton, and which is occupied by the ulcer, is to be thickly powdered with nitrate of lead; cover the whole with cotton and bandage the toe. Repeat the dressing the following day and every day, until the incarcerated edge of the nail is visible, using fresh cotton each time. Then carefully and patiently lift the edge of the nail away from the flesh and introduce a bit of fresh cotton under to keep it so.

As long as the toe is sore, use arnica salve as a dressing. After it gets well, if the nail should incline to grow down again, soak the feet good in hot water to soften it, and push under it and between it and the flesh a bit of sterilized cotton, which should be allowed to remain until another bath is given. A good dressing for the sore is to smear the cotton with a little carbolyzed vaseline, or moisten with turpentine.

## Query Box

P. M.—The states now giving full suffrage to women are Washington, California, Colorado, Idaho and Wyoming.

Mrs. S. wishes to say that she put up a quantity of grape juice according to the directions given in the Home Department, and found it fine.

Lola B.—To brighten the discolored lamp burners, boil them in water in which dried beans have been parboiled. Or, boil in a strong solution of washing soda and water.

Esther M.—For bleaching the yellow linen, wash in the usual way with white soap and soft water, then soak over night in water containing a teaspoonful of cream tartar to a quart of water; rinse well next day, dry and iron, and they should be nice and white.

Invalid—Before using any formula from the printed page, ask the advice of your druggist about the ingredients. A formula good for one thing may be harmful for another. Even physicians sometimes make mistakes.

John K.—For the cider which will not turn to vinegar, to twenty-gallons of cider use ten gallons of rain water, fifteen pounds of brown sugar and one pint of good yeast—brewers' yeast is good. Stir the mixture well and keep in a temperature of over 60 degrees Fahrenheit. Do not disturb for six weeks.

"Cook Lady"—For home-made vanilla flavoring, shred three of the best vanilla beans into a pint of good brandy, cork tightly and shake occasionally for three months, and you will have better than you can buy. For ginger flavoring, cut up two ounces of white ginger root into half a pint of best grain alcohol (deodorized, not denatured) cork tightly and let stand for several weeks, then strain into another bottle and cork tightly.

Mrs. Emily R. should have sent stamped addressed envelope for information which can not be given here. Addresses of business firms can not be given in the Query Box.

## Contributed Recipes

Buckwheat Cakes—Start the batter in the usual way; when you come to use the batter, if it requires more than a scant teaspoonful of soda, add a quart of cold water to the batter and stir it well; set it away in a cool place and leave until night. At night pour off all the bitter water, add the usual amount of lukewarm water and stir in flour until the batter is a little stiff, so that a half cupful of hot water poured over the soda in the morning and added to the batter will make it the right consistency. By following this plan, you will have light, porous brown cakes instead of the sour, flat things usually served.

Mock Oyster Soup—One pint of stewed or canned tomatoes, one-fourth of a tall can of salmon mashed fine, two level tablespoonfuls of butter, pepper and salt to taste, and enough boiling water to make one gallon of soup. Let this boil a moment, remove from the fire and add one gill of new milk; serve at once with crackers.

Noodles can be bought in sealed packages almost cheaper than can be made, but where they can not be had, take two well-beaten eggs, stir