



The Home Department

Conducted by
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The Unknown Dead

All day, from morn to falling night,
An upturned face, so still and white,
Two idle hands, in endless rest,
Laid on a woman's stirless breast;
A twist of sodden, golden hair,
Above a girlish forehead fair,
Pale lips apart, as though to cry
Again life's old, unanswered "Why?"

Frightened, perhaps, at ghostly fate,
She swift unbarred the water-gate
Out from life's temple, seeking
there

The last mad refuge of despair.
What swift repentance may have
come

Ere eyes were dimmed, or lips were
dumb.

Is writ in water. Dying cries
Once bore the thief to Paradise.

But sadder than the woman dead
It is to hear the steady tread
Of wistful seekers, hither drawn
To find, perhaps some jewel gone;
Some blossom that has blown adrift,
Till lost adown some yawning rift,
Some shallop, lured by lights ashore,
Then wrecked amid the breakers'
roar.

Poor, weary one! They look askance
At first, with timid, side-wise
glance;

Then turn aside, and softly say,
"It is not Lucy; 'tis not May."
And some good women kissed the
cheek

So round and white, so pale and
meek,

Remembering their own lost, may-be,
Perhaps as still and white as she.

There are so many lives amiss,
Homes hungry for the lost one's
kiss,

Poor lambs who wandered from the
fold,

Lost on the mountains, bleak and
cold,

And with remorse and grief, sore-
pressed,

Turned to the river-bed to rest.
And when the news abroad has
spread,

The seekers come to scan the dead,
With faces white and set to bear
What the Morgue's slab can tell them
there.

—Ethel Lynn.

The Joy of Work

Somehow, whenever the growing
season comes, with its thin veil of
newly-unrolled leaflets and the smell
of the warming earth, it is very hard
to keep one's eyes turned indoors
and to follow steadily the beaten
path of routine. The sun-bonnet or
garden-hat becomes very lovely in
our eyes; there is a perfect fascina-
tion in the garden tools, and the
stout, useful gloves seem to fit a
great deal better than the hand-
coverings for other occasions. Even
the much-deplored house-cleaning
upheaval, over which the department
writers make such moan, is chock-
full of allurements, and like the hen
in the garden, the housewife just
aches to "scratch." It is like going
down to do battle, and there are few
women who, down in their hearts, do
not enjoy the fray, and go into it,
heart and soul, no matter how tired
they may get before things are again
adjusted to their likings. If the
woman have strength enough, or can
command the right kind of helpers,
and have sense enough not to try to
do too much at one time, there is
something exhilarating in the work

which nothing else can give her.
With the helps for housecleaning
now on the market, the woman of
even small means will find the work
greatly simplified to what it was in
the olden-times, when everything
was done with the hand-brush and
broom, the carpet beater and the
scrub bucket.

Right close up to the other work
comes the beginning of the canning
season, for May brings the strawber-
ries to many localities, and from
that on, there are always some kinds
of fruits and vegetables beginning to
be taken care of. And sandwiched
in between all the work, no matter
how pressing, there is an ever-
present demand for the family sew-
ing machine, especially where there
are growing children. Very few
mothers dislike to make pretty
things for the kiddies, but a great
army of them find the bulk of the
sewing to be for rough-and-ready
use, with a demand for strong stitch-
ing and good thread. So, every
season brings its joys, and the joy
of hearty work is chief among them.

Cleaning Delicate Fabrics

For washing delicate fabrics, such
as chiffon and fine laces, which will
not bear much handling, put the
article in a fruit jar with a glass top;
make a good lather with fine soap
and soft water, having it warm. Fill
the jar half-full, or with enough of
the suds to well cover the goods;
let stand five to ten minutes, then
screw on the top of the jar and shake
vigorously for five to ten minutes,
then pour off the suds, and if the
fabric is clean, rinse thoroughly with
clear soft water, changing the water
several times to remove all the soap
suds. If the piece was much soiled,
repeat the suds after removing the
first, until the article is clean, then
rinse. The rinsing is done by shak-
ing in the jar, just as the sudsing is.
Hang without wringing in the open
air, or put into a thin muslin bag and
hang the bag in the air until the
articles are dry. Smooth very care-
fully when it is nearly dry.

Buildings of the Past

On my desk is a paper-weight—a
block of clear glass on the back of
which is pasted the picture of an old,
old farm-house; in front of the
house are two immense pine trees,
towering several times the height of
the little one-story, slanting-roofed
cottage that is just as old as the
trees. It is still a neat-looking
house, and used by the family now
owning the land, though it was built
nearly seventy years ago. It was
built on the wide prairie lands pos-
sessed by "pre-emption" in those
days, by the father of a large family
of boys and girls, and here, in the
five rooms, all the children grew to
adult age. When the world called
the family from the country home, it
passed into other hands, and none of
the original family except one white-
haired man, ever entered its doors
again. A few years ago, one of the
youngest of the family was in the
neighborhood, and he was eagerly
questioned about the trees. He had
with him a kodak, and took views
of many of the old houses about the
village in which the family had at
various times spent the winter that
the children might have the benefit
of the village schools. Every one of
these old houses are over sixty years
old—school house, church, tavern,
and other buildings. At the time the

views were taken, they were all in
good condition and still occupied.
Very few of them had been changed.
How these old buildings keep their
life is a mystery to those accustomed
to the frail modern buildings which
look (and are) old within a few
years after being constructed. In
the new houses, the lumber soon
rots, the masonry cracks and
crumbles, and the boards pull apart,
the paint "scales," and by the time
they have rounded out their first de-
cade, they are old, dilapidated,
tumbling-down things, fit for little
but the kindling pile or the wrecker's
hatchet. Scattered about over the
country are many of these old build-
ings many of which threaten to
serve another generation, and they
show a superiority of workmanship
and material that no modern-built
"shack" can claim. The contractors
and builders can tell you why this is
so, if they will; but few of them
care to unveil the mystery.

Getting Ready for Warm Weather

It would seem superfluous to re-
mind the housewife that it is full
time to put up the screens, but many
think they can not afford them.
Something else would be better left
out, and the screens provided. If
nothing better offers, mosquito net-
ting may be used, and it is cheap.
If the frames from last year have
been preserved, they can be covered
anew, and it is a matter of impor-
tance that they should have been. A
few small nails will make them firm,
and a coat of paint will protect them
from the weather. A coarse wash
netting that is very wide can be
used with better results than the
mosquito netting, as it is more sub-
stantial, and will bar out the insects
better.

When the screens are in place, the
outer door can be left open, and a
good fastener is convenient. Cover
a brick with a piece of carpet, or
blanket, or any thick cloth, and it
will not scratch the door, but will
hold it open.

Useful Information

In cultivating sweet peas, flowers,
lima beans, etc., it is literally "cut
and come again," for they will bloom
or bear until killed by frost if not
allowed to dry up or form ripened
seeds.

For ferns that have become spotted
and brown, dropping their leaves,
saturate the earth about the roots
with weak lime water; if there are
any worms, this will destroy them;
the earth should be wet through.
Get sheep manure from the florist,
if you do not keep sheep, pour water
over a handful and let stand over
night. Then drain off and water the
plant with this after soaking it in
the vessel of water for half an hour.

Tapioca

Tapioca is made from the roots of
the plant which is called by various
names where found. The botanical
name is Manihot, but it is known as
cassava, cassada, maniot, manioca,
manidoca, and several others. Its
native home is Brazil, but it is also
produced in Porto Rico, Jamaica and
Trinidad. Owing to early circum-
stances and cheap labor, the greatest
part of the world's supply comes
from the Straits Settlements of Java.
The plant grows from four to eight
feet high, consisting of one straight
woody stalk from an inch to an inch
and a half in diameter, branching

into large skeletal leaves with long,
slender stems. The only use that is
made of the stalk is for cuttings
which are planted for a new crop.
The crop of roots mature twelve to
eighteen months after planting. The
useful food part consists of one or
more tubers something like a sweet
potato, usually much larger in size,
single tubers occasionally weighing
ten to twenty-five pounds. These
roots are washed by machinery, then
passed into the grinder through
which a steady stream of water
flows, washing out the starch from
the wood and fibre of the root. In
other parts of the work, the starchy
water is caught, the starch allowed
to settle, then drained. It is claimed
that the pearl form of the product
is not as pure or wholesome as the
flake tapioca.

Odds and Ends

Among the grievances we have
against the English sparrow is the
fact that it fouls the floor of the
porch, the sill of the windows, and
many other conspicuous places, by
its droppings from its roosting place
under the eaves, or other sheltered
nooks. It has been decided that the
sparrow is a nuisance and a ma-
rauder, and notice must be served on
it to migrate to new countries, or
take the consequences. The United
States department of agriculture has
issued a bulletin, No. 493, which
gives various methods of destroying
these little pests. One very good
way is to destroy any nest you know
to be that of a sparrow as soon as
it is found; but be sure it is a spar-
row's nest, and not that of one of
the useful birds.

Don't forget to put up the bird
houses; let them be out of the reach
of the cats, and some say they should
be protected from the red squirrel, as
this squirrel is very destructive to
bird-life. The useful birds have
many foes, and at best, it is a con-
stant struggle for them; so it is as
well to help them all we can.

If we heed the warnings of science,
the "barefooted boy" is one of the
"old things that have passed away."
According to science and the doctors,
the barefoot gathers innumerable
diseases, whether or not there is
abrasion of the skin through which
the germ or poison may enter the
system. In the cities it is claimed
there are always "things" lying in
wait for the naked foot, and parents
are warned that the children should
be shod if they are to remain healthy.
Yet the boy—and not seldom the
girl—will willingly brave the dan-
gers of the street dust to kick off
shoes and stockings and feel the cool,
soft earth under the naked feet. In
the southern states, where the hook-
worm thrives, the warning is par-
ticularly urgent. It is a good thing
for the shoe man.

Where the Money Goes

The following statistics were made
public through the American federa-
tion of sex hygiene of which Dr.
Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus
of Harvard university, is president.
Here are the figures which tell a
large part of American yearly expen-
ditures: White slavery, \$3,000,000,-
000; intoxicating liquors, \$2,000,-
000,000; tobacco, \$1,200,000,000;
jewelry, \$800,000,000; automobiles,
\$200,000,000; church work, at
home, \$250,000,000; confectionary,
\$200,000,000; soft drinks, \$120,-
000,000; tea and coffee, \$100,000,-
000; millinery, \$90,000,000; patent
medicines, \$90,000,000; chewing
gum, \$13,000,000; foreign mis-
sions, \$12,000,000.

Preventing Contagion

In the contagious wards of the
Brooklyn children's hospital glass
partitions about five feet high are
placed between the beds. And the