

The Home Department

Conducted by Helen Watts McVey

The Star Spangled Banner

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we halled at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Chorus—

Oh, say does that star spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.

Chorus—

'Tis the star spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band, that so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of death and the gloom of the grave.

Chorus—

And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand,
Between their loved homes and fowl war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven rescued
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"

Chorus—

And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"Saluting the Flag"

The majority of people do not know what the "flag salute" is; here it is: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and the republic for which it stands—One nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

Making Everything Count

There is a great deal said about growing larger crops and making every foot of ground pay dividends,

and it is well to need the advice. We have been growing more wasteful with every generation because of our great prosperity, until we have scarcely realized the vast amount of food stuffs we have been recklessly throwing away. Among the sources of wastefulness is that of the over-filled garbage can to be found at almost every door. Across the street from my window is a row of flats occupied by people who depend on their daily wage, and their pay envelope is not always overfull. A few days ago, the garbage can was brought down and set on the walk. Three dogs came along and overturning the pail, feasted until full on the contents; then, two girls with a little wagon came along and gathered up a lot of scraps which the dogs did not want; following these, was a flock of neighborhood hens, and they seemed to have a full feast, yet there were still scraps on the ground when they left. Then the garbage wagon came along and gathered up the peelings, etc. This is by no means an out-of-the-ordinary occurrence, for it may be seen in any part of the town. A family moved into a new neighborhood, but they seemed not to have any garbage can; the colored collector decided to instruct these people in city law, so he boldly rang the bell. The housewife opened the door, when he demanded of her what she did with her garbage. "Why, we eat it!" she answered, slamming the door in his face. It would be money in the pockets of most people if each family eat more of its own garbage, and it would not be hard to do.

The Cross

Christ did not command His disciples to seek out a cross, or talk sentiment about it. They were not even to choose it. It was there, in their lives, ready for them. It remains so today. Each young man or woman, ready to obey Christ, will find the cross at hand, in their daily life, waiting to be taken up. Many young Christians prefer to sing about the cross, to sentimentalize about it, rather than to lift and carry it in the shape of a quarrelsome relative, or uncongenial work, or strict economies and daily self-denials in the every-day life. The cross is never a joy, never was, and never can be; it means crucifixion; the putting out of our hearts something we are struggling to retain. The reason that some Christianity is so unsubstantial and cheap and unsatisfactory is that it uses the cross as an emblem, and nothing more.

The Bible

Quoting from an exchange, we are told that as a book of literature, the Bible is being crowded out by a mass of inferior stuff. The Boston Herald says, "Orators could make no point more certain of instant appreciation than one which turned on an illustration from the Bible, even from the least read portions, offered but a few years ago. Nowadays, it is hardly safe for a popular orator to venture on any allusion outside the gospels and the psalms; people don't know the Bible." Since the terrible war of the present times, however, many

are turning to the Bible and reading with more or less understanding, the prophecies, with intense interest as to their applicability to these days of unparalleled trouble. Bible literature is being sought out, and opinions of Bible students are listened to with increasing attention.

Spring Days

No matter how the world outside goes on, indoors, there are demands that can not be ignored, and the housewife always looks through a network of duties that just must be attended to, whether the gardening falls to her share, or into the hands of others. Among the imperative duties is the getting ready of every can, glass or stone jar, tumbler, or other container in which the expected crop of food stuffs may be conserved, and having them ready for a moment's emergency. Cleaned, sweetened by sunning and thorough scalding, tops and lids all fitted and in place, and new rings, or plenty of ceiling wax and paraffin wax on hand to seal at once when filled. In nearly every household, there are glass jars, or syrup cans, or stone jars, pickle bottles, and other containers, just knocking about. Gather them up and put them in order. "They also serve who only stand and wait," and the housewife who must needs "stay by the stuff" indoors will be doing just as much as the woman who is out making two blades of grass—or vegetable—grow where less than one grew before. In your doing, remember that to look well to the ways of your household is of inestimable value in these strenuous days.

Cutworms in Garden

One of the foes the gardener has to fight is the cutworm, which feeds at night, and does a lot of damage among young plants. Cutworms lay their eggs preferably in grass land, and their next choice is stubble and rubbish. If the garden soil has been well plowed in the early fall, the rubbish is disturbed, and the eggs exposed, so they can not hatch. Garden soil well cultivated in the fall will have the least worms, but they may have found things to suit in adjoining lands, and hence, get to yours. Their feeding is done at night, eating off the stems of young plants just at the surface—beans, cabbage, and the like. During the day they lie buried about an inch under the soil, usually close to their latest depredation. They can be poisoned in this way: Mix twenty-five pounds of bran, one pound plaster of paris, paris green, and three finely chopped oranges or lemons; add enough cheap molasses to make a stiff dough; distribute this over the infested garden or field, just a little near each plant, putting the food out in the evening. If the plants are transplanted, wrap a little strip of paper so as to cover the stem about half an inch below the surface, and a little above the soil.

To destroy the green cabbage worm and the currant worm, try making an emulsion of one tablespoonful of paris green to a pail of water, and go over the bushes or plants with a small sprinkler, wet-

ting both over and under parts of the plant. There will be no danger in the use of this, even after a rain, or if no rain comes, as the bushes will be all right in a few days, if you keep the children from eating the first day or two; the worms will perhaps make their appearance several times during the season, so the bushes should be given frequent doses.

When you see the white miller about the garden, dissolve a tablespoonful of saltpeter in a scant pail of water, then with a little sprinkler go over each cabbage thoroughly. Repeat the dose several times, in order to catch any stray hatch.

For the Back-yard Gardener

Here is said to be a sure cure for the black and yellow striped cucumber bug which has never failed to drive them away from cucumber, squash, melon, or pumpkin vines, when applied by the writer: Take a corn cob, saturate with turpentine, and place in the middle of each hill, then fold your hands and wait. After heavy rains, the cobs will need renewed treatment if the bugs get busy, as the rain washes the turpentine away.

Among the most damaging diseases that worry the gardener is the blossom-end rot of tomatoes. It is a fungus which attacks the blossom end of the fruit while it is green and causes it to drop off. As soon as the disease is observed, pull off all affected fruit and burn it, then spray thoroughly with bordeaux mixture. Bordeaux mixture is made with one pound of blue stone, one pound of quick lime, and twelve gallons of water. Dissolve the blue stone by hanging it in a cloth bag in water over night. Slake the lime separately, then mix the two thoroughly, and add the twelve gallons of water and stir until thoroughly



WHAT!

**NO SLEEP
LAST NIGHT?**

**If coffee was
the cause
change to
POSTUM
and sleep!**

"There's a Reason"