

COME HOME!

Come home, come home; and where is home for me, Whose ship is driving o'er the trackless sea?

Fields once I walked in, faces once I knew, Familiar things so old my heart believed them true;

Beyond the clouds, beyond the waves that rear, There may indeed, or may be not, a shore

But toil and pain must wear out many a day, And days bear weeks, and weeks bear months away,

Come home, come home! And where a home hath he Whose ship is driving o'er the driving sea?

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

Bridget's Broth.

By MRS. KATE TAMMATT WOODS.

It was 9 o'clock in the morning, and the doctor had paid an early visit to his patient, Mrs. Appleton, leaving instructions with her faithful attendant, Bridget.

"She is past the danger line now, Biddy, so feed her up; we must make her take nourishment whether she cares for it or not."

"What will I be giving her, doctor, she just eats like a bird at the best of times?"

"Try a good, strong, lamb broth, and give her two raw eggs per day; now feed her up, and we will soon have her out again."

"Indeed, and I will, doctor; it do seem as if the whole house was gone with her so still."

"Well, Biddy, it all depends on you now, if you do not feed her well, I shall have to send in one of my trained nurses, and you know how much you like them, eh, Biddy?"

The doctor closed the front door softly, and went out laughing. Biddy was a good friend of his, but he loved to tease her a bit.

As he got into his carriage, he recalled with much amusement Biddy's indignation some two years since, when Mrs. Appleton was stricken suddenly with an acute attack, and he had installed a trained nurse.

Now, there are trained nurses and trained nurses, as every one knows. The dear, gentle, faithful souls, who get into our hearts as well as our homes.

Biddy could never forget that experience. The first act of the nurse was to forbid Bridget to enter the room. The patient, although speechless and suffering, longed for her ever devoted helper, and Biddy was heart broken.

This time, with young Harold away at school and Bridget the sole comforter of his widowed mother, Bridget was to reign supreme.

Why not, pray? Had she not lived with the dear lady in her father's home from the time Miss Bessie first entered a kindergarten, and then did she not prepare the new home for the bride? Who but Biddy knew the agony of those dreary days of early widowhood, and who could read the face so dear to her as the one who knew her best?

It was a sweet, old story of mistress and maid, and the doctor well knew how dependent his frail patient was upon the great-hearted Irish woman, who had no other home and cared for none.

When the doctor's carriage was out of sight, Biddy crept softly up stairs to find her charge resting with closed eyes. "Dear heart of her," said Biddy softly, she do be making the sign of the cross with her white hands, and it's the best broth in the town I'll be making for her."

Down stairs went Biddy, and soon she was telephoning for supplies.

That duty over, she went into her well-ordered kitchen, and, while making necessary preparations for the broth, talked as was her custom, to herself. "The doctor was laughing, he was, but praise be the saints, there will be no more sticking of that nasty little thermometer in her mouth, and no more messes for her to eat, and she that dainty. I do be coaxing her all the while. Oh, but the airs of her made me so angry that I was doing penance for it, 'Bridget,' sez she:—I want some steak for my breakfast, at 8 o'clock, sez she, and do you be cutting it an inch thick, and don't put it on the broiler until I give the word, for I must have it smoking hot."

"Another time she came down, and sez she:—'Bridget, I don't like your omelette, or the way you cook eggs,' sez she; 'I will have to show you how I was taught in the diet kitchen of the hospital.'"

"All right, mum, sez I; 'my cooking pleases the one who pays me for it, and that is the chief concern of Bridget O'Connor.'"

"Oh, the way she would come down ordering me around, was enough to put me in a fever. I do pride myself that my range and my kitchen is at least as any in the city, and it's the dear doctor, himself, who has said so many's the time; but the high and mighty nurse, down she came, and sez:—'Bridget, you do need some lessons in sanitary science, indeed you do.'"

"In what, Miss?" sez I. "Which was wicked of me, for the blessed missus had told me all about it, and was very particular herself; why not, when she is a director of a cooking school, but I was stupid on purpose, heaven forgive me!"

"Sanitary or domestic science, sez

she, in her proud way, wid the head of her up in the air.

"And what is it like, miss?" sez I, 'do you boil it, or cook it in the oven? We never eat fried meats here.'"

"Bless me," sez she, 'what dense ignorance one finds even in good families. You see, Bridget, she went on, 'Mrs. Appleton is never very strong, and you should know what to do for her.'"

"Yes, miss," sez I, 'seeing that I have done for her since she put on short frocks, mebbe I might learn, if she asks it.'"

"Well, that woman turned our house upside down, and she kept me that worried that I lost ten pounds of flesh, which I might well spare, but I lost my sleep, which was worse."

"At last she went. The doctor needed her somewhere else; and I clapped the two hands of me 'till they ached, when she went out of the door, and the dear missus, she said 'Amen' as hearty as the Methody man who lives next door."

"That's why there is no trained nurse this time. A good, strong broth is it; well, the dear lady shall have it as quick as I can make it, for this morning, when she said to the doctor: 'Let no one take care of me but Biddy, doctor, for she knows just what to do,' I was happy."

"All right," sez the doctor, and I was that proud I wanted to hug my poor dear, and the doctor, too, indiscriminate like."

Altho' Biddy trotted back and forth wearing her felt slippers, and the invalid was happy, knowing how pleased her kind servant was.

Down in the kitchen the "strong broth" was being made, not according to any formula of the hospital diet kitchen, but as Biddy pleased, and her mistress liked to have it done.

At last it was ready, and Biddy prepared a tray on which she placed two well-browned crackers, a pretty china bowl, a few flowers in a tiny vase, and some glossy damask napkins.

Love had taught Biddy some things which were beyond the ken of many blessed with a more liberal education. She knew that the best dish in the world would never tempt Mrs. Bessie unless it was served in a dainty manner. She had learned, also, never to cook the rice in the broth, but to add it after it was thoroughly cooked. The broth was skimmed and seasoned, and Bridget surveyed her work with great satisfaction. But fate, the rascal, was on the alert to disturb Biddy's confidence.

Just as Biddy mounted the stairs, the front door bell rang sharply, and a sudden movement caused one of the felt slippers to slip on the smooth, waxed floor, and away went Biddy, tray, broth, flowers, dishes and all, clattering down to the room below. Even one lamp chimney or one small plate can make not only a terrible noise, but with fiendish glee they are capable of producing endless bits and pieces, to aggravate the unfortunate victim of the break.

The patient nearly sprang from her bed, as the crash was heard. The silence at last became unbearable, and she called in anxious tones: "Oh, Biddy, are you hurt?"

No answer.

"Bridget, do tell me, are you injured, have you broken a leg or anything but dishes?"

Still silence down below.

It was too much for poor Mrs. Appleton, whose mind pictured a dozen evils; and in spite of bandages, anti-phlogistine and hot water bags, she sprang from her bed and crept into the hall.

The sight which met her eyes as she gazed over the banisters into the living room, was ludicrous beyond words.

The newel post was decorated with a napkin, from which dripped a slow stream of broth, the floor was spattered with rice, far too moist for a bridal party; and bits of china were to be seen here and there.

In the middle of an oriental rug, sat Biddy bolt upright, rubbing her eyes with a fat, broth-bathed hand.

She had not heard her mistress; and was suddenly dazed by the accident. "Oh, the likes of it," she murmured, half to herself: "and the poor dear needing nourishment!"

A voice from above interrupted her; "Bridget, tell me at once, have you broken any bones; if you do not tell me I shall come down."

Looking up, Biddy saw the white face of her patient, and in an instant, she forgot herself and her keen disappointment, and before there was time to remonstrate, Mrs. Appleton

was hurried into bed and nearly smothered with blankets.

"Oh, my dear, my poor dear," said Biddy, "it's getting a death cold you'll be, and all for that old bell ringing."

"I'm all right now, Biddy; and you must excuse me for laughing, but you did look so droll sitting there, and—"

"Shure I was that mad," said Biddy, "I lost me voice, and me breaking that pretty bowl you brought from France; and the strong broth wasted and me a sight to behold."

Then both mistress and maid began to laugh, and the merry laughter increased the circulation, which was the very thing the doctor wanted to do, and Bridget was happy when she remembered that more strong broth could be had in her kitchen, and no one was hurt.

Many times during the day Mrs. Appleton found herself laughing over the mishap as she thought of Biddy's picture on the oriental rug.

"What a snap shot Harold would have made of it," she said to herself, and then she laughed again.

The next morning, the doctor found his patient much better, and the temperature nearly normal.

"Biddy," he said, "did you make the strong broth?"

"Indeed and I did, doctor."

"And did Mrs. Appleton relish it?"

"Very much," said that lady, and then began to laugh again. The doctor insisted on hearing the story, and he, too, laughed merrily with them.

As he said good morning, he could not refrain from teasing "his friend Bridget, and remarked with a twinkle in his handsome eyes: "Biddy, the next time I order strong broth just make it strong enough to get over the stairs."

Mrs. Appleton recovered rapidly, and insists upon it that a "merry heart doeth good like medicine."—From the Boston Cooking School Magazine.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Birds, when perched on trees or bushes, are natural weathercocks, as they invariably turn their heads to the wind.

By the "midnight sun" is meant the sun during the long day of the high northern regions, when for months it does not fall below the horizon.

The vine attains a great age, continuing fruitful for at least four hundred years. It is supposed to be equal to the oak as regards longevity.

The Singer building in New York is the highest in the world, but there is not enough wood in it to make a lead pencil. It can never catch fire from within.

Statistics of the Chicago municipal baths for 1907 show that only 577,534 baths were given in them this year, as against 671,104 in 1906, a decrease of over 90,000.

The Bible has been translated into four hundred languages. Two men spent twenty years learning the Tahitian language and twenty more translating the Bible into it.

There are now being carried out in New York city new engineering works whose total cost is about \$600,000,000. This is more than three times as much as the Panama canal will cost.

The following advertisement is clipped from a Baltimore newspaper of recent date: "W. H. Logue, Jr., 931 North Broadway, having been assigned to jury duty in the criminal court, earnestly requests the patronage of his friends and acquaintances."

Moving van records in New York show that new arrivals in the city who come without advisers seek first the lower stories of apartment houses, then keep going upward with each successive move and very frequently go from the top floors into the suburbs.

In the Philadelphia directory for 1785 is the following entry: "Dorleens Messrs., Merchants, near 100 South Fourth street." These were Louis Phillipe, afterwards King of France, and two of his brothers, who lived at the northwest corner of Fourth and Princes streets.

A Wareham (England) man named Wellstead found four blind baby rabbits on his holding and took them home to his cat for food. Pussy was nursing her own kitten, and instead of eating the rabbits she proceeded to nurse them, and under her fostering care they are doing well.

Caring for Two Blind Men. The facility with which blind men find their way about the city is illustrated in one of the largest restaurants of the city. Every noonday two blind men come to the place and stand near the door until the head waitress guides them to a table. The blind men, of course, cannot read the menu, and instead of having it read to them they state the amount they wish to spend for lunch and allow the waitress to make the selection for them. At first her choice of luncheons was often unsatisfactory, but from their frequent visits the young woman has gradually learned their likes and dislikes until she now rarely orders a luncheon which is not to their tastes. Another detail which is carefully looked after by the waitress is that the pepper, salt, and other table accessories are always in the same relative positions on the table, so that the blind men have no trouble in selecting them.—Philadelphia Record.

The Call for Brains

Enriched Brains—Educated Brains.

By Woodbridge N. Ferris.

FOR ages, men and women have been trying to get food, clothing and shelter without the aid of brains. They have not been even moderately successful. Here and there a man has awakened to the realization that knowing how to do things and get things is an element of tremendous power. If it is worth while to live at all, it is worth while to live well, to live nobly, to live happily. Man is something more than a bundle of instincts and impulses. He has intelligence; he has the capacity to think. Most men do not use this capacity. They trust to luck, they pin their faith to the magic of a rabbit's foot, a horse chestnut or some other charm and turn their "think tank" into cold storage room. Reader, what are you doing? Have you ever taken an inventory of your own brain resources, have you ever taken an inventory of the resources of this great round world? Or, have you been taking a long Rip Van Winkle sleep?

The call for brains, enriched brains, educated brains, has gone out through the world, in this, the beginning of the greatest century. Do you want wealth, do you want position, do you want power? If you have brains, two seeing eyes, two hearing ears, and two willing hands you can have what you want. Behold, the world's natural resources! These are your natural resources, your raw materials lying about loose in the earth. They are so much junk,—worthless until transformed by the creative hand of intelligence.

Not one man in a thousand ever discovers the riches buried in his own brains. Confidentially, most people have brains, but they are not using them. They have left their own brain farms and gone out into the highways and byways, slaves to the intelligence of those whom they call bosses, the few owners of the earth.

On every cross road, on every street, throngs of youth cry out that opportunity is for the sons and daughters of the rich. They recount to every passerby their disadvantages. How frequently the rich man tries to awaken his son by saying to him: "If I had only had your advantages what wouldn't I have accomplished as a young man!" This is an error. With his son's unearned spending money, with his son's fine clothes, with his son's spendthrift associates, he, too, would have been a cipher, a nothing.

Young man, young woman, this is the hour when the great, busy, hustling world calls for brains, educated brains, self-directing brains. The school-house calls to you and offers you the key to the world's great treasure house. Every robust boy and girl who hungers and thirsts for knowledge and power can hear the call. All the great institutions of learning are taxed beyond their capacity. In every human vocation the call rings out for men and women whose brains and hands are trained for service.

Wake up, fathers and mothers; wake up, young men and young women, and use your own brains. Quit working on shares, and work for yourself. You are never too old to do something, and be something. Work your own Klondike, count one in this century of brains. The flower and fruit of every age is man, master of his own mental resources; man, master of the world's resources; man, realizing all of his possibilities; man, fulfilling his divine mission.

The Acquiring of Clear Speech

By John D. Barry.

HOW how are people to break themselves of faulty enunciation? Simply by taking time. In this country, they are encouraged to do things in a hurry. To be busy, that is, to be rushed, has been so long an ideal with us that even if we really aren't busy we have acquired the habit of doing things in a busy way—that is, a hurried way. We attend to trifles hurriedly. We even speak hurriedly when we have plenty of time. Moreover, it is so credible in the general estimation to seem busy that many people with plenty of leisure pretend to be busy and dishonestly say they are busy, and act as if they were busy, and talk with the breathless hurry of people rushed to death. It is very curious, this ideal of seeming to be rushed as if it were a good in itself and not a misfortune, a state to be guarded against, both for one's own comfort and for the sake of not annoying people about us. Repose, quiet, poise, the easy balance of one's mental and physical qualities, must be recognized as an ideal before, as a people, we can learn to arrange what is going on in our minds and to express it in clear speech. So if we decide to try to speak well, we must accept this ideal and relax from the tension with which most of us hold ourselves. When we express ourselves we shall then express, not a hurried or an harassed being, but a nature calm and rational. Instantly many of our faults of diction will straighten themselves out, and we shall find our task of clear-speaking astonishingly lightened.—Harper's Bazar.

Clean Handling of Milk and Vegetables

Epidemics of Typhoid Fever and Other Diseases Often Due to Lack of Cleanliness.

By Dr. W. T. Sedgwick.

MUCH is said and written nowadays concerning dirty milk, and any one who is familiar with the primitive methods of keeping and milking cows, especially in some states, does not need to be told that milk is likely to be seriously polluted with dirt. More than one pamphlet has been issued by the United States department of agriculture and by the state experimental stations drawing attention to this fact, and to the need of greater cleanliness in the milk industry. The writer is constantly urging upon city consumers of milk that they should not only demand purer and cleaner milk, but also, that they should be ready to pay for such milk a higher price, since great pains and expense are required to put the milk industry where it belongs, on a higher plane of care and cleanliness.

Many epidemics of typhoid fever and other infectious or contagious diseases have in recent years been traced to milk, polluted by dirty milkmen, suffering with one of these diseases, or by dirty water used in washing pails, cans or other appliances.

All fruits and vegetables, even upon the farm, should be carefully washed when practicable before they are put upon the table; or, if like strawberries, they are subject to damage by washing, they should be carefully mulched with clean straw, or otherwise protected from dirt above or below them as they grow, and then handled only with clean hands.—Youth's Companion.

Bank of the Boardwalk.

Through its latest financial enterprise Atlantic City has not only paid the compliment of imitation to our Night and Day Bank, but also has perpetuated the famous Boardwalk as a national institution. This is the establishment of the National Boardwalk Bank, which is situated on that renowned promenade and which not only is open during the regular banking hours, but also in the evenings from 8 o'clock until 11. This enables persons who have squandered overmuch money in the mild diversions of Atlantic City at night to have a check cashed and continue their mad pursuit of chair-riding. The advantage of the scheme is in favor of Atlantic City as usual.—New York Sun.

Their Appearance.

Little Wattle Wombat—Dem white gen-lemen dat runs de antymobiles looks sawth funny, doesn't dey, Poppy?

Mr. Wombat—Dey sho' does, most son! 'Minds me, in de face, de most of 'em does, of a pussion dat has been sent for and couldn't come, and is den shot in de proximity with a box o' tacks for not comin'.—Puck.

Works Like a Charm.

Skinner—Trying horseback riding to reduce your weight, eh? Well, how does it work?

Hevywyate—I've only tried it for a couple of days, and I've fallen off quite a good deal already!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

WORK WEAKENS THE KIDNEYS.

The Experience of Mr. Woods is the Experience of Thousands of Others. Bernard P. Woods, of Jackson Street, Lonaconing, Md., says: "Hard work and heavy lifting weakened my kidneys. I was tired every morning and my limbs stiff and sore. Dizzy spells and headaches were frequent, and the kidney secretions much disordered."

This continued for fifteen years and until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Then I improved steadily until cured, and naturally I recommend them strongly."

Sold by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HARD COPPER AX IS FOUND. Lake Superior Relic May Prove Ancient Knew Tempering Process.

Examination of a small copper axe found on the shore of Lake Superior at Presque Isle, shows that the axe is harder than highly tempered steel. This fact, coupled with indications that the axe is of aboriginal make, is taken by metallurgists to show that a race of people, possibly antedating the American Indian, knew the art of tempering metal.

A Texas Shooting Wonder. The World's Records for wing shooting with a rifle were "smashed to flinders" in San Antonio, Texas, recently by Adolph Topperwein, a native of the Lone Star State. He shot for ten consecutive days at 2 1/2 inch wood blocks thrown in the air at a distance of 30 feet from him, missing only 4 out of the first 50,000 and but 9 out of 72,000. During his shooting he made runs of 14,540, 18,589, 15,292 and 13,219 hits without missing. In doing this wonderful shooting he used only two .22 caliber rifles—Winchester repeaters. His ammunition was of the smokeless powder variety made by the Winchester people and famed for its accuracy and cleanliness.

Ernesto Nathan is the first Jew to be elected Mayor of Rome. He was born in England and is Past Grandmaster Mason.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days. Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded, 50c.

Live Too Fast. Physicians have long been preaching the doctrine that American business men live too fast. With the telegraph, the ocean cable, the telephone and other modern facilities, the man of affairs can do in one hour work that formerly would have occupied six. It might be thought his working day would be correspondingly shortened. Nothing of the sort has occurred. The speed with which trade can be effected has simply accelerated his pace, and he not only works faster but more hours than ever, with corresponding increase of business and responsibilities. To keep up this energy he eats too much—sometimes drinks too much—for a man who spends most of his working hours at his desk and takes no open-air exercise. Physical deterioration is inevitable and when a period of more than usual stress and anxiety arrives he is liable to succumb.—New York Herald.

Forestry the Great Issue. The great issue before this country for the next quarter century, although external political indications may not show it, is to be the conservation of natural resources. This is true because our natural resources have been shamefully wasted and we are now feeling this and beginning to realize the unhappy possibilities which the future may have in store for us if waste is not checked. Upon these resources and their wise management the prosperity of a people absolutely depends. No amount of economic science can finance a desert. Therefore, if our country is to remain great and strong, we must husband and perpetuate the sources of our prosperity, and among the chief of these are the forests.—Woodland and Roadside.

BANISHED. Coffee Finally Had to Go. The way some persons cling to coffee even after they know it is doing them harm is a puzzle. But it is an easy matter to give it up for good, when Postum Food Coffee is properly made and used instead.

A girl writes: "Mother had been suffering with nervous headaches for seven weary years, but kept drinking coffee."

"One day I asked her why she did not give up coffee, as a cousin of mine had done who had taken to Postum. But mother was such a slave to coffee she thought it would be terrible to give it up."

"Finally, one day, she made the change to Postum, and quickly her headaches disappeared. One morning while she was drinking Postum so freely and with such relish I asked for a taste."

"That started me on Postum, and I now drink it more freely than I did coffee, which never comes into our house now."

"A girl friend of mine, one day, saw me drinking Postum and asked if it was coffee. I told her it was Postum, and gave her some to take home, but forgot to tell her how to make it."

"The next day she said she did not see how I could drink Postum. I found she had made it like ordinary coffee. So I told her how to make it right, and gave her a cupful I made, after boiling it fifteen minutes. She said she never drank any coffee that tasted as good, and now coffee is banished from both our homes." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Michigan.

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