

## WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by HELENE.

With the advent of the winter season and its consequent miseries and hardships for so many, would it not be well for those who are planning numberless things to be accomplished to make the Christmas time as happy as it can be, to lay aside a portion of their means to give a little comfort and pleasure to those less fortunate than themselves. Indiscriminate charity-giving has not much to recommend it, 'tis true, but there are ways and means of finding out the deserving ones and helping to make their way less hard. People hesitate very often to give for reasons justifiable in themselves; but the little children must not be let suffer for their parents' sins, so let those who can, spread bright Christmas cheer among the little ones and make for them a truly season of peace and goodwill.

## FASHIONS.

Green in all its shades is much in vogue, but never is handsomer than in the deep rich one favored of hunters, and combined with leather color. A very handsome effect is in broadcloth with trimming of broad-tail velvet, the little vest being of the leather color, but chevrons and all other suitings are equally well adapted to the design. The color combination is a most satisfactory one, but nevertheless, there are many others equally correct. Mahogany color with vest of cream is essentially smart, browns are eminently fashionable, and the list might be continued almost indefinitely.

Cashmere is one of the fashionable materials of the season, and is peculiarly attractive in the shirt waist gowns that are so deservedly popular. Hunter's green is stylish, with trimmings of velvet held by gold buttons, but there are innumerable colors which are equally correct. Vest effect and shaped collar make specially noteworthy features of the waist, while the skirt may be box plaited and stitched well below the hips. Sleeves large and full at the shoulder, and narrowing at the wrists are finished with deep cuffs.

The woman is lucky who is the possessor of a large coat. They promise to be worn the coming winter. Those lined with squirrel are handsome and moderately costly. In buying one of these latter, see that the fur does not "shed," as, if it does, life is scarcely worth living. There is nothing much more exasperating than to doff one's cloak and find the gown covered with hairs from the lining.

Waists are broad and designed to make the wearer rather square across the shoulders and front. The waist line is small, that is, the shoulders and hips are built out and the waistline looks small. Truth to tell, no woman's waist measure falls much short of twenty-six inches, for the waist line has gone down and the days of drawing in the bands have passed.

Skirts are ample. The tailor excuses his advance in price by telling of the increased quantity of material required. Even if skirts are pleated close at the top, they must hide away enough cloth to give a handedness fullness at the foot. Tucked broadcloth and tucked velvet are some of the season's styles. The skirts so common in the summer have given way a little to vertical tucks. Sleeves are big and bigger, but strange to say, a stylish cut for a plain service coat sleeve is a straight coat shape. One feels a little doubtful about the fate of the full draped waist sleeves after they are crushed into these narrow quarters.

Pretty waists will be useful, as always, this winter. So long as the two-piece suit remains in vogue, separate waists will be a necessity. A handsome lace waist is a good investment. If a woman is clever, she can fashion a waist at a good deal less expense than might be expected. A taffeta lining is a necessity. Cut and fit it. Then rip the seams and fashion the outside. The lining is cut on short-waist lines, as the old-fashioned boned lining is a forgotten thing. A shirred point d'esprit will be pretty, but will require a good deal of cleverness to make it successfully. Still with the lining for a guide, it will not be impossible of attainment. If, in the treasure box, there should be bits of heavy lace, possibly an applique waist may be evolved. Two or three kinds of lace appear on the same waist, so do not hesitate to be daring. Everything

goes. No one considers, nowadays, whether a waist will wash or not. When it is soiled, if a visit to the cleaner's is too costly, buy a gallon of gasoline, put it in an air-tight vessel, and immerse the waist in it. Soak it a week, then rinse in clean gasoline and it will be all right. Never forget that gasoline must be handled with care. Do not use it in a room where there is an open flame, and I have heard that friction, that is steady rubbing, will produce an explosion.

Little girls are always charming when wearing pretty, dainty aprons that serve the double purpose of protecting the frock and rendering their young wearers attractive. One that is serviceable as well as pretty is made of white dimity trimmed with embroidery and includes a shaped bertha which is eminently becoming, but when a plainer garment is desired, the bertha can be omitted, the apron being finished with the little yoke only.

Hats are to all appearances about what they were all summer. They set up and out, they poke out in front, they are a little higher of crown and a little gayer. Still the all black hat retains its popularity and well that it does, for a hat that can be worn "to mill and to meeting" is too valuable to give up for any new one. The "ready-to-wear" hats, as they are called, are a boon to women. To be sure, they are made by the dozen, but they are moderate in price, they are stylish, and they are so well put together that a whole season's hard wear does not utterly ruin them. Go where we may, a large proportion of hats seen are of this type.

## TIMELY HINTS.

When going travelling or visiting, a number of large manila envelopes in which to slip gloves, veils, neckties, handkerchiefs, etc., will keep them from musing, and they will be easily found if each is marked on the outside.

Apple sauce need not always have the same flavor. A handful of either fresh or canned blackberries make a tasty combination. Lemon or orange peel, whole cloves or a few raisins will make a fine variety of sauces whose sickly insipidity will not pall on the appetite.

Light fur may be cleaned by rubbing with bran moistened with warm water. Rub until dry; then rub with dry bran. After using the dry bran rub with magnesia.

A small piece of borax dissolved in the mouth relieves hoarseness, and often allays a cough induced by throat irritation. Used often as gargle, it is healing for a cankered mouth or throat.

Baked quinces are delicious. Wipe, pare, quarter and core them, and put in an earthen baking dish. Sprinkle well with sugar, put water in the bottom, cover and bake in a slow oven till soft, basting often with the juice. Serve hot with cream.

When velvet has been wet and becomes spotted, hold the wrong side over steam, and while damp draw the wrong side quickly over a warm iron. It takes two to do this well—one to hold the bottom of the iron upward, and the second to draw the velvet across it.

If your plants are troubled with bugs, dip a feather in kerosene and brush them with it. After a few minutes, wash them thoroughly in good warm soap-suds and rinse in warm water and the bugs will disappear. For delicate plants omit the kerosene.

A strong solution of vinegar and water is efficacious in restoring the color to black lace that has grown rusty. Rinse in coffee, then while damp, with a piece of flannel laid over it.

Drop a little lump of sugar among the turnips while cooking; it improves them wonderfully.

Very good substitutes for the "boughten" dish mops may be easily made by fastening to wooden handles some of the fringe with which home-made counterpanes were formerly bordered. Such a quantity of this may be found in some old homes that it is well to utilize it in some way.

The following recipe is invaluable for keeping the clothes pure and white: One ball of potash. Five cents' worth of salts of tartar. Five cents' worth lump ammonia. Dissolve this in six gallons of water. One cup of this mixture in your boiler is sufficient.

If you have a soiled white felt hat, clean it by mixing magnesia and naphtha, and rubbing this mixture well into the hat with a brush. When it is dry brush it off and your hat will be clean. If it is not thoroughly clean repeat the process.

Here is a good way to clean a soiled white chiffon hat: Take equal parts of magnesia, powdered chalk and pulverized Castile soap; cover your hat well with this mixture, leaving it on for twenty-four hours, and then brush it out thoroughly. A white chiffon hat is a good investment, as it can be worn all summer, and all winter in the evenings to concerts, theatre, etc.

To wash white silk garments put them to soak in cold water for an hour or two; then wash them in tepid water, soaping them as they are washed. If the stains have not then disappeared wash the garments through tepid water a second time; then rinse in cold, soft water in which a handful of common salt has been dissolved, and again in water containing a little bluing.

## HER TEST.

An Oregon newspaper man says he was once travelling in the back country of Oregon, and going to a little inn for lodging, was surprised to see a large picture of Dr. Edward Everett Hale on the wall. The woman of the house explained it thus: "Well, you see, a good many strangers come here and want me to keep them, and I don't know anything about 'em, but if they know Edward Everett Hale's picture I know they are good for something, and I let 'em stay."

## HOW TO WASH THIN CURTAINS.

Very thin curtains or those whose days of service is very nearly over will stand the ordeal of washing much better if care be taken to baste them upon sheets of cheesecloth first. This relieves them of much of the strain of wringing and prevents them from being whipped to pieces by the wind in winter.

## HOW TO CARE FOR THE CANARY.

Vary the bill of fare for the canary. Add lettuce, sweet apples, cress and occasionally a bit of ripe pepper, seeds included, to his menu. Like Polly, he is fond of a cracker, and occasionally a little bread boiled with his milk. This should be reduced to a paste and given him cold. If he becomes asthmatic give him lime and rape seed with something from the above list every week or two. If he is rough and sheds his feathers look carefully for the almost microscopic red parasites with which he often becomes covered, when he must either have a bath of water and insect powder or one in a weak lotion of white precipitate and water. Afterwards wash with warm soap and water, wrap in flannel and put near the fire to dry. When the feet become sore—if the cage is kept scrupulously clean—bathe the feet ten minutes at a time two or three times a day.

## EASIER WASH DAYS.

Washing need not be the laborious task it is usually considered if one knows how to do it to the best advantage. System is needed for this as much as for any other branch of house work.

All clothes should be sorted, the cleanest white garments and bed linen in one pile, the remainder of the white clothes in another, and the colored clothes in a third. Plenty of water is an important item, for if used sparingly you need not be surprised if the clothes do not look white. If the water is not clear, a tablespoonful of alum dissolved and added to it the night before it is wanted will cause the dirt to settle to the bottom and the clear water can be dipped off.

In the morning heat a boiler of water, and add enough white soap to it to make a good suds. The white clothes, which have been put in water to soak the night before, are passed through the wringers, placed in the tub and then hot suds poured over them. They will wash very easily. Rub the dirtiest places, put them in the boiler and let them scold a few minutes. Rinse twice, starch the articles that need it, and hang on the line. Calico cloths are washed through two suds, rinsed and starched. Thorough rinsing is the secret of keeping clothes free from streaks.

Starch for large articles may be prepared according to the directions

on the package for boiled starch, and there will be no trouble about its sticking to the irons. Shirts, collars, cuffs and all articles that need to be very stiff should be dried and starched with cold starch.—Kansas Housekeeper.

## RECIPES.

Almond Custard—Pare and slice two large peaches, put them in the bottom of a serving-dish. Put a pint of milk in a double boiler; separate two eggs, beat the yolks with half a cupful of sugar, add a little hot milk, turn the boiler, cook for a moment, take from the fire, and stir in half a cupful of stale, fine breadcrumbs, ten drops of bitter almond, and twenty-four almonds, blanching and chopping fine. Cool and pour over the peaches in the serving dish. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and beat again. Drop by spoonfuls on a saucpan of hot water; cook for an instant; lift with a skimmer, drain and slide them at once on top of the pudding. Dust with a tablespoonful of fine breadcrumbs and stand aside to cool. Serve only when quite cold.

Stale pieces of cake or rusk may be used in the place of bread. Cherry Heartlets—These delicious little tarts are made by cutting with a cutter, dipped in hot water, puff-paste trimmings into small heart shaped pieces; prick these with a fork, and with a round cutter score each piece in the centre to half its thickness. When baked remove the centres and fill with the following: Stem and pit a quart of Morello or red cherries and put them in a small earthenware crock; set this in a pot of boiling water and cook until the cherries are soft, stirring and mashing them with a wooden spoon. When the juice flows freely, add a cupful of sugar and a few drops of bitter almond extract; allow it to simmer for thirty minutes and fill while hot into the patty shells, decorating each with a star of meringue pressed through a pastry tube.

Iced Ginger Pear Pudding—Pare and slice six Bartlett pears, sprinkle thickly with granulated sugar and add half a lemon thinly sliced; allow them to stand until a syrup is formed and then stir in half a cupful of finely chopped preserved ginger. Pour into a granite saucepan, cook slowly for one hour, and when cold place in the ice-box to chill. Cook in the double-boiler a rich boiled custard, using one pint of milk, two well-beaten eggs, a pinch of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; when well thickened remove from the fire and allow it to cool; then stir in a pint of whipped cream, flavored with vanilla and turn into the freezer. Freeze to the consistency of mush and then add the ginger pear, turning the crank for five minutes after the fruit is in. Repack in an ornamental mold and serve with a sauce made from the ginger syrup.

## DRUGS AND THE EYES.

Certain Poisons that Have a Most Injurious Effect.

Certain poisons possess the property of acting in a decided manner on the eye. Atropine enlarges the pupil and for this purpose has become indispensable in ophthalmology. Santonin causes one to see yellow. Disturbances of vision have furthermore been observed as secondary effects of certain medicines; for instance, after the use of quinine, iodoform and naphthalin, which, in a case of intestinal catarrh, caused a cataract. The worm disease in the district of the Ruhr in Germany has furnished an opportunity for the observation that the popular fern root, much employed as a remedy, may give rise to serious ocular injury. The use of this remedy in the case of two miners led to incurable blindness.

In the trades there are also poisons which act especially upon the eye. Very dangerous, above all, is lead, which produces inflammation and atrophy of the optic nerve. "Workmen in mustard factories," often suffer from inflammation of the cornea in consequence of the action of the mustard vapors upon the eyes. Lately serious visual disturbances have been produced by chloric oxide and chloric dioxide, poisonous vapors generated by the use of magnesium flashlight powders for photographic purposes.—Jewellers' Circular Weekly.

## IF TRUE, A PITY.

Much rejoicing among the enemies of the Catholic faith has been caused by a report concerning the Marquise des Monstiers-Meriville, formerly Miss Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, who has been so munificent a patroness of the Catholic University. The report is to the effect that the lady has renounced the Catholic Church. This rejoicing may be premature. No confirmation of the report had been received at Washington down to Thursday morning last. There is, in the language of the report itself, strong reason to doubt its genuineness. For instance, the words put into the mouth of the lady by an anonymous interviewer, wherein she is represented as declaring that since she has been living in Europe her eyes have been opened to what the Catholic Church really is, "and to its anything but sanctity." The lady, from her birth and training, ought certainly, especially since she has been "living in Europe," to know the proper forms of the English speech. The words we have quoted do not agree with such forms.

It is well to suspend judgment on this unfortunate report until we hear further. The Catholic University has enemies in several quarters, and it is hard to follow the course of subterranean streams. This report may have its origin in their malevolence. There are hidden agencies in Rome whose incessant endeavor seems to be to distort what is going on all over the world, as well as what happens in Rome, for the purpose of inflicting some temporary injury on the Catholic cause. This is nothing new in the experience of the Church. She is quite inured to the wiles of the eternal enemy of man's salvation.

Meanwhile, in the absence of such evidence as may decide the question of the authenticity or apocryphal character of this particular report, it is permissible to note what is being published relative to it by creditable newspapers. The Sun (New York) for instance, in commenting on the absence of opinion on the subject in official quarters, remarked:

"Before her marriage Miss Caldwell's name was a household word in the Catholic homes of America. When she came into the fortune which her father had left her she gave \$300,000 with which to found the University. For this the late Pope Leo XIII. conferred upon her the order of the Rose, a distinction never before attained by any woman. He also bestowed upon her a diamond studded medal, which he struck especially for her. Miss Caldwell gave to the University eighty-eight acres of land on the edge of the Capital City, erected three of the largest buildings, including Caldwell Hall, and provided for the maintenance of the institution for three years. Her sister, the Baroness Von Zedwitz, gave Caldwell Chapel to the University.

"The Marquise returned to this country in January last without her husband and put up at the Buckingham Hotel. She was said to be suffering from a complication of diseases, and her life was despaired of. Her illness was brought on by nervous derangement. As a result, she lost her hearing for the time and was almost totally blind. When she had recovered sufficiently to travel she was taken abroad again. Since then she has been reported to be more or less of an invalid."

Should the unpleasant report be confirmed, and should these statements of the Sun be accepted as the truth, then there is justification for an inference that ought to modify the delight of the enemies of the Church.—Catholic Standard and Times.

## FATHER HENRY'S PLAN.

(Catholic Citizen.)

Said Father Henry: "One fine morning in May, I took a ramble through the suburbs of the southern town of X—, accompanied by the zealous young pastor of the church in which I was then preaching a mission. We were walking through what might be called the garden district of the town, with its quaint wooden cottages, whose gateways and pillared verandas are trellised with tropical vines and its dormer windows framed in with roses, when a strange sight attracted my attention. At the entrance of a grotto which was situated at the end of a long, shady avenue of magnolia trees, stood a venerable looking old man. He was tall, thin and straight as an arrow. He might be ninety years of age, and his long flowing beard was as white as the snow on Mont Blanc. The grotto, which was wholly artificial, was set off with all charming rude-

ness of grave and rugged stones, imitating in miniature the craggy cliffs and deep ridges and yawning chasm of the Pyrenees. "Who's that old man?" I asked my companion. "Oh, that old sinner," he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders.

"The old sinner!" I exclaimed. "Yes, that's what my parishioners call him. He is an eccentric old Frenchman who came here about sixty years ago. He built that grotto to himself, and has lived there the life of a hermit ever since he came here. He spends his whole time in gardening, and goes nowhere except to market early in the morning to get his daily provisions."

"Is he a Catholic?"

"Well, he was baptized once, but he has not set foot in church once since he came here. His religion consists of a kind of pantheistic worship of the beauties of nature. He is especially fond of violets."

"Have you ever tried to get around him?"

"Only once. I did all I could to inspire him with the fear of the Lord. I spoke to him of judgment, of death, and of hell; but all to no purpose. Not only would he not listen to me, but he went so far as to insult me in a most shameless manner."

"Why did you not try kindness?"

"Kindness with an old sinner like that? I do not believe in kindness in such cases. Just think—"

"My dear friend, you do not believe in kindness, and old sinners, as a rule, do not believe in severity. Why, it is just because a man is a great sinner that you should be kind towards him. And tell me who was kinder to sinners than our Lord Himself? Believe me, sermons on the mercy of God have converted more people than the most vivid and terrifying discourses on hell. Such, at least, has been my experience during my thirty years of missionary life. To-morrow I must have an interview with the old man."

"Take care what you do. I am sure he will insult you and perhaps do physical harm. He has already threatened to give a sound thrashing to any priest who should dare invade his premises."

"Never mind, we shall see."

"The next day I said Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart, asking Him in return to help me and give me the grace to touch the heart of the old sinner." At 4 p.m. I set out on my difficult mission.

"Where are you going?" asked the parish priest, as he met me at the door of the presbytery.

"Fishing," I replied, smiling. "I'm tired of catching minnows in your church; I am going now to fish for a whale."

"Ah, going to see the old sinner. Take care the whale does not swallow you up. What kind of bait are you going to use?"

"Kindness."

"Well, I wish you luck."

"Thank you. Pray for success."

"When I reached the old man's place he was in his garden, watering his flowers. I stood at the gate and watched him intently. He had his back turned to me. After three or four minutes, he turned round and saw me. He gave a start as if he had seen a rattlesnake at his feet. His eyes flashed and his lips quivered.

"Whom are you staring at?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"At you," I replied calmly.

"Well, you had better go about your business. I don't want to see priests here, you understand?"

"Well, if you don't want to see priests, for my part I want and like to see men like you."

"Am I such a curiosity, then? What do you find in me that should make you stop and stare at me in that way?"

"Your beard, my good man. I have travelled a great deal, and have seen many beautiful beards before, but never have I seen one to compare with yours."

"This compliment seemed to please the old man and dispense the dark cloud of anger that had fallen upon him the very instant he had caught sight of my soutane."

"Well, now," he said, as his voice softened and assumed a tone of playfulness, "I know you are poking fun at me."

"Not at all, my dear friend. I mean what I say. Please excuse my candor and sincerity."

"Well, now, I rather like your frankness," he said, as he came up to the gate and gave me his hand cordially. "Hitherto my idea of priests was always associated with deceit, coldness and severity. The mere sight of a cassock used to stir up my bile. I see I was mistaken. Won't you please step into my garden and look at my flowers?"

"Most willingly."

(Continued on Page 7.)

## Dear Boys and Girls:

We are fast coming to the end of the year. A boy is already counting stockings. Now, dear little ones, in having kind friends, hearts suggest, who have never understood the joy of the Christmas season, appeal in their behalf to those who have superfluous clothes, I can assure them that that has been.

## Dear Aunt Becky:

I have been reading since they first came out. I would like to write you an nine years old and in school for two years. I lessons along with my other and like it so much. I little brothers and a mamma is dead and grandma's. We have an aunt living here, too, it does not have all the boy after us. Grandpa bought a pony and we have great fun. Grandpa says per Claus will bring us a pony we are good.

Your friend.

## Dear Aunt Becky:

I live away out in the guess you would not like to. We have to drive eight miles nearest town for anything want, and it is four miles and school. I was in Missouri, and I would have liked longer, but mamma was ill, so I went to school. I times in the electric cars and it was lovely. The friends with took us to the mountain. Papa promised to take me back some other time.

Your little friend.

## Dear Aunt Becky:

I guess you never got a twins. Well, my sister and I are ten years old. Uncle us sometimes the "heaven" but papa says that does not always. We go to school the same class. My piano lessons and I Papa gave me such a lot for my birthday, so I am learn. We take drawing lessons as well, but we lot too. We have lots and books and games, and when friends come in to play lots of fun.

Your twin friends.

MARGARET AND

## Dear Aunt Becky:

I am dying for Christmas because Santa Claus always lovely things. I want a sleigh and a pair of skates. He brought me skates last Good-bye.

## Dear Aunt Becky:

I have just had given me a lovely collie puppy night I loved him he cried was lonesome, I think. I up to my room and made bed for him and he did not more. We call him Dan. he hears his name he runs he knocks everything over. is outdoors he watches the wonders what they are. fly near him, he opens wide, puts his head on one looks so cute. This is all think to write about.

Your friend,

## Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a little boy of nine thought I would write you I go to school regularly, Junior second class. I am second book both in French and English. I study catechism it very well. I expect to first Communion next summer. I sprained my ankle Saturday could not go to school to have a collie dog, his name is going to train him.