

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by HELENE.

We have been hearing so much of the strenuous life that we are forced to pause and ask ourselves what is its literal meaning. We search the dictionary and we find that strenuous means a "striving for." How much there is of this striving in the tide of human affairs can be estimated in a greater or less degree by closely observing those who are struggling always for pre-eminence in the busy race. There is the woman with the hobby; the woman with the mind capable of solving all problems which puzzle the great body of society; the woman who attends her club with the same assiduity, if not more, than any man; in short, the woman who is leading (as she likes to term it—incorrectly, possibly), the strenuous life—and in life measure the sterner class. The politician eschews the ordinary affairs of life in his eagerness for position and power; the business man amassing a fortune, keeps on the highest tension, irrespective of all warnings that the cord may snap at any moment; the athlete in his effort to pile up records, heeds not that he may be handicapping himself mentally and physically. And all this in the blind following after the strenuous life. Is it worth it all, is a question still to be answered.

FASHION NOTES.

Brown and green colorings run through all the gamut of shades and bid fair to hold their prestige throughout the entire season. The vivid coq de roche and similar shades of orange have become common and are being relegated to the ready-made attire and the pleasures of the crowd.

Champagne tints, so popular last season, have not entirely been set aside and the pastel shades are holding their own despite all predictions to the contrary. The lightest shade of pearl grays has become exceedingly popular in Paris, and is as popular in the evening as in the day. White, however, is the evening color.

The high turnover collar of embroidery is especially pleasing to women with long necks.

The American women have taken to the collar and stock of transparent lace and preserve in outline all the outlines of the Parisian mode but in a distinctly American manner. All day dresses are made high in the neck, and those who want some other style of collar and stock may please themselves in the matter.

TIMELY HINTS.

A sand bag is said to be greatly superior to a hot water bag, which many people prize so highly. Get some fine, clean sand; dry it thoroughly in a kettle on the stove; make a bag about eight inches square of flannel, fill it with dry sand and sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen cloth. This will prevent the sand from sifting out, and also enables you to heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven or on the top of the stove. After once using this you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle or a brick. The sand holds the heat for a long time.

To get the full flavor of the peas, beans, etc., that go to make up a genuine vegetable soup, do not dissipate their strength by boiling in water and then draining off, but use simply what will barely cover them, adding from time to time to replace the waste by evaporation soup from the soup pot, which should be kept simmering conveniently near. A half hour before serving, strain out all the bones and bits of meat from the latter, put vegetables in and stir in an "egg-drip" of beaten egg and flour, just before turning it out into the tureen.

A sandwich dear to childhood is simply bread, butter and sugar, with a liberal sprinkling of powdered cinnamon. Try this for the school lunch basket.

When stoning raisins rub a little butter upon the fingers and the knife, this will prevent the feeling of stickiness.

To clean bureau drawers begin with the top one. Turn everything out, laying aside soiled ribbons or collars, or bits of lace that have passed their days of usefulness. These can be cleaned or destroyed after house cleaning days are over. Preserve them unless they are hopelessly worn. If worn, get rid of them in the quickest and easiest way. Turn the drawer bottom up and brush it out with a broad, soft paint brush, wipe out with a dampened cloth and then go over it with a cloth wet with a few drops of alcohol. The drawer is then ready to receive the ribbons, laces and accessories which one usually finds in that top drawer. The alcohol dries the drawer and makes it possible to replace the articles at once. The remaining drawers can be cleaned in the same way. And when all drawers and bureau drawers have been gone over a long step has been taken towards the dreaded house cleaning.

A curling fluid said to be very efficacious in keeping the hair in curl is made as follows: To one pint of hot water add one-half ounce of refined borax and one dram of gum arabic. When the ingredients are dissolved add two tablespoonfuls of spirits of camphor. Strain through fine muslin and bottle for use. Moisten the hair with the fluid and roll up each lock on kid or paper curlers and leave until perfectly dry.

THE "SIMPLE LIFE."

We are hearing a great deal nowadays about the simple life, and we need to hear a good deal more. But we women all know, don't we? that it is one thing to establish an ideal and another to live up to it in detail. Here, as ever, lie our strength and our weakness. It is we, after all, not the good Pastor Wagner nor any other man, who have to work out our own salvation from the fettering trifles that hold us back from our highest usefulness and happiness. We have to call upon the strength of our minds to order these little things so that neither they shall suffer nor the great things, but so that they, being in order and fit subordination, shall add their beauty to life. To do it we need to take the broad view. However busy our hands may be with the little things, our minds must see them in the large, in the fullness of their relationship. We need to let the light of eternal spaces in upon the confusing clutter that distracts us. In that illumination we shall, by slow degrees, find a place for every genuine duty, put it in its place, and with a firm hand keep it there. We shall at once see that we need a large supply of patience—that we cannot expect to learn how to live until just before we die, if then; but that, being steady and still, we can move others on and up a little at a time. The comfort will be that we shall move others up with us—Those We Love Best, Those We Love Next Best, and Those of Whom We Are a Part. We shall see the righteousness of play and rest and take our share—nay, plan and look out for our share—with a thankful heart. And our happy husbands and children will rise up and call us blessed.—Harper's Bazar.

FOR WASHING FANCY WORK.

Any sewed work, whether in silk or wool, in which the colors are likely to run, should be washed in bran water. To prepare this, put a pint and a half of bran into a large muslin bag and sew it up loosely, leaving room for the bran to swell. Put this bag of bran into a lined or tinned saucepan with two quarts of cold water, bring slowly to the boil, and then boil gently for half an hour or longer. Then pour off the water into a basin or small washing tub, and add as much cold water as will cool it down to a lukewarm temperature. Return the bag of bran to the saucepan, add the same amount of cold water as before, and boil again. A second and even a third water may be obtained from the bran in this way. This bran water contains a soapy substance which will in an ordinary way be found sufficient for washing purposes. Only if the work is very dirty, and the colors do not appear to be running, a very little melted soap may be added; but care must always be taken to choose a perfect-

ly plain yellow soap for such purposes, and one that has the least possible amount of alkali in it. Wash the work quickly in this bran water squeezing it well and kneading it up and down in the water; then prepare a second bran water, and wash a second time if necessary. It will be better to finish off one article entirely before commencing another, as the shorter time such things are in water and damp the better. The rinsing may be done either in bran water or in tepid plain water, and then in cold, unless the article is woolen, when tepid water only should be used. For anything that cannot be starched the rinsing in bran water will be the most suitable, as it will give the slight stiffness necessary. If starch is used, it must be very thin, as for table linen. Wring out well, and unless it is something with a very highly raised pattern, put it through the wringing machine between the folds of a cloth. The wringer really does less harm than wringing by hand; only with raised work it flattens it too much, and if it is hard, thick sewing it might be destructive to the rest of the material by pressing into it. Shake the things out after wringing and either hang up to dry for a short-time or wrap them in a dry towel. When the work is nearly dry proceed at once to iron it. Never touch the embroidered part, whether in silk or wool, on the right side; it must be well pressed out on the wrong side, only a piece of muslin being laid over it. Then the material or foundation itself may be ironed on the right side, especially if it is linen or anything else suitable and the ironing must be continued until the article is quite dry. Hang up to air before laying away.

TO PACK AWAY WHITE MUSLINS.

Housekeepers are now called upon to begin to pack away summer dresses and house hangings to prepare for the winter season, when thin stuffs are banished. Plenty of white wrapping paper and white wax alone are necessary to keep all frocks and muslins perfectly white even after they are ironed. To begin with under no condition should any white garment or drapery be put away with the least soil on it. No matter how trifling the stain may be, it will "set" and spread, so that after some months the garment will be affected by it. Having things "rough dry" has one point in its favor, and that is that garments merely washed and dried, without ironing, do not need to be carefully packed. But when they are to be nicely done the mode of procedure is entirely different. Everything should be as carefully laundered and ironed as though it were to be worn next day, for by following directions they will not "yellow." Instead they will come out fresh and white months later. Have quantities of white wrapping paper, plenty of tissue paper and thin cakes of white wax, such as is bought cheaply at drug stores, for curiously enough these white wrappings and wax take the yellow and will be stained with it, while the garment within remains snow white. Then take each frock, stuff the sleeves carefully that they may not muss, and between the folds of each lay several slabs of the wax, then wrap the whole in white paper, and close each edge so that the air will not reach it. Tie very firmly, and place in a chest of drawers or trunk and put away until next season. If this is done properly they will be perfectly fresh a year later. When it comes to draperies, muslins, cretonnes and other such things, they should be differently packed. But under no condition should they be laid away without first cleaning. Even though there are no spots on them, the dust of a season is enough to make them require a dry cleaning. This may be done by having them hung on a line, thoroughly beaten, brushed, and then left to hang for some hours in the air. If the colors are such that a bright sun will fade them, have them hang over night in the kitchen. The point is they should be kept in the dark.

RECIPES.

Horseradish Sauce.—Make cream sauce just like that for caper sauce, and instead of the capers stir in a ten cent bottle of horseradish, which comes excellently prepared. Also stir

in a heaping teaspoonful of a grated white onion.

Maitre d'Hotel Sauce.—This simple and excellent sauce always improves boiled or fried fish, and is considered an acceptable dressing for broiled steaks and veal chops. To make it in perfection, put a heaping tablespoonful of good butter in a big, heavy earthen cup, add a level teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, stand the cup in a shallow saucepan of hot water over the fire and stir the parsley and butter together till the butter is melted. Then add a saltspoonful of red pepper, stirring it in well. Last of all, add three generous tablespoonfuls of strained lemon juice. Stir the whole thoroughly and pour the sauce over the fish, the soft shell crabs or whatever it is to be served with.

Queen Croustades of Rice.—Boil two cupful of well-washed rice in

one quart of chicken or veal broth with one tablespoonful of butter. When the rice is soft and the liquid is all absorbed, add half an ounce of grated cheese, and salt, pepper and nutmeg to taste. Mix well and then turn out, in a round buttered pan, spreading it over the bottom an inch thick. Let stand until cool. Dip a large biscuit cutter in hot water and cut out the croustades. Mark out the centres of each with a smaller round cutter, but do not "cut" them out. Dip the rounds in beaten egg, then in breadcrumbs, and fry in hot fat; remove the centres carefully and fill with creamed chicken, mushrooms or salmon, put on the rice tops, and serve.

Sweetbreads and Canned Mushrooms.—Boil the sweetbreads carefully for three-quarters of an hour; pick them apart, rejecting the membrane. Drain and chop fine one can of mushrooms; mix them together and let them stand in the refrigerator for an hour or two. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour in the chafing-dish; add a pint of milk, stir until the sauce thickens; add the sweetbreads and mushrooms, a level teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Serve when hot. Chickens may be cooked after the same fashion.

MARGARET.

One of the pleasantest sights, to the delegates and visitors attending a recent National Suffrage Convention in New Orleans, was the statue of Margaret Haughery, said to be the first monument ever raised in the United States to a woman. Her story is worth telling.

Little Margaret Gaffney, a child of Irish descent, was early left an orphan in Baltimore, where her parents had died of yellow fever. She was brought up by kind-hearted people, and married a young man named Charles Haughery. More than half a century ago, she went with him to New Orleans. Left alone in the world by his death and that of their only child, the young widow became a domestic servant in an orphan asylum conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Later she took the management of their large dairy, "But her heart was also in every other branch of their work," says Geo. W. Cable. "She toiled for them and their orphan wards with the ardor of a mother, and found all her joy in seeing them gradually rise out of want into comfort and finally into independence. Almost the only smile of amusement that the incidents of her life afford is that provoked by the true picture of the young widow trundling through the streets to the asylum a wheelbarrow load of provisions, given to the orphans on condition that she would so carry it to them. She remained in this connection for many years, always greater than her station, greater than she knew. When at length the institution paid its last dollar of debt, she left it, to pursue the dairy business on her own account."

Her business thrived greatly, and in 1860 she opened a little bakery in the heart of the business part of the city. It grew under her management into an immense steam bakery, and Margaret accumulated a large fortune, which she dispensed with unstinted generosity, especially to orphans, of both sexes, and of all creeds.

She remained wholly simple, modest and unassuming. "Riches and fame might spoil Solomon; they did not spoil Margaret." She always wore a dress of some thin, slaty-gray fabric, and a Shaker bonnet of the same color. Thus arrayed she passed daily through the streets in a dingy milk-cart—later a bread-cart—driving a slow, well-fed horse. Everybody knew her and said, "There goes Margaret, the orphans' friend." Mr. Cable says:—

"The whole town honored her. The presidents of banks and insurance companies, of the Chamber of Commerce, the Produce Exchange, the Cotton Exchange, none of them commanded the humble regard, the quick deference, from one merchant or a

dozen, that was given to Margaret. They called her by her baptismal name, as they do queens and saints, because they loved her."

Another writer says: "Everyone, from the banker to the newsboy, would salute her as she sat at the door of her office of a morning, for everyone honored and respected her. They knew the great golden heart that lay beneath her plain and simple garb. She had never learned to read and write, and yet she died as no woman in New Orleans had ever died, giving away thousands of dollars to the poor little orphans of the city; a simple "Margaret Haughery (her mark)" was the signature to her will. No orphan asylum was forgotten; Jew and Protestant and Catholic were all remembered, for "They are all orphans alike," said Margaret, "and I was once an orphan myself." She had such a funeral as no woman in New Orleans had ever had; and almost before any one could tell how it began, the idea of a monument seemed to be in every mind. The ladies of New Orleans met and undertook to raise the money, and one morning, almost before the people of New Orleans, whom her presence had ennobled, and the little orphans whom she loved so well, could realize it, they woke up to see their good friend Margaret sitting just as she used to do in life, in the same old chair, in her old familiar dress, in the grassy plot in the square where she used to watch the orphans playing in front of the home that she had built for them; and around her shoulders the ladies had thrown not her old shawl that she used to wear, but the "state occasion shawl," as Margaret used to call it, crocheted for her by the little six year old tots of St. Vincent's Home. The City Council, by a special act, called the spot "Margaret Place."

Margaret erected the asylum that faces the square, the New Orleans Female Orphan Asylum, and the St. Vincent's Infant Asylum, and she helped to build St. Elizabeth's Industrial Home for Girls, where orphan girls are trained in art and in housework.

It is said that she was not beautiful, that her hands were "just big Irish hands," and her feet corresponded; that in her later years she had almost no shape; yet the figure on the monument is both womanly and motherly, with an arm thrown caressingly against her. Pleasant stories are still told of the little treats that she delighted to make for the orphans with the good things from her bakery; and a halo of loving kindness will always surround her memory.—Alice Stone Blackwell, in Woman's Journal.

Science Proves Women Think Quicker than Men.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Do women think more rapidly than men? Recent experiments made in psychological laboratories, both in this country and abroad, have proved beyond the peradventure of a doubt

that the female of the human species is far superior to the male in this respect. Her perceptions are much keener, and her thought processes are so much quicker, that a special faculty called "intuition"—a sort of second sight of reason—has commonly been attributed to her.

But as a matter of fact (according to the new psychological definition), "intuition" is nothing more or less than an exceedingly rapid process of

reasoning. One might say that a woman's intuitions are not always correct; but the obvious reply is that the same is true of the conclusions of a man reached by his slower mental operations.

There are ways, however, in which anybody may test this matter for himself, without the aid of any psychological apparatus. Cut a short paragraph from a newspaper and give it successively to a number of persons of both sexes, asking each one to read it and afterwards to write down what he or she remembers of the context. Allow only ten seconds to each individual for the reading. As a result, it will be found that the women read quicker and remember better. The difference, indeed, is striking.

A woman puts the same faculty into operation when at a glance she takes in all the minutiae of another woman's costume. A woman, after hastily inspecting a furnished house, is commonly able to describe in detail the furniture of every room, the arrangement of everything, even to the pattern of the gas fixtures and the ornaments on the mantel shelves and the character of the kitchen outfit. Rapidity of perception leads to swiftness of thought, and hence the nimbleness of mother wit, often so noticeable and brilliant an endowment of feminine intelligence, whether it displays itself in tact, in repartee, or in the general alacrity of a vivacious mind.

A machine used for measuring quickness of thought consists most importantly of a large pasteboard disk with a round hole in the middle and a clock which, controlled by electricity, measures time to the thousandth of a second. The person under test watches the disk, in the middle of which a little card appears once a minute, dropping into view and occupying the place where the hole was. In falling it completes a circuit, which sets the clock going. The observer, the instant she sees the card, touches a key which stops the clock, and thus it registers the exact time required for the perception of the object.

Next, cards of different colors are used, and the person under test is required to touch the key only when the white one appears. This is done several times to get the average, from which is subtracted the time recorded in the first experiment. The difference is the time required to think. Then cards are dropped and different words printed on them, and the observer is expected to utter some associated word as quickly as possible after taking in the meaning of the word shown. For instance "sky" appears and she says "blue." Again the perception time is subtracted and the difference is the time expended in forming an association of ideas.

A woman's brain weighs five ounces less than a man's. In childhood her mind develops much more rapidly than that of her male competitor, but it is claimed that she catches up with her and passes her at seven years of age. During all her life, however, she is much more keenly conscious than he is of what ever is going around her, and may be said to be in closer touch with her environment.

Comparing the mental attributes of the sexes a great scientific authority, Prof. George Romanes, says: "Whether we are to consider the higher type will depend on the value we assign to brute force. From our point of view the magnificent spirit of South America, which is large enough to devour a humming bird, deserves to be regarded as a superior creature. But from another point of view, there is no spectacle in nature more shockingly repulsive than the slow agonies of the most beautiful of created beings in the zoological scale. And, though the contrast between man and woman is happily not so pronounced in degree, it is nevertheless a contrast of the same kind. The whole organization of woman is formed on a plan of greater delicacy, and her mental structure is proportionately more refined. It is farther removed from the struggling instincts of the lower animals, and thus more nearly approaches our conception of the spiritual."

EARL SPENCER IN HIS SEVENTIETH YEAR.

Earl Spencer, the greatest of English statesmen, and also, after Gladstone, the greatest of English Home Rulers, has just entered his seventieth year. It is interesting to remember that one of Lord Spencer's uncles, the Hon. George Spencer, came a Catholic in his youth, and joined the Passionist Order, becoming a Catholic propagandist among the aristocrats of England.

OUR BOYS.

BY A.

Dear Boys and Girls: I suppose you are all ambitious, that you have a nice story. Or how about much school children enjoy practice it would be for you ones. Let me see what you

Dear Aunt Becky:— We have been taking the Tress for a long time, and I children's page so much. I wrote a letter before to a p would like to see this in p have a dear baby sister. We her very much, she is so cut is just beginning to walk and me everywhere I go.

Your friend,
MADEIRA

Ottawa, Nov. 12.

Dear Aunt Becky:— What do you think of having a crow for a pet? We found a country this summer. We were along the road and saw black thing moving. On close inspection it turned out to be with a broken wing. They are a nuisance to farmers that try to shoot them. We took the thing home and fixed it up. It came quite tame, and we made great pet of it. We call him He is specially fond of grapes and will sit hours at the tip of her shoulder if she is knitting reading.

Your friend,
CHARLES

Hintonburg, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:— I am just ten years old and go out to school. I have a nice short while every day an invalid, but I still have a good time. My papa and I get me everything to make me py. You see, I have to go in a wheel chair, but papa is out driving nearly every day, carries me down stairs in his arms, and takes such good care. I have nine dolls, a kitten, a Japanese pug, a cat, games and books to no end. I away all summer, and papa is going to take mamma and me down south in a little while. Bye.

Your friend,
CAROL

Brockville, Nov. 9.

LOOKING THROUGH BLUE TACLES.

"Oh, yes," you say at once know what they are. They are sort of glasses that pop when their eyes are weak, or the sun shines too brightly or snow." Perhaps some of you even tried on a pair, and know you look through the dark glasses as if the sunshine had no soul, and the flowers and trees gone into mourning. You lay aside at last as gladly as you do from a gloomy cellar into God and air.

The glasses of which I am speaking, however, are not of that sort, although they produce much the same effects. They are almost called magic glasses they are certainly invisible. I looked into some of the pictures which ever opened a round world without dreaming they looked back at me through spectacles.

It almost seemed the other way as if some bad fairy had a pair of these glasses over eyes during the night, for when I woke up she looked around her gloomy face as if the whole were draped in black. The beams were playing hide and seek upon her bedroom floor, but never noticed them. She very slowly, because she could her things. This sort of blue tacles, I have noticed, never moves the eyesight. She hums many minutes for her shoes a hair-ribbon, and her comb, each of them was in plain that the breakfast bell rang she was half ready.

Even after she got down nothing on the table looked a-fing—the fault of the blue again. The steak seemed to and the muffins too well done nothing just right by any chance. At school it was no better. Through the blue spectacles the lessons seemed unusually difficult. I was sure, May Martin, who is younger than Irene, and as a quicker to learn, worked the