

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



The whole development of human character is wrought and can only be wrought, by self-denial, the patient bearing of weary burdens, by the crushing of one's own will, by the forehead wrinkled and the face agonized under the pressure of torture. All the finest faculties of our nature remain dormant until they wake under the sharp accolade of pain.—Rev. Dr. Sheehan.

Fourteen Mistakes of Life.

- Judge Rentoul, of London, Eng., is a philosopher much admired in that metropolis. Speaking at a banquet recently, he gained much applause by describing the following as the fourteen important mistakes people make in this life:
1. To attempt to set up your own standard of right and wrong and expect everybody to conform to it.
2. To try to measure the enjoyment of others by our own.
3. To expect uniformity of opinion in this world.
4. To look for judgment and experience in youth.
5. To endeavor to mold all dispositions alike.
6. To look for perfection in our own actions.
7. Not to yield in unimportant trifles.
8. To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied.
9. Not to alleviate if we can all that needs alleviation.
10. Not to make allowances for the weaknesses of others.
11. To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform.
12. To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.
13. To live as if the moment, the time, the day, were so important that it would live forever.
14. To estimate people by some outside quality, for it is that within which makes the man.

For Cleaning and Polishing.

A chamois of extra fine quality, put up in clean, separate oiled paper packages, is now to be had. One can polish glass, silver or enamel with it, using any of the usual polishing agents, then wash and dry the chamois, with the happiest of results. It will not become hard and stiff. When dry it may be pulled in shape and will be found as soft as when purchased. The large pieces of silver, especially the ornamental pieces, hard to clean, may be immersed in a bath of boiling water to which considerable washing soda or borax has been added. Let boil for an hour, then dry and polish with chamois and whiting. Rub a paste of whiting on the smaller silver and then polish with chamois. This paste is best made with alcohol. If ammonia is used the silver will have to be re-polished sooner. The cleaning of table pads is a problem. The small asbestos pads may be cleaned by putting them in the furnace and letting them burn clean, a plan which is not feasible with the pad that covers the table. This will have to be cleaned with benzine, sponging the spots as in the case of any fabric.—Good House-keeping.

Character in Finger Nails.

One of the latest society fads is reading character by the finger nails. Here are some of the rules:
Long Nails.—When the nails are long the person is good-natured, but placing little confidence in others.
Narrow Nails.—The person with such nails is desirous of attaining knowledge in the sciences, but is never at peace long with her neighbors.
Never employ a penknife to clean the nails. A soft stick, rounded, not pointed, should be used. This should be also employed to push down the flesh which grows at the base of the nail.
Broad Nails.—They who have their nails broad are of gentle disposition, bashful and afraid of speaking before their superiors, or, indeed, to anyone without hesitation and a downcast air.
Little Nails.—Little round nails discover a person to be obstinately angry, seldom pleased, inclining to hate everyone as conceiving himself superior to others, though without any foundation for such conception.
Fleshy Nails.—A calm person and idler, loving to sleep, eat and drink, not delighting in bustle and a busy life. One who prefers a narrow income without industry, to one of opulence to be acquired by activity and diligence.
Pale or Lead-colored Nails.—A melancholy person, one who through choice leads a sedentary life, and would willingly give up all things for the sake of study, and to improve in the learned and metaphysical branches of philosophy.

And there are better things to think about of a person than his faults. The friend you love has faults as well as the enemy you hate. In fact, the only difference between hate and love is one of direction. In the former case our mind is bent upon the evil, in the latter upon the good; and if we were to turn it from the evil in our enemy to the good in him, we should certainly come to love him also. There is good in every human being, for we are all the children of one Father, and the nearer we approach to Him in goodness, the more readily do we discover the good in our brother.—Anna C. Minogue, "The Garden Bench," in The Rosary.

Sachets For Dresser Drawers.

The use of blotting paper in the construction of drawer sachets is something a bit novel, and really commendable. The paper absorbs and retains the sachet odor to a remarkable degree, and for this purpose alone is well worth using. Then it insures a smooth, neatly fitted sachet, always in place and very easily made. For a dresser drawer, procure the large sheets of blotting-paper, eighteen by twenty-four inches in size, which can be found in many colors at any stationer's. By careful measurements, cut the blotting paper to fit the bottom of the drawer. Should piercing be necessary, it may be done by pasting a strip of thin paper over the closely-jointed blotting paper edges. Cut a single thickness of sheet wadding the exact size and shape of the blotting paper. Tear wadding apart carefully and sprinkle in the sachet powder. The outer covering, which may be of any dainty material—China silk, Japanese print or silkolene—should be cut an inch or two larger all around than the blotting paper and wadding. Turn the edges of this cover in around the wadding and baste loosely. This pad of wadding and silk is now laid upon the blotting paper foundation and stitched through and through on the sewing machine, with a long stitch and a somewhat loose tension, about three-eighths of an inch from the edge. A set of sachets for dresser and chiffonier drawers made with matching blue blotting-paper and silk or silkolene, either plain or figured, is a charming acquisition to a blue room. Trunk sachets would be a most appropriate gift to a traveller, and a single sachet that fitted a hat or shirt-waist box, could scarcely fail of a welcome anywhere.—From Woman's Home Companion for April.

Home Made Relishes For Cold Meats.

Here are a few unusual and yet easily prepared and delicious relishes, that may be made at home:
Digestive Sauce.—This has been recommended for people suffering from indigestion. Peel one pound each of apples and Spanish onions, and slice them thinly in alternate layers into a dish, sprinkling a tablespoonful of salt on top. Leave for a day, then transfer the slices onto a clean, dry cloth, and let them remain draining thus for another day. Put them into an enameled saucepan, cover with vinegar, and stand on the stove, and when just warm add two ounces of mustard, a small teaspoonful of cayenne and one-quarter ounce of turmeric. Simmer until soft and creamy, stirring often, and when done put into small jars or bottles. It may be used immediately if desired.
English Chutney.—Chop finely nine large apples, four or five good-sized Spanish onions and six ounces of sultanas and put them into a stewpan with six ounces of ground ginger, five ounces of salt, one and a half ounce of mustard seed, one and a quarter pint of vinegar, nine chilies, three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar. Mix well and boil gently for about three-quarters of an hour, or until all is quite soft and pulpy. Pour into small wide bottles or jars, and cover securely when cold. This may be used in a week if desired, but will keep well.
Apple Chutney.—Simmer 3 1/2 lbs. of sour apples (sliced) and one and a half pound of brown sugar in one and a half pint of malt vinegar until the fruit is quite soft; then stir in one pound of sultanas, three ounces of salt, three-quarters of an ounce of mustard-seed, three-quarters of an ounce of ground ginger, one-quarter to one-half an ounce of garlic (bruised), and one-quarter of an ounce of cayenne pepper. This is improved by pounding all the last-mentioned ingredients in a mortar, including the sultanas, or these may be chopped if preferred. Turn into a jar and set in a warm place near the fire till next morning, then tie down in small jars.
Indian chutney in its many forms is similar to the two foregoing, but it has a smaller quantity of apples and is proportionately hotter and more highly spiced.

Remoulade Sauce.—This is one form of French salad dressing, but it is equally good as a relish for cold meat. To make it boil three eggs hard; crack them at once and plunge into cold water, leaving them for a few minutes. Strip off the shells and whites and pound the yolks with a sprinkling of cayenne and salt and a desertspoonful of mustard. Mix well and then add gradually, by drops only at first, three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, beating constantly and thoroughly until it is of a thick, creamy consistency; stir in very gradually a tablespoonful of vinegar, using either the plain kind, or, if preferred, tarragon, chile, cucumber, shallot or any other flavored vinegar. Other variations also are possible, with the sauce as above described forming the foundation, more or less oil and vinegar being used as preferred; a few leaves of tarragon, burnet, chives and parsley may be pounded or chopped and added; also a shallot if liked, or in place of these a few young onions, a sprig of parsley and three or four capers pounded together is recommended.
Indian Remoulade Sauce is prepared in a similar manner, but in place of the mustard in the foregoing recipe one teaspoonful each of curry paste and curry powder is used and plain vinegar.
Tomato Sauce.—Slice 3 lbs. of ripe tomatoes into a stewpan with three small or two medium sized onions (also sliced thinly), 3 ounces of salt, three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar, one and a half ounces of peppercorns, one little cayenne, one-quarter ounce or rather more of cloves, four ounces allspice and nearly a pint of vinegar. Boil gently for two hours, stirring frequently, then rub through a fine sieve and bottle when cold; fasten down securely and store in a cool place.

The Heart of a Child.

A perfect little fashion plate she appeared, with her dainty ruffled skirts spread out around her like a fan on the cabin seat, and the woman across the way threw many a speculative glance at the exquisite embroidery of her dress and the silk stockings encasing her long, slim legs. Only the kind-hearted old gentleman in the corner looked closer and noticed the haunting wistfulness of the big brown eyes looking out from beneath the drooping brim of the flower-laden hat. Very stiff and straight she sat between her two companions, the nursemaid on the left with her head tipped back against the window frame, her lips parted in slumber, and the large, over-dressed lady on the right with the novel in her hand and the long-haired poodle in her lap. One would scarcely have known that the little girl belonged to them save for the occasional impatient glances vouchsafed her by the over-dressed lady when the child moved restlessly and chanced to jostle her elbow. But the wistful eyes had found an object of interest, and the tiny, listless shoulders straightened as the little girl leaned eagerly forward to gaze out through the cabin windows upon the sunny deck. Out there was a "famby." She called them that in her mind, immediately, because they seemed so happy, and that's what "famblies" are, and that's what "famblies" were of them in all, the mother and the four dear laughing children. But it was the mother who claimed all of the earnest little girl's attention, the mother with her threadbare clothes and work-knotted hands. Not an imposing figure, surely, but the lonely heart of the child in the cabin saw only the loving kindness, the mother tenderness in that careworn face; and the little fists were clenched, and the baby heart throbbled wildly with a vague longing to be clasped close in those kind arms, to be able to reach up and touch softly that wrinkled cheek. Quietly, with a half undefined purpose surging in her mind, she slipped from the seat and stole toward the door. But the large lady on the right was engaged in her book, and the nursemaid still slept peacefully on, and only the kind-hearted old gentleman in the corner was interested. Out on the deck the "famby" were having a beautiful time. The mother was just in the midst of one of those delightful tales of the time when she was a little girl, and the children were prompting her with all the eagerness of long experience, when a gentle touch on the arm interrupted the narrator, and she turned to gaze deep down into two fathomless wells of yearning upraised to her face. "Please," whispered a tiny, hesitating voice, "please may I be one of your famby for a while?" The mother still stared wondering and incomprehendingly down. "You see, Mops and Anty is a kind of famby together by themselves," the same little voice went on, patiently explaining; "and nurse doesn't know how to be one, and I

haven't anybody—and it's kind of lonesome sometimes. So please may I be one of your famby for just a little while?" It needed no more. At last the mother understood. The mother heart cried out in protest and the mother arms went round the tiny form, clasping it closely, protectingly, to her tender breast. And for once the baby heart was satisfied as the little hand reached up and softly touched the tear-wet cheek above.—Helen Athearn, in Good House-keeping.

Jes' Aroun de Co'ner.

"Mammy, aren't a most there? I'm so drefful tired! All my legs is petersed out! Like they was expired!" "Jes' aroun' de co'ner, honey. Jes' aroun' de way; Mammy knows a little bed Where good chilluns stay!" "Don' yo' see de co'ner, honey, Wi' de great big stoah? Dat's de streets as has de house Wat we's huntin' foah!" "Jes' aroun' de co'ner, honey; Jes' aroun' de turn! Mammy wish'd yo' little laigs Was as strong as her'n!" "Mammy, mammy, years have flown I have wandered far, Seeking joys that ever pass Distant as a star!" "Jes' aroun' de co'ner, honey; Jes' 'roun' de way! Don' yo' go a-doubtin' ub it, Tho' yo' head is gray!" "Don' yo' see de co'ner, honey? Dore's de great big stoah! Jes' 'roun' some turn yo'll find Wat yo's huntin' foah!" —Henry Adalbert Allen, in Good Housekeeping.

What is Worn in London

London, April 12, 1910.

There will be no need this season of the camelopard trying to divest himself of his spots, for it seems likely that we shall all be striving to emulate his appearance in that respect. Spots seem to be more popular than ever. They appear on nearly all new materials in all manner of guises and sizes. Some are very big, others very small, and often the sizes are graduated on the same material. Sometimes the spots are full, another time they are reduced to rings; sometimes they are oval or diamond-shaped or long like a tear. On some of the new materials the spots are embroidered or brocaded, and in sharp contrast with these are others, in which the spots are printed in so elusive a fashion that they appear and disappear according as the light or shadow falls on the material. In one form or another spots are the chief features of nearly all the lovely light summer materials which gladden our eyes in every shop we enter. This is a fact which should please the home dressmaker, for spotted materials, though tiring to the eyes in the making, are far easier to cut and make up than stripes or even checks, which are the usual alternatives in spring patterns. Checks that have to be matched at the perfectly straight and symmetrical with each other, usually drive the amateur dressmaker to despair; whereas the complacent and complacent spot glories in its irregularity and simply laughs at the exigencies of seams. Therefore the amateur can take heart of grace in the fact that we are in for a "spotty" season, which will cover many sartorial sins. The one described now showed how effective one of these spotty materials can be. It was a design for a pretty spring walking dress, which gave a welcome variety from the ubiquitous coat and skirt, and it was carried out in cachemire de soie in the lovely new shade known as "aloes," a delicate tone of grey-green, just the color of the plant so familiar to all who know the Riviera and other Southern lands. The silky spot in the same tone as the ground of the material was not at all obtrusive, but just prevented the surface looking monotonous in the plain expanse of the round corselet skirt, whose only trimming was a band of satin of the same grey-green color placed between the knees and the hem, and covered with an arabesque design executed in thick satin piping intermixed with a little fine aluminium braid. A similar band of braided satin gave a suggestion of a bolero above the corselet, encircling the figure, and was finished under the quaint single revers of the right shoulder, crossed the back and was brought round under the left arm to the front, under a big bow of satin centred with an ornamental buckle, from which fell two long sash ends of the satin, decorated with a little of the braiding similar to that on the skirt and bodice. The right side of the bodice, back and front, was of the spotted cachemire de soie; the other was of pleated "aloes" chiffon over aluminium net lined with pale blue, which gave a charming glint of color through the soft "aloes" grey-green. Above the folds of chiffon was a band of the braided satin finished with a little turn-over collar of white lawn and lace, and the sleeves, which were of cachemire de soie and were edged with a band of the braided satin, stopped short above the elbow to make way for dainty little under-sleeves of the "aloes" chiffon lined with pale blue and finished with little turned-back cuffs to match the Puritan collar. This charming yet simple

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costume was completed by a big cluster of pink roses, which gave a charming note of bright color to the quiet harmony of grey-green and pale blue. The parasol was of pale blue taffetas. In spite of its charming effect, there was nothing in the whole of this toilette to deter the clever home dressmaker, so long as she possesses or even procures (as we know she can do), a good pattern of a corselet skirt. The braided bands need neat fingers and industry, nothing more. Another charming material for light spring dresses is shot voile de soie, which can be had in lovely combinations of color, and makes into most lovely and original frocks for afternoon wear. One of these was in the new shade of "gazelle," a soft pale brown shot with gold. The skirt was quite plain and was nearly covered by a draped tunic, which formed a corselet, cut higher at one side than the other, the tunic being thus draped across the figure up to the point of the corselet in front of the left armpit. The top of the corselet was outlined with a band of brown and gold embroidery, which started from the point and encircled the figure in a descending spiral until it finished at the waist line just under its starting-point. From here there ran down to the feet a widening panel of the brown and gold embroidery, which started at the side of the waist in the narrowest point and broadened to a good 12 inches width when it reached the hem. The bodice was simply a kimona blouse of the voile, cut out in a circle just below the throat to permit of a tiny guimpe and collar-band of pleated white tulle or lace, wise women are clinging to these little adjuncts, knowing that nothing looks smarter, and are quite content to leave Peter Pan collars to "flappers" and debutantes. However beautiful a woman's neck and shoulders may look at night in a décolleté evening dress it is altogether a different thing if she bares her throat by day. She may do it, perhaps, with impunity up to twenty-five or thereabouts, but if she has passed thirty, she will indeed be foolish if she allows any dressmaker to persuade her to adopt turn-down collars, for even if her throat itself will stand the ordeal, the rest of her appearance will not, and downy, yet alluring, the face of every well-dressed woman, will be her lamentable portion.

HE GOT EVEN.

Mark Twain tells this story of how he got even with a cannie lassie, who was telegraph operator at the Glasgow end of a London line: "I had run up to Glasgow on my way to the Highlands," said Mr. Clemens, "and stepped into a telegraph and postal station to send a dispatch to a friend in London. I asked several questions as to how long it would take, when the message was delivered, etc. The girl at the desk was inclined to be snubish, and at the third or fourth question she got me mad. "But I got over with her. I just sent my friend this message: 'Arrived safely. Girls here ugly and badly tempered.' And she had to send it, too!"—Advance.

A SURE ENOUGH KID.

Bob was telling about his visit to the country. While there he had acquired some rustic idioms, and his mother was correcting these as he proceeded. "Well, we goes up—" "Went up." "Went up on the farm—" "To the farm." "To the farm, and there we see—" "We saw." "We saw a little kid—" "Little child. Now begin again and tell it properly." "Well, we went up to the farm and there we saw a goat's little child." (Further narration suspended.)

Punny Sayings.

FRIEND WITH GOOD INTENTION. Mrs. Holt could be depended upon at almost any time to say the wrong thing with the best intentions in the world. "Nobody minds what poor dear Fanny Holt says," her friends told each other when repeating her remarks. "We know she means all right." "Isn't it queer how differently things affect people?" one of Mrs. Holt's neighbors said to her the day after a beach picnic. "We both get tired to death, you and I, but you say you've had just a little bit of indigestion while I have this fearful blind headache." "Why, that's perfectly natural," said Mrs. Holt cheerfully. "Of course when people are tired out it goes straight to the weakest part of them. Mine is my stomach and everybody knows yours is your head, my poor dear!"—Youth's Companion.

'TIS DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.

An exact definition of a gentleman has been tried many times, never perhaps with entirely satisfactory results. Little Sadie had never heard of any of the various definitions, but she managed to throw a gleam of light upon the subject, albeit one touched with unconscious cynicism. The word was in the spelling lesson, and I said: "Sadie, what is a gentleman?" "Please, ma'am," she answered, "a gentleman's a man you don't know very well."—Selected.

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It is told of an English professor that he once wrote on the blackboard in his laboratory: "Professor Atherton is pleased to inform his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to her Majesty the Queen." In the course of the morning he had occasion to leave the room, and found on his return that some student had considerably added to the announcement these words: "God save the Queen!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

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