



CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE

Willing hands can always find something to do. There is no dearth of objects claiming attention, no lack of duties demanding performance, no day which is not full of important obligations, and no hour which is not pregnant with possibilities of immense good to be garnered and of work to be done.

The Cry of the Dreamer.

I am tired of planning and toiling In the crowded hives of men; Heart-weary of building and spoiling, And spoiling and building again. And I long for the dear old river, Where I dreamed my youth away; For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming, Of a life that is half a lie; Of the faces lined with scheming In the throng that hurries by. From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor, I would go where the children play; For a dreamer lives forever, And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity For the burdens the rich endure; There is nothing sweet in the city, But the patient lives of the poor. Oh, the little hands too skillful, And the child-mind choked with weeds! The daughter's heart grown willful, And the father's heart that bleeds.

No, no! from the street's rude bustle, From trophies of mart and stage, I would fly to the woods' low rustle And the meadow's kindly pasture. Let me dream as of old by the river, And be loved for the dream always; For a dreamer lives forever, And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

Practical Hints.

How to manage a husband is a problem that puzzles many a young wife. One who succeeded in solving it gives these practical hints: Take mishaps merrily. Men like women with a sense of humor. Beware of over-sweetness. A little acid is good for the constitution. Let him alone when he wants to be alone. Boredom is death to love. You will differ on many things, but don't dispute them; agree to disagree. Be unselfish, even if he isn't. It's the only way you can be blameless yourself.

Opposites attract. Keep your own spice of individuality, but don't let it stoop to aggressiveness. Never try to effect. The average effect is either to distress him beyond measure or to make him mad. Give him plenty of rope. He may love you ever so much, but he doesn't like to feel the pull of apron strings. Don't cling to him too tightly. "Even an angel may be tiresome when one can never get out of the shadow of its wings," says a wise person.

First Woman to Paint Pope.

(Viola Justin in N. Y. Evening Mail.)

"To paint his holiness is to pray," says Madame de Mirmont, the first woman who had the honor of portraying the supreme pontiff, Pope Pius X.

The miniature is now on exhibition at Knoedler's galleries, where it will remain until the artist returns with it to Italy, where it will be hung in the galleries of the Vatican.

Mme. de Mirmont is a vivacious French woman, with laughing blue eyes and curly golden hair, but at mention of her distinguished sitter she immediately becomes pensive, almost reluctant, to speak of the mornings she spent opposite His Holiness studying his face and transferring the noble qualities expressed in his features to the ivory.

GUARDS ASTONISHED.

"It is difficult to obtain an audience with His Holiness," she explained, when I saw her at her apartments at the Savoy this morning. "My daily pilgrimages were looked upon with astonishment by the pontiff's guard. Then sittings were held in His Holiness' private room, at the rear of the galleries, where I presented myself every morning.

"It is necessary to discard both gloves and hat when one has an audience with His Holiness. So, even in my capacity as artist, I was obliged to conform to these rules. I wore the simple black veil and

black gown it is customary to don when women make their pilgrimages to the Vatican for the Pope's benediction.

POPE DRESSED IN WHITE.

"His Holiness sat for me in his white robes, with the sash of white moire ribbon.

"Around his neck he wore a gold chain and crucifix set with sapphires.

"I shall never forget the first morning I was ushered into his presence. He was seated, as I have painted him, near one of the spacious windows in the Vatican, a most dazzling figure outlined against the clear Italian sky and the sunlight.

BARELY COULD SPEAK.

"For a moment I was so overcome with his solicitude and gentleness that I could scarcely speak.

"The hand with which I held my paint brush trembled.

"I felt like flinging myself upon my knees and painting His Holiness before a prie-dieu in an attitude of prayer. He sat for me an hour each day, and all the time I was painting him he was blessing me—really blessing me!

"I had never met a more spiritual human being before in my life.

"His face radiated gentleness, purity and goodness. The beauty of it lies in its strength. The eyes are piercing, but tender. The mouth firm and sympathetic.

"His forehead is high and scarred with thought.

"He was an admirable model. He never grew weary or restless during the hour he sat blessing me with that meek and beautiful smile on his face—that pilgrims who have journeyed to Rome for his benediction know so well, and the patience that accompanies a gentle scholarly spirit!

"And what did you talk about during the sittings?" Mme. de Mirmont was asked.

"Oh, one does not talk of the weather or make banal conversation with His Holiness!" I was assured with solemnity.

PROCEEDING IS SIMPLE.

"The whole proceeding was conducted with the greatest simplicity, but His Holiness seemed to take it as an opportunity for prayer and meditation. Moreover, he does not speak my native tongue in any extent. I have a souvenir of the sittings, which is very precious to me."

Mme. de Mirmont showed me a little strip of flannel as soft as silk.

"This is a piece of flannel from His Holiness' robe," she explained, lifting up the bit of white cloth and pressing it reverently to her lips.

"I shall cherish it always, for I am the only person in the world in the possession of a piece of the Pope's robe!"

Mme. de Mirmont will take the precious portrait back to Italy when her exhibition of paintings has ended here.

Woman's Home Companion.

As spring comes around again, the Woman's Home Companion lifts its own standard another degree with its Easter issue. The cover design, by Fanny Y. Cory, strikes a true April note which is faithfully carried out in the entire magazine.

A full page painting by Balfour Ker, is one of the tenderest subjects ever attempted by this artist, and "Old-Time Gardens in the Connecticut Valley," by Charles Edward Hooper, with illustrations by Herman Pfeifer, is an unusually artistic feature.

"The Campaign of Hope," the tireless fight against tuberculosis, is waged with undiminished enthusiasm and is awakening people throughout the country.

"The Empty House," a story in two parts by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, has its first enthralling installment in this number. It is a story for every woman with a busy, self-sacrificing husband to read.

"The House of Healing," by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, is gaining new friends with every chapter, and short stories of unusual humor and charm and power fill out the list of fiction.

Never was the household so well taken care of. Margaret Sangster, Woods Hutchinson, M.D., Kate V. Saint-Maur, Doctor Jean Williams, all give their best work. "May-Pole Dances," "Wood-Block Printing," "A Perfume Garden," "Happiness Chest," Miss Farmer's Recipes, Evelyn Parsons' Summer Embroideries, music. Art—these are just some of the contents of this surprising magazine. The regular departments, Miss Gould's big Fashion Section, and the pages devoted to the Younger Reader, are all better than ever.

Long Hatpins.

In Paris, owing to the increasing length of women's hatpins and the list of accidents, such as eyes put out, ears, noses and cheeks torn, the police officials propose to place some restrictions on wearing hatpins in omnibuses, railway cars, theatres and other public places.

The passing of years is like the coming of dawn—slow, silent, inevitable. The most eager cannot hasten the quiet, irresistible movement, and the most reluctant cannot forbid. Some gifts the years bring which we would fain decline—age, sorrow, disappointment. Some treasures they take which we would keep forever—youth, beauty, innocence. But there are more precious treasures, which time cannot remove—friendship, patience, faith and love.

A Pansy Party.

"A Pansy Party," says M. S. Fieldhouse in Woman's Home Companion for April, "is for the season when pansies are plentiful and may be used in abundance as decorations and for the adornment of the hostess and her guests.

"At one well arranged affair, the guests were at first taken into the back parlor, where, at the extreme end of the room, was hung a large sheet of dark green paper, upon which was painted a large purple pansy without a stem. The guests were given strips of green tissue paper and each in turn, being blindfolded, tried to pin this stem in the right place. A pot of blooming pansies was given to the most successful one.

"Then our hostess announced that she had been growing a new variety of pansy and since 'pansies were for thought' we would find in the library plenty of literary pansies which needed picking. On the table in the library was a beautiful bed of pansies. The flowers were made of paper and painted to represent real pansies; as we began to pick them, we found that in the stem of each one was wound a quotation. We each chose twelve of the pansies. Then we were provided with small note-books tied in purple and gold ribbons, and all set to work to give the names of the authors of the quotations, which were about flowers. The quotations were numbered, and we wrote down in the little books the names of the authors. After the correct list of authors was read, the prize-winner was presented with a volume of Wadsworth.

"Baskets of paper pansies were passed around, in which there were only two exactly alike, and by this means partners were found for refreshments, the man seeking out the girl who had the pansy tinted just like his.

"The refreshments consisted of creamed chicken with mushrooms served in timbale cases; nut, apple and celery salad, and white and graham bread sandwiches for the first course. For the second, ices and small cakes and coffee were served. The table was decorated with a low centerpiece of pansies, and at each place was a small bunch of flowers."

Grilled Almonds.

Blanch a cupful of almonds and dry them thoroughly. Boil a cup of sugar in the same amount of water until it strings. Throw in the almonds and let them simmer, stirring occasionally, until they turn a yellow brown. Remove them from the fire immediately and stir vigorously until the syrup turns back to sugar and covers the nuts with a sugary coating. These are delicious and seldom found in this country.

The Old Fashioned Girl.

She's a veritable gem—the old-fashioned girl. Not a brilliant gem exactly, but a jewel that, while it shines not nor dazzles, has a beauty so deep one seems to feel rather than see it. She isn't exactly clever. She doesn't desire a great career, or fame. She hasn't a college record, and isn't on terms of intimacy with the celebrities of the hour, nor has she a suffragette on her visiting list. She prefers to walk safely and slowly along the little byways and lanes that skirt the valley of yesterday, and the world never even knows by what name she is called, says the Brooklyn Tablet.

Her own ambition is home-making, and there lies her Kingdom, where, secure and happy, she contentedly dreams the days away. She is what the butterflies of the world would call "awfully plain." Her dress is last year's design, modified by her own hands to meet the requirements of this year, but it is always fresh and neat. She is sincere and honest in her dealings with others.

Of all the housewifely arts she is a perfect mistress. She can make a gown, trim a hat, and—ah,

how she can cook. She never bustles or fusses about her work, but is calm and unruffled. She can sit down at the little old piano and sing a tender song or lullaby, or an old-fashioned hymn in her soft, sweet, untrained voice in a way that makes a fellow feel like the sinner that he is, and brings heaven and mother close to him again.

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Advertisement for 'Surprise' soap, featuring an illustration of a woman and text: 'Hang on to a pure hard soap. Always use Surprise if you wish to retain the natural colors in your clothes. Surprise has peculiar qualities of washing clothes, without injury and with perfect cleanliness. Remember the name Surprise means a pure hard soap.'

ways fascinates the eye. The fronts crossed and were fastened by huge buttons of grey horn, which stood out from a maze of fine silk braiding in the same color as the cloth which adorned the fronts of the coat and encircled the shoulders. At the sides of the basque, well below the hip-line, there was a band of kilting headed by a panel of braiding, which could conceal the entrance to hip-pockets if desired. There were no revers to this coat, but a narrow shawl collar of black satin gave a very distinctive note against the stone grey background, which was further enhanced by a tiny inner vest of brilliant rose and silver brocade. The sleeves were quite plain and close-fitting, and were finished with braiding at the wrist and side. The hat worn with this was a big "picture" shape in rose Tagel straw with a "Chantecler" mount in grey feathers, which, no doubt, was meant to represent the Poule Grise who falls desperately in love with the Cuckoo-clock in Rostand's much-advertised play. From these two designs it was easy to judge that the reign of the very long coat was over. Few of the newest models, if any, reach even to the knee, let alone to the ankles, as they did last winter; there can be no doubt that these shorter jackets are distinctly smarter and more individual. All kinds of variety reigns as regards their methods of fastening; some cross far over in a point, which is at once cut back to the waist; on another the line will be carried on diagonally under the arm to below the hip, the opening being marked by buttons and cords. Some have softly falling revers, square-cut and usually braided or adorned with galon; severely there will be a shawl collar, collar cut in fantastic irregular points, or perhaps no color at all. One coat will hook invisibly down the centre-seam; its neighbor will have notching to keep the fronts together except one button on the lowest point of the basque. All the ideas of the big tailoring houses in Paris seem to be turned towards fantastic developments as regards the fronts of the coats and their method of fastening; for at present the "trotteur" costumes are the chief preoccupation, with the spring sunshine calling out all the pretty women for their morning "footing" in the Avenue du Bois and the Bois de Boulogne. Here and there, however, one comes across the absolutely plain little coat in silk or cloth, exquisite in cut, with semi-fitting fronts and no attempt at any decoration to distract the eye from its inherent smartness; and when such a coat is worn on the right figure, one is bound to own that it spells perfection.

What is Worn in London

London, March 29, 1910. Now that March is slipping away from us, and every day is bringing us nearer to the sunshine and soft breezes of April, the question of the spring coat leaps into the front of all sartorial preoccupations. We want something wherein to take our walks abroad, it is true; but that something must be light and dainty and pleasing to the eye.

I was privileged to see in a fashionable atelier two of the latest models in spring coats. One was a very original coat in the new ribbed silk, which is very thick and soft and adapts itself admirably for tailoring. It was intended to be worn with any cloth skirt, and therefore the color chosen for it was the new "gazelle" tint, which is between brown and fawn, and has the merit of looking well with almost any dark-colored skirt. It showed the popular banded effect at the waist, but the hard definition of the line was broken by the belt passing under the fronts of the coat, which hung almost straight. The half-length basques were split up at the sides, the front part being somewhat petal-shaped, and were left longer than at the back; they were trimmed all round with a big design piping which is so popular that it often supersedes the braiding we have known and loved for so long. The coat fastened with three large buttons in front, above which were large, loose rovers edged with an embroidered galon in several shades of brown and tarnished gold. The same galon was used for the belt of the coat and to border the big turned-back Cavalier cuffs, which give such a picturesque and effective touch to the elbow sleeves; and to accompany the Cavalier cuffs the coat should be accompanied by a big jabot of lawn and lace. The hat was a Napoleon bicorne in chestnut brown Tagel straw lined with black velvet to within an inch of the edge, and trimmed with circular garlands of deep crimson roses at either side of the crown.

This coat and hat would make a smart walking costume with any dark skirt, especially if chance provided that the skirt should be of a deep chestnut brown, which would harmonize delightfully with the "gazelle" tint of the silk coat; and of course the coat could be translated into any desired color of silk according to the exigencies of the wearer's wardrobe. The other coat was of plain cloth to wear with a plaid skirt, for Parisian taste always veers tenderly both in spring and autumn to that perennially smart combination of a walking costume—a skirt of plaid, with a coat of plain cloth to match. If the skirt should happen to be one of the black and white fancy checks which are more popular than ever this spring, then the coat had best be in black; but there are lovely checks in pale grey and white, dark blue and white or purple and white, which would be immensely enhanced by coats in the plain color.

The one I saw was in pale stone-grey, a very delightful color for spring and early summer wear; the shape was semi-fitting and the length a short three-quarters, and it gave the long elusive line, broken by a waist-belt, which al-

Punny Sayings.

FRESH DISCOVERY OF AN OLD TRUTH.

Helen's enjoyment of the party given in honor of her ninth birthday was nearly spoiled by the ill-tempered outbursts of a very pretty and well-dressed little girl who was among her guests.

A peacemaker appeared, however, in a plain and rather shabby child, who proved herself a veritable little angel of tact and good-will.

After her playmates were gone, Helen talked it all over very seriously with her mother. She summed it up in "this piece of philosophical wisdom."

"Well, I've found out one thing, mamma. Folks don't always match their outsides."—From Woman's Home Companion for April.

RANSOM'S REFORMATION.

A few years ago there was a shiftless colored boy named Ransom Blake, who, after being caught in a number of petty delinquencies, was at last sentenced to a short term in the penitentiary, where he was sent to learn a trade.

On the day of his return home he met a friendly white acquaintance, who asked: "Well, what did they put you at in the prison, Ransome?"

"Dey started in to make an honest boy out'n me, sah."

"That's