

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

Conducted by HELENE

Now that the cold weather has made its presence felt, would it not be well for those who are enjoying an abundance of good things to give a passing thought to those less fortunate than themselves.

Woman, more especially, must be struck by the daily occurrence of most revolting cruelty. We have not to go far along our busy streets before we are made unwilling witnesses to some piece of harsh treatment to a poor overworked and nearly always under-fed horse.

FASHIONS

The October Delineator informs us that this is decidedly the day for the slender woman, tall or short. Horizontal and round trimmings can, of course, be always adopted by the tall woman, when the short one must choose devices to add to her height.

A chic touch is given the always fashionable blue suit by the addition of green cloth in the way of collar, cuffs, and half belt. While being extremely stylish, it proves a pleasant change to the all-blue that has been so long worn.

ARE MEN REALLY VAINER THAN WOMEN.

Man, with his assumed modesty and a habit of arrogating to himself most of the nobler qualities of the human race, relegates to us poor women a host of petty weaknesses, from which he, with ironical gravity, naively assumes himself to be free.

I happen, however, to have been brought up in a family which comprises a fairly representative selection

of the "patronizing sex," and I have, after much observation, arrived at the conclusion that most of the petty vanities of life are represented in the one word, Man.

If there be one failing of which we women are supposed to be especially guilty, it is personal vanity. Yet I have known an individual of the "stronger" sex to spend more time over his morning toilet than the most vain of my sex.

HOW TO FIT A SLEEVE.

The long shoulders of the moment sometimes give a lot of trouble to the amateur dressmaker. The correct way to fit them is to put the underpart in first. Tack the full portion of the sleeves into small plaits and make them perfectly fit the size of the armhole.

To those who make their own hats a suggestion or two may not be amiss. An innovation in the way of trimming has been introduced, and this in the way of flowers made entirely of ribbon. This is very easily done. The following hint is taken from the Ladies' Home Journal: To make a wild rose, take five-eighths of a yard of satin taffeta ribbon one inch and a half wide; cut the end of the ribbon bias, then begin by gathering the bias end with your fingers (no sewing or cutting of the ribbon is necessary); continue gathering on one side, then across the ribbon bias again, so as to leave the plain edge to form the outside of the petals;

RECIPES.

APRICOT JELLY.—Stone eighteen apricots, cut them into slices and place them in a basin with the juice of two and a half lemons; then pour over them one and a half pint of boiling syrup, cover the basin and leave the contents to cool. When al-

most cold, add one and a half ounce of gelatine; mix this well in, strain into a jelly mold and leave to set. One day eager and brave, The next not caring to try, But He never gives in and We Two shall win Jesus and I.

STUFFED PEACHES.—Select medium-sized peaches; wash and take out the stones; cover with salt water and let them stand over night; in the morning fill the centre with grated horseradish, mixed with a little celery seed and a small piece of ginger root; tie each peach with string and pack in jars; turn over them heated vinegar, with sugar and spices to taste; seal jars, and at Thanksgiving you will have delicious peaches to eat with turkey.

VEAL IN ASPICO.—Take any remains of cold veal and mince finely. Mix in a little chopped ham, a piece of butter and a little cream or good milk. Line a mould, previously wetted with cold water, with pale aspic jelly, and decorate the sides and bottom with slices of hard-boiled egg, cucumber, beetroot and tomatoes. Secure these with another coating of jelly, fill up the mould with the prepared veal and pour in enough liquid aspic to cover the top. When set, loosen the edges carefully with a knife, turn out on a dish and garnish with finely cut salad, cucumber, egg, etc.

SCOUR MILK CORN CAKE.—Sift together one cup of flour, a half cup of Indian meal, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a half teaspoonful each of soda and salt; pour in one cupful of sour milk and one tablespoonful of lard or melted butter, and beat well; fold in at the last one well beaten egg, and bake in gem tins or a shallow round pan.

TOMATO PICKLES.—Slice a gallon of unpeeled green tomatoes and six large onions and mix; stir into these a quart of vinegar, a cup of brown sugar, tablespoonful each of salt, pepper and mustard seed, a half tablespoonful each of ground allspice and cloves; stew them all until the tomatoes are very tender; put into glass jars and seal.

RASPBERRY SPONGE.—Put two egg whites into a basin with one-quarter pound of castor sugar, beat up a little, adding gradually one gill of cream; dissolve one-half ounce of French leaf gelatine in a gill of raspberry juice, mix it with the rest and whisk till light and spongy. A drop or two of concentrated raspberry essence and a drop of pink are an improvement. When ready lift out in rough heaps on a glass or china dish.

HASTY FRUIT PUDDING.—Put a pint of raspberries or red or black currants in a rather deep pie dish and sugar them liberally. Mix in a baking basin one-half pound of good, self-raising flour, three ounces of butter, well rubbed in; a dessertspoonful of sugar and a pinch of salt; make a light dough with half a gill of buttermilk and lay on top of the fruit. Bake half an hour in a quick oven or steam for an hour covered with a buttered paper.

WE TWO.

I cannot do it alone, The waves run fast and high And the fogs close chill around And the light goes out in the sky, But I know We Two shall win in the end. Jesus and I.

I could not row it myself My boat in the raging sea. What of that? Another sits in my boat, And pulls or steers with me. And I know that We Two shall come safe into port. His Child and He

Coward, wayward and weak, I change with the changing sky, One day eager and brave, The next not caring to try, But He never gives in and We Two shall win Jesus and I.

Strong and tender and true, Crucified once for me, I know He will never change What'er I may do or be, We shall finish the course and get home at last His Child and He Anon, in Le Couteux Leader, Buffalo, N.Y.

THE PLOWMAN.

(Oliver Wendell Holmes.)

Clear the brown path to meet the coulter's gleam! Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking team, With toll's bright dewdrops on his sunburnt brow, The lord of earth, the hero of the plow!

First in the field before the reddening sun, Last in the shadows when the day is done, Line after line, along the bursting sod, Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod. Still where he treads the stubborn clods divide, The smooth fresh furrow opens deep and wide; Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves, Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves; Up the steep hillside, where the laboring train, Slants the long track that scores the level plain, Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay, The patient convoy breaks its destined way; At every turn the loosening chains resound, The swinging plowshare circles glistening round, Till the wide field one billowy waste appears, And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

GLAMOUR.

I have read so long in the book of the Brave, I hear the tramp of their feet In the quiet village street. I catch the sound of an echoing cheer, Blown down the night wind, faintly clear, And the drums' unflinching beat.

I have read so long in the book of the Brave, Their flags go streaming by, Sharp comes the sentry's cry: The shaded light of my study lamp Seems a low glimmer from some still camp, Where the sleeping soldiers lie.

I have read so long in the book of the Brave, I march where the heroes are; On my breast I feel a scar. I turn to gaze on the rayless night; The gloom is cleft by a beacon-light, And behold—the bivouac star! (Lulu Whedon Mitchell, in the October Century.)

us women for our custom of wearing corsets, but could anything be more uncomfortable than what young men endure in the matter of collars? Is it not sheer downright vanity that prompts a man to clasp a high-standing, stiffly starched, suffocating band of linen round his neck?

In our family residence there is one room that, to the uninitiated member of my sex, might pass for some sort of a mysterious armory or old-fashioned torture chamber. There are quite a number of weird-looking steel instruments, which, to the woman who has no experience of men's furniture, are at first most perplexing. Yet these be your gods, O men! Your vain man would not think of adjourning to rest for the night without paying a visit to the remarkable room. His trousers must be worn in such a manner as to suggest that such a thing as a knee joint were unknown, and it is by means of these strange-looking articles that he keeps them in position.

It is not only in the mere matter of clothes, however, that men are more vain than women. If I want to be really friends with any particular member of the tribe, I always find it a safe passport to his friendship to tell him that I like strong men—not only strong men physically, but men of mind and determination. Some Observations by a Society Girl.

AN EGYPTIAN CONVENT.

There exists among the Copts an ancient tradition, found also in certain early writers, stating that during the period of Our Lady's residence in Egypt a number of Jewish maidens, attracted doubtlessly by the Divine Mother's winning modesty and virtue, quitted their homes in order to dwell within the neighborhood of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. The tradition furthermore asserts that when the Holy Family departed out of Egypt, these pious women formed themselves into a community and retired to dwell at Babylon, an ancient city built 625 years before Christ, and which, according to John of Nikius, a writer of the seventh century, was built by Nabuchodonosor, who, having entered Egypt by reason of a revolt on the part of the Jews against him, conquered the country and called the fortress and the city by the name of his own town, Babylon.

About the year 117 A.D. Trajan erected a new fortress close to the site of the one just mentioned. The wall of this later building still exists, and encloses the remains of the Christian and Jewish town which is all that is left of Babylon now.

There is no doubt that long before the birth of our Saviour a Jewish colony existed in this neighborhood, and the greater number having become Christians at an early date, their synagogue, which is said to contain the tomb of the prophet Jeremiah, was turned into a Coptic Church. Later on the Jews had an opportunity of buying back the place, which they have ever held in extreme veneration. Visitors to Old Cairo are still shown, in the body of the modern synagogue, a curious old tomb, wherein are said to rest the bones of the great Jewish prophet.

On reaching Old Cairo our guide led us through a labyrinth of obscure and ruinous narrow streets until we reached the entrance to a small court, where were seated on the ground a number of women dressed in black and occupied in sewing and grinding coffee in large bronze mortars such as are used by the Arabs. The superioress at once advanced to greet us, covering her mouth in Mussulman fashion on seeing our guide in the background. She made no difficulty as to our admittance. We were invited to sit down, offered cigarettes, and all our questions answered with amiable readiness to impart information. "Our convent," said the superioress, "exists fifteen centuries. It was built by a certain Constantine for his daughter Alexandra, who wished to retire from the world. Our number is at present only twenty. Virgins and widows are admitted, whatever be their age. It is the patriarch who receives subjects, and it is he who appoints the superioress. We sleep in cells at midnight the bell awakens us, and we make three hundred and fifty or five hundred prostrations according to the day of the week. Each religious says morning prayers in the solitude of her cell. Three times a week, on Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays, we hear Mass in our chapel. Evening prayer is also recited there, and we allow poor invalids who live near to assist thereat. The meals take place in common. We are allowed to eat meat twice a day excepted on fast days. The rule permits smoking, but the convent does not provide tobacco. A postulant is

not required to bring a dowry to the convent, the revenues of the community suffice for our support. We are not bound to wear a religious habit, but merely dress like poor working women in memory of Our Lady, who once dwelt as a humble daughter of the people in our country."

We thanked the superioress for her kindness in receiving us, and asked leave to visit the chapel. It was clean and sufficiently furnished with carpets, hangings, and old pictures. Here, as in all the Coptic churches we visited during our stay in Egypt we were impressed by the total absence of all ghastly pictures of martyrdom and torture, which in our opinion disfigures the walls of so many churches in Europe. No country suffered more terrible persecution than Egypt, but it is not consistent with the traditional gentle nature of the Egyptians to dwell on scenes of suffering and bloodshed. A Coptic priest to whom I once made the remark that the scenes which took place in the days of early persecution in Egypt are never displayed on the canvas of painters, replied to me as follows: "The sacrifice of our God on the Cross was so tremendous, we adore and recognize it with such sacred fear and astonishment, that any martyrdom and sacrifice offered by the creature seem but feeble in comparison to the infinite sufferings of Christ."

Before taking leave of the superioress we asked permission to photograph her, together with her two principal companions. The result afforded a rather ludicrous picture of these poor women as they stood, half curious, half abashed, in front of the kodak.

We pressed an alms into the hand of the superioress, willingly given for the sake of all she represents in the history of the world. It is impossible to look at these Copts without profound interest. There is something pathetic in the way they still speak of their church as "the Nation." The nuns we visited appear to live together in peace in their humble dwelling; the neighbors take no interest in their doings, and many are even unaware of their existence. The life they lead can be termed neither active nor contemplative. There is a total absence of all the works of zeal and charity to which so many orders and religious congregations devote themselves in the Catholic Church. It would even be difficult to say how the nuns spend the long hours. An Oriental woman does not feel the need of constant occupation; her little household duties done, she sits placidly in the sun with idle hands. As to contemplative life in a Coptic convent, how can it flourish in a community deprived of frequent Communion and the presence of the Blessed Sacrament? These nuns never hear a sermon nor read a spiritual book. Their priests would not know how to preach, and Coptic women can rarely read. Moreover, by schism they are a branch severed from the trunk which alone gives health and vigor.

A number of most interesting Coptic churches are situated in the vicinity of the convent we have described. A few priests, their families and servants, are to be seen wandering like ghosts among these venerable sanctuaries where now reigns the silence of death. Here we behold the Rome of the Coptic schismatics; but a Rome solitary and sad like a deserted battlefield; Christian Rome devastated, ruined; her master the Patriarch without power to save. Her children abandon her, strangers for the most part ignore her existence, but the hand of God arrests the spoilers who are ready to complete the work of destruction. Let us hope and pray fervently that ere long our Divine Lord will grant his grace to the Coptic race, and, by renewing their life, enable them to rejoice once more in Him. Deus, Tu conveys vivificans nos, et plebs tua laetabitur in Te (Ps. lxxxiv. 7).—E. M. D., in Catholic World.

SHIPWRECKED.

A man stood on a lonely isle, A shipwrecked sailor he, While all about him roared and crashed The angry, restless sea. The waves dashed high, as rose the tide With deafening, maddening gloom—"Alas!" exclaimed the shipwrecked man, "I guess it's up to me."

HIS OCCASIONAL WISH.—"Why don't you ever want to go to a wedding?" snapped Mrs. Ennepek. "I don't believe you've been to a wedding since you attended your own." "No," mildly responded Mr. Ennepek. "I haven't. And," he added softly to himself, "I sometimes wish I hadn't attended that one."

FATHER

It was the day after the wild weird storm which such destruction in Ireland plain and poverty stricken Maloney found a tiny boy beside the haggard, sleeping. He was a chubby, blue-eyed and when lifted out of his rattle by stout-armed Maurice, gaily. Maurice carried him to his cabin, to his wife Kitty, and looked to see if there were on the clothes, by which to gain a clue as to who he was. There were none.

The poor Irish couple never saw a child, a fair-haired little one and she was taken from the she reached her third year, looked at this little waif, lo each other, and tears came to his eyes when she said: "It is God's will; we will keep it."

Maurice Maloney and his wife lived in their little cabin, a miserable existence for man. They managed to pay the rent that was about all. Like a farmers in Dingle, their was struggle, but they were a couple and trusted in God to their condition.

"Sure, if it's Him will that should be poor," Kitty would serve, "we must bear it. My we had riches we would have health, an' that would be loss."

"True for you, Kitty," would reply. "Our fathers I lived an' died here, an' I think can manage to do the same."

The death of their little was a sore loss to them, an if they might, they could not off the loneliness that hurt the hearthstone. Sometimes would speak of her together Maurice would tell of her ways until Kitty had a good then the worthy couple would themselves for flying in the God.

Their lives ran on quietly manner until the morning of Maurice discovered the child in the haystack. Then all they decided to name him and to place him under the tion of the good saint, w faithfully watched over the little Babe who lay in the

Everyone in the fishing vill an interest in the lad, and and boys would call daily cabin to see how he was Good Father Doyle, the gre ed, whole-souled pastor of parish, took a special pride Joseph.

"You must train him right rice," he would say, "an some day he will be another pion of Erin's woes."

"True for you, Father," would reply, "but I would r him a plain Soggarth like than an O'Connell."

Joseph grew up a fine, hea and by the time he reach twelfth year was remarka piety and devotion. His parents, with the aid of g ther Doyle, sent him to sch larly and taught him his and catechism. He was locking and there was an v able refinement about h caused Father Doyle to st head often and say, "Poor has blue blood in his veins one ever had. He came o family, whoever they may

From the day of his disc Maurice, nothing was heard relatives of the lad, and up knowing no other parents kindly couple. When he re fifteenth year, he started K saying he would like to be priest—that he wanted to g lege and study like Fath and help the poor.

Simple hearted Kitty b tears at the news, and taki her arms, cried: "God l alanna, we will speak Doyle about it."

Maurice was fervently when he heard what was in chal's mind, and after supp to his pastor.

"I have been watching es'fully, Maurice," said a man, "and I think he bation. I will take charge o self, and I am sure there no brighter lad in all, May Joseph was sent to colle as Father Doyle predicted, pid progress in his studies and more he grew deeps and when the year of his came round he was, often s other St. Anthony" by mate.

He visited his foster-par softly to himself, "I sometimes wish I hadn't attended that one."