

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die. —Tennyson.

The Many and the Few.

The many do not break their bread with us, Their chalice is not ours, they do not seek Our faces. Daily, in the crowded ways, They pass and so not speak. They are too rich, perhaps, and we too poor, Perhaps they are too young and we too old, Perhaps they are too plain and we too proud, Too scornful or too cold. And yet—for all, one toast at Christmas-time, When Merriment her utmost bounty spends, God bless the many who are not the few! God bless the few—our friends! —Marguerite Ogden Bigelow, in The Companion.

She Wants Pockets.

A woman who wants its distinctly understood that her plaint has no suffragette bias says in one of the English papers that she wants pockets in her clothes, and she doesn't think it fair for men to have nine or ten pockets apiece while she hasn't any, at least any to speak of. "Pockets for women," is her war cry, and if she can get those she doesn't care whether votes for women come or not. "Even," she complains, "if my tailor does sometimes grudgingly give me a pocket or two outside my coat—a real pocket, not a sham composed of braid and buttons—I am solemnly warned that I mustn't put anything in it or I'll spoil the shape of the coat. So I am obliged to burden myself with a handbag, which is more frequently lost than found. Could tyranny go further?"

Good-Bye, Old Year.

Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye! Along the hilltop lace of trees, The sunset lingers slow, As if it would not go, Hearing the sighing of the breeze, Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye! Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye! Adown the vales of memory, The sad days of the year, Their every cloud and tear, Whisper so kindly up to me, "Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye." "Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye." And memory has joys to tell, The happy-hearted days, God's many-mercyed ways, Deep in my heart shall ever dwell, "Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye." —Michael Earls, S.J., in Boston Pilot.

Hat Don'ts.

Don't forget that if the hat is suited to the wearer, all else is forgotten and forgiven. Don't hide a small face under a picture hat of the Gainsborough type. Choose a style less pronounced in size. Don't wear a hat turning back from the face if you are a large, oval-faced beauty. It makes the face look longer. Don't wear a hat that very closely follows the outline of the face if the face is round and plump. It suggests the framing of the full moon. Don't wear a hat that is bent down directly in the middle if you possess a retreating nose. It makes the nose look as though it were trying to meet the hat. A hat that flares at the sides is becoming, as is also a toque or a turban. Don't indulge in very many flowers, feathers, and flares if you possess much height, weight and color. The modern Brunhilde must be as tautly rigged as a yacht, and ready to take every breeze without a loose end fluttering.

Giving Up One's Seat.

In a communication to the New York Times a correspondent says: The question of chivalry in street cars was discussed in a French paper last month. Here are a few extracts: You will tell me that in Paris the gentleman who gives up his seat to a woman is getting more and more scarce. That is true, but you must acknowledge that the chivalrous gentleman does not usually get much reward. I made (five) exper-

iments lately. Here are the results: In an omnibus—The lady, dryly: "Thank you, sir, I am all right standing." In a tram-car—The lady did not answer, but the gentleman, who was with her, glanced at me suspiciously. On a steamer—There were two ladies of a doubtful (or rather too undoubted) age. I offered my seat to the more mature-looking of the two. She answered with vexation: "I am not tired," then said loudly to her companion: "It's unbearable! I won't go out without mamma again!" In an overcrowded train (on the way to the Juvisy aviation meet)—The lady took my seat and gave no thanks. In the Metro (subway)—The old lady sat down and thanked me—at last!—in a charming manner, but on looking at her more closely, I discovered that the old lady was an old gentleman.

Dishwashing as an Art.

From enjoying the cooking, serving and eating of a good dinner, turn to washing the glassware and dainty china as a science and an art, which it is; and if your experience is like mine, it will assume a new interest and lose much of the aspect of drudgery. Every other business has those routine processes; why not ours? If a workman is worthy of his tools a workwoman is of hers; and in dishwashing these are the necessities: an enamel or agate dishpan, a wooden or wire rack to lay on the sink beside the pan, two dish mops, one especially for glassware, a good washing cloth, a wire dishcloth with handle, a spatula or scraping knife, ammonia, borax, white soap for china and glass and laundry and scouring soap for other dishes, and, last, plenty of dish towels, all hemmed and of three grades—the fine glass towels, heavier ones for china, and for cooking dishes, large squares of blue denim, washed soft. Every housekeeper can add something to this list. A draining board beside the sink, sloping toward it and grooved to drain off the water in little streams, is a substantial help. Before beginning to cook anything, from a whole meal to a cake, fill the dishpan with warm, soapy water, when through with a dish, spoon, or anything else, drop it in the water, and when a spare minute comes wash these, rinse with clear hot water and dry, and when the actual dishwashing after a meal begins, most of the cooking dishes will be out of the way. After a meal carefully scrape all plates, vegetable dishes, etc., with the spatula, piling the different sorts of dishes together, and again filling the dishpan with warm water, add some white soap and a teaspoon of household ammonia, wash first the glassware, rinsing it in the same temperature as that in the pan. While wiping these put the silver in water to soak then wash it and rinse it with very hot water; next the cups, saucers, etc., always putting part of the dishes to soak while drying those previously washed. Steel dinner knives with bone or ivory handles must not be allowed to soak. Wash the blades carefully, rub any spots with fine scouring soap and wipe at once. Washing kneading boards, mixing bowls or anything where flour is used in clear, cold water, using a separate washing cloth or a small scrub brush. If cooking dishes are so unfortunate as to be burnt, soak them in soapy water, adding a little washing soda or washing powder and let stand for half an hour. Then pour off the water and wash. Aluminum dishes should not be scraped with a knife, but soaked and then carefully cleaned with fine scouring soap or whitening. Put custard cups, eggs or cheese dishes and chocolate pans to soak in cold water first. Greasy pans and kettles may be helped by wiping with paper before washing to remove all extra grease. Baking pans used only for bread and cake, or cookie sheets, are better not to be washed at all unless burnt, but wiped inside and out with a clean, dry cloth while still warm. Use the same treatment on bright tin covers. When all the dishes are dried and out of the way, wash and dry the pan, dish mops and drainer, then wash the sink with hot water, scouring soap and a brush, rinsing it with boiling water. Leave everything dry and in their respective places, with the satisfied feeling of a task well accomplished.—Good Housekeeping.

The Small, Sweet Courtesies.

William Wirt's letter to his daughter on "small, sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a great deal of happiness might be learned: "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody, no, not he, because nobody cared for him." And the whole world will serve you so if you give them the same cause. Let everyone, therefore, see that you do work for them, by showing them what Sterns so happily calls the "small, sweet courtesies," in which there is no parade, whose voice is so still, to ease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing.

Wardrobe Hints.

To remove dust from silk—Use a piece of velvet for brushing silk. Try it on a black silk petticoat and see how perfectly it wipes away all traces of dust from frills and ruffles. Any brush, however soft, acts as an irritant to silk, but the velvet removes all dust without any injury to the silk of sunshades, etc. Before mending stockings with ordinary darning yarn it is a good plan to hold the skein or card over the spout of a kettle of boiling water. By this means the steam effectually shrinks the wool, and when the stocking is sent to the wash there will be no fear of the mended portion shrinking away or tearing the surrounding part. A cream serge or flannel costume may be kept fresh thus: Before the garment is very soiled take equal parts of flour and salt. Mix well, and with a piece of clean flannel rub well into the soiled parts. When finished shake thoroughly. To mend an umbrella cover—Obtain a piece of ribbon or black tape, stick well over with gum and place on the under side of the umbrella. Make both sides of the rent meet together and press them on the ribbon. This is much neater than sewing. If carefully done no mend is visible and it will not split again.—From Woman's Life.

Pensioned by a Baby.

How the infant son of the young King of Spain, gave personal attention to a request for a pension and decided in favor of the petitioner, is told in an article in The Literary Magazine. We read: A few months after he was born the widow of an officer who was killed in Cuba appealed for an increase of pension. She had repeatedly made application through the ordinary channels, but without result. Then the idea occurred to her to address a memorial to His Royal Highness Alfonso, Infante of Spain. The letter was opened by the baby prince's secretary—he has a small army of high dignitaries to wait upon him—who referred it to the King. The young monarch read it and smiled. Holding it in his hand, he made his way through the corridors of the scurial, the secretary following wonderingly. In the nursery they found the queen and the baby prince sitting up in his crib. The King gravely explained the situation and then with a formal bow returned the letter to the secretary. "But what shall I do with it, sire?" he asked. "Why, give it to the prince, to whom it is directed, of course." The secretary, bowing low, held it on the royal cradle. The baby grabbed it eagerly and smiled. "Well, what does the prince say to it?" asked His Majesty, after a pause, turning to the nurse. "Really, your Majesty, he appears to me to say nothing," was the matter-of-fact reply. "All right, silence gives consent," said the King. "Mr. Secretary, see that the letter is forwarded to the War Department with the proper endorsement, and write to the woman that the prince grants the request."

Tart Sayings.

Beggars are not choosers, and neither are givers. A frowning face and a cruel tongue do not always conceal a smiling Providence.

Cauliflower in a New Way.

Huntington cauliflower is particularly desirable on account of the decided flavor of its sauce. Select a medium sized firm cauliflower, remove leaves, cut off stalk, and soak one hour, head down, in cold water to cover. Cook, head up, thirty minutes or until soft in boiling salted water to cover. Drain, separate into flowerets, and pour over the following: Mix one and one-half teaspoonfuls of mustard, one and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful powdered sugar and one eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper; then add two eggs slightly beaten, one half of a cupful of vinegar and one fourth of a cupful of olive oil. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Strain, and add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one half of a tablespoonful of curry-powder and one half of a teaspoonful of onion-juice.—Women's Home Companion for December.

How to Clean White Enamel.

Soap never should be used in cleaning paint, especially white enamel, or any paint with a gloss, which is the chief charm of the wood. If in washing woodwork a cupful of the glue used by carpenters is melted and poured into a pail of warm water it will not only serve as a cleanser to the paint, but it will leave a high gloss such as new paint has. When once she uses this the housekeeper will consider the glue a household necessity.

What is Worn in London.

London, Dec. 21, 1909. The bitter cold which has come upon us so unusually early this year brought with it an extra crop of bronchial affections of all kinds. The cold just arrived at the same time as the new plays; and having succumbed to both plays and cold, or, shall I say, having visited the former and been visited by the latter, I have come to the conclusion that there is no place where one catches, or, rather, is caught so easily by a cold as at the theatre, unless one takes proper precautions. Even if one escapes the inevitable draughts of cold air when the curtain goes up, or when the doors are opened at the intervals, one falls a victim while waiting for one's carriage or "taxi" in the vestibule. As no one is likely to give up theatre-going, which is in my opinion quite the pleasantest form of social distraction, for fear of being caught by the Coryza Fiend, the only thing to do is to make one's self immune by a warm cloak. It is, therefore, the interest of both health and beauty that I describe a theatre cloak this week; for really a garment of this kind is one of the most important sartorial items of the moment. The material of this beautiful model is one of the lovely new moiré velvets, which are as soft as chiffon, and take the most delightful folds that are heightened in effect by the shimmer of the moiré surface. The color also aids this effect, for it is a curious bronze-green, which sometimes gleams like bronze, and sometimes shines as green as a Capri lizard. The cloak is cut long and loose, fastening at one side with two beautiful large ornaments in gold filigree, one at the shoulder and the other at the waist-line, and is bordered all round up to the shoulders with a band of skunk. A notable feature of the cloak is that it has only one sleeve, large and full and finished with a band of skunk at the wrist. At the opposite side the cloak falls straight to the hem, and the wearer, if she wants to use that arm, loops up the whole cloak over it, which has a most picturesque Oriental effect, and shows off the lovely pale blue satin lining between the bordering lines of dark brown skunk. It can easily be understood that the cloak must be cut very full and very cleverly to allow of its being draped up over the arm without being pulled out of shape and symmetry; and it can also be imagined how equable a warmth the body must retain when the arm remains inside and the cloak falls straight to the hem of the dress. Another point in favor of this one-sleeved model is the ease with which it can be slipped on and off in the stalls of a theatre, where the getting-into the second sleeve is always a matter of difficulty and gymnastics. There is yet another excellent feature in this theatre-cloak, and that is, that instead of a more or less cumbersome fur collar to protect the neck, its place is taken by a scarf of double chiffon, green over dull gold, which is adorned with three narrow rows of skunk and finished with green and dull gold tassels. This scarf is fastened to the cloak and can be wound softly round the throat, giving far more comfort and protection than any fur collar. The velvets and brocaded damasks are so beautiful this year that they have quite ousted the splendid fur coats that marked a record in expensive luxury among Parisiennes last year. It is not that cloaks in sable and ermine and chinchilla do not still appear at the Opéra or the Français on subscription nights, but they are not so new and are not so commented upon as the superb Renaissance damasks and brocaded velvets, bordered with rare furs, which are the latest expression of Parisienne elegance. And certainly these cloaks of gold and silver brocades look far more suited to evening wear than do those exclusively made of fur, no matter how rare and expensive such furs may be. This was clearly demonstrated some nights ago at the Français by the appearance of one of the leaders of Parisian dress in a draped cloak of cloth of silver

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Includes illustration of a woman holding a box of soap. Text: "Surprise is stamped on every cake of Surprise Soap. It's there so you can't be deceived. There is only one Surprise. See to it that your soap bears that word— Surprise A pure hard soap."

WOULD DO LESS DAMAGE. Bobby—Say, Maw, what are you going to give Dad for Christmas? His Mother—Why, my dear, I think I shall give him a new pair of slippers. Bobby—Aw, can't you make it a pair of moccasins? FAMILY MATTERS. "How old is your child?" asked a conductor. "Seven," replied the mother. As the conductor passed up the crowded car the little boy called after him, "And mother's 38!" PRACTICE MAY MAKE PERFECT. Because a little Missouri boy continually said "have went" instead of "have gone," his teacher ordered him to stay after school and write "have gone" five hundred times. The little fellow obeyed, and while he was writing the teacher left the room to visit another. When she returned the boy had done, and had left behind several sheets covered with "have gones," and this note: "I'm through and have went home."

WHY, CERTAINLY. Departing Passenger—Oh, conductor, won't you please give me a transfer of some other color? This one doesn't match my gown at all. —Puck. Mistress—You know, Melinda, we are all very fond of you. I hope you like your room and are content with your wages. I'm thinking of giving you my silk petticoat. Cook—Poh de Lawd, Mis' Howard! How many folks has you been done gone an' asked for dinner?—Puck. Gunner—"And now comes a professor who declares that fruit is just as healthy with the skin on as it is peeled." Guyer—"H'm! I'd like to see somebody start him on a diet of pineapples." One of the papers handed in at the examination of students training for employment as teachers described Oliver Cromwell as "a man with coarse features and having a large red nose with deep religious convictions beneath."

THE YOUNG IDEA. The following are some gems culled from the examination papers of one of our public schools: "Sodom and Gomorrah are two of the largest volcanoes." "The office of the gastric juice is situated in the stomach." "Queen Elizabeth was one of the Queens of England. She was famous for her fondness for chivalry and valvry and other wild game." "Isthmus is a place across which to build a canal." "A mountain range is a very large cook stove." "Drink is the curse of mankind, and has a marked influence on the doctor's conclusions in cases of sickness." "The chief exports of Russia are Russian sables and immigrants."

NOT INTERESTED. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, apropos of woman suffrage, said: "Men of that sort—men of that stupid sort—treat us women like little children or pet animals. They make no account of us whatever. They are like old Calhoun White, of Ripon." "Old Calhoun walked down the main street one morning in his best black broadcloth suit, with a white rose in his buttonhole and cotton gloves on his large hands." "Why, Calhoun," said the barber, "are you taking a holiday?" "Dish yere," said the old man in a stately voice, "dish yere am mah golden waddin', sah. Ah'm sally bratin' hit."

FRIENDLY ADVICE. "Can you suggest something I can get my wife for Christmas?" he asked of the clerk. "You'd better get her a box of cigars," was the reply. "She was in here this morning and bought a lace parasol for you!"

NOT LITERARY. "The late Frederick Burton, was the world's foremost authority on the American Indian," said a Yale ethnologist. "Burton was almost alone in his field. There are, you know, so few students of Indian

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For Backache, Lumbago, Rheumatism, etc., one of the commonest symptoms of kidney trouble, remedy equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, giving perfect comfort and relief. A medicine that says so that they are the poisonous urine and prevent the uric acid from forming.

Mr. Donald A. Banks, N.S., writes with his kidneys suffering with such the small of my back could hardly get a two boxes of Doan's to feel better, and three I was completely cured. Price 50 cents per box. All dealers or mail order by The T. J. Toronto, Ont. When ordering

WT. PATRICK'S Habed March 6th ated 1868; Me Hall, 92 St. Al Monday of the meet's last We Rev. Chaplain, Shane, P.P.; Fr. Kavanagh, K. C. cent, Mr. J. C. President, W. Treasurer, Mr. W. ponding Secretar mingham; Record T. P. Tamsey; A cretary, Mr. M. shal, Mr. B. Co

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Suffered Terrible Pains For Backache, Lumbago, Rheumatism, etc., one of the commonest symptoms of kidney trouble, remedy equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, giving perfect comfort and relief. A medicine that says so that they are the poisonous urine and prevent the uric acid from forming.

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Vertical advertisements on the right margin including: MORRISON, KAVANAGH, LAWRENCE, CONROY, PATRICK'S, Synopsis of Canada, HOMESTEAD, Suffered Terrible Pains, and various legal notices.