

# HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



It is a fine thing in friendship to know when to be silent.—George MacDonald.

Now is the high time of the year, And whatever of life hath ebbed away Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer Into every bare inlet and creek and bay; Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it, We are happy now because God wills it; No matter how barren the past may have been, 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green; We sit in the warm shade and feel right well How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell; We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing That skies are clear and grass is growing. —James Russell Lowell.

### She Who Makes Friends.

The girl who makes friends wherever she goes is delightful. She comes into a room like a sea-breeze—fresh, laughing, nodding right and left with happy impartiality. She is ready for anything, and never throws cold water on your plans. She generally sees the funny side of things, and she has such a whole-hearted way of describing them that you feel as if you had seen them yourself. She does not retail gossip, though; and she does not know how to be spiteful, or sarcastic, or bitter, and she never exaggerates to produce an impression. She knows how to be clever and funny without being unkind, or untruthful, or coarse. She likes everybody, not considering it to be her duty to suspect anyone of evil until they have proved good. She prefers to consider the world good and honest until it proves itself otherwise. She always gets along, for she has friends everywhere. Her heart is big enough to contain everybody, and she never forgets her friends, or is forgotten by them.

### Lace Draperies.

Black lace over draperies are the rage. Many of the handsomest models have lace, over light colors for evening wear, and to carry out the idea for afternoon use a gown is shown in which the foundation is Chinese blue satin veiled in chiffon of the same color with a second covering of black lace; the lace forms an apron at the back and front of the skirt, and is adjusted prettily on the waist, leaving here and there a showing of blue beneath.

### Woman's Love.

Love is the rightful heritage of every man and woman born into the world. It was given to us by God Himself, who is All Love. Out of very love, He created us in the first place, and for love of us He sent down upon the earth His only Son, who in His exceeding great love gave up His life for our redemption. "Love one another," says our Lord. Love, then, has been ours since the beginning of time, and will be till time is no more. "Tis sweet to love," someone said. Yes, but it is sweeter to be loved. To be wooed and won is woman's prerogative, and to her, I think, fall the choicest sweets of love. The tasks of love are her privilege, and love, with its various relationships, is the crown of her life. To keep this crown, then, ever sparkling with the purest, brightest and most precious jewels, which only may be found there, should be the life's ambition of every woman. It is hard, some will say, to keep the heart warm in a chilly world. Yet this is what the lovable woman must do. She must have a little garden in her mind, where hope, the flower of love, must blossom the whole year round, where pleasant fancies flit, light-winged, like summer moths that love the sun. And she must tend it every day, skillfully pulling the weeds up, loosening the earth about the roots that they may get the air they need, and watering it; yes, indeed, when the time comes—with tears that fall so softly they could not hurt or mar the tenderness of growing things. Love was not given to us to break hearts, as some good people think. Far from it. Love has a better mission. It comes to show us life, to help us live and look into the human hearts about us, and to strengthen us in our struggles and ambitions here below. This is not such a hard world after all, if we will only look for the good that is in it, and work with love and for love. Life is full of promises that are certain of fulfill-

ment. There is not a single sunset that does not mean a coming morning. The only thing to be dreaded in life is a numbness, so to speak—not to feel, not to care—not to be able to suffer—in a word, not to love. If you have love in your heart, a sincere, pure love, whether it hurts you or makes you happy, you are a living force in the world of living. Man, it is said, is what woman makes him, and there is much truth in the saying. God, in giving man such a fragile companion, meant him to be ruled by her gentle influence. While the husband, in his strength and manhood, must feel that his wife will be dutiful and obedient, he is perfectly happy in being under her gentle sway, provided that she "never shows his rules." This, then, is what a wife should do in her own little way. With love at the helm of her tiny barque, she need have no fear of rough seas. The faithful captain will guide her safely into port.—New World.

### Feminine Humorists.

#### A Growing Sisterhood of Those Who Make Life Brighter for their Fellows.

Mr. Brown, the Elder, writing to his nephew Robert in Thackeray's Sketches and Travels in London, ventures to advise him in the delicate matter of the selection of a wife. This interesting subject he discusses from many points, arguing the pro and con. His final and dogmatic word is that whatever the other qualities may be, the young man should choose a woman with a sense of humor. To appreciate the soundness of this counsel, one must take into consideration the period in which Mr. Brown spoke. In the year 1850 the woman with a sense of humor was harder to find, for the wan, romantic heroine was in vogue, and the Byronic tradition still held sway. The present school of feminine humorists may justly be regarded as the expression of the keen sense of humor which to-day is one of the strongest attributes of our American women. A generation or two ago that sense of humor existed only in embryo. Our mothers, in their youth, turned to fiction, not to be provoked to laughter, but to the Manfréd's imagination. The poseur was in fashion. The perfect type of here at that time was found in Charlotte Brontë's Edward Rochester of Jane Eyre, or in his American cousin, Augustus Evans Wilson's St. Elmo Murray. To-day either of these two gentlemen would be very properly laughed out of court, so far as any claims to serious consideration were concerned. A more robust standard, a keener perception of the ridiculous and a shrewder philosophy of life have relegated the books of sickly sentimentalism to the shelf, and made way for the new school of American humor, which is at least three-fifths feminine. If Miss Caroline Wells has any grievance against life it is that she never receives credit for what she considers the funniest thing that she ever wrote. Some years ago a large business enterprise made her an offer of one hundred dollars for a suitable phrase to be used for advertising purposes. She sent back "The Smile That Won't Come Off." Its success was instantaneous. But the phrase was at once incorporated into the American version of the English language, with the quite natural result that Miss Wells's part in the matter was entirely forgotten. When Mr. Gelett Burgess first introduced the now hackneyed terms of "Bromide" and "Sulphite," he made the statement that there were only seven female Sulphites in existence. He placed Miss Wells at the head of the list. "She is a Sulphite of the Sulphites," he said. "You can never know what she is going to think, do or say. Sometimes she isn't even witty. But none of us could be witty if there were no Bromides to be made fun of." This opinion of Miss Wells' uncertainty is shared by a certain well-known theatrical manager. Miss Wells had written a book for an opera which had been submitted to the manager for consideration. As a whole it could not be used, but there was one lyric that the manager wanted to interpolate in another opera. He telegraphed, asking if he could have the Kitten Song. Her reply was, "You can have the kitten, you can have the kitten." The next time the manager met Miss Wells, he asked her why she had twice told him he could have the kitten. "Well," she replied, "I could send the ten words for the same price as five, and I thought I might just as well get all that the telegraph company would stand for. I always did love bargains." Miss Wells is said to have a characteristically original rule for measuring the proper length of a book when she writes it herself. One of her many publishers asked her recently: "Why do you always send us your book manuscript in a five-pound candy box?" "You see," replied Miss Wells, "when I feel that I am going to write a book I always buy a five-pound box of candy and a pint of ink. Then I begin to write. And when the candy is all gone, and the ink is all used up, I know that the book is long enough."

In dealing with humorists like Miss Wells or Alice Hegon Rice or Josephine Dodge Daskam or Anne Warner or Mary Stewart Cutting, anything in the nature of a formal introduction would be something of an impertinence. It is not so in the case of a new writer such as Mrs. Helen Green, whose work bids fair to win for her eventually a place of no inconsiderable importance. Humor of a very high order is to be found in Mrs. Green's "At the Actors' Boarding House." Mrs. Maggie de Shine's boarding house, one critic said, is a microcosm which becomes just as real to us as the Maison Tellier, or the Pension Vauquer. We come to know the blonded ladies washing out their stockings in the washbowl, or fighting for first place at the table where they are served with ham and eggs and "cawfy." We seem to have met the gentleman who was "standing off" Mrs. De Shine for an overdue board bill and currying favor with her by petting her wheezy poodle, Fido. The slang in the book is something marvelous, far surpassing anything which ever entered the mind of Mr. George Ade, and some of it is so professional, while it is impossible to pick out any one idea of the racy humor of Maggie and her boarders, the opening paragraph of one story, "The Honeymoon of Sam and Caroline," is fairly characteristic: "Emmar! Tell that single turg in six he's gotta git out of here this munit! Here, Sam Smith an' his new bride's tuck them two ragans, an' they got to be fixed. Emmar, D'yuh hear me?" When at the Actors' Boarding House first appeared many of those who read it asserted that Helen Green was a pseudonym, and that the book must have been written by a man. No woman, they said, could have known so intimately the rough life of the far West, the ways of swindlers and the thousand, and one details of a certain type of professional actor. They were wrong, however. Mrs. Green is a writer on the staff of a New York newspaper with which she has been connected for nearly five years. Her experiences have been remarkably diversified. She began, when only fourteen, breeding horses in South America. After that she went to the Canadian Klondike and took up gold mining. Later she worked an opal mine in northern Idaho and spent a year or more in a mining camp in Nevada. In 1900 she travelled around the world, and finally settled in Colorado, where she bought a house with a bit of land, ten miles out of Denver, where for several years she has spent her vacations. Another new arrival among the feminine humorists is Rose O'Neill, the author of "The Lady in the White Veil." For years Rose O'Neill has been known by reason of her illustrations, but it is only recently that she has invaded the field of fiction. "How did I come to write 'The Lady in the White Veil?'" said Rose O'Neill. "Well, it was this way, said the old pirate. I made that there tale for my young brother and sister and annoyed them to death by yielding up a chapter a day. 'Twas a great lark at first, but I soon fell to a mere drudge. They developed an inclination for me, which though doing credit to their intelligence, came to adorn them but little in my eyes." Asked if she considered the story a highly humorous work, Rose O'Neill replied, "Why, I nearly died over it." It is not all humor that lends itself to easy quotation. One can select a saying or two from Mr. Dooley, or a fable by Mr. Ade, and in this way convey to the reader a very definite idea of just what these men stand for. On the other hand, there are writers whose books must be read from the first page to the last if their humor is to be adequately appreciated. For example, take Anne Warner's "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." Without question this is one of the drollest books which have appeared in the last twenty years and yet no system of quotation however extended could give more than the vaguest impression of its genuine fun. Anne Warner, by the way, is the wife of Charles Ellis French. She is a native of St. Paul, in which city she lives. Some years ago eight or ten Louisville women of literary tastes formed a little club among themselves, which came to be known as the Authors' Club. At one of its meetings a member brought the ma-

nuscript of a book that she had written, and read it aloud. It was enthusiastically indorsed, and the author was urged to send it out into the world in search of a publisher. The author was Alice Hegan, and the book, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, destined to become one of the really great books of American humor and to win for itself a positively individual place in our literature. When Mrs. Wiggs first found her way out to the reading public between covers, it was with no great blare of trumpets. The publishers had no great expectations for it and hesitated before printing an edition of two thousand copies. That edition was sold within a month and another two thousand printed. Then came another, and at the end of six months the presses were turning out ten thousand a month, which later rose to forty thousand a month, and so the tale went on until forty-three editions had been printed, and now after eight years five hundred copies a month are printed and sold. Perhaps a measure of the success of Mrs. Wiggs was due to the fact that the reader learned to love her from the very first page in which it was told that "Mrs. Wiggs was a philosopher, and the sun and substance lay in keeping the dust off her rose-colored spectacles." When Mr. Wiggs traveled to eternity by the alcoholic route she buried his faults with him, and for want of better virtues to extol she always laid stress on the fine hand he wrote. It was the same way when their little country home was burned and she had to come to the city to seek work; her own comment was: "Thank God, it was the pig instead of the baby that was burned!" And with his smile: "A smile that waited for an answer and usually got it, a smile so brimming over with good fellowship and confidence that it made a lover of a friend and a friend of an enemy." And these are some of the bits of cheer from Lovey Mary: "I've made it a practice to keep all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid an' smile." "You never kin tell which way any pleasure is a-comin'. Who ever would 'a' thought when we aimed at the cemetery, that we'd land up at a first-class fire?" "I b'lieve in havin' a good time when you start out to have it. If you git knocked out of one plan, you want to git yourself another right quick, before yer spirits has a chance to fall." "The way to get cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when your own is 'most bustin', to keep on believin' the sun is a-shinin' when the clouds is thick enough to cut." Two feminine humorists who invaded the child world for their creations are George Madden Martin, the author of the delightful Emmy Lou stories, and Josephine Dodge Daskam, who, in the Imp and the Angel and "The Madness of Phillip," has given us youngsters of all flesh and blood. In addition Miss Daskam (Mrs. Selden Bacon) is entitled to great consideration for her Fables for the Fair, of which it has been said that for brevity, completeness and wit it ranks with the work of George Ade. Then there is the fable of the woman who, wishing to make a favorable impression on a Mere Man, expressed a dislike for Materlink and Ibsen and thereby won the man's approval. When, however, she went on to score Shakespeare she soon found out her mistake. "Nay, nay," said the Man, "this is Too Much. Not to understand Ibsen shows that you are a Good Woman; to think Materlink silly augurs Well for your Intelligence, but not to see Much Sense in Shakespeare implies that you are Uneducated," and he did not Call Again." To these women, and to others like Mary Stewart Cutting, with her tales of suburban life, and Myra Kelly, with her graphic pictures of the school children of the great East Side of New York, as well as to monologists like Beatrice Herford and May Isabel Fisk, a very genuine debt is due. In teaching us not to be too serious they are contributing to the health of the community; with their flashes of wholesome humor they are doing much to relieve the tension of our strenuous twentieth-century life.—Arthur Bartlett Maurice, Editor of The Bookman, in Good Housekeeping.

### How to Use Strawberries.

Strawberry Dumplings—Mix well together three cups of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and one-third of a teaspoonful of salt. Rub in two tablespoonfuls of butter and add sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Roll out one-half inch thick, cut in four-inch squares, lay three or four large berries in the middle of each and draw the paste around them and arrange on a greased tin and steam for half an hour. Serve with strawberry sauce.

Strawberry Preserves—Add one cupful of boiling water to two pounds of granulated sugar, and stir over a hot fire until the sugar is dissolved. Put the kettle over the fire, add two pounds of strawberries and simmer gently for ten minutes. Then skim out the fruit carefully, lay it on platters and put in the hot sun while the syrup is cooking. Boil the syrup until it is quite thick, add the berries, heat thoroughly and fill the cans.

### What is Worn in London

London, June 7, 1910. I am giving this week a description of a dinner gown which will make a pleasant variation to the leit-motif of black which has somewhat overpowered our sense of selection of late. The foundation of the dress was grey charmeuse, made in the familiar and ever-popular four-piece which nothing seems able to oust from our affections, and covered with an over-dress of black Ninon, built in the "three-decker" style which has returned once more to fashion and makes a pleasant change with the overlying tunic. Each one of the three flat flounces which form the over-dress was adorned with a wide and very beautiful embroidery on net with a very bold design heightened by touches of black velvet applique, the whole pattern being further emphasized by being delicately outlined with tiny

beads of dull steel. Above and below the two rows of narrow black velvet ribbon, a form of trimming which is likely to become very popular this summer on account of its newness in its effect, was put, and looks particularly well on light materials. The upper part of the bodice and the sleeves were of silver lace, the sleeves being in one with the bodice and adorned with a vandyked line or embroidery in jet above two rows of jet passementerie. The lower part of the bodice was swathed with the black Ninon which starts immediately beneath the right arm and was drawn across low down on the left side, this effect being repeated at the back, where a piece of the skirt gap where the Ninon drapery vandyked shoulder were straps of black velvet, the one on the right finishing in a big jet cabochon which caught up the folds of Ninon, that on the left being brought lower down and held by a large rose of silver tissue with black stamens. Already the manufacturers have brought out a quantity of lovely new thin materials in black suitable for summer wear. Striped materials are much to the fore, and generally take the shape of a dense satin stripe quite an inch wide on a transparent ground, a combination which recalls the satin-striped grenadines of one's childhood, except that these modern fabrics have a softness and suppleness never dreamt of in bygone days. Another tissue which should make most charming dresses looks like a sturdy edition of a face veiling, with fine interlacing threads relieved at intervals by small embroidered spots in silver grey silk. This would be beautiful made up over grey taffetas. Oxidized silver has come to the front with a rush, and is being enormously used, especially for outlining the patterns of black lace or embroidery. It is also used in conjunction with jet and steel, and with black velvet for the hair of an evening. People have become tired of the flat Greek band across the head; and now that the hair is being becomingly raised once more and curls are returning to favor, the upright ornaments and sprays are also being recalled. So many women have made "guy's" of themselves with their heads tied up and swathed down over the forehead in a way that suggested a recent return from the accident ward of a hospital, that we one will be sorry to see these absurdities disappear and a more sensible and becoming style of coiffure take the place of the bandaged head. There are charming head ornaments being made in black and wheat-ears and barley, fashioned in satin and velvet threads of dull silver to represent the "beards" of the wheat and barley. Most effective, too, for the hair are the wreaths of small laurel or olive leaves in black satin and dull silk with little bunches of jet berries at intervals. Velvet ivy leaves with jet berries also make a most becoming mourning chaplet for a youthful head. For both hair and bodies wear a quantity of magnificent black flowers have suddenly sprung into view and favor. Among these are really splendid-looking tiger lilies fashioned in velvet with silver stamens and velvet pistils, which are really marvels of handiwork. Roses of black velvet, silk and satin, the different values of the material being used with wonderful effect, are also in great demand; as are also giant velvet marguerites with silver centers, black cowslips in velvet and black king-cups in satin, iris, in which both materials appear, and black cherries, which seem likely to be the greatest favorites of all.

### ATR HIS OBJECT.

The little boy who had learned that an orange was a unit, and who later defined the orange skin as the skin of a unit, was surely well within his rights. He probably had the sympathy of his class, if not of his teacher. A writer in the Manchester Guardian tells a tale of much the same kind. It was in a school where drawing is taught. One day, just as the lesson was about to begin, a small boy was found standing tearfully at the headmaster's desk. "I've swallowed my object," he explained, with an alarming gulp. "What was it?" asked the master, anxiously. "A banana," replied the would-be artist, with one more gulp.

to thicken add one pint of whipped cream. Turn into a vetted mold and put on ice. Serve garnished with whipped cream and whole strawberries.

Strawberry Wine.—Measure the berries and bruise them. To every gallon add one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring it occasionally, then strain off the liquor into a cask or jug, adding two pounds of sugar to every gallon of juice. Leave open to work, and when it has finished fermenting, bottle and seal. The addition of orange and lemon rind while the liquor is fermenting adds to the flavor; cider is sometimes added in the proportion of a cupful to two quarts of water and juice.

### Fashion Hints.

A deep blue that is almost black is a favorite color for gowns and hats. Sleeves of the new models of blouses and dresses show fullness at the elbow. Pewter gray and a delicate fawn shade are soft tints that are popular. A pretty ornament for the hair is made of white and gold sequins. The new veils are novel and conspicuous. Colored lace veils are still popular. A deep hem reaching to the knees is used on many skirts of afternoon dresses, the hem being a material contrasting to that above. Lingerie gowns, guileless of a collar, are frequently worn with a narrow black velvet band at the throat, on which may be a diamond or other jeweled ornament. One of the newest developments of the peasant idea is the dress fashioned on lines identical with the coat suit. Ruffles of plaited net, batiste, plain or face edge, and attached to a heading of insertion, may be bought by the yard and made into side frills for the shirtwaist or coat suit. Gold-colored straw, trimmed with black, is a popular combination in millinery this season. Natural colored khaki shirts made with seven gores, habit back and buttoned down the front in a straight line are most practical and popular. High-buttoned fancy boots for children are strapped from the ankle to the shoe top. Summer girls who dance will wear chiffon or sheer muslin dresses trimmed with little roses, single and clusters. Long loops and ends of the filmy material are worn about the low-cut neck. Sleeves are short—very short. If you have a bit of choice brocade, make a buckle. Make it square or oblong, oval or circular, only make it very large. If you fancy the oblong shape, cut your buckram foundation at least four by eight inches, pad it well with wadding, and stiffen the back with milliner's wire. Then put on your cover of brocade with neatly mitered corners and add some long stitches of gold or silver thread to give additional glitter. Raffia and straw braid, Persian and gold gauze ribbon make lovely buckles; an oddity is one foot long, half as wide, and is covered with tiny flat pink flowers. Buckles of this huge size make the sole trimming on smart hats and turbans of rough straw. Of lesser size, they confine bunches of ostrich tips, or a scarf of chantilly or chiffon, or an enormous bow of black velvet.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1910.

M. J. Morrison  
Advocate  
4th Floor, Bldg.  
57 St.  
Phone Main 3114.

Hon. Sir A.  
KAVANAGH,  
ADVOCATE  
7 FL.

H. J. Kavanagh,  
H. Geria-Lajoie,  
Paul Lacombe, 41.

T. Rossard, K.C.  
Thomas

BROSSARD  
Advocate  
Floor Main 1491

S. A. BARRON  
Savings Bank  
Bell Tel.

Bell Tel. Main 3  
Conry  
135 CH  
Practical Plumber  
Jobbing Pl

Lawyer  
PLA  
Successor to John  
Barron and Orasmus  
15 Paris Str

D. H. W.  
Caterer  
10-12 HERMINE

Manufacturers of  
Brands Caramels and  
Biscuits, Wedding  
attention.

ST. PATRICK  
Ished March  
ated 1868;  
Hall, 92 St.  
Monday of t  
meets last W  
Rev. Chaplain  
Shane, P.P.;  
Kavanagh, J.  
dent, Mr. J.  
President, J.  
Treasurer, M.  
ponding Sec  
mingham; H.  
P. T. Taney  
cretary, Mr.  
shal, Mr. F.  
shal, Mr. F.

Synopsis of C  
HOMESTEAD  
ANY even am  
ston Land in  
own and Albe  
not reserved,  
any person wh  
family, or say  
app. to the sec  
tion of 160 ac  
Entry must b  
the local land  
in which the la  
Entry by pro  
made on certai  
father, mother,  
ther or sister  
steader.

The homesteade  
form the condit  
with under o  
planer:

(1) At least  
upon and cert  
each year for  
(2) If the h  
the father is  
steader resides  
steamy of the  
requirements an  
entitled by su  
with the father  
(3) If the s  
most residence  
owned by him  
homestead the  
residence may  
once upon and  
Six months  
should be given  
Determination  
tentation to app

Deputy Min  
N.B.—Unsub  
the advertisement  
law.

Holloway's C  
corn out by th  
prove it.

SELF RA  
Brodie's  
Self-  
is the Orig  
A Premium gi  
returned  
10 Blouy 5

Through ind  
green fruit in  
become subject  
caused by irrit  
violently on the  
lines. Pains  
ings ensue and  
of the child su  
In such cases  
medicine is De  
necessary. Cord  
inflammation  
fits.