

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

That the ambitions of our early years do not always fall of realization was borne out by the following...

FASHIONS.

The over-popular mohair dress goods are a veritable surprise. Beauty and durability have been so long combined in these fabrics...

suitable for the house and for the ball room.

In the dark colored silks, pongees and veilings, no matter how elaborately they may be made up...

The newest gowns are made with skirts and waists to match, and the lingerie blouses, charming and attractive as they are...

The return of silk warp or all wool Henriettas to greater popular favor will be welcome news to their many admirers.

TIMELY HINTS.

The professional method of cleaning taffeta silk is to first sponge with gasoline, then sponge a second time with white castile soap and gasoline.

People often regard dirty polishing leathers as hopelessly spoiled, but they may be easily washed in warm soap suds.

A tiny pinch of salt added to the whites of eggs when beating will make them froth quicker.

The tin boxes in which sweet wafers are purchased are handy receptacles in which to stow away sandwiches for evening lunches.

A loosened knife-handle can be satisfactorily mended by filling the cavity in the handle two-thirds full of powdered resin and brick-dust.

For brightening grates, fronts, fenders, and similar iron substances, mix well one pint of asphaltum with a gill of turpentine.

To clean paint brushes first soak the brushes in turpentine and afterward wash in soapy water in which a little soda is dissolved.

When pounding almonds always add a few drops of cold water to prevent the otherwise inevitable appearance of oil.

When hot fat is spilled on table

or floor, pour cold water or drop ice on the place immediately to harden the grease and prevent its soaking into the wood...

All the tedious skimming and straining of soup can be avoided if one takes the precaution to put in a small unpeeled onion at the very start and permit it to remain until one is ready to thicken the soup.

RECIPES.

A Delicious Sauce for Cold Meats—Put one generous tablespoonful of dry English mustard in a bowl, or the inside pan of a double boiler...

Baked Apples with Bananas.—Prepare the apples as for ordinary baking, but make the hole from which the core is removed large enough to hold half a banana.

Vegetable Chops.—Take one cupful each of chopped boiled potatoes, carrots and turnips, and one half cupful cracker crumbs; season with three shakes of pepper...

Apple Custard—Stew the rind of one lemon with a dozen juicy apples, when thoroughly cooked pass through a sieve mix sufficient sugar with them to sweeten and set away in a cool place.

Cold Orange Pudding.—Put one quart of water over the fire to boil; rub half cup of cornstarch in a little cold water; when this is smooth turn it into the boiling water...

Stuffed Pineapple—Cut off the top of a large pineapple, scoop out the inside, shred the pulp and sugar well; wash the pineapple shell and set in ice water.

OUT OF ORDER.

P. J. Carlon, a well-known young New York lawyer, tells this story about Senator Albert Beveridge: "Several years ago the ladies belonging to a certain club in Indianapolis held a meeting at which the speakers were all to be women."

The chairman of the occasion was William Denoon, now managing editor of the Indianapolis News, and he did not like Beveridge anyway.

THE WIND OF SORROW.

(Henry Van Dyke.) The fire of love was burning, yet so low That in the dark we scarce could see its rays...

KEEP THE CHILDREN BUSY.

Teach children to do little things about the house. It trains them to be useful, not awkward, in later and more important affairs it guides them occupation while they are small, and it really is an assistance to the mother in the end...

"ALMA MATER."

It may not be generally known that the term "Alma Mater," which is universally applied to colleges and universities where men receive their scholastic training, is of purely Catholic origin.

CHILDREN SHOULD READ ALOUD.

A mother should take great pains to teach her children to read aloud distinctly and pleasantly. Much time and money are often expended in cultivating the voice for singing, and yet quite as much pleasure may be given by the person who reads aloud in a pleasing manner.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

Charitable Lady—But a man last week told me exactly the same story. Tramp—Yes, lady. Yer see, I made a fatal mistake in not havin' the history of me life copyrighted.

"I tell you, golf is going to be the salvation of the nation and lengthen our days by decades."

THE SAFE SIDE.

Reporter—Were you quoted correctly in that interview in the morning papers? Senator—Come around the day after to-morrow. How can I tell until I see how the interview is going to be taken?—Tom Watson's Magazine for April.

EASILY SOLVED.

The schoolmaster of a certain village asked his pupils the following question: "Suppose in a family there were five children, and the mother has only four potatoes between them. Now, she wants to give each child an equal share. What is she going to do?"

COURAGE OF INDIAN WOMEN

While the popular belief that the Indian wife is merely an unreckoned quantity in the affairs of her tribe and nation, a slave and drudge for her warrior husband, has some foundation, the rule has many exceptions.

One quarrel led to another, and at length two stalwart specimens of Indian manhood, who had probably already had some grudge against each other in the past, uttered their wild warwhoops of defiance, sprang out into a little open space, and, drawing their knives, went at it in a regular duel to the death.

For two hours she stood there, pouring forth her long pent-up emotions in the light of the campfires, her sinewy form and wrathful countenance making a weird picture of ferocity; for two hours, without a moment's intermission, and such a tremendous and scorching harangue from human lips the writer never expects to hear again.

Historic Plymouth Now a Catholic Town.

It may occasion surprise throughout Massachusetts, and throughout the country, says the Boston Republic, to learn that Plymouth, the town revered in the history of America as the landing place of the Pilgrims, has drifted away from its Puritan moorings, and to-day is a Catholic town.

The little township, rich in historical lore, more beautiful and inspiring to-day to the eyes of the visitor than were its shores to the eyes of the exiled Pilgrims when they first settled there in 1620, has swung over to the Catholic column, and hereafter must be regarded as a notable illustration of the rapid march to ascendancy in New England of the Catholic Church.

Culture is not exterior, but interior. If you have the capacity for culture, if you have the insight, imagination, and the will to concentrate and to observe and to appropriate the knowledge you discover—you have the foundation for culture.

of the forest are always willing to give for such liquid refreshment. As a consequence, a number of the bucks, who had felt the inspiring effects of a drink or two steal along their nerves and warm up dormant instincts of the wild, were kicking up quite a lively fuss among themselves and knives were beginning to be flourished in rather sinister fashion, while blood was seen to flow from a number of flesh wounds.

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At another time, just below the little station of Moose Lake, Minn., a deformed and hunch-backed Indian, known as Joe Bug, an evil and desperate outlaw of that region, had committed a most unprovoked and cold-blooded murder at the station, and was fleeing for his life toward the cover of timber a mile or so to the southward.

But the more he tried to overawe her the fiercer and more defiant became the wrathful squaw, until, suddenly, drawing a long, wicked-looking knife, she leaped into the open space in front of the circle of wigwams, and, throwing her blanket from her shoulders, stamped it into the ground with spiteful impetuosity.

FOUND OUT

(Louise J. Strong, in the Chicago Tribune.) "I am sorry, Miss Dilsey, boy is too small. He could not work required to fill the The doctor spoke kindly, edly.

Miss Dilsey rose, her placid face pale and worn, and she trembling somewhat, as she said: "Harry is older than he is quite stout. But if he do the work there is no no said. I had hoped to get thing for him to do, for school is out he is on the much, and that isn't good."

"No, that isn't good for doctor echoed, "and I'm I cannot take him." He pol-corted Miss Dilsey to the when he re-entered his office, a red, indignant face.

"Well, so you've got to you?" the doctor remarked. "Uncle Spencer, I would believed it of you!" the

The doctor stared in app-tonishment, evidently awa-explanation. "I was in the other room time—and I couldn't help it."

"You're welcome to hear that," said in this office, look as if you'd heard that has shocked you."

OUR BOYS

Dear Boys and Girls: I know you all joined in our allusions of Easter; and some of you are almost too understand the true import great feast, still the great of the readers of the meaning triumphant resurrection of ed Lord, He Who was alwa-der to the little ones and never too occupied with things to take notice of the who loved to cling about. Perhaps you will write ac-how Easter day was obs- your different churches and were impressed.

AUNT BECKY

Dear Aunt Becky: I have seen all the letter True Witness, and I thought like to write too. I go to but did not get this year I was sick. I have one lit- She is nine years old. Sh- to make her first Commu- year. Hoping to see my print, I remain Your little friend,

DO BABIES PAY

"Do Babies Pay?" is the that is being discussed by the editorial writers of the Each night when I go to work, Tired with toil of day, A little tot is waiting me To drive the cares away. "Here comes papa!" a cry— Her chubby hands raised "O doody, doody, papa's I hear as I draw nigh. And then she toddles down And meets me at the gat- And I forget I'm tired out When she begins to prate "O, papa, I'm so glad you I ink you're awful nice— Say, papa, how much did And am I worth de price

She tells me what a "splen- She's had "wif dolls and A perfect little chatterbox Chock full of life and joy And every evening, she and When supper time is o'g- Can hardly wait until we'r A romp upon the floor. And when her mamma sits With baby's little gown, She cries, "O, mamma, look I've dot my papa down!"

Then as we tuck her in her She says, "Tome tise me And, papa, how much did I And am I worth de price —Denver

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"I did—and that made of you, too. Oh, I bet you