



CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE

The good God has measured out our years, and of these years that He has resolved to leave us on this earth He has marked out one which shall be our last. What distance is there between that moment and this? The space of an instant!

Hearts Not Faces.

The people who win their way into the inmost recesses of others' hearts are not usually the most brilliant and gifted, but those who have sympathy, patience, self-forgetfulness and that indefinable faculty of eliciting the better natures of others. Most of us know of persons who have appealed to us in this way.

We have many friends who are more beautiful and whose companionship we enjoy better than that of the plainfaced man or woman who never make a witty or profound remark, but whose genial nature makes up for every other deficiency. And if it came to a time of real stress, when we felt that we needed the support of real friendship, we should find intelligent sympathy, a charitable construction of our position, and difficulties, and a readiness to assist us beyond what we ought to take.

Beautiful Old Women.

We occasionally meet a woman whose old age is as beautiful as the bloom of youth. We wonder how it has come about—what her secret is. Here are a few of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She kept her nerves well in hand and inflicted them on no one.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant things.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions, and did not believe all the world wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

Baldness and Sunshine.

Will sunshine cure baldness? Apropos a newspaper story to the effect that Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry at Washington, had been cured of baldness in this manner, we wrote him and received this reply, which cannot fail to be of interest to those who would prevent the loss of hair in their own cases:

"I regard the statement respecting baldness which you have seen in a New York paper, I may say, as Mark Twain did when a reporter called to see if the report of his death was correct. The report has been grossly exaggerated. It did once say to a reporter that it was an opinion held very largely by medical men and others that baldness in man was due largely to the wearing of a tight band around the scalp, thus preventing circulation and also excluding sunlight.

"A good way to prevent the progress of baldness is to go bareheaded. In my opinion what stopped the progress of baldness in my own case was riding in an automobile for two or three years in the summer time, almost always bareheaded. I believe the changing of the headgear of man so as to permit free circulation of the blood in the scalp and contact of sunlight would do much to remove the evil of baldness. That baldness is supposed to be due to a specific disease or the result of organisms at the root of the hair is well known, and that these minute organisms are paralyzed or killed by exposure to sunlight."—Good Housekeeping.

An Old Exercise.

There has come back into favor, among all the new-fangled exercises of to-day, one that our mothers were taught when they were growing up. They were made to stand with their toes to the crack of the floor and bend forward until the tips of their fingers touched the wood, without bending the knees. This is not an easy exercise, but it accomplished much; therefore it has come again into favor among those who want to flatten the hips, straighten the back and improve the neck muscles.

To Whiten the Teeth.

Some teeth are of a yellowish tinge naturally and no amount of care can make them a glistening white; they can, however, be made a better color by constant brushing with a whitening powder and by an occasional bleaching by a dentist who understands his business.

Cheating a twig of althea bush is said to whiten the teeth, but care must be taken that the pulp is not swallowed.

Rubbing the surface occasionally with the inside of a lemon rind is also whitening, nor is it as much of an acid as is usually considered.

The practice of using peroxide of hydrogen on the teeth as a bleach should not be indulged in without the advice of a dentist.

What it Means to be a Lady.

Someone, in defining the term lady, has said with reason that it is not much easier to be a lady than it is to be truly a Christian, and we might add that the woman who is truly a Christian is, at heart, a lady, though she may lack the polish and grace of manner, which, joined to her many good qualities, would make her an altogether charming woman, but which can never be substituted for true refinement and sterling worth. This is a fact that should be remembered, especially by many young women who, on account of the rapid change of fortune in our country and the superior educational advantages we enjoy, find themselves elevated to a higher social sphere than that which their mothers occupied, and who are sometimes tempted to look with disdain upon the plain manner and homely speech of the latter.

To lay claim to the distinction of being a true lady, one must first deserve the higher appellation of being a true woman, and how much it implies—a strong sense of honor and justice; a charity, patient, enduring, forgiving, and a loftiness of purpose joined with a hatred of all that is low and base. Such a woman may not be versed in the small amenities of social life, which, after all, are not to be despised; but she is a lady and the people who are really worth while are ready to uncover to her and still more so to the daughter whose superior advantages have made her appreciate more deeply her mother's worth.

On the other hand, the mother owes something to the daughter whom she has deliberately thrust into another life, so widely different from her own, and if she is broad-minded and wise she will strive to bridge over the gulf as much as possible instead of eating her heart out in silence and resentment that such a gulf exists, and with patience and perseverance, she will make rapid strides, for, after all, she is a superior woman and needs only a little outward polish to make her appear the lady she really is and has been all the years.

Serving.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed, Whose deeds both great and small Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread.

Where love ennobles all, The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells, The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes After its own life working. A child's kiss, Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad, A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich; A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong; Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense Of service which thou renderest. —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Without Eggs.

We forget that eggs can be left out of some dishes without utter failure. A really good ginger bread can be made without an egg and no one will know the difference. It reads rather skimpy, but the cake will be found good. One cupful of molasses, into which stir a level teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of boiling coffee, a generous half cupful of melted fat, a teaspoonful of powdered coffee, one of cinnamon, one of salt, two of ginger and a half teaspoonful of cloves. Beat well and add flour to make a thin batter. About two cupfuls of flour will be required, and into this sift one teaspoonful of baking powder.

The soda serves to sweeten the molasses but will not make the cake as light as it should be without further assistance. Bake in a square pan well greased. Have the oven rather hot at first, then cool it.

Bake twenty-five minutes, or until a clean straw thrust into it will come out free from dough.

Corn bread, hot for breakfast or supper, is good without eggs. Try it. If sour milk is at hand, that is better, but if there is no milk to spare, corn bread can be successfully made without it, for with eggs forty-five cents a dozen, it is well worth while to study the art of cooking without them.

A delicious pudding, contemptuously known as "Poor Man's Pudding," is made without eggs. Put a scant half cupful of washed rice, two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and a teaspoonful of salt in a quart of milk. This can be successfully cooked in a double boiler, although the rule calls for it to be baked. It looks better when browned on the top, but it really tastes better when cooked in the way mentioned. It should be of the consistency of thick cream when done and is always to be eaten cold.

There is another pudding much the same. Boil for several minutes a half cupful of whole rice in water. The rice will have swollen then and will be tender. Drain off any water which may remain and stir the rice into a quart of milk and add two heaped teaspoonfuls of sugar and the grated rind of a lemon. Boil in a double boiler until the milk is nearly absorbed and eat either cold or hot as preferred. It should be creamy.—Catholic Union and Times.

Sanitary Bed Furnishing.

A thorough investigation should be made of all bedding purchased. It is known that in England and in some parts of this country shoddy is used for the filling of comforts, pillows and mattresses. This shoddy is nothing more nor less than the rags obtained from the ragman, picked apart to make them fluffy, and then without the slightest attempt at cleansing, packed into the coverings.

Some manufacturers and dealers protect their customers by displaying samples of bedding ripped open to show the condition of the filling. The inferior and insanitary article is sold at a price but little below that of goods packed with snow cotton or other choice material. The price of clean, healthful bedding is within the reach of all, and it requires but a slight investigation to obtain the best quality.—Good Housekeeping.

Prayer.

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and day, For what are men better than sheep or goats That nourish a blind life within the brain, If, knowing God, they lift not the hands of prayer Both for themselves and those who call them friend? For so the whole round earth is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. —Tennyson, "Idylls of the King."

Some Useful Remedies.

Few people stop to think that nature has provided in the food products of earth and tree all the medicines really necessary to overcome a great many of the minor ills of the body and to prevent the graver disorders.

Don't run to the doctor every time you feel an ache or pain. Learn something about nature's remedies. The doctor will give you some nauseating, poisonous drug that will do you more harm than good. Nature's remedies are pleasant to take, have no harmful after effect, and will save you many a doctor's bill.

Right in your own kitchen, in your own cupboard, on your dimer table, is the very remedy that you need.

If it be rheumatism, neuralgia or nervous dyspepsia that is keeping you awake at night and making your days miserable, provide your table with celery and eat it every day. Nice, white, crisp, juicy stalks of celery. Put a little salt on it and eat three or four pieces at each meal. Better than any nerveine the doctor can find in the whole medical pharmacopoeia.

If it be kidney trouble that is annoying you, then have set before you at least once a day a dish of spinach or dandelion, and do not be afraid to eat heartily of it.

To induce perspiration and cleanse

Warts are unsightly blemishes, and corns are painful growths. Hollaway's Corn Cure will remove them.

Have You a Corn.

This is a practical item, given by one who has endured almost endless torture as a result of tender feet and corns. To remove the corns, soak the feet in tepid water. Soap a toilet pumice and rub over the corns until the callous parts are worn off. Continue this every day until the corn disappears. Keep it soft with oils. If the corn is too sore in the beginning for this treatment, apply turpentine for several days to kill the pain. If the feet are afflicted with soft corns, powder prepared chalk, without making it too fine, and sprinkle between the toes. This does not absorb the moisture or become caked like talcum powder, and by being coarser

the system of impurities cast asparagus. For insomnia, try lettuce. For a torpid liver, eat tomatoes, which contain vegetable calomel, and then sip water freely between meals.

For coughs, colds and influenza, for consumption, scurvy and hydrophobia, eat onions—just the plain ordinary, commonplace onion. It is cheap and can be had the year round. It is also a splendid nerve and useful in cases of nervous prostration. The red onion is an excellent diuretic. Eaten every day, onions will clear and whiten the complexion. Onion and lettuce are especially valuable as preventives of all acrobatic diseases, such as scurvy, smallpox, etc.

Cranberries are a splendid remedy for malaria and erysipelas, and blackberries are useful in all cases of diarrhea.

Lemon juice with sugar and the beaten white of an egg will relieve hoarseness. Figs will overcome constipation, and pliant will purify the blood.—Medical Talk.

Always Serviceable.—Most pills lose their properties with age. Not so with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. The pill mass is so compounded that their strength and effectiveness is preserved and the pills can be carried anywhere without fear of losing their potency. This is a quality that few pills possess. Some pills lose their power, but not so with Parmelee's. They will maintain their freshness and potency for a long time.

A Valuable Recipe.

General health rules for the woman who would be young and fresh; Keep all the fresh air possible in the house, summer and winter, lie on the right side at night, with legs straight and the arms never raised above the head. Upon awakening in the morning arise immediately, drink a glass of cold water, stand erect, head up, stomach in, heels together, breathe deeply, exhale slowly. Five or ten minutes of this exercise. Bathe quickly and rub down with alcohol. Take a walk every day, sleep not more than seven or eight hours, say your prayers, mind your business and keep busy. "Nuff said."

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She is not beautiful, as far as features go, but she is beautiful with the expression that sweetness and nobility of love lend her steadfast eyes and tender face.

She is not marvellously clever, but she knows just how to hold the love of the husband and children, around whom all her ambitions center.

Her face may be lined by many anxious vigils over restless little fever-racked bodies, her hands roughened by toil for those she loves, but her blessed mother heart is as fresh and pure and eager as a child's.

Or perhaps she is not a mother, nor a wife, but just a loving woman with a heart big enough to hold the joys and sorrows of others and to sympathize with them.

But, whatever her station in life, thank God, she is not scarce; there are millions of her type.

The everyday woman is the homemaker, and she is not restlessly seeking a career and stretching out groping, unsatisfied hands for the unknown. What she wants is love and home, and fortunately for her she usually gets it.

The everyday woman is the backbone of the world.

If she is a mother, she rears her children wisely and tenderly, teaching her sons to be honorable, manly men, and her daughters to be good women.

If she is not a mother she is interesting herself in the cause of her sex and taking an intelligent stand on the issues of the day. She may like pretty clothes, but she is not frivolous, and she is not so complex but that her friends may understand her; and she is not brilliant but loving.

I do not know that the everyday woman inspires great passion; but she does inspire a very true and lasting affection.

Men of genius usually fall in love with women of the average type. It may be a question of the law of opposites—restfulness and peace appeal strongly to the nervous, excitable mind of genius.

The average woman has her hours of depression, when she feels that she is commonplace and envies her more brilliant and beautiful sisters.

But she need not feel that way, for the world could not get on without her. Her sweetness and common sense are indispensable to mankind in the making.

She is good and she is sweet and she is intelligent, and men reverence and love her. The everyday woman is not to be pitied, but congratulated.

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Advertisement for 'Snowy White Linen' and 'Surprise A Pure Hard Soap'. Includes an illustration of a woman in a dress and a box of soap.

than the powder it separates the two portions of the corn. Always use white wool in preference to cotton to place between or under the toes, because it is springy and will not harden like cotton.

Remember in hot weather that you are cooler after a hot bath than one that is ice cold. The hot water draws the blood to the surface, making the skin moist and cool; a cold bath induces rapid circulation, which means extra heat.

What is Worn in London

London, Jan. 3, 1910.—The opening of the Skating Club at Olympia at the beginning of this month gave a great social impetus to the revival of roller-skating that is one of the curious proofs of the swing of the pendulum which seems to rule in so many social fashions, whether of dress or of occupations and amusements, and many are the pretty frocks to be seen. One which was decidedly novel and original was much commented upon. It was in soft zibeline cloth, in a rich shade of brown, cut in a fashion which may be either termed Princess or Merovingian, for the close-fitting upper part has quite the appearance of a "cotte" of Plantagenet descent.

From the knees down the skirt was pleated with wide box-pleats, alternating with two-knife-pleats in between. This is much more effective in a pleated skirt than kitting it all round. Between the kilted skirt and the "cotte" a lavasse effect was given by a fold of bright tartan velvet in which deep red, black, green and orange predominate, edged with a brown silk cord. The bodice was cut out over a vest of the same brilliant velvet bordered with the silk cord, which in its turn enclosed a tiny guimpe of white tulle net.

The brown zibeline sleeves only reached to the elbow, where they were turned back with cuffs of the tartan velvet over long under-sleeves of tucked white net. The draped toque—large picture hats are utterly out of place when skating—was of soft brown velvet of the same shade as the dress, and was turned up in front to show a lining of deep green, which matched the stiff cigarette that was held by a jewelled ornament.

The craze for velvet, which is one of the dominant notes in a fashion this winter, finds great scope in skating dresses; and at the Palais de Glace in Paris eight out of every ten skaters of the feminine gender are dressed in velvet. A very charming example seen there one day last week was in black velvet, which is so extraordinary popular in Paris this winter that at any fashionable rendezvous one receives an impression that most of the people are in mourning. French mourning, however, is a very distinct and elaborate matter, everything that may or may not be worn being laid down in stern rules that no Frenchwoman of good birth and breeding would dream of departing from; and the mania for black, and especially black velvet, has nothing whatever to say to the garb of woe. This particular dress at the Palais de Glace had the short skirt bordered with a band of skunk, a fur which is being slightly neglected over here in London this winter, but which seems to bulk larger in Paris than any other in popular taste for the moment. The Princess frock was perfectly plain, except for being cut out in fanciful angles over a vest of violet damask threaded with gold and silver, which gave place round the neck to a guimpe of old Milanese lace. The black velvet sleeves ended at the elbow under a band of skunk, the lower sleeves being of the long mitten shape in violet damask, edged in a point over the knuckles with the narrowest border possible of the same fur. The hat was a crumpled shape in soft violet beaver, with a risig spray of violet ospreys and a narrow band of skunk appearing and disappearing among the folds. The "crumpling" of these hats or toques in soft hairy beaver is a special art in millinery, and the "hand" that can achieve it is worth even more than she who can tie a bow of ribbon. "Elle est chifonnée" is the highest praise the mistress-milliner can give, and if a lady's maid can get a recommendation in similar terms she is not likely to be long without a good situation.

There is one point which helps the skating craze both in London and Paris, and that is the shortness of the skirts. When one has to go home to change a trailing afternoon skirt, in which no woman in her

senses would attempt to skate, for a servicable short one, the gain the skating invitation is probably declined. But in Paris the skirts are getting shorter and shorter even for afternoon wear, and many a woman steps out of her automobile and walks into the restaurant she favors for her "five o'clock" looking, in her long fur coat which hardly allows an inch of skirt to be seen, exactly like Mrs. Noah descending from the ark, as known to the nursery. Cloth coats have shortened in many instances, but the superb fur coats in sable, seal, mink, miniver and breitschwanz carry the advertisement of their value too arduously to be curtailed in any way, and they envelop their envied wearers from chin to ankle. To wear a long skirt under those long coats would be an impossibility; so while the coats remain long, the skirts have shortened almost to the point of invisibility when their wearers are abroad. The appreciation of the comfort of the short skirt has even induced some Parisiennes to have short-skirted evening gowns to wear when going to the "petits theatres" with the "little theatres" in question, with their extraordinary untidiness and discomfort (not to use a harsher description), seems indeed a triumph of experience over fashion. The short skirt undoubtedly makes for comfort, activity and hygiene. It is true that masculine critics who ventilate the crimes of Woman in the daily press often make themselves ridiculous by writing of women "trailing their skirts in the mud and filth of the streets," which is a thing no woman has ever done, for if she has a long skirt she holds it up with one hand—but it is that very necessity of gathering up her skirts which makes walking often so terribly irksome and fatiguing, and in winter often means chilblains to the exposed hands, if nothing worse. With a short skirt a woman has both hands free and warm in her muff, and can walk for miles without thinking of her skirt at all. For evening wear, however, unless it be for visiting "little theatres" in Paris and elsewhere, I do not think short skirts are to be recommended. For there is no denying the fact that what the wearer of the short skirt gains in comfort she loses in grace.

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The craze for velvet, which is one of the dominant notes in a fashion this winter, finds great scope in skating dresses; and at the Palais de Glace in Paris eight out of every ten skaters of the feminine gender are dressed in velvet. A very charming example seen there one day last week was in black velvet, which is so extraordinary popular in Paris this winter that at any fashionable rendezvous one receives an impression that most of the people are in mourning. French mourning, however, is a very distinct and elaborate matter, everything that may or may not be worn being laid down in stern rules that no Frenchwoman of good birth and breeding would dream of departing from; and the mania for black, and especially black velvet, has nothing whatever to say to the garb of woe. This particular dress at the Palais de Glace had the short skirt bordered with a band of skunk, a fur which is being slightly neglected over here in London this winter, but which seems to bulk larger in Paris than any other in popular taste for the moment. The Princess frock was perfectly plain, except for being cut out in fanciful angles over a vest of violet damask threaded with gold and silver, which gave place round the neck to a guimpe of old Milanese lace. The black velvet sleeves ended at the elbow under a band of skunk, the lower sleeves being of the long mitten shape in violet damask, edged in a point over the knuckles with the narrowest border possible of the same fur. The hat was a crumpled shape in soft violet beaver, with a risig spray of violet ospreys and a narrow band of skunk appearing and disappearing among the folds. The "crumpling" of these hats or toques in soft hairy beaver is a special art in millinery, and the "hand" that can achieve it is worth even more than she who can tie a bow of ribbon. "Elle est chifonnée" is the highest praise the mistress-milliner can give, and if a lady's maid can get a recommendation in similar terms she is not likely to be long without a good situation.

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