



CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE

HOUSE AND HOME

Guard within yourself that treasure-kindness. Know how to give without hesitation; how to lose without regret; how to acquire in your heart; how to be happy of those you love, the happiness which you yourself might have missed.

Wreath me a garland with gipsy art— Leaves that call to a vagrant heart. Ruddy spray of the spring-sweet oak, Where the mist-green waves of the young year broke;

Alder twigs from the pool that lies To catch the blue of the spring-time skies;

Bayberry branches, and warm sweet-fern Gathered close by the sandy turn;

Apple-blossoms alight with dew And the glint of the spring sun shining through.

Bind them fast with the roadway's gold, When the dawn is young and the night is old;

And weave the whole, with a vagrant's art, With the sweet spring song of a gipsy heart. —Martha Haskell Clark.

How to Rise.

A young woman recently found employment in a quaintly found store. She immediately began a course of study in her leisure moments upon glassware and china. She then read some recent works upon the appointments of the table, and in a short time, by applying herself to her business, became the most valued employe in a large store.

In the milliner's establishment the young woman who found time for reading a book on colors and their harmonious combination, found her own taste greatly improved and her ability to please patrons greater. She was soon a favorite with employers and customers.

The young woman who, to earn an honorable living, went into a lady's kitchen, and instead of gossiping every evening found time to read a few good books and household papers, was soon too valuable a housekeeper to be kept in a subordinate position in the kitchen. She knew how a table should look for a formal dinner; she knew what dishes were in season; she knew how to serve a meal in its proper courses and more than that, she knew something about the food value of different dishes.

A fair average of good sense and proper amount of application will accomplish everything.

It Pays These.

The editor of Everybody's Magazine has lately been throwing some light on the income of some contemporary writers of short stories. He names seven American writers who are in a position to ask one thousand dollars in cold cash for a story of 5000 words, or twenty cents a word. They are Robert W. Chambers, Richard Harding Davis, John Fox, Jr., Booth Tarkington, Owen Wister, Jack London, and Frances Hodgson Burnett.

To Darn a Glove Finger.

If you want to mend a glove finger in a hurry and have no special darning handy use a boy's marble to slip under the hole. Marbles come in different sizes and make a small neat darn easy.

Rips should be mended on the outside in a thread as much like that used in the stitching as may be. Strive to imitate the seam sewing.

Tears in the material may be overcast in tiny stitches on the wrong side, or if they are jagged the edge should be buttonholed and the space filled with other rows of the buttonholing.

Always use a fine needle in glove mending, as a heavy one weakens the kid.

The Other View.

"Are you sure you have the position you want?" questioned the student who was instructing his young cousin in the use of his camera. "That gives a pretty fair view of the building, but one from the other side may be better. You don't want to waste your material on a view just because it happens to be the first one you strike. Learning to estimate quickly the worth of views from different angles is a part of the business."

It is a part of life's business also, but it is an art that too few take the trouble to acquire, and judgment and temper and conduct are sadly disturbed in consequence. The first

view of any relation of happening is naturally our own—our side of it, how it affects us, our rights or wrongs in the matter. The ability to take a quick other-side view of it, to think how it must appear from our neighbor's angle of vision, how it would probably strike us if we stood where he stands, would save unnumbered quarrels and acts of injustice. More people break the golden rule from failure to think of themselves in another's place and estimate the situation from his standpoint, than from any other cause. The estrangements and jealousies that so often divide households are due far less to intentional wrong or selfishness than to inability to see the other side.

Summer Curtains.

Among the novelties in materials for summer curtains is a cross between scrim and fishnet. It comes in white and in solid colors of pastel blue, rose, mulberry and green. Very effective curtains are made of it with plain hems and insert borders of cluny insertion or small cluny squares.

Simple white muslin curtains have plain hemstitched hems with a little embroidered spray done in colors inside the hem. Bedspreads are made to match.

Women and the Poets.

A delightful old lady said the other day, "Amongst other things I am especially thankful for having been taught to love the poets very early in life. Before I could read small print I learnt, from hearing father and mother read aloud poems, how the poets had touched with a magic wand the every-day things of my life. There was the front flower, the oaks, the poplars and the pines had been sung by one poet or another, and so for me henceforth the big tree beyond my window, the violets at the foot of the stone wall, linked me with the world of the unseen."

"Daily I became better acquainted with the poets, for as I grew older I was taught to learn many verses off by heart."

"Sometimes the verses pleased me. Sometimes I found them dry, yet I never lost sight of the fact that the verses were the work of the poets, who had made the clock, the hearthstone, grandfather's armchair, the garden gate, the plough, the old sword over the mantelshelf, tell their own story. "Afterwards the poets became my best friends, and I never came to a hard bit of road without finding some of them by my side to give me hope and courage. When love and death crossed the threshold the poets had a great deal to say concerning the visitors. And on that dark day, when the flood swept out of sight forever the home, the front garden, and the wood at the back of the house, quite a company of poets showed me the bit of blue in the grey sky overhead."

"Yes, indeed, the poets have helped me at every step of the way." Commenting on the fact that not all women thus love the poets, Arrah Luen, in The Catholic Press, says:

"It is all a very great pity, for the poets have ever been kind to the woman, and her ingratitude has brought loss to herself and to her children. For no woman who loves the true poet can possibly be obsessed by the material. In an atmosphere of 'hustle' a low whisper from a poet who has given the world an uplift, will enter her soul, and suddenly she will find herself in 'quiet places' where it is possible to estimate things at their right value, and then the desired grand house will appear of less importance and the new gowns will sink into insignificance beside the rose bush in full bloom. "In all her relationship the poet has helped the woman. He has asked the world to look at her as loving wife, mother, sister, daughter, and has ever pleaded the cause of the altar in the home of the fire-side, of the cradle. And who so clearly as the poet has seen the roads whereon she may walk in safety, the old roads, by the side of which as she journeys she is sure to meet the poor aged man, the sick girl, the orphan child, pilgrims of all classes sorely in need of help."—Catholic Citizen.

Women Mosaic Workers.

There is one branch of industry in England in which women threaten eventually to oust their male competitors, according to a correspondent. It may come as a surprise to hear that some of the finest mosaic work in the world, which is to be seen in the Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, has been done by feminine hands. Mr. Briggs, the contractor for the work in question, employs women mosaic workers almost exclusively. "I have found that women generally have a better natural gift for mosaic

work than men," he says. "They have a more discriminating eye for the finer shades of coloring and a better sense of what the general effect of a finished piece of mosaic work should be. When the mosaic work in the chapels of St. Gregory and the Holy Souls was being done, I had about thirty women and girls continually employed for more than three years. Many of them were quite young girls, but they seemed to have a decided talent for mosaic and soon developed into skilled workers."

Down in the depths of the Cathedral crypt a skilled workman mosaic artist was found at work. This was Miss Martin, whom Mr. Briggs counts the cleverest of all his staff. Indeed, he goes so far as to call her the best mosaic worker in England. Miss Martin was busy over the early stages of a mosaic over the altar of St. Edmund. Her subject was St. Edmund himself blessing the city of London. By her side was a large colored cartoon of the saint, and with an occasional rapid glance at this for guidance, she was, with marvelous fidelity, reproducing the scene in glittering mosaic of a score of different hues. To watch her at work one might think that mosaic work was the easiest thing in the world.

Apparently all Miss Martin was doing was to chop off little fragments of glass and press each into its place on the cement which formed the bed of mosaic. There was no measuring or planning out—the artist seemed, despite her rigid material, to work by eye alone, and yet there was the face of St. Edmund, with a glorious gold halo, growing, with a startling fidelity to the original under her rapidly working fingers.

Out of the depths of her nine years' experience Miss Martin expounded something of the theory and art of mosaic working.

"There is really little or no measuring or anything formal of that kind about mosaic work," she explained. "The only guide used is a rough tracing on the subject to be copied. This is laid over the space to be covered, and just an outline pricked out. Beyond that one depends on a true eye and hand. No there is no rule about where to begin on a piece of mosaic. In this case, as you see, I have started at St. Edmund's head, and the rest will be worked from that point."

"The pieces of glass of which a mosaic is made are first chopped roughly out with a machine and then chipped to the right size with a pair of pincers. In much modern mosaic work a very formal effect is got by taking care to cut each piece of glass to as nearly the same size as possible, but I think a better effect comes from following the older methods of using tesserae, as they are called, of rather irregular shape. That is how St. Edmund here is being done."

"The greatest problem in mosaics is getting tesserae of exactly the right color. Nearly all the glass which will be used here has had to be made by Mr. Briggs himself, as only in that way was it possible to get just the right shades. You see what a curious shade of grayish blue the artist has chosen for the saint's robe; and that has to be matched exactly. Of course it is very slow work—we shall have all we can do to get it finished in time for the consecration of the chapel in June, although it is not a very large piece. And when this is finished there is a great mosaic of Joan of Arc to be done in the Cathedral itself; so you see the women mosaic workers will be busy for a long time to come."

Care of Embroidery.

Handsome pieces of embroidery should be laundered by themselves, never in the general wash. Do not give them out on wash day; this will avoid temptation.

If you are not sure of careful laundering learn to do valuable pieces of embroidery yourself. It is only a matter of time, care and knowledge.

Take a time that will not be interrupted, as embroidered pieces should not be hung up to dry, nor should they be left until finished. Make a light sud with good soap and lukewarm water, put the linen in it, a piece at a time, and squeeze gently. If there are soiled spots rub with soap, but do not rub the whole piece. Rinse three times in water of the same temperature. Do not ring out. Pat the article flat between two Turkish towels so the embroidered piece does not fold over on itself without the towel between. Press with hands until almost dry.

While still damp place face downward on heavily padded ironing board. A folded blanket or Turkish towel can be used for extra padding. Cover with clean white cloth tacked to keep it smooth. Cover the embroidered pieces with a clean cloth and iron until linen is dry. If it gets too dry the cloth can be slightly dampened. Run iron, which should be quite hot, according to grain of linen and press smoothly and evenly.

Before ironing any irregular border should be smoothed lightly into shape. Small scallops can be pinned flat, not to curl under cloth. Do not pull the damp linen, or it can never be ironed straight. Keep smoothing gently as you iron, turning the covering to look for wrinkles. A centrepiece is inclined to hoop from too tight embroidery; it must be put face down on the ironing-board when still damp and carefully stretched into place. Be careful that the threads and stitches run correctly. Pin securely and leave until dry, then press under a dampened cloth.

Colored embroideries should be set by soaking in salt water or a solution of sugar of lead or turpentine and water.

Do not iron into creases, or even fold. Keep table doilies or small mats in a box with squares of blue tissue paper between. Roll centre pieces also with blue paper between folds.

If a centrepiece gets a spot on it, but is not otherwise soiled, spread it right side up on a table and scrub the spot with a clean tooth brush and lukewarm soapy water.

When embroidered linen is stained with fruit, boiling water should be poured through the spot as quickly as possible. Stretch the stained portion over top of a saucer.

Rust stains, if not too near the embroidery, can be removed by applying a weak solution of oxalic acid; rinse well with boiling water.

Claret or other wine stains should be covered immediately with salt and rubbed until discoloration disappears, when hot water can be poured over the spot.

Daughters of Our Lady.

"Daughters of Our Lady" is the legal title of the newest woman's association, a branch of which will be established in Washington. It aims to become a national organization, composed of earnest, representative Catholic women, in every nook and corner of the United States. It will embrace members of all the many Catholic women's clubs, circles, altar societies, charity societies, benevolent associations of all kinds and the thousands and thousands of married ladies and young girls' sodalities, the membership of which mount into millions.

The association will cover the entire country like a network and have thoroughly organized branches in every city and town where there are Catholic women.

What is Worn in London.

London, May 30, 1910.

For the moment all the dressmakers, tailors and big shops are working double to fill the universal demand for black clothes of every kind, owing to the death of the King. This demand is all the greater because this is essentially a year when color threatened to run riot. Everyone clamored for color, whether in Paisley patterns or in superimposed chiffons or in violent and unexpected contrasts; and now everyone is condemned to black. I say "condemned" advisedly, for black is "difficult" wear at the best of times, and most people object to it particularly in summer, especially if we are to be blessed with hot weather.

Nothing shows dust like black, and nothing looks shabby more quickly; on the other hand, nothing can be more elegant than a beautiful black dress in which the effect of values has been properly considered. This is far easier to achieve in summer, when there is such an immense variety of materials of differing density to choose from, than it is in autumn and winter, when we should be limited to cloth, serge, velvet, moire and satin. We can, of course, use these materials now; but, with the prospects of warm weather ahead, I prefer to give this week a description of an afternoon walking dress of a cool and light description. The foundation was of black taffetas; the skirt, cut round and of a comfortable walking length, was covered with black chiffon, edged with a narrow hem of black satin. At the knee-line the chiffon overskirt was intersected by a horizontal band of black broderie Anglaise on chiffon, the band being bordered on either side with black satin. The bodice was a blouse of black tulle over a taffetas lining, and had a box-pleat of broderie Anglaise in front which showed between the hanging fronts of a picturesque little pelerie of broderie Anglaise on chiffon like the band with a line of black satin. The pelerie was cut out round the throat over a gumpie of fine black tulle and lace, and was held together in front by a cascade of the exquisite little black silk roses and buds which are so much the fashion in Paris at present. The sleeves were of the embroidered chiffon to the elbow, where they were finished with tiny frills of soft black tulle. The turban toque that accompanied this all-black gown was one of the latest models, and was exceptional in not being hideous, as so many of the latest toques are. It was made of black tulle and the broderie Anglaise on chiffon to match the dress, which were swathed together in a most effective way, the only trimming being a big cluster of ostrich plumes at the back of the turban to the left.

Of course, complimentary mourning such as will be worn is a very different matter to the real mourning, and is far easier to make effective and becoming. For one thing, complimentary mourning, none of those dull-surfaced, dense materials which are the appanage of personal grief need enter into our calculations. We do not need these for the present general mourning, though we shall certainly borrow black serge for our tailor-made and rough country frocks. Indian cashmere, too, will probably come to the fore, as it is so soft and light and yet warm for the chilly days which even the best of summers invariably provides; and cachemire de sole, cropele de Chine, foulard, shantung, woollen crepon, marquisette, minon and chiffon, only to mention a few of the most prominent summer fabrics, offer a choice of tones out of which really beautiful effects can be made, especially when emphasized by the deeper notes of velvet, panne, moire, satin and cloth. For the moment, of course, the majority of us are clad in make-shift suits.

Advertisement for 'Child's Play Wash Day' Surprise Soap. Includes illustration of a child and a box of soap.

Funny Sayings.

SOMETHING WAS MISSING. Two-year-old Harry had never seen a live lamb, his only knowledge of that animal being derived from a toy one on wheels. While visiting grandpa on the farm he was taken to the sheep-pen to see the lambs. After looking at them for a few minutes he looked up at grandpa with a puzzled expression and asked, "Where's the wheels?"

A Jeanne d'Arc Play.

Says a special cable to the N.Y. Times: France is to have something in the nature of a rival to the Passion Play of Oberammergau. At Domremy, on the very spot where Jeanne d'Arc heard the miraculous voices urging her to go to the rescue of her King and country, an immense open-air theatre is to be constructed, in which the drama and tragedy of her life are, with the exception of the leading roles, to be played by native actors.

About 600 persons, 150 of them on horseback, will take part in the representations. The first of these, it is expected, will be given on May 7 next year. Two performances a month will also be given in June, July and August.

WHY BACKS ACHE

The Kidneys Seldom to Blame—The Trouble Due to Blood Impurities.

There is more nonsense talked about backache than any other disease. Some people have been frightened into the belief that every backache means deadly kidney trouble. That is utter rubbish. As a matter of scientific fact not one backache in twenty has anything to do with the kidneys. Most backaches come from sheer weakness and kidney drugs can't possibly cure that. You need something to brace you up and give you new strength and that is exactly what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do. Other backaches are really muscular rheumatism, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured the worst cases of rheumatism by driving the poisonous acid out of the blood. Other backaches are the symptoms of ordinary ailments such as influenza, indigestion, constipation and liver complaint. In women backaches often come from any weakness or irregularity in the usual blood supply. The one way to cure these backaches is to strike at the root of the trouble with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood and bring strength to aching backs and weak nerves. Mr. Elex. Cockburn, Deloraine, Manitoba, says: "About three years ago I suffered terribly from backache. I consulted a doctor and took his medicine, and wore a plaster, but I did not get the least relief. Then I got a belt, but this was as useless as the other treatment, and my suffering still continued. Then one of my friends asked me why I did not try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got a box. Before they were all used there was some improvement in my condition and I got three boxes more. By the time I had taken these all the signs of the pain had gone, and as it has not since returned I feel that the cure is permanent. My only regret is that I did not hear of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sooner, for not only would I have got rid of the pain sooner, but would also have saved some twenty-five dollars uselessly spent in other treatments."

THE PRICE OF ELOQUENCE.

The auctioneer held up a battered fiddle. "What am I offered for this antique violin?" he pathetically inquired. "Look it over. See the blurred fingermarks of remorseless time. Note the stains of the hurrying years. To the merry notes of this fine old instrument the brocaded dames of fair France may have danced the minut in glittering Versailles. Perhaps the vestal virgins marched to its stirring rhythms in the feats of Lupercalia. Ha, it bears an abrasion—perhaps a touch of fire. Why, this may have been the very fiddle on which Nero played when Rome burned."

THAT BONE.

"Mary." "Ma'am." "What about that ham bone I brought home the other day? Can't you cut a few scraps of meat from it for dinner this evening?" "I cut off all the meat I could night before last for dinner." "Well, then, you might boil it this evening. We'll have soup." "Yes, ma'am. And what do you want me to do with it then?" "To-morrow morning you might see if you can't get enough marrow out of it to grease the griddle for pancakes." "Yes, ma'am." "And, Mary—after that you may give it to the dog."—Chicago Record Hearst.

Vertical advertisements on the right margin including 'MORRISON & CO.', 'ROSSARD, CHOLE', 'I. F. WELLS', 'Synopsis of Canadian HOMESTEAD RE...', 'Holloway's Corn Cure', and 'SELF RAISING Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour'.