

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The bustle and excitement of the festive season are over, and we are already more than half through the first month of the new year. Some are enjoying perfect contentment—they are the few—having realized their brightest expectations. Others, for one reason or another, are just where they left off in 1904. Disappointments, trials, bereavements, all fell to their lot in the old year, and it is with this weight they have to face the uncertainties of the new. The ones on whom fortune smiled, her kindest have started out with buoyancy of spirit and already have castles built in which to treasure up the good things they are so certain will be theirs. Come what will, we have all to shoulder our share of crosses; and in the manner in which we grapple with whatever situation presents itself will be manifested what there is of nobility in our character.

FASHIONS.

Ninety-nine women out of every hundred feel at their best when prettily and becomingly dressed. In the matter of furs not only the ninety-nine, but the one hundredth woman may easily achieve this desirable state of contentment at present, for modes are many, extremely diverse and suited to every imaginable style of woman.

A fur of which little has been heard for some seasons past is real bear, and a stole and muff of this fur is distinctly new and smart. Beaver and fox in various guises appear also among the revivals. The softness, warmth and rich tone of the former fit it harmoniously into favorite color schemes of the day.

The short fur cravat has caught the popular fancy, with ermine a favorite material. Its especial place is with the severely tailored made suit, to which it adds the latest up-to-date touch. Caracal (otherwise dyed astrakhan) in silver or soft brown tones exploits to perfection this smartest of all the small fur accessories.

The cravat suggests the slender, graceful throat of youth and by no means consorts amiably with the double chin of increasing years.

The comparative inexpensiveness of this neat and chic little adjunct to the toilet as contrasted with the more voluminous and elaborate fur confections weighs in its favor with a not inconsiderable contingent of society.

There's a wide gulf 'twixt the light skirt of earlier years and the voluminous skirt of this season, but last winter knowing women were already tucking extra fumes into their skirt breaths, and the skirt of many a last year's frock will pass muster very creditably now.

The high girdle, too, was making itself felt last winter, and though the draped bodice is newer the frock with high girdle conforms sufficiently to the up-to-date silhouette lines to be modish.

Sleeves having a single puff, double puffs or triple puffs to the elbow and long close mitten puff below are everywhere in evidence, and a host of variations are based upon this general idea. One of the best of the number has the full upper sleeve shirred up the inside seam and also up the outside of the arm, giving a graceful draped effect, but this model has been repeated so frequently upon ready made blouses and frocks that it is losing favor with the exclusive makers.

The ochre laces are playing a prominent part in the trimming of visiting frocks, furs, toques, etc., and a cocarde formed of many pleated frills of ochre lace, with a jeweled button or enamel centre, is the only trimming upon many a modish turban or tricorn of beaver or fur.

From Paris come rumors of slightly padded hips, helping the broad shoulders to diminish the apparent size of the waist, but as yet the small waist idea has not assumed alarming proportions and it is to be hoped that it will stop short of lacing.

A smart street dress is the first thing which the modistes tell us the correctly gowned woman must have this spring, not a shirt waist, but a finished dress waist. This costume must not be confounded with a shirt waist suit, for it is entirely unlike it. Nor is it to take the place of a shirt waist suit, which will be worn as much as ever when the warm days come on. The waist is a lined and

fitted dress waist, finished with a girdle.

Pretty waists made with centre fronts of contrasting material giving a waistcoat effect are much liked for informal dinners, the theatre and all occasions of the like, and can be rendered exceedingly attractive. An admirable design is made of pale green chiffon taffeta with the centre front and cuffs of velvet, and the chemisette of inserted tucking in lingerie style. The waist is a simple one, in spite of its elaborate effect, and is closed invisibly beneath a box plait at the left of the front.

None of the winter material is thick, and all of them are exceedingly soft and pliable and are cut on lines that successfully dispose of any undue fullness about the hips. Inverted or flat stitched darts or stitched plaits take care of any hip fullness that is not gored out, and the fit about the hips is smooth if not snug. It is the freedom of swing below the hip line that has earned the title full for the present day skirts.

While flat muffs are more fashionable than the round variety, the difference is not owing altogether to a preference for the flat, as the short-haired furs are made up in the first form, while the long haired are made into large round muffs.

TIMELY HINTS.

To Remove a Mole—Paint the skin immediately around the mole with melted white wax, but be careful it is not hot enough to burn. Then dip a small camel's hair brush in glacial acetic acid, and with this paint the mole. It will sting a little, but the wax will prevent the acid from burning the surrounding skin. When the acid has dried thoroughly—but not before—remove the wax. Repeat the treatment for four successive nights, and in a few days the mole will come off, leaving no scar.

The odor on onions may be removed from forks, etc., by sticking them for a short time in sand or mould. The kitchen window box is invaluable for this purpose.

To whiten the ivory handles of table knives, etc., make a thick cream of whiting mixed with alcohol and rub it on briskly with a soft rag. Knife handles should never be allowed to go into water.

In making bags or cases for silverware, use an unbleached material should be employed. Sulphur is generally used in the bleaching process, and it tends to blacken and tarnish the silver. Rubber in any form is another thing that should never be kept near silverware. Silver is best wrapped in blue, white or pink soft tissue paper and unbleached cotton-flannel bags.

Grape juice is excellent for removing stains, especially if the grapes be rather sour. The juice of ripe tomatoes or onions is also good, but, of course, the cloth should be well rinsed immediately afterward.

A good disinfectant that costs very little and is perfectly odorless is made by dissolving a heaped teaspoonful of nitrate of lead in a quart of boiling water, stirring it with a stick, and then adding it to a pailful of cold water. This will not stain. It is useful in the kitchen sink and the bath room.

Laces should be washed. It is a very great mistake to keep choice lace for years without washing. Many women believe that it is ruined by soap and water, and will keep some cherished length for years, turning yellow with age and rotting with the dust it has accumulated, till it really drops to pieces.

To clean velvet, rub it down with olive oil or butter; this will make it like new. Instead of using a brush to a felt hat, a pad of velvet will remove the dust better.

Keep a bottle of linseed oil and limewater, together with a roll of absorbent cotton, in a convenient place, to use in case of burns.

Windows may be kept free from frost by rubbing with glycerine or kerosene, the oil preventing the moisture in the room from adhering to the glass. Large plate glass windows of store fronts can be kept perfectly clear if a small electric fan is allowed to play near by, the waves of air fanning away the moisture.

To replenish a coal fire in a sick room, or in any place where it is desired to avoid the noisy rattling of the coal, place in a newspaper or paper bag and lay the budget carefully on the fire. The magazine of a coal stove can be filled in this manner with little or no noise.

Floor cushions—made of fancy bur-lap and stuffed very full with excelsior are convenient for bedrooms. Piled one above another, they make useful hassocks. A good way to warm cold feet is to take off the shoes, place the feet on one of these cushions, and then lay a half filled hot water bag over the feet.

If there is a deep-set door that it is desirable to permanently close, have book-shelves fitted in. Curtains can be hung at either side or not, as one pleases. If one does not wish to fill the entire space with books, the upper shelf can be set in lower down than would be wished for books, and china or pewter and brass ware placed thereon or a picture hung in the space.

Do not wash the wooden bread-plate in hot water and it will not turn black. Wash with soap and warm water, and rinse in clean cold water.

RECIPES.

Steamed Fruit Roll.—Roll a rich biscuit dough into a sheet half an inch thick, spread with a layer of marmalade or jam, roll tightly, place on a plate in the steamer for half an hour, then put in the oven long enough to dry the outside. Serve with a soft sauce. In place of marmalade fresh fruit can be used sprinkled with sugar. Chopped figs and raisins sprinkled with almonds and a pinch of cinnamon gives an oriental flavor very palatable.

Fried Pies.—Soak dried apples (after washing) in cold water over night, stewing them till tender in just enough water to cover. Mash through a sieve and season with sugar, salt and spice to taste. Cook till thick, then lay a spoonful on a circle of pastry, turning one-half over the apple, pressing the edges closely together. Brush the pastry over with beaten egg, and fry in deep, hot fat six minutes.

Potato Custard Pie.—For one pie press sufficient cooked potato through a ricer to make half a pint, adding half a cupful of sugar, a quarter of a cupful of butter, the grated rind and juice from half a lemon. Beat the yolks of three eggs very light, add a half cupful of sugar and stir smoothly into the other mixture, then add the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, and proceed as for custard pie.

Peach Puffs.—Beat two eggs very light, add one-half a cupful of milk, a pinch of salt, one cupful of flour with which has been sifted one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and one tablespoonful of melted butter. If necessary, add half a cupful more flour. Butter small deep cups, put in a spoonful of batter, slices of peaches and cover with the batter. Steam half an hour, and serve with either hard or soft sauce.

Date Rolly Polly.—Roll out a rich biscuit dough and spread with dates that have been stoned and stewed in very little water till soft. Sprinkle with sugar, roll and steam for three-quarters of an hour, drying off the top in the oven. Serve with lemon sauce.

Mince-meat for Pies.—Four pounds of lean meat, boiled until tender and then chopped fine. One tablespoonful cinnamon, 1 ounce mace, 3 pounds suet chopped fine, 8 pounds chopped apples, 2 pounds currants, 2 pounds stoned raisins, 1 lemon seeded and chopped, skin and pulp, 1 tablespoonful allspice, one pound candied citron, six pounds of brown sugar, one tablespoon ground cloves, 2 tablespoons salt. Wet with boiled cider and cook together until apples and suet are done. Some do not add apples until ready to bake the pie. This is sufficient to cook the apples.

Indian Slapjacks.—Indian slapjacks are considered fine pancakes. Pour over a pint of Indian meal enough hot milk to moisten it. When cool add a level teaspoonful of salt, two eggs beaten lightly and enough cold milk to make a batter that will keep its form on the griddle. New fallen snow may be substituted for the eggs, a tablespoonful for each egg, beating the batter steadily until enough air is beaten in to make it foamy.

Brown Bread Toast.—Brown bread toast is richer and preferred by some to white bread toast, but it takes longer and requires more care to make it. Cut from stale bread slices not more than a quarter of an inch thick. Place them on the grate in a hot oven until they are nicely browned, and are crisp and brittle.

Watch and turn that they do not burn, but brown evenly.

THE ART OF "MOTHERING."

"How is your mother, Carrie?" asked a friend of a twelve-year-old city girl, whose mother was a well-known worker in various organizations for social betterment. "I haven't seen mother for ten days," replied Carrie. "She isn't up when I go to school, and she doesn't come home till after I'm in bed at night; but I guess she's all right."

Evidently there is something wrong in that household. Miss McCracken, in her recent article on "The Woman on the Farm," puts her finger on the evil. She points out an important advantage which the country child has over the city child. Schools may not be so long or so good in the country, and opportunities for books and music and pictures may be few and far between. But mothers in the country are mothers indeed.

"You see," says the little girl from the farm, "I've seen my mother almost the whole time ever since I was born. I almost always could do everything that she did and go everywhere she went. It was so unusual when I couldn't that I always heard afterward every word about what happened. Now my cousin—who lives in the city—doesn't do that way with her mother. They couldn't. Her mother goes to too many places and does too many things that—she says—are't for children, and it takes her so much time to do them that she wouldn't have time to tell about them, even if her daughter wanted to hear, which she doesn't much."

There is the problem sharply stated. Its solution is not so easy; but it is certain that there is no public service which a woman can render so vitally important to the future of the race as just this very "mothering." Only in the sort of love which penetrates the whole life of the family, and makes it sweet and sound and loyal, can be found the remedy for the social and domestic unrest which is more dangerous to our country than foreign fleets or political dissensions.

Kind hearts are more plentiful than persistently kind and gentle voices, and yet love loses much of its power when the voice is sharp and hard. Try, therefore, most earnestly to acquire the right tone in speaking, and guard yourself carefully from falling into careless and bad habits of voice. Often a sharp voice shows far more ill will than the heart feels, but people do not know that the speaker's "bark is worse than her bite," and they believe her to be ill tempered and disagreeable. It is so easy to pick up a sharp and snappish manner of speaking. Very often it is acquired in mirth and in the give and take battles of words in which boys and girls delight. There is no malice in their sallies, and a great deal of fun, but meanwhile the voice is often acquiring a sharp and shrewish tone which sticks through life, making it stir up strife and ill will among its listeners. So watch the tone in which you speak and take care that it is gentle and sweet. A kind voice is like music in the home, and it is to the heart what light and beauty are to the eye.

HOME DRESSMAKING.

In home dressmaking the long seams are often difficult to get quite straight. As an aid in seaming pieces for the skirts of dresses, cloaks, etc., adopt the following plan: Place one piece of material on a smooth deal table and the other above it. Smooth lightly into place, and at one end of the seam pin a tape measure to the stuff and through into the wood. Draw this down to the other end of the seam, and again knock in a pin. Then with long tread tack by the edge of the tape measure, and in seaming use these stitches—ing lines.

GLAD SHE WENT.

It was at a New England county fair, and two women a little beyond middle-age were seated under a shade tree by the entrance gate when one was heard to say to the other: "So you've been out to St. Louis to the big Exposition. How did you like it?" "Well, I enjoyed it first rate—bet-

ter than I expected to. You see I didn't care nothing about goin' in the first place, but Silas he was dead set on goin' an' was bound I should go with him,—said he wouldn't go unless I did—so I just went to get him off, for I could see he wanted to go the worst way.

"An' I was real glad I went, in the end, for when we found that Sil's own cousin, Luella Day, lived within sixty miles of St. Louis we concluded to go out an' make them a visit, an' we did have a real nice time. She gave me a new reseater for makin' marm'lade out o' green grapes an' another one for tomato pie. You wouldn't think tomatoes would make a pie fit to eat, but you'd be surpris-

to know just how good a pie they will make. Then one day while we was in the art-room at the fair a woman come in with a brown Henrietta cloth dress an' cape, an' it give me an idea of just how to make over my brown Henrietta cloth this fall. An' a woman I fell in with one day when I was resting in the shade of a bench told me how to take all kinds of grease-spots out of any kind of goods, and a woman in one place where cooking demonstrations were being given told me how to make lovely batter-cakes out of stale bread an' oatmeal flour.

"Live an' learn is my motto, so after all, I was kind o' glad I went, but, for real enjoyment, I don't think the St. Louis show begins to come up to our county fair."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Love and a Theory.

Four years ago a southern girl, with a voice filled with that sweet tenderness that touches the northern man's heart, came into my life. I have never forgotten Elizabeth Martin. I never can forget those blue, hypnotic, trusting eyes. We were friends at once. In a week our fancy had traversed the earth, and in two weeks each had explored the mysteries of the other's sympathetic heart.

All too soon the happy vacation days passed. I returned to my country office, while a thousand miles intervened. Knowing the difference that existed by nature in our circumstances and inbred convictions, I lacked the courage to fall hopelessly in love with Miss Martin. Although conscience informed me that delicate advances would not be rebuffed, yet this monitor at the same time increased my conviction that I had no moral right to encourage a reciprocity of deep sentiment.

Because of my northern birth and respect for the unaristocratic simplicity of republicanism I resisted the temptation to win this sweet girl's love. No matter how refined, such training as mine could not always harmonize with those innate opinions held by one who counted the heritage of the south—its democratic aristocracy—of supreme importance.

But there came a day when no amount of reasoning or struggling with my honor concealed from me that I loved Elizabeth Martin, nor any doubt of the full return of love from that noble little girl in Dixie. But no sooner had this conviction mastered me than the struggle was renewed to make my will the dominant. I committed no wrong in loving, but the wrong lay in permitting any evidence of such a passion to appear to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth Martin was the daughter of General Richard Martin, a man of wealth and power. Of his wife and daughter he asked only that they grace his home, treat his guests with distinctive courtesy and maintain the traditions of the family. But Elizabeth Martin sought more than the pleasure and honor of balancing the family social accounts. She sought no career. She asked no higher goal than honorable wifehood and motherhood.

But did Elizabeth Martin understand the sacrifices wifehood and motherhood imposed upon a high-spirited girl, especially when those conditions are made more difficult by the commonplace associations and duties of the average man's wife, who from choice or necessity must be companion and cook, housekeeper and nurse, business adviser and pincher of the nimble nickel?

There seemed to be but one answer to this question. She did not and could not understand. This answer left me no moral right to assume even the possibilities of our matrimonial alliance. From that day began my first discourtesy. I made no reply to her letters.

For a few weeks this discourtesy made no difference with Elizabeth. Her letters continued their cheerfulness, their encouragement and literary brilliance until suddenly stricken by my lack of appreciation, fearing she had made too great a committal, a few deliberately cold lines asked the question I had expected with great dread. Monday morning my clients, if there were any, found this notice on my office door: "I'm going to arbitrate. Go do thou likewise."

At Nashville Elizabeth received me with marked cordiality and such lack of surprise that I forgot my apology, and my inclination to explain grew less as the necessity diminished. Instead of a day in the city the day grew into days, and not until a telegram from home demanding my immediate presence was received did my mind revert with a sickening thud to the fact that ab-

olutely no part of my purpose in visiting Nashville had been accomplished.

With the telegram in my hand, I made my last call at the home of Elizabeth Martin. From the moment of my reception we both felt that uncomfortable foreboding of misfortune. The awkward silences and the distressing attempts to break away from our dread and renew the animated conversations or peaceful contemplations of former visits led me, like the will-o'-the-wisp, into the bog. With ill-selected words I stumbled into a discussion of soul friendships and that high spiritual love of which poets dream and angels alone know does not exist and cannot between warm blooded men and women—of a love that denies the body and seeks the soul and feeds on platitudes. Her eager listening placed me more at ease, and my speech became bolder and more empty and vain, being filled with those hopes associated with platonic regard. The thought was rigged with all the pedantic beauty and sophistry at command, and that beautiful woman, with trembling lips, promised to share this impossible and imaginary state. I knew that she asked for love. Her eyes told it, and my offer was, as empty cup, a human fallacy that tried to make a spirit of dry bones.

The argument was easy, and the more dangerous the theme the more attractive until a sudden impulse—an answering appeal from those tear wet eyes—and logic was overturned. Two soft arms were clasped around my neck. Two strong arms held a gentle woman in warm embrace. The tenderest words came to our lips—and then no time for words. One more long, sweet embrace and we parted—forever.

A week later my conscience, stricken with the errors of this romance, would have welcomed a public horse-whipping. I could tolerate no further delay in ending this unfortunate matter. That I deserved no further consideration, even if our circumstances in life were compatible, I knew and accepted as final. Elizabeth Martin must cease to be an important factor in my life. In order to facilitate this removal I determined to adopt the theory that love is a condition subject to mental control, and, after finding some one whose experiences, ambitions and circumstances were in harmony, to win her love and to place my affections and welfare in her keeping.

The good and the undesirable features of the unmarriageable young women of the neighborhood were studied with interest. There were many favorable points in each one who, unknown to herself, of course, was a candidate for my matrimonial net. However, none was exactly satisfactory. Some expected too much of the man. Few were willing to bear their share and were prone to grumble. Some didn't like the town and wouldn't live in Myersburg for a "mint of money." Every one of them could spend money faster than three young lawyers could earn it. They seemed to have an idea that money grew on trees and all that was necessary was to continue to shake the paternal limb. The other objections were common enough, though they were more the fault of the mother who is ambitious and who has forgotten the romance of the struggle of her own young wifehood and remembers only the bitterness of that struggle to keep up appearances while scraping and saving to found a home and a comfortable fortune. The only romance mother or daughter looks forward to in these days includes three servants, a maid, a butler and a French chauffeur.

At last, in spite of being so poor and particular, there came a

(Continued on Page 7.)

OUR BO

By

Dear Boys and girls:

The letters seem to be ones. You have had your news to tell us. Why not from time to time see some paper and see what a pret for kind wishes.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Now that the Christmas Years holidays have gone I begin to write you again. A lovely time Xmas. Co was down and made us a v as he wanted to be at home Xmas he didn't stay but a time. Papa went to Mont day last week. If the wea not been so cold I would h with him and called to see is snowing very hard. I am will block the roads. This for this time. As ever,

Your loving niece,

Granby.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am back at school after days. I got a toboggan for mas present and I take it to We have a slide in the sc and we have lots of fun dur cess, but recess is too short to see this in print. Your

Oshawa, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a little girl twelve y My home is in Ganaoqui have been visiting in Montr thought I would like to wr a little letter as my little writing. I am having a lov and wish I could stay long these is not much fun at h our town is very quiet. I h many of the places of inter had lovely sleigh rides rou city. I think the mountai be lovely in summer. I h come then so that I can g top.

Your little friend,

MY LITTLE BOY FOR S

A mother was busy with h one day,

When her dear little boy

toys,

Ran in from his play, as b

May,

With all his traps and no

"You make such a din," she

him,

While he worked with his t

joys;

"I'll put you to bed, or

you," she said,

"To the man who buys lit

A little boy for sale;

A little boy for sale;

A little boy for sale;

He mauls so much noise

hammer and toys,

My little boy for sale."

The dear little boy was qu

day;

He had laid his toys aside

The mother had ceased her

prad;

"O Lord with me abide!"

As she sits by the bed of h

head

A soft, sweet song she sim

When out of the gloom of t

room

Comes the rustle of the

wings.

"There's no little boy for s

There's no little boy for sal

He was bought by the lov

Father above,

There's no little boy for sal

There's no little boy for sal

He was bought by the lov

Father above,

There's no little boy for sal

COUNTRY GIRLS IN THE

Is there absolutely no em

ment for the country girl w

come to the city?

Nons whatever!

It is not necessary to her

the higher employments open

women, for women fitted

positions already know:

That for every teacher's

there is a "waiting list"

agents.

That gifted women artists

ing their hearts out while

for success in cheerless, bad

ed rooms in every city the

over.

That the successful women

in any large city may be

upon one's fingers.