

### SAILOR BLOUSE.

To Be Made with Straight Tucked or Bishop Sleeves and with or without the Appliqued Yoke and Sleeve Caps.

The sailor blouse is ever popular, ever in demand, but this season a bit more so than common. The very excellent model shown is in true "Peter Thompson" style and is drawn on over the head, but allows a choice between two styles of sleeves, and of yoke and sleeve caps or a plain waist. The model is shown in navy blue serge with bands of black braid but all the materials used for blouses of the sort are correct. The yoke



and sleeve caps are admirable from the standpoint of strength and the straight sleeves are preferred to all others by many wearers, but the full bishop ones are equally smart. The tie at the neck is in handkerchief style and is made of silk. The blouse consists of front and back and is finished at the neck by a sailor collar, at the waist with a casing in which elastic or tape is inserted. The shield is separate, finished with the standing collar and joined to the waist beneath the sailor collar. When used the yoke and sleeve caps are applied over the waist. The tucked sleeves are straight, but the bishop ones are shaped to form full puffs at the wrists. Both are finished with straight cuffs.—May Manton.

### Women of Porto Rico.

"The Spaniards went to Porto Rico for what they could get out of it, and I am sorry to say that a good many Americans have gone for the same reason," said Mrs. Elliott Jones before the National Society of New-England Women at its regular business meeting.

"But, nevertheless," she continued, "we have done much for the Porto Ricans, and the American women resident on the island, most of them being wives of army and navy officers, have taken a leading part in the good work."

"I never saw anything so terrible as the poverty in Porto Rico. People often ask me why the American occupation has not improved the condition of the people, but this is easy to understand after one has lived there. Although the Spanish government has been destroyed, the land is still owned by Spaniards, and they have taken advantage of the establishment of the American system of currency on the island to raise their rents, reckoning a peso, which is worth only 60 cents, as equal to \$1. This has nearly doubled the rents, and has caused a great deal of poverty, for which the United States is being blamed. Then there was the hurricane, which left thousands destitute. This was when the women came to the rescue. About twenty of them organized the Woman's Aid Society of Porto Rico, and appealed to their friends in the North and fed and clothed this multitude."

"At first aid was given absolutely gratis, but it soon became evident that this was producing pauperism, and arrangements were made for supplying the women with work. This is still kept up, and under the care of the secretary the women, who when they first came for assistance, tumbled over one another like a lot of animals, have become neat, clean and self-respecting."

"Another thing which the women have done is to build a hospital at San Juan. Formerly the poorer classes of Porto Rico had scarcely any care in time of sickness. The newborn children cared for themselves, and the result is the terrible deformity which one sees everywhere in Porto Rico. The new hospital is intended for maternity cases, and the city of San Juan is giving \$200 a month to its support."

"Well, I will tell you one thing," said Mrs. Jones. "Before the American occupation they had scarcely any religion in Porto Rico, and among the poorer classes there was no marriage. The people could not afford the high marriage fees, and just lived together without the ceremony. Now our American missionaries are marrying grandfathers and grandmothers all over the island."

"The work in Porto Rico is most encouraging," concluded Mrs. Jones, "and the people are extremely interesting. The children are wonderfully bright and anxious to learn, and I have known them to acquire English in one year."

### Town with No Women.

Maiwathin, on the borders of Russia is the only town in the world exclusively inhabited by men. The Chinese women are not allowed to live in this territory, and are even forbidden to pass the great wall of Khaban and to enter Mongolia. All the Chinese of this border town are men.—Exchange.

### SECRET OF CHOCOLATE MAKING.

"A good many people often wonder what the difference is between cocoa and chocolate, but it is simply that cocoa is chocolate with the oil extracted," I am told by the vice-president of a large cocoa and chocolate manufacturing concern.

"This amounts to considerable, for one-half of the cocoa bean is composed of cocoa butter. The sweet chocolate used on candies and so forth is a mixture of cocoa, butter, chocolate and sugar, and it is the cocoa butter that gives it its fine gloss. There are several processes for manufacturing the cocoa for drinking purpose, but that most generally followed is what is called the 'pressure method.' In this it is placed in small canvas bags and these are then placed in a machine where they are subjected to a pressure of about 70 tons which squeezes every vestige of oil from the cocoa and leaves only a dry, extremely brittle cake, to be subsequently ground fine and packed in tin cans."

"When chocolate for eating purposes is manufactured, the cocoa is mixed with the flavoring compounds and sugar in the 'mixing machine,' and then rolled out in sheets between huge rollers, making it solid and firm."

"The secret of making good chocolate and cocoa is in the blending. One particular kind of cocoa bean is not apt to produce good chocolate or cocoa. It must be blended with other varieties to secure the desired flavor, sometimes a half dozen or more different kinds of cocoa extract being mixed together for this purpose. Every manufacturer has his own method of blending and guards the secret carefully. Different blends are also subjected to differing treatments. Thus one manufacturer may finish his blend or store it in a cold room, while another will do the same thing with it in a hot room, and each contends that the results he achieves are the best, very naturally."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

**Dumas Fits and a Vain Doctor.**  
Alexandre Dumas, fils was once dining at Marseilles with a Dr. Gistal, a man who was eminent in his profession.

"My dear friend," said the host, as they passed from the dining room into the drawing room for the coffee, "I know that you improve most beautifully. Could you not write me a verse in my album?"

"With pleasure," replied the author, and, taking the album offered him, he wrote:

Practises all pain has ceased,  
The hospitals have been torn down—  
The doctor, who was looking over  
the shoulder of the writer exclaimed,  
with joyous effusion "Oh, but you  
flatter me, you flatter me! I do not  
merit it!"

"But wait a moment," remarked Dumas, and he finished with the line:  
But cemeteries have increased.  
—Modern Society.

### The Power of Quaker Influence.

The members of the denomination known as Quakers, or more properly Friends, are now so comparatively few in number that they only occasionally come into distinct contact with the world's people. But in proportion to that number they are still an influential class. It is more than two hundred years since the death of George Fox, the founder, and during that time the Quakers have advanced in belief almost as much as any other Protestant sect. During the last two centuries they have been a quiet beneficent force in the world. Education owes much to them and in these latter days the better ideas of peace among nations that appear to prevail, owe more perhaps than we are aware to precept and example of these plain living but high-thinking people.—Boston Transcript.

### Japanese Epigrams.

In Japan, though the men are such fighters, tongue abuse is a thing unknown. The people, though, are epigrammatic and many are their sayings and proverbs. A few of them are:

Beware of beautiful women as you would of red pepper.  
A wife's tongue, three inches long, can kill a man six feet high.  
Rubbing salt into a wound is adding insult to injury.  
Those who know the ropes do most hauling.  
Habit has more weight than instruction.  
Before argument, proof.  
Live under your own hat.

A curious feature connected with the Servian army is the manner in which most of the regiments carry the big drum. It is not, as in most countries, slung in front of the man who plays it, but is placed upon a small two-wheeled cart drawn by a single dog, which has been so trained that it keeps its place even through the longest and most tedious of marches. The drummer takes up a position behind the cart and performs on the instrument as the animal pulls it along.

Northampton, England, is justly proud of its municipal museum. Some time ago the corporation purchased for it a collection of 316 specimens of boots, thus making it practically complete, as showing the history of shoecraft in England. The possession of this unique museum is, of course, due to the fact that boot making is the staple industry of the town.

Honor thy father and thy mother, young man, but when they pick out a wife for you it's up to you to register a kick.

### BUBBLES.

Hard work—applause.  
Trust companies—engaged couples.  
The long green—a six foot bumpkin.

Even the single man, they say, has his double.  
When a hen has no regular nest, her eggs are waylaid.

At bedtime, even many forward people are of a retiring disposition.  
Even a color blind girl can tell when her rival is green with envy.

Postage stamps may not promote temperance, but they encourage the licker business.  
Narrow minded persons may still be capable of taking a broad hint.

It is walking under difficulties to carry an umbrella on a windy day.  
A face ceases to look plain when you fancy the owner of it.

We have no use for the man who is always saying, "Oh, what's the use?"  
Even when you buy an opera glass, don't judge entirely by looks.

People who live in glass houses have a painful way of casting reflections.  
The manufacturer of school room globes seems to be a man of the world.

The meatman can beat the wisest judge when it comes to trying lamb.  
No doubt Satan smiles every time he sees the sign "Fire Insurance."

The undertaker in a too healthy locality is literally tired of life.  
Cupid's thought is that to be Skifful in anatomy.

All one needs to know the art is to understand the heart.  
But he finds, when two are wed, Man's a stomach to be fed.  
And woman's joy is not complete Unless well clothed from head to feet.  
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Spotting Alligators.

It used to be very difficult to kill alligators. Hunters were obliged to shoot them in the eye or in some soft place in the under part of the body. But the improved rifles and ammunition of the present day make it possible to send a ball through an alligator's skull or, indeed, through any part of his body. You have heard how people are continually inventing stronger kinds of war vessels as well as larger and more powerful cannon. As soon as one nation makes cannon that will fire more tremendous balls and shells than were ever fired before, other nations make iron and steel plates on their war vessels thicker and stronger, and so the contest goes on, and it is impossible to say which will at any time be ahead in the race the enormous cannon or the steel-plated vessels. But, although we may improve our rifles, the alligator has no means of strengthening or thickening his hide, and so his armor which used to be his principal defence against his enemy, is of little use to him now when a man fires at him with an improved rifle.—St. Nicholas.

### Creating New Fruits.

It is the laboratory worker who is coming to the front now as the creator of new fruit, says the "World's Work." When the cold winds from the north destroyed the citrus industry of Florida, work was undertaken at once by the national government to secure an orange which would be more hardy than any now of the east. As far north as Philadelphia is a small hardy Japanese orange which is only suitable for ornamental purposes and which bears a fruit the size of a walnut. Here was the hardiness. By using this plant as the mother and the tender sweet orange of Florida as the father, and vice versa, hybrids have been produced which partake of the characteristics of both. These hybrids are now beginning to fruit for the first time. They are, of course, not so hardy as the hardy mother, but are much more hardy than the sweet orange, the other parent. The fruit secured has some of the characteristics of a lemon, but is valuable for marmalades and other purposes—and unquestionably can be grown in every back yard in the south.

### Even Worse.

Worry is a great fat producer. Fat women are nearly always heavy worriers. The fact that they worry only adds to their weight. They eat their food and the food does not assimilate. It goes to producing fat instead of to the nourishment of the body. Fat women are worrying in their temperaments, weak in their muscles and wobbly as to heart action.

Women as a rule love to think that they have heart trouble. They boast of it as a superior talent. Really, it is a sign of overeating, of poor hygiene, of ignorance of the laws which govern the human body. A woman who would not think of boasting of other physical imperfections will tell you with much pride that her heart is weak, and growing weaker every day.—Chicago Tribune.

### For Mule and Man.

A story was told at one of the clubs the other night by a well-known physician. It was an experience he had in a country road with a negro driver who had trouble with a balky mule. Sam tried his best to move the obdurate beast, but it was no go. Finally the physician, happening by, Sam appealed to him for help, and he gave the mule a dose of medicine which fairly made him fly down the road.

"Hol' on dar, boss," cried Sam. "What's dat gwine to cos' me?"  
"Ten cents," replied the doctor.  
"Wall, yer better give me 20 cents' worth. I see got ter git dat mule!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

### Confessions of Gaston.

I realize that the time is coming when I shall have to wear a full beard to conceal my age.

Personally, I have a too high regard for politeness to waste it on life insurance agents.

I live in continual fear that I shall be apprehended and sentenced to attend a reception.

It is my observation that the display advertising is not confined to the columns of the newspapers. A good deal of it is done in the boxes at the theatre.

It is my idea that a highly educated person is one who knows where to use a semicolon.

I have noticed that everything on a clothesline that looks like a balloon belongs to a woman.

I find on balancing the ledger that I put in six months of the past year looking for a good cantaloupe, and the other six telephoning the laundry to come after by soiled linen.

I confess that I have arrived at the age where a good fire looks better to me than the pale moonlight.

If I seem unusually haughty and hard to approach there is reason for it. I recently ordered a vest with a silk back in it.

I never have been able to understand what a rooster could find to crow about at 2 o'clock in the morning.

Personally, I am curious to know whether the scarcity of coal has resulted in any embarrassment to the devil.

Although I have looked up all the authorities, I have as yet been unable to learn whether the stork brings it in his claws or in his bill.

When a letter comes to me marked "personal" I know that it is from a woman, and that there is nothing in it of importance.—Topeka Capital.

### A New American Industry.

It appears from a statement by Gen. G. C. Noyes that the Metropolitan Museum's prize treasure, the \$40,000 Etru can chariot, was "made in America." His explanation discloses the existence of a native industry which will go far to justify the duties on foreign works of ancient art while illustrating the foresight of the tariff law's farmers.

There being a law in Italy against the exportation of art works, inquiry has been made by the Roman Chamber of Deputies as to how the chariot found its way to New York. It develops that an Italian peasant ploughed up a number of loose bronze pieces adorned with carving. In some way these fragments reached Paris, carefully boxed, and from there came to New York for the monetary consideration specified.

Then began an "assembling" work such as goes on in the shop of the antique dealer with the disjecta membra of old mahogany furniture. A walnut frame was made "just like the one in use 2,600 years ago." To that the bronze fragments were carefully fitted, and presto! out of them appeared a beautiful chariot, one of the choicest relics of antiquity. But with this difference, that whereas the cabinet-maker's work becomes an "original New England heirloom," the chariot, to avert international complications, remains a domestic art product.

The subtlety of the distinction is worthy of a mind trained in the intricacies of tariff ratings. It is almost as bad as making a frog a chicken.

### Montana Courtship.

The following dialogue took place between a rural swain of Montana and his ladylove. The story is vouchered for by an editor of the local newspaper:

Silas had been sitting by his sweetheart beneath the grapevine in the yard and the pale moonlight of a northern summer evening was softly stealing through the vines, giving the whole scene the color of a fairy cavern, and Silas had reached the point "whar I jest had ter ax her or bust." Creeping closer to the blushing maiden, who sat silently toying with her palm-leaf fan, he said:

"I've er great mind ter bite yo'."  
"What fur, Silas?"  
"Because yo' won't have me."  
"Well, yo' hain't axed me."  
"Well, I'm gwine to."  
"Well, I'm a-waitin'."  
"Now I axed yer."  
"Then I'll have yer."  
And then the pale moon blushed a crimson red and the old loop-eared hound lying by the gate gave chase to a neighbors intruding pig.—Butte Inter-Mountain.

### Napoleon and Waterloo.

Napoleon was retiring from the battle of Waterloo.

"What's you hurry?" inquired Wellington over the long distance telephone. "Got an engagement elsewhere?"

"Oh, no," replied Napoleon, "the engagement I am leaving is quite enough for me."

Even the gravely of the grave will not always obscure the levity of the light.—Detroit Free Press.

### Fascinated by the Name.

"I was telling my wife all about Tibet last evening, but she seemed very little interested."

"Yes."  
"When I got to Lhasa and told her it was called the 'Forbidden City,' she woke right up. 'Forbidden City,' she repeated. 'Yes,' I said, 'Forbidden City.' My wife smiled in that way she has when she is ready to shut off all opposition. 'Well,' she said, 'we will visit this Forbidden City when we go away for our next summer's trip.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Profit of the Dairy Cow.

Very few farmers realize the income to be had from a good cow. The farmer who keeps a cow a year to raise a \$15 or \$20 calf usually thinks he has done as well as any one, but his profits do not compare with those of the dairyman. Except with high-priced registered cattle, as a rule, the milk, not the calf, is the most valuable product of the cow.

The milk produced by the average Missouri cow will sell for about \$30 at the creamery or when made into first-class butter. A good cow of the dairy breeds will make at least \$50 cash income every year.

I have a list of about fifty Missouri farmers who report a cash income of from \$50 to \$100 per cow every year, and these figures do not include the income from the calves and pigs fed on the skim milk. But says one, making a tremendous task. As a matter of fact, it takes only sixty hours time, worth about \$6, to milk a cow ten months.

Now a few facts and figures from our experience on the state farm. Last year the cash income from the herd was \$82,500 per cow for butter sold and \$12,500 per cow for milk, skim milk and calves, making a total income from each cow of \$95. This year the average income from the same source will be over \$100 for the entire herd of twenty-eight.

These incomes do not come from feeding expensive foods or excessive feeding. They are not due to fine barns or unusual treatment of any kind. But they are the result of doing the right thing at the right time in the proper way. We will try to teach these methods in our short winter course of which we are now mailing announcements.—C. H. E. Es, Professor of Dairy Husbandry at Missouri State University, Columbia, Mo.

**Feeding the Colt.**  
Feed as near as you can a balanced ration consisting of a variety of feeds, using oats, bran, a little corn in the winter, and roots, if you have them.

I prefer clover hay, if cut early and clean, with some timothy and corn fodder and plenty of grass in season, and always a place where they can get exercise. If fed all they can clean up and digest well they will always be ready for the market. If not sold when three years old they should be broken to drive and put the draft collar at light farm work, and they will pay for the keeping for the next year. Then they should be fed for the market and that means they should have about two hundred pounds more flesh than they usually have in the average farmer's care. Then they will bring from \$25 to \$50 more per head than they would if sold while still thin. In fact, there is no better business for a stock feeder or farmer than to feed draft horses for the market as a good, growing young draft horse, if properly fed, will put on flesh at the rate of one hundred pounds per month for two or three months. When they are put up for feeding give them light rations on the start and gradually increase the ration until they get all they will eat and properly digest.—H. A.

**Cruelty to Animals in Winter.**  
Blows and bodily injuries are not the only cruelties perpetrated upon animals. There is a negative or passive cruelty which consists in not doing what conduces to their comfort and well being. Warmth is necessary to the comfort and health of animals, and in the rigorous extremes of winter, the dry cold of the North, and the chilling dampness of the South still more intolerable than dry cold, protection and shelter are peremptory.

When an animal is suffering by reason of cold its owner is suffering in his pocket, usually the most sensitive place, but too often ignored. Food is wasted and substance is lost; every tremor and shiver of the chilled muscles costs money to the owner. Hence it is a true economy to keep the stock warm, especially the young ones.

### Profit in Carrots.

Few root crops are more profitable than carrots. They are an excellent food for horses and colts; they stimulate the flow of milk in cows, and give a delightful flavor and color to the butter. Although there is usually not much sale for them in rural communities, in large cities great quantities can be readily disposed of. The price does not often go below fifty cents per bushel, and we have known them to sell for more than double that price. On ordinary land, and with rather less than ordinary cultivation, we have grown at the rate of about 500 bushels per acre.

### Successful Treatment of Garget.

In earlier life I treated garget by a number of methods with varied success, but for twenty-five years I have had no case of suppuration of the udder from garget. As soon as the trouble is discovered (usually but one quarter of the udder, more correctly one of the four glands is involved), the inflamed part should be bathed with a mixture of equal parts of tincture of lobelia and glycerine and kept saturated with it till fever, tenderness and swelling subside. If pus has been already formed, the pus sack should be opened at its lowest point and kept dressed with a weak solution of phenol, thymo-cresol, or Ictericine.—Dr. D. L. Phares.

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Guaranteed Finest Grade 14k SOLID GOLD PEN

To test the merits of The Catholic Journal as an advertising medium we offer your choice of

These Two Popular Styles For Only **\$1.00** Postpaid in Advance.

(By registered mail extra.)

Holder is made of finest quality hard rubber in four simple parts, fitted with very highest grade, large size 14k gold pen, any flexibility desired—in ink feeding device perfect.

Either style—Richly Gold Mounted for presentation purp. pos. \$1.00 extra.

**Grand Special Offer**

You say try the pen a week, if you do not find it as represented, fully as fine a value as you can secure for three times the price in any other make. If not entirely satisfactory in every respect, return it and we will send you \$1.00 for it, the extra 10c. is for your trouble in writing us and to show our confidence in the Laughlin Pen.—Not one customer in 10000 has asked for their money back!

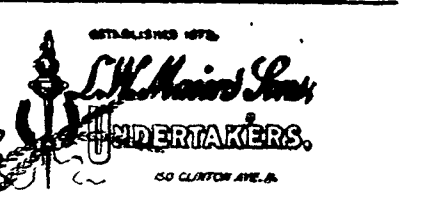
Illustration on left is full size of Ladies style; on right, Gentlemen's style.

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Safety Pocket Pen Holder sent free of charge with each Pen.

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### Modern Business Tale.

"We are demanding only our rights," said the men.

"All we wish is the right to run our own business," said the employers.

Each was willing to concede theoretically what the other demanded, but there was a diversity of opinion as to the proper interpretation of the word "rights," so a strike followed.

"Let's arbitrate," they both said finally.

So they arbitrated and drew up an agreement. But shortly thereafter the men said the employers were not living up to the agreement, and the employers said the men were demanding more than the terms warranted.

"You've got to live up to the agreement," said the men.

"So have you," said the employers.

"We are," said the men.

"So are we," said the employers.

"If you violate the terms as we understand them, we'll strike," said the men.

"We are doing all that we agreed," said the employers.

"The spirit of the agreement is broken," said the men.

And there was another strike.

After a time both sides got tired of losing money, and they met in the spirit of conciliation.

"Let's arbitrate the old agreement," they said, "and have it properly and impartially interpreted."

So it was arbitrated and interpreted, and the interpretation was put in writing. But soon there was trouble again.

"You misinterpret the interpretation," said the men. "We must insist that you accept it as we understand it."

"We accept it as any sensible man would understand it," said the employers.

"We'll strike," said the men.

"Let's have the interpretation arbitrated and interpreted," said the employers wearily. And—

But why continue? Anyone looking for material for an industrial story can make a six-volume novel of arbitration "as she is practiced" in many of the industrial disputes of this day and generation.—Chicago Evening Post.

### Mrs. Cleveland's Joke.

This is a true story.

When Mrs. Grover Cleveland was Miss Frankie Folsom, the prettiest girl in Wells college, she had as teacher in English composition Miss Myra Reynolds, now professor at the university of Chicago.

Miss Folsom handed in an essay one day in which occurred the reprehensible word "pants."

Miss Reynolds promptly crossed out the offending term, and wrote in the margin:

"Gents wear pants, gentlemen wear pantaloons."

The correction was obviously absorbed by the fair pupil. A few years later, when Miss Folsom, as Mrs. Cleveland, had become the first lady in the land, her former teacher received one day an imposing looking letter from the executive mansion, Washington. On opening it a sheet of beautiful note paper, bearing the monogram and crest of the President's wife, appeared, together with Mrs. Cleveland's card. On the center of the sheet was pinned simply a newspaper clipping which read:

"Mamma," said little Emerson High-life, of Boston, "have the Gordon-Brownes and the Whitneys and the Burne-Smithsons all gone away for the summer?"

"Yes, dear. And why do you ask?"

"Then, please, may I say 'pants' till they get home?"—Gertrude L. Cobb, in Lippincott's.