

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Trains and boats are daily bringing back to the city the summer sojourner at seaside and mountain.

FASHIONS.

A novel trimming is inset bands of contrasting material. The effect is especially pleasing where velvet bands have been inset in broadcloth.

A decrease in the depth of the newest girdles is apparent, a change to be looked for in these days of boned and tight-fitting waists.

Many of the most charming afternoon modes are fashioned from fine straw in flower colors. A corn-colored manilla braid, with low crown and rather wide brim softly rolled at the front and right side and flared high at the left side, is distinctive because of the arrangement of trimming—huge red roses and loops of wide black velvet ribbon.

TIMELY HINTS.

Cheap clocks are often said by watchmakers to be not worthy repairing. In that case see what a good cleaning will do, for often a clock gets too choked with dust to perform its duty and will go perfectly when that dust has been removed.

If the bedstead is really brass, a piece of flannel moistened in salt and vinegar will clean it. Slightly touch the spots, then with a clean flannel rub the entire surface of the brass, using a little whiting on a dry flannel as a final polish.

A pound of bran boiled for an hour in a gallon of water will be found an excellent wash for kitchen paint, which soon becomes dull if soap is applied.

You can make a faded dress perfectly white by washing it in boiling cream of tartar water.

Turpentine sprinkled among clothes or put about a closet will prevent moths abiding as well as exterminate cockroaches.

Knives may be brilliantly polished if they are rubbed with powdered charcoal.

RECIPES.

To serve peas, either fresh or canned as an entree or at luncheon where you want things extraordinarily good, cut rounds from slices of bread with a cookie cutter, then cut out the centre with a smaller cutter, leaving rings.

Grilled Figs—This is a very old dish, and with wafers and chocolate is most delicious for luncheon. Select fine washed or bag figs, and soak for an hour in warm water.

Apple gelatine—Make an ordinary apple sauce, having it rather thin. To every pint of this add a tablespoonful of soaked gelatine, beat hard, and set aside to cool.

Fish and Tomatoes.—Shred some boiled whitefish until you have a cupful, mix with it the same amount of bread crumbs; add two eggs, a little pepper and salt, a dash of cayenne, and a half cupful of stewed tomatoes.

Pineapple Marmalade—Pare out the pineapple and dig out the eyes with a sharp silver knife; chop the fruit and cook it in its own juice, adding a very little water.

Egg Farci—Cut one hard-boiled egg in halves cross-wise, remove yolk and rub through a sieve. Clean one-half chicken's livers, finely chop and saute in just enough butter to prevent burning.

WOMEN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

Delivering her inaugural address at the annual meeting of the Society of Women Journalists the other day, the newly-elected president took occasion to speak of the genius of making friends, and more especially of the friendship of women.

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analists declared that it was a fable devised by man to say that it never really exists between them. And most women will endorse her opinion. If man were really to be believed on this point woman would be utterly miserable, for the woman who is able to say that she has never had at least one true friend of her own sex has never really lived, and is profoundly to be pitied.

A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE. It is quite surprising how few housekeepers have good coffee. It is so appreciated, too, more than almost any other beverage. It is particularly enjoyed at breakfast, and helps to put everybody in good humor.

COSMETIC GLOVE PASTE. For a cosmetic glove paste for red hands get one ounce of powdered myrrh, four ounces of honey, two ounces of yellow wax and six ounces of rosewater.

CLEANING GLOVES. Do not attempt to clean suede gloves with gasoline. Draw them on the hands and scrub with a soft old mail brush dipped in Fuller's earth.

FUNNY SAYINGS. Queen Alexandra, when Princess of Wales, came one day upon a tiny mite of a boy crying piteously. He was in charge of a fat and comfortable old lady, who seemed quite unmoved by his grief.

STANDARDS OF COURTESY THAT PREVAIL among well-trained adults ought not to be lowered in the conduct of older persons toward children. What a stir it would make if a charming lady, when introduced at a social gathering, should be met with a volley of exclamations: "Oh, what a beauty you are!"

AN ODDITY. Wife—The woman who recently moved next door is certainly an oddity. Husband—How is that? Wife—Why, she doesn't belong to a single society for the prevention of anything.—Detroit Tribune.

A TRAGEDY IN THE PARK. They went to the park. The two; it was dark. And the lovers were not acquainted with the fact, you see. That the seat—ah, me!—In the park had just been painted. Till they rose to go. And stuck fast, don't you know. And that's why the lady fainted.—Chicago Chronicle.

DON'T FRET OVER THE "SHINE." To remove shine from clothes, remember that the gloss on the elbows and the shoulders of a gown

can be eradicated by gentle friction with emery cloth. Rub just enough to raise a little nap, and then, in the case of cashmere or other smooth materials, go over the piece a few times with a warmed silk handkerchief.

FACE MASKS. Where the skin is kept covered it develops what is termed a "satiny texture" and ceases to have any color save that which is due to natural pigmentation. Races that go largely uncovered show on the limbs a coarseness equalling or exceeding that of the face.

KITCHEN SHELVES. One of the greatest conveniences in the modern kitchen is the number of shelves made like the leaves of an old-fashioned table, which hang flat against the wall when not in use, but are held up by a bracket covered with white oilcloth tacked on by brass headed tacks.

A noted Irish lady newspaper correspondent, in her weekly letter from Dublin, says: To those who are disposed to under-rate the value of the Irish language as an educational factor, it may be worth while to point out that, like Mr. MacSwomey, some of the most brilliant students who have graduated at the Royal University have been students of Irish.

ERIN'S LOVELY ISLE. (Dundalk Democrat.) Yes, the grass is soft, alanna, That grows on Irish hills, And there's music in the murmur Of little Irish rills.

There their eyes soon lose their brightness And their cheeks the rosy hue— Their smiles soon lose their sweetness And their hearts their lightness too.

And they'll miss the lark's loud singing, O'er the fields of waving corn, And miss the sweet bells ringing On each holy Sunday morn;

There's something in the breeze That blow across our hills, There's something in the murmur Of our little Irish rills;

Then come home, come home, alanna, The cuckoo's calling you, She is longing just to see you— And sure I'm longing too.

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The Poet's Corner.

THE VAMPIRE.

A fool there was and he made his prayer (Even as you and I!) To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair (We call her the woman who did not care) But the fool he called her his lady fair. (Even as you and I!)

O the years we waste and the tears we waste And the work of our head and hand, Belong to the woman who did not know (And now we know that she never could know) And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent (Even as you and I!) Honor and faith and a sure intent, (And it wasn't the least what the lady meant) But a fool must follow his natural bent. (Even as you and I!)

O the toil we lost and the spoil we lost And the excellent things we planned, Belong to the woman who didn't know why (And now we know that she never knew why) And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide (Even as you and I!) Which she might have seen when she threw him aside— (But it isn't on record the lady tried) So some of him lived, but the most of him died. (Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the shame, and it isn't the blame That stings like a white hot brand— It's coming to know that she never knew why (Seeing at last she could never know why) And never could understand. Rudyard Kipling.

ERIN'S LOVELY ISLE.

Yes, the grass is soft, alanna, That grows on Irish hills, And there's music in the murmur Of little Irish rills, And joy in every colleen's song, And virtue in their smile, As they wander down the boreens In Erin's lovely isle.

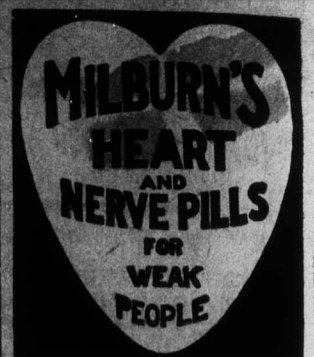
Sure there's nothing in the city Only sin, and crime, and woe, And my heart is filled with sorrow When I see the colleens go From the green hills of old Ireland, Where the hearts are free from guile To cities o'er the ocean, Far from Erin's lovely isle.

There their eyes soon lose their brightness And their cheeks the rosy hue— Their smiles soon lose their sweetness And their hearts their lightness too; And they'll miss the kindly greeting, And cheery word and smile, Of the neighbors whom they've parted In Erin's lovely isle.

And they'll miss the lark's loud singing, O'er the fields of waving corn, And miss the sweet bells ringing On each holy Sunday morn; Over hill, and road, and stile, To Mass on Sunday morning, In Erin's lovely isle. 'Tis no wonder you are tired

Of the city and its strife; Sure 'tis crushing all the brightness Out of your exiled life. 'Tis no wonder you are longing For the cabin near the stile, Where you've played in happy childhood In Erin's lovely isle.

There's something in the breeze That blow across our hills, There's something in the murmur Of our little Irish rills; There's something in the lark's loud song, And in each rustic stile, That binds the lonely exile's heart To Erin's lovely isle.



These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality.

POPE TO PRESIDENT.

(From the Cleveland Leader.)

When Theodore Roosevelt was a candidate for Vice-President and when he ran for President, especially at the earlier date, good men and women, deeply impressed with the waste, cruelty and horror of war, regarded him with grave doubt.

In modern times there has never been any question as to the attitude of the Popes of Rome in regard to the great issues of peace and war. The Supreme Pontiff of the Church of Rome has been counted upon, with good reason, as a devout friend of peace.

Now Pius X., one of the best and most exalted of the Popes, sends greeting to Theodore Roosevelt and pays him hearty tribute as a benefactor of mankind, because of the President's work for peace.

The testimony of Pius X. was not needed to establish the President's reputation as a champion of peace with those who have studied his record for the years since he came into his high office.

But the Pope's tribute will go far to win for the President full and immediate justice. It will help to brush away misconceptions of his aims and character.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

Nature, through all her depths, is full of music, varied in its tone and rich in its harmony. There is music in the stillness of the twilight hour, in the voices of the balmy breeze as it sighs amid the rustling leaves of the starlit grove.

So off they went, he and later, with such a wailing cry, they were shown into the presence of Mr. Pusher. With a packer between his great high chair just as been one of the biggest of land, and there stood the hand, before him.

Their little faces were their voices so sweet and their words so eager, who do later but take them arms, kiss, and promise done?

They got more than great pile of apples and "And young boy," in Pusher, sternly he might ed what Jim had thought ed girls), "believe me or not these two little dears be

SALOONISTS SUE PRIEST. Because Rev. Florian Hodiwick, pastor of St. Columba's Church, in Hedgevich, Chicago, Ill., advised his parishioners not to patronize their saloon, Michael Dublisk and Anton Koska each have started suit for \$10,000 against the priest.

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys So I am alone in a desolate corner when school opens I hard to add a letter tasks. I hope you that you will soon Your loving

JIMMIE'S PRIDE

Little Daisy Jenkins friend—Amy Smith— They had played with house, then with Da some common woods last they grew tired games together.

So then Daisy bro knitting, and she w mist of this when h dashed into the room He was only a y Daisy, but he made i the manner he talked wards her.

"Oh, Jim! Daisy once, "we were jus you! The toy draw we can't get it open try for us." Jimmy bigger and broader a "Leave it to me! soon fix it." First ty bang, then he gav pull, and at last open so suddenly as to s flat on his back. Ho pulled himself toget proudly as he left the boys?"

Mother happened to the time and overhear wise mother, she said but bided her time. Now it so happened the same village as t rich, but odd, old bac in an old-fashioned ho midst of a grand old One day Jim and his to go one darkish themselves to his app As Jim was one of t smallest, he was chos the wall first, and the safe, he was to hoist the others would follo He climbed carefully, outside, and then as quietly let himself do just as he was about signal a pair of firm him in a grasp that stern, hard voice said: "Now, what are you

A whisper of all this how reached Mr. Pusher. At the sound of his mates scampered off as their legs would take was taken to Mr. Pusher. He was put into a r sat down feeling very and wondering what th was going to be. I shiver and grow pale t Pusher indeed was ve doubt not, too, Jim w to richly suffer but fo stance.

One of the other lads he Jim's special chum, bed at leaving him in t the enemy, but how co him? First he thought his parents; then he gr that, and so at last—f more of Daisy's wit th he bethought himself to her what ought to be d He found that she was evening with her little Smith, so he went there The little girls were in when they heard what he but it was Amy who fr "Oh, Daisy! Do let see if we can beg him of Mr. Pusher—just a little So off they went, he and later, with such a wailing cry, they were shown into the presence of Mr. Pusher. With a packer between his great high chair just as been one of the biggest of land, and there stood the hand, before him.

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