

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

True Witness Beauty Patterns



A BECOMING BLOUSE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

No. 8262. Misses' Shirtwaist. Cut in sizes 15, 16, 17 years. 16 year size will require 1 3/4 yards of 44 inch material.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

Form with fields for Name, Address, and other details.

SUBSTITUTE FOR LACE.

Not only is the coarse net widely used for this season's shirtwaists, but it has appeared as a substitute for lace in frocks and yokes, stocks, and transparent sleeves.

Many of the gimpes worn under smart embroidered or braided linen suits are of this coarse net.

The edges of the linen are scalloped and buttonholed, and the spaces are filled in with plain wash net cut down from a yoke and stock.

TO CUT BREAD THIN.

With one of the new bread boards and sliding knives bread can be cut as evenly as though done by machinery.

KEEPING PETS.

Beginning at the early age of five all children have a collection of pets.

for they live in the back yard, only to be visited in the short hours between school and supper time.

But when it comes to white mice, lizards and turtles, to say nothing of the numerous dogs and cats, life becomes hardly bearable for the older people.

A good solution to kill all insects is to take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water.

It is also good to use on pantry shelves and bedsteads, and is a sure cure for the pests of fleas that are apt to swarm a closed house after a damp spell in the summer time.

IRISH CROCHET COLLARS.

The fad for knitting and crocheting seems to come and go with chronic irregularity.

Some years ago wash rags were the rage, and all the fashionables went in for crocheting face cloths with feverish eagerness and turned out any number of these useful little articles during the season.

Presently the feminine shawl changed with the times into the more useful and mannish sweater.

Wash rags evolved in a few years into shawls, and the fashionable world knit madly, evolving all manner of shoulder coverings out of masses of bright colored wools.

From wash rags to Irish crocheted Gibson collars is really quite a step, but such is the ruling of fate, and Irish crocheted collars are the latest thing in pick-up work for idle hands.

However, this high standing lace collar with its two points is going to be popular, whether hand made or machine made, not only because it makes a charming finish to a dress but because the name of Gibson coupled with Irish seems to carry luck with it, and all things are successful when so christened.

LIFE'S TRIUMPHS.

Each life has one grand day; the clouds may lie along the hills, and storm winds fiercely blow—

The great red sunshine like a thing of woe And death's sad skeleton stalk grimly by;

Yet none of these, no matter how they try, Can shroud the perfect triumph we shall know.

Or dim the glory that some star will show, Set far away in depths of purple sky.

Sweet love may bring to us this day supreme, Or it may thrill our souls thru art or song,

Or meet us where red battle-surges foam; Hope's stranded wrecks the barren coasts may gleam,

And weeks and months dash by a sombre throng. But some time, somewhere, it will surely come.

—T. S. Collier.

DON'T BE YOUR HUSBAND'S DRUDGE.

A certain wise and very happy woman was talking the other day to a girl who was about to be married.

"I have one bit of advice for you," she said, "one little guide-post on the road to content:—

"Don't get your husband's ship- pers."

The girl smiled, a little incredulously, and the woman continued:

"When he comes home from the office o' nights and wants to take off his shoes and put on his slippers and toast his feet by the fire—or the steam radiators, as the case may be—let him get his slippers himself.

"Don't get the habit of waiting on your husband, my dear."

"But I love the man I am going

to marry," objected the bride-to-be, sweetly, "and I want him always to be comfortable."

"I love my husband, too," smiled the older woman, "I have loved him and lived with him very happily for nearly twenty-five years. But I learned very early not to wait on him.

We hear a great deal about the marriages that are wrecked by woman's extravagance or woman's frivolity; but I firmly believe among respectable, well bred folks who are neither very rich or very poor, the thing that makes the most marital unhappiness is simply woman's mad passion for gratuitous slavery.

"Last winter, in the midst of the very cold weather, I visited an old friend who is about ten years younger than I. The first morning I was there I heard some one moving about the house long before daylight and I stuck my head out of my door to find out who it was. I saw my hostess, in stockings and kimono, coming up the stairs.

"Where under the sun—under the moon, rather—have you been?" I ejaculated, "is any one ill?"

"Oh, no," she replied, in a matter-of-fact tone, "nothing's wrong, I have just been fixing up the furnace."

I gasped, "Where's the man who looks after it?" I asked.

"He doesn't come until seven o'clock, and the house must be warmed up in time for tea, and I must have breakfast and get the children to school and Tom to the office."

"And what about Tom?" I inquired, with veiled irony. But she answered in all simplicity:—

"He's asleep. He doesn't wake up, you see, and I do, so I go down and put the coal on. I always do, I don't mind it a bit."

"Of course you go back to bed and get a good sleep before breakfast?" I remarked questioningly.

"Well, no," she admitted, "I don't often get to sleep again. You see Tom'll get awake in an hour, and he'll want to get up and have his breakfast right away, and he says it's so cheerless to go down without me. So I always try to get downstairs first. But I get plenty of sleep, of course."

"I hadn't been in that house very

open fireplace and then at the wood basket.

"You need some more fuel for that fire of yours," he remarked, "I'll get it. You see, when you aren't overly rich, Elizabeth, the man of the house has to be the man-of-all-work. That's what I am. I'm Mollie's humble slave, just as I was twenty-five years ago."

He looked from the girl to his wife and back to the girl again. His face had grown suddenly serious.

"My dear child," he said, soberly, "I hope you'll have as happy a life together as we have had, Mollie and I. And I hope when you have been married twenty-five years you'll be as devoted, sweethearts and as good chums!"

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION FOR SEPTEMBER.

"The most beautiful queen on any throne," this is what Kellogg Durland calls the Empress of Russia, in his great series of articles, entitled "The Romance of an Empress," which begins in the Woman's Home Companion of September. Mr. Durland, who is the author of "The Red Reign," spent a year in Russia, getting together all the facts of the romantic and sad life of the most powerful queen in the world.

In this issue Irving Bacheller begins a new series of Cricket Tales, which bids fair to be even more popular than was his famous "Eben Holden."

Other stories are "The Golden Wedding," by Alice Brown; "The Dervish," by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins; "The Girl in the Mirror," by Hulbert Footner; "Dare You to Love Me," by Annie Hamilton Donnell, and "The Minister's Barrels," by Hettie Bosley Goldrick.

Jack London on his trip around the world which he is making for the Woman's Home Companion in his little boat, the Smack, has stopped long enough to send to the magazine from far-off-Tahiti a description of "The Nature Man" whom he ran across in that distant Pacific island.

Jean Webster, who wrote "When Patty Went to College," has been in Japan and tells in the September number how she, with three or four

that day, I learn, are not legally binding."

REAL DIFFICULTY.

"John," said the Colorado woman delegate to the convention, "I want your advice."

"Sure," answered her husband, flattered. "Now, as to that labor plank—"

"Oh, John," she interrupted, "please be serious. Tell me what I shall wear."

THE SOFT ANSWER.

It was a wise young man who paused before he answered the widow who asked him to guess her age. "You must have some idea of it," she said, with what has intended for an arch sidewise glance. "I have several ideas," he admitted, with a smile. "The only trouble is that I hesitate whether to make you ten years younger on account of your looks or ten years older on account of your brains." Then, while the widow smiled and blushed, he took a graceful but speedy leave.

"Tommy, my son, what are you going to do with that club?"

"Send it to the editor, of course."

"But why are you going to send it to the editor?"

"Cause he says that if anyone will send him a club, he will send them a copy of his paper."

"But, Tommy dear, what do you suppose he wants with a club?"

"Well, I don't know," replied the hopeful boy, "unless to knock down subscribers that don't pay for their paper."

A French boy, returning from school, joyfully told his parents that he had received the second premium in catechism. "I am very much pleased," said the father. "But I would be still more so if you had as good a premium in mathematics or history. Your catechism will not help you to pass your examinations to get your degree of Bachelor of Arts. It will not open for you any doors for your future life."

"Excuse me, papa," said the child, "you are mistaken. It will open for me the gates of heaven!"

ANECDOTE OF A YOUNG PRINCE.

The young dauphin of France (afterwards Louis XVI.), showed, even at a very early age, a lively wit, and was often admired for the ease and spirit of his repartees. One day, while studying his lessons, he began to hiss. The queen reproved him, and he answered: "Mamma, I know my lessons so badly that I am hissing at myself!"

"What are halcyon days, father?" "Halcyon days, my son," replied Mr. Henpeck, as he looked around to assure himself that he and his son were alone, "are the glorious summer days when your dear mamma is far, far away from the wicked, noisy city, enjoying freedom from household cares, and getting the sweet, pure air she needs so much."

Wiggs—My wife gets off a joke very much as she gets off a street car.

Wiggs—How's that?

Wiggs—Backward.

Neighbors—I have no secrets from my wife. I tell her everything.

Nextdoor—I know you do.

Nextdoor—How do you know it?

Nextdoor—Oh, your wife tells what you told her to my wife, and she tells me.

"I've got a washing machine here," began the inventor.

The capitalist looked at him in the cold, calculating manner common to capitalists, and answered:

"Well, I were you, I'd run a straight home and use it."

Son—Father, what is the rest of the quotation, "Man proposes and—"

Father (sadly)—"Woman seldom refuses."

"A man has to draw it fine these days."

"What do you mean?"

"Staying ten minutes after office hours each day will probably make a good impression, but staying fifteen is liable to excite suspicion that you are monkeying with your books."

Sweet and palatable, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is acceptable to children, and it does its work surely and promptly.

TABLE D'HOTE.

French cooks in the kitchen and French words on the menu. Perhaps the language will survive in the literature of gastronomy.

To some of us plain English might indicate more clearly what we are eating. This was probably the case with the colored waiter in a hotel in San Francisco, who handed an Englishman a table d'hote menu.

The gentleman in question did not care for the set dinner and selected what he wanted.

"You don't keep for xda tab dote dinnah, then, sah?" said the waiter.

"I told you what I wanted," returned the Englishman. "You want dat off de tab dote bill?" queried the darkey. "I don't care. I suppose so. Just as you like, only be certain that I get it." "Well, sah," replied the waiter, "ef you want it off de tab dote, you has to have it all. Tab dote can't be selected from, sah. Tab dote is French, and means jest de whole hog, sah!"—Rochester Post Express.

Used according to directions, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial will afford relief in the most acute form of summer complaint. Whenever the attack manifests itself no time should be lost in seeking the aid of the Cordial. It will act immediately on the stomach and intestines and allay irritation and pain. A trial of it will convince anyone of the truth of these assertions.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS WILL CURE YOUR BABY.

If your little ones are subject to colic, simple fevers, constipation, indigestion, worms, or the other minor ailments of childhood, give them Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will give relief right away, making sleep still an occasional dose will keep little ones well. Guaranteed to constipate no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Good for the newborn baby or the well grown child. Mrs. Ronald L. Seafield, Palmer Rapids, Ont., says:—Baby's Own Tablets are the most satisfactory medicine I have ever used, and I would not like to be sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

"Hurry Out" Catholics.

Many persons, particularly among the young people, seem to be too shy, when they go to mass, to get much farther than just inside the door. There they remain, the boys and men on one knee, and the women in the nearest pew. The occasional glimpse which they obtain of the priest and the altar is quickly obscured by some-one's head, or a nodding and far away. They seem to wish to be where they can make their escape at the earliest possible moment.

When you go to the house of one you love, do you perch on the edge of a chair, near the door and busy a little to him in a careless, indifferent way from a book? No, you fly to his embrace, you pour out your joys and sorrows, your hopes and fears; you remain until the last moment; you tear yourself away with reluctance; you bid him "good-bye" over and over; and you promise to come again just as soon as you possibly can.

We are, at best, poor creatures of the earth. The body is tired and stupid, the mind is dull and busy with other things. Sins and weaknesses drag us down, and the spiritual side of our nature is poorly developed.

And the mass is a wonderful ceremony, full of symbolism and mystical beauty, to be seen by the eye of Faith, and felt with the heart of Love. Alas, that the eye is so dull and the heart so cold!

But, at least, let us, during the brief hour which we give to our immortal souls, make the conditions as favorable as possible. Let us gather around our Lord as they did long ago when "the crowds pressed upon Him." Let us come as near to His feet as we can, and try to catch upon our upturned faces and upon our waiting hearts, some little gleam of light which radiates from that countenance divine.

The right way, of course, is to have a seat of your own, but if you cannot afford that, you can always find some spot where you can hear mass without distraction. There are always seats which are not rented, and at the earlier masses the pews are seldom occupied. It is your Father's house to which you have come your Savior is being offered upon the altar, you are (or should be) contributing your share, according to your means, to support the church you attend; no one can question your right to more than standing room at the door. You can always be the courteous Christian lady or gentleman you will always be treated in a courteous manner in return.

To unite our hearts, desires and intentions with those of the priest, to follow every motion in order to realize its significance, to make our offerings in union with his, and to say, as far as it is possible to us, the prayers which he says—this is an ideal way in which to assist at mass. Prayer books were meant to instruct us as to what is going on; to supply us with words and even with thoughts when our own are lacking, but they were never meant to take the place of the spontaneous outpouring of the heart to God, or of that union with Him which is the object and fruit of all devotions and without which all ceremonies would be but idle mockeries.

Any method is good which helps us to realize the stupendous miracle which is taking place— which brings before us our Lord's tender love and complete sacrifice for each one of us— which takes us to Calvary and causes us to kneel at the foot of the cross.

If, in addition, we can draw near still, at the proper time, and receive our Lord in holy Communion, with suitable dispositions, then, indeed, will the holy sacrifice be, in our regard, perfected and consummated.

If we can but leave the world, with its cares and distractions, outside for that brief hour, and can come with our whole hearts and souls into our Lord's presence, going to mass will cease to be a duty which we fulfil with lagging feet, and will become a privilege and a joy, above the joys of earth, to which we will turn with an ever-increasing desire.

Our eager hold upon the treasures of this world will relax a little, our stumbling feet will journey upward towards the mount of God, and "the peace which passeth all understanding" will begin to be ours.

There will surely come a day when we will not be able to go to mass, a day when the glare and din of earth having for us passed by, the sight of the minister of God, bringing to us the Bread of Life, will fill us with consolation unspeakable.

Then the masses which we have heard with reverence and devotion—the communions which we have received with love and fervor, will be near to us what they really are—the sure pledge of eternal life and a foretaste of the joys of Paradise.

A Creed

Rev. Morgan

tooma, Pa., speaks of the necessity of action for the welfare of the world.

"The light of only in our lives. There out of this light, the men and women speak of a vague, sh Christ, and you speak whom they cannot who is as truly God, and who im on their intellects to them of dogma ing.

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