

young people as only loving parents can.

At noon Jennie and I sat long over our simple luncheon, talking of the old days; days when Jennie, Hattie and I were young matrons and mothers of babies. We are friends still, for wealth and social triumphs have not spoiled Hattie; but we see each other seldom, for our lives now lie far apart. They have their children still with them, some of them grown men and women, while of my little band, all are asleep but one, and he lives his restless life far, far from his lonely mother. In some things, we each envy the other; but we have long ago learned that each life has its shadows; every shoulder its burden; every heart its bitter mockery, and, in our few meetings, look down into each others' hearts and utter, one to the other, a hearty "God bless you," when we go apart.

Foolish Discontent.

One cause of discontent with many a good and true woman is the desire to have as fine a house as some other person; envy blinds her to the real beauty of her own surroundings, and closes her eyes to the possibilities about her. The children quickly observe this fault, and nurture the same spirit against any of their playmates who possess a newer gown or hat, or who live in finer surroundings. They do not know that these things do not make a home. The real home must be made from within; outward circumstances and environments have but little to do with the real spirit which alone can make comfort and content possible.

Our homes are, in the main, reflections of ourselves—no better, no worse, so far as the prevailing spirit is concerned. Wealth, luxury, and fine furnishings are but the accessories from which the true home spirit may

BABY WEATHER

Little Fellows Don't Like the Hot Days

Mothers should know exactly what food to give babies in hot weather.

With the broiling hot days in July and August the mother of a baby is always anxious for the health of her little one and is then particularly careful in feeding. Milk sours quickly and other food is uncertain. Even in spite of caution, sickness sometimes creeps in and then the right food is more necessary than ever.

"Our baby boy two years old began in August to have attacks of terrible stomach and bowel trouble. The physician said his digestion was very bad and that if it had been earlier in the summer and hotter weather we would surely have lost him.

"Finally we gave baby Grape-Nuts food feeding it several times the first day and the next morning he seemed better and brighter than he had been for many days. There was a great change in the condition of his bowels and in three days they were entirely normal. He is now well and getting very strong and fleshy and we know that Grape-Nuts saved his life for he was a very, very ill baby. Grape-Nuts food must have wonderful properties to effect such cures as this.

"We grown-ups in our family all use Grape-Nuts and also Postum in place of coffee with the result that we never any of us have any coffee ills, but are well and strong." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The reason Grape-Nuts food relieves bowel trouble in babies or adults is because the starch of the grain is pre-digested and does not tax the bowels, nor ferment like white bread, potatoes and other forms of starchy food.

Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the \$7,500.00 cooks contest for 735 money prizes.

draw for the garnishing of its shell—the beautifying of its abiding place, and for the best use of these things, there must be reflection, appreciation and culture.

The home of the poor man is often a far happier one than that of him he so envies. Happiness is not dependent upon wealth; if the home is not a happy one, even in poverty, there must be something wrong. The father and mother should try together to find the trouble, and ameliorate it. One should find a great pleasure in the sense of ownership, and a strong determination to make the very best of what is our own will greatly simplify matters. Forbearance, cheerfulness, politeness, and a strong endeavor to make others happy, setting self in the background, should be one of the unbreakable rulings of the family. Happiness does not come by seeking; it will spread into our own lives. Politeness means more than etiquette, and it is the one virtue—for it is a virtue—which goes the furthest toward making of the poorest hut a real home. The love which "vaunteth not itself, which suffereth long and is kind," is the true, strong sunshine without which the real home spirit languishes; and love cannot live where envy rules.

Do not envy your rich neighbor. Riches bring burdens grievously heavy at times. Do not covet your neighbor's fine house, or costly wardrobe. You do not know what a constant source of worry and overwork the added care may be to her.

A Chapter on Whipped Cream

Cream for whipping must be too cold to churn. It must be rich, thick and sweet, to obtain the best results. In summer all the utensils used, cream bowl, beater, spoon, etc., should be placed on ice several hours before attempting to whip the cream, and if the day is very warm, the bowl should be set in ice water while beating. One requires a good beater—Dover's egg-beater answers nicely, though the beating may be done with a fork on a platter, but requires much longer time and more labor. A small bowl is better than a large one, as the cream can thus all be continually stirred. The beating must be done rapidly and continually, and in as cold an atmosphere as possible. Remove the cream from the top as it thickens in beating, to make room for more; when all is whipped, set in a cool place until serving time. It should be nearly as thick as butter. For plain whipped cream, nothing is used, except cream, sugar and flavoring.

Put a pint of good, rich cream into a basin with three ounces of fine granulated sugar which has been rubbed on the rind of a fresh lemon; add the whites of two eggs, whisked to a stiff froth, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and, if liked, a tablespoonful of sherry. Whisk the cream briskly, and as the froth rises to the top, take it off and place it on an inverted sieve to drain. Continue whisking vigorously until the cream is all frothed, laying it on the sieve as it stiffens, then set the sieve in a cold place until the next day. Fill a dish with sufficient stale sponge cake, cut in finger pieces, macaroons and ratafias, spreading a thin layer of fruit preserves, or, if preferred, pineapple, apricot or peaches cut in very small dice. Pile the whipped cream on top, making it very high in the middle; sprinkle over the surface with pistachio kernels which have been blanched and chopped very fine, and place little knobs of bright-colored jelly around it. The cake in the dish should be moistened with a little nice custard, and should be in alternate layers with the fruit.

For cake-filling, take one teacupful

of rich, fresh cream, whip briskly, as you would eggs; whip until almost as thick as butter; then add three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, whip well, flavor as desired and spread between layers and over top of the cake. Any nice layer cake recipe may be used.

Fashion Notes.

The hats worn this season differ from those of last summer's style in that while they are flat and flare, they do not droop over the face, but all lift off the face, with a decided slope at the back. The flower toques steadily grow in favor; white straw hats of the wide sailor variety are used for mid-summer wear.

Guimpe dresses are worn by the grown-ups, as well as by the children. They are so convenient and comfortable that they may almost be counted a necessity. The guimpes are made to form the yoke, which may be either round or square. At the waist-line is a casing through which tapes are run, which can be drawn up to the required size.

Sailor suits, made of blue serge, flannel, galatea duck, and all similar materials are always in style for little girls. The skirt can be gored, or straight and gathered at the upper edge. The suit consists of body-lining, which is faced down to form the shield, the skirt and the blouse.

For hot-weather wear, there is nothing that will take the place of the sheer white linens, lawns and batistes. India linens, Persian lawns, organdies, wash chiffons, soft wash silks and plain Swiss, are all desirable, and many of them are quite inexpensive. White and colored grounds in Swiss are both much worn. Tucks of all widths are very much used, in both waist and skirt; the sleeves are also tucked.

Circular berthas are much worn, and are very generally becoming. Sleeves are made in elbow length, and finished with a deep fall of lace; many are tucked to fit snugly above the elbow, with the dropping puffs below that point. Others are made plain with deep cuffs, with handsome trimming on both or above the elbow.

For young girls' frocks, nothing is more stylish than shirring in soft, pliable material. Sleeves may be made elbow length, or long, as preferred. Pretty, and simple frocks of washable material are always in demand. A pretty new fashion is the white silk Tam-o-Shanter for small girls. They may be readily made at home, by the aid of a pattern.

Russian suits for the small boy are simple and attractive, and may be made of a great variety of materials; all the sturdier wash fabrics, serge, mohair, velveteen and velvet are suitable, while checked linen is both pretty and serviceable, as well as seasonable.

Give Me Three Grains of Corn.

Give me three grains of corn, mother—
Only three grains of corn,
It will keep the little life I have
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold,
mother—

Dying of hunger and cold;
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart,
mother,

A wolf that is fierce for blood;
All the livelong day, and the night
beside,

Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep,
mother,

And the sight was heaven to see;
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother—
How could I look to you

For bread to give to your starving boy
When you were starving, too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eyes so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand
As you laid it on your child

The queen has lands and gold, mother,
The queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to your empty
breast

A skeleton babe to hold—
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother—
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on and sees us
starve,

Perishing one by one?
Do the men of England care not,
mother—

The great men and the high—
For the suffering sons of Erin's Isle,
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here,
mother,

Dying of want and cold,
While only across the channel,
mother,

Are many that roll in gold;
There are rich and proud men there,
mother,

With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs
tonight

Would give life to me and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly as you held
My father when he died;
Quick! for I cannot see you, mother,
My breath is almost gone;
Mother! dear mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

—Amelia Blandford Edwards.

Milan Treasures.

The people of Milan, and the world at large, are about to have a liberal view of one of the national treasures, until now jealously hidden away in the cathedral. Centuries ago the Duke of Mantua presented St. Carlo Borromeo, the archbishop of Milan, with seven tapestries, executed in his famous works, from designs by Raphael. Some doubt was thrown upon the authenticity of the designs at the time, but they are now generally conceded to be authentic. In 1569 Cardinal Borromeo gave the precious works of art to the Duomo, which, in return, presented him with three marvelous cases, to hold his robes, for the archbishop's palace. Two centuries later, money being urgently needed, it was decided to sell the tapestries, but, fortunately for Milan and her people, no purchaser was found. The now almost priceless fabrics have only been seen on extraordinary occasions, when one or more have been exposed in the Duomo. Six of them have now been passed over to be exhibited in the new museum that is being arranged in the Sforza Castle. The seventh, which is twice as large as the others, has been retained for the old use in the cathedral. This is a great artistic event, as they are all practically unknown, while one, being a secular subject, has never been seen. —London Pall Mall Gazette.

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