

THE
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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1894

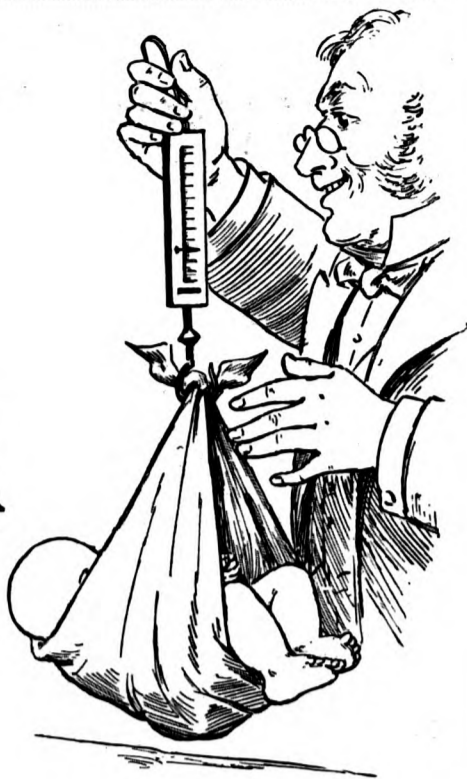
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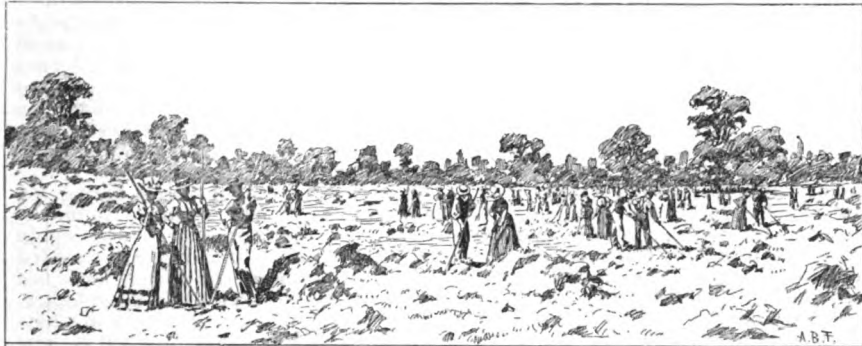
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POMONA'S TRAVELS

A Series of Letters to the Mistress of Rudder Grange from Her Former Hand-Maiden

By Frank R. Stockton

[With Illustrations by A. B. Frost]



LETTER NO. V

CHEDCOMBE.

HIS morning when Jone was out taking a walk and I was talking to Miss Pondar and getting

her to teach me how to make Devonshire clotted cream, which we have for every meal, putting it on everything it will go on, into everything it will go into, and eating it by itself when there is nothing it will go on or into, and trying to find out why it is that whittings are always brought on the table with their tails stuck through their throats, as if they had committed suicide by cutting their jugular veins in this fashion, I saw coming along the road to our cottage, a pretty little dogcart with two ladies in it. The horse they drove was a pony and the prettiest creature I ever saw, being formed like a full-sized horse, only very small, and with as much fire and spirit and gracefulness as could be

When I begged her to sit down and name it she went on to say there had come that morning to the inn a very large party in a coach and four that was making a trip through the country, and as they didn't travel on Sunday they wanted to stay at the Bordley Arms until Monday morning.

"Now," said she, "that puts me to a dreadful lot of trouble because I haven't room to accommodate them all, and even if I could get rooms for them somewhere else they don't want to be separated. But there is one of the best rooms at the inn which is occupied by an elderly gentleman, and if I could get that room I could put two double beds in it and so accommodate the whole party. Now, knowing that you had a pleasant chamber here that you don't use, I thought I would make bold to come and ask you if you would lodge Mr. Poplington until Monday?"

"What sort of a person is this Mr. Poplington, and is he willing to come here?"

"Oh, I haven't asked him yet," said she, "but he is so extremely good-natured that I know he will be glad to come here. He has often asked me who lived in this extremely picturesque cottage."

"You must have an answer now?" said I.

"Oh, yes," said she, "for if you cannot do me this favor I must go somewhere else, and where to go I don't know."

Now I had begun to think that the one thing we wanted in this little home of ours was company, and that it was a great pity to have that nice bedroom on the second floor entirely wasted, with nobody ever in it. So as far as I was concerned I would be very glad to have some pleasant person in the house, at least for a day or two, and I didn't believe Jone would

object. At any rate it would put a stop, at least for a little while, to his eternally saying how Corinne, our daughter, would enjoy that room, and how nice it would be if we was to take this house for the rest of the season and send for her. Now Corinne's as happy as she can be at her grandmother's farm, and her school will begin before we're ready to come home, and what is more we didn't come here to spend all our time in one place.

While I was thinking of these things I was looking out of the window at the lady in the dogcart who was holding the reins. She was as pretty as a picture and wore a great straw hat with lovely flowers in it. As I had to give an answer without waiting for Jone to come home, and I didn't expect him until luncheon time, I concluded to be neighborly and said we would take

the gentleman to oblige her. Even if the arrangement didn't suit him or us it wouldn't matter much for that little time. At which Mrs. Locky was very grateful indeed, and said she would have Mr. Poplington's luggage sent around that afternoon, and that he would come later.

As she got up to go I said to her, "Is that young lady out there one of the party who came with the coach and four?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Locky, "she lives with me. She is the young lady who keeps the bar."

I expect I opened my mouth and eyes pretty wide for I was never so astonished. A young lady like that keeping the bar. But I didn't want Mrs. Locky to know how much I was surprised and so I said nothing about it.

When they had gone and I had stood looking after them for about a minute, I remembered I hadn't asked whether Mr. Poplington would want to take his meals here or whether he would go to the inn for them. To be sure she only asked me to lodge him, but as the inn is more than a half a mile from here he may want to be boarded. But this will have to be found out when he comes, and when Jone comes home it will have to be found out what he thinks about my taking a lodger while he's out taking a walk.

LETTER NO. VI

CHEDCOMBE, SOMERSETSHIRE.

WHEN Jone came home and I told him a gentleman was coming to live with us he thought at first I was joking, and when he found out that I meant what I said he looked very blue and stood with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the ground considering.

"He's not going to take his meals here, is he?"

"I don't think he expects that," I said, "for Mrs. Locky only spoke of lodging."

"Oh, well," said Jone, looking as if his clouds was clearing off a little, "I don't suppose it will matter to us if that room is occupied over Sunday, but I think the next time I go out for a stroll I'll take you with me."

I didn't go out that afternoon and sat on pins and needles until half-past five o'clock. Jone wanted me to walk with him but I wouldn't do it because I didn't want our lodger to come here and be received by Miss Pondar. At half-past five there came a cart with the gentleman's luggage, as they call it here, and I was glad Jone wasn't at home.

There was an enormous leather portmanteau, which looked as if it had been dragged by a boy too short to lift it from the ground, half over the world, a hat-box, also of leather but not so draggy looking, a bundle of canes and umbrellas, a leather dressing-case and a flat, round bathing-tub. I had the things taken up to the room as quickly as I could, for if Jone had seen them he'd think the gentleman was going to bring his family with him.

It was nine o'clock and still broad daylight when Mr. Poplington himself came, carrying a fishing-rod put up in parts in a canvas bag, a fish-basket and a small valise. He wore leather leggings and was about sixty years old but a wonderful good walker. I thought, when I saw him coming, that he had no rheumatism whatever, but I found out afterward that he had a little in one of his arms. He had white hair

and white side whiskers and a fine red face, which made me think of a strawberry partly covered with Devonshire clotted cream. Jone and I was sitting in the summer-house, he smoking his pipe, and we both went to meet the gentleman. He had a bluff way of speaking and said he was much obliged to us for taking him in, and after saying that it was a warm evening, a thing which



"The young lady who keeps the bar"

I hadn't noticed, he asked to be shown to his room. I sent Hannah with him and then Jone and I went back to the summer-house.

I didn't know exactly why but I wasn't in as good spirits as I had been, and when Jone spoke he didn't make me feel any better.

"It seems to me," said he, "that I see signs of weakening in the social boom. That man considers us exactly as we considered our lodging-house keeper in London. Now it doesn't strike me that that sample person you was talking about, who is a cross between a rich farmer and a poor gentleman, would go into the lodging-house business." I couldn't help agreeing with Jone and I didn't like it a bit. The gentleman hadn't said anything



"I see signs of weakening in the social boom"

got into an animal sixteen hands high. I heard afterward that he came from Exmoor, which is about twelve miles from here, and produces ponies and deers of similar size and swiftness. They stopped at the door and one of them got out and came in. Miss Pondar told me she wished to see me, and that she was Mrs. Locky, of the Bordley Arms in the village.

"The innkeeper's wife?" said I, to which Miss Pondar said it was, and I went into the parlor. Mrs. Locky was a handsome looking lady, and wearing as stylish clothes as if she was a duchess, and extremely polite and respectful.

She said she would have asked Mrs. Shutterfield to come with her and introduce her but that lady was away from home, and so she had come by herself to ask me a very great favor.



AT THE ABBEY

or done anything that was out of the way, but there was a benignant loftiness about him which grated on the inmost fibres of my soul.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said I, turning sharp on Jone, "we won't charge him a cent. That'll take him down and show him what we are. We'll give him the room as a favor to Mrs. Locky, considering her in the light of a neighbor and one who sent us a cucumber."

"All right," said Jone, "I like that way of arranging the business. Up goes the social boom again."

Just as we was going up to bed Miss Ponder came to me and said that the gentleman had called down to her and asked if he could have a new-laid egg for his breakfast, and she asked if she should send Hannah early in the morning to see if she could get a perfectly fresh egg from one of the cottages.

"I thought, ma'am, that perhaps you might object to buying things on Sunday."

"I do," I said. "Does that Mr. Poplington expect to have his breakfast here? I only took him to lodge."

"Oh, ma'am," said Miss Ponder, "they always takes their breakfasts where they has their rooms. Dinner and luncheon is different, and he may expect to go to the inn for them."

"Indeed!" said I. "I think he may, and if he breakfasts here he can take what we've got. If the eggs are not fresh enough for him he can try to get along with some bacon. He can't expect that to be fresh."

Knowing that English people take their breakfast late Jone and I got up early so as to get through before our lodger came down. But bless me, when we went to the front door to see what sort of a day it was we saw him coming in from a walk. "Fine morning," said he, and in fact there was only a little drizzle of rain which might stop when the sun got higher, and he stood near us and began to talk about the trout in the stream, which, to my utter amazement, he called a river.

"Do you take your license by the day or week?" he said to Jone.

"License!" said Jone. "I don't fish."

"Really!" exclaimed Mr. Poplington.

"Oh, I see, you are a cyclist."

"No," said Jone, "I'm not that either, I'm a plover."

"Really!" said the old gentleman; "what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I pervade the scenery, sometimes on foot and sometimes in a trap. That's my style of rural pleasuring."

"But you do fish at home," I said to Jone, not wishing the English gentleman to think my husband was a city man who didn't know anything about sport.

"Oh, yes," said Jone, "I used to fish for perch and sunfish."

"Sunfish?" said Mr. Poplington. "I don't know that fish at all. What sort of a fly do you use?"

"I don't fish with any flies at all," said Jone, "I bait my hook with worms."

Mr. Poplington's face looked as if he had poured liquid shoe blacking on his meat, thinking it was Worcestershire sauce. "Fancy! Worms! I'd never take a rod in my hands if I had to use worms. Never used a worm in my life. There's no sort of science in worm fishing."

"There's double sport," said Jone, "for first you've got to catch your worm. Then again I hate shams; if you have to catch fish there's no use cheating them into the bargain."

"Cheat!" cried Mr. Poplington. "If I had to catch a whale I'd fish for him with a fly. But you Americans are strange people. Worms indeed!"

"We don't all use worms," said Jone, "there're lots of fly fishers in America and they use all sorts of flies. If we are to believe all the Californians tell us some of the artificial flies out there must be as big as crows."

"Really?" said Mr. Poplington, looking hard at Jone with a little twinkling in his eyes. "And when gentlemen fish who don't like to cheat the fishes what size of worms do they use?"

"Well," said Jone, "in the far West I've heard that the common black snake is the favorite bait. He's six or seven feet long, and fishermen that use him don't have to have any line. He's bait and line all in one."

Mr. Poplington laughed. "I see you are fond of a joke," said he, "and so am I, but I'm also fond of my breakfast."

"I'm with you there," said Jone, and we all went in.

Mr. Poplington was very pleasant and chatty, and of course asked a great many questions about America. Nearly all English people I've met want to talk about our country, and it seems to me that what they do know about it isn't any better, considered as useful information, than what they don't know. But Mr. Poplington has never been to America, and so he knows more about us than those Englishmen who come over to write books, and only have time to run around the outsides of things and get themselves tripped up on our ragged edges.

He said he had met a good many Americans and liked them, but he couldn't see for the life of him why they do some things English people don't do, and don't do

things English people do do. For instance, he wondered why we don't drink tea for breakfast. Miss Ponder had made it for him, knowing he'd want it, and he wonders why Americans drink coffee when such good tea as that was comes in their reach.

Now, if I had considered Mr. Poplington as a lodger it might have nettled me to have him tell me I didn't know what was good, but remembering that we was giving him hospitality and not board, and didn't intend to charge him a cent, but was just taking care of him out of neighborly kindness, I was rather glad to have him find a little fault, because that would make me feel as if I was soaring still higher above him the next morning when I should tell him there was nothing to pay.

So I took it all good-natured and said to him, "Well, Americans like to have the very best things that can be got out of every country. We're like bees flying over the whole world looking into every blossom to see what sweetness there is to be got out of it. From the lily of France we sip their coffee, from the national flower of India, whatever it is, we take their chutney sauce, and as to those big apple tarts, baked in a deep dish with a cup in the middle to hold up the upper crust, and so full of apples, and so delicious with Devonshire clotted cream on them that if there was any one place in the world they could be had I believe my husband would want to go and live there forever, they are what we extract from the rose of England."

Mr. Poplington laughed like anything at this, but said there was a great many other things that he could show us and tell us about which would be very well worth while sipping from the rose of England.

After breakfast he went to church with us, and as we was coming home—for he didn't seem to have the least idea of going to the inn for his luncheon—he asked if we didn't find the services very different from those in America.

"Yes," said I, "they are about as different from Quaker services as a squirting fountain is from a corked bottle. The Methodists and Unitarians and Reformed Dutch and Campbellites and hard-shelled Baptists have different services too, but in the Episcopal churches things are all pretty much the same as they did this morning. You forget, sir, that in our country there are religions to suit all sizes of minds. We haven't any national religion any more than we have a national flower."

"But you ought to have," said he, "you ought to have an established church."

"You may be sure we'll have it," said Jone, "as soon as we agree as to which one it ought to be."

LETTER NO. VII

CHEDCOMBE, SOMERSETSHIRE.

LAST Sunday afternoon Mr. Poplington asked us if we would not like to walk over to a ruined abbey about four miles away, which he said was very interesting. It seemed to me that four miles there and four miles back was a pretty long walk, but I wanted to see the abbey and I wasn't going to let him think that a young American woman couldn't walk as far as an elderly English gentleman, so I agreed and so did Jone. The abbey is a wonderful place, and I never thought of being tired while wandering in the rooms and in the garden where the old monks used to live and preach and give food to the poor and keep house without women, which was pious enough but must have been untidy. But the thing that surprised me the most was what Mr. Poplington told us about the age of the place. It was not built all at once and it's part ancient and part modern, and you needn't wonder, madam, that I was astonished when he said that the part called modern was finished just three years before America was discovered. When I heard that, I seemed to shrivel up as if my country was a new-born babe alongside of a bearded patriarch, but I didn't stay shriveled long, for it can't be denied that a new-born babe has a good deal more to look forward to than a patriarch has.

It is amazing how many things in this part of the country we'd never thought of if it hadn't been for Mr. Poplington. At dinner he told us about Exmoor and the Lorna Doone country, and the wild deer hunting that can be had nowhere else in England, and lots of other things that made me feel we must be up and doing if we wanted to see all we ought to see before we left Chedcombe. When I went up-stairs to bed I said to Jone that Mr. Poplington was a very different man from what I thought he was.

"He's just as nice as he can be, and I'm going to charge him for his room and his meals and for everything he's had."

Jone laughed and asked me if that was the way I showed people I liked them.

"We intended to humble him by not charging him anything," I said, "and make him feel he had been depending on our bounty, but now I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world, and I'll make out his bill in the morning myself. Women always do that sort of thing in England."

As you asked me, madam, to tell you everything that happened on our travels, I'll go on about Mr. Poplington. After breakfast on Monday morning he went over to the inn and said he would come back and

pack up his things, but when he did come back he told us that those coach and four people had determined not to leave Chedcombe that day, but was going to stay and look at the sights in the neighborhood, and that they would want the room for that night. He said this had made him very angry because they had no right to change their minds that way after having made definite arrangements in which other people besides themselves was concerned, and he had said so very plainly to the gentleman who seemed to be at the head of the party.

"I hope it will be no inconvenience to you, madam," he said, "to keep me another night."

"Oh dear, no," said I, "and my husband was saying this morning that he wished you was going to stay with us the rest of our time here."

"Really!" exclaimed Mr. Poplington. "Then I'll do it. I'll go to the inn this minute and have the rest of my luggage brought over here. If this is any punishment to Mrs. Locky she deserves it, for she shouldn't have told those people they could stay longer without consulting me."

In less than an hour there came a van to our cottage with the rest of his luggage. There must have been over a dozen boxes and packages, besides things tied up and strapped, and as I saw them being carried up one at a time, I said to Miss Ponder that in our country we'd have two or three big trunks, which we could take about without any trouble.

"Yes, ma'am," said she, but I could see by her face that she didn't believe luggage would be luggage unless you could lug it, but was too respectful to say so.

When Mr. Poplington got settled down in our spare room he blossomed out like a full-blown friend of the family, and accordingly began to give us advice. He said we should go as soon as we could and see Exmoor and all that region of country, and that if we didn't mind he'd like to go with us, to which we answered of course, we should like that very much, and asked him what he thought would be the best way to go. So we had ever so much talk about that, and although we all agreed it would be nicer not to take a public coach, but travel private, we didn't find it easy to decide as to the manner of travel. We all agreed that a carriage and horses would be too expensive, and Jone was rather in favor of a dogcart for us if Mr. Poplington would like to go on horseback, but the old gentleman said it would be too much riding for him, and if we took a dogcart he'd have to take another one. But this wouldn't be a very sociable way of traveling and none of us liked it.

"Now!" exclaimed Mr. Poplington striking his hand on the table, "I'll tell you exactly how we ought to go through that country—we ought to go on cycles."

"Bicycles?" said I.

"Tricycles, if you like," he answered, "but that's the way to do it. It'll be cheap and we can go as we like and stop when we like. We'll be as free and independent as the Stars and Stripes, and more so, for they can't always flap when they like and stop flapping when they choose. Have you ever tried it, madam?"

I replied that I had a little, because my daughter had a tricycle, and I had ridden on it for a short distance and after sundown, but as for regular travel in the daytime I couldn't think of it.

At this Jone nearly took my breath away by saying that he thought that the bicycle idea was a capital one, and that for his part he'd like it better than any other way of traveling through a pretty country. He also said he believed I could work a tricycle just as well as not, and that if I got used to it I would think it fine.

I stood out against those two men for about a half an hour, and then I began to give in a little and think that it might be nice to roll along on my own little wheels over their beautiful smooth roads, and stop and smell the hedges and pick flowers whenever I felt like it, and so it ended in my agreeing to do the Exmoor country on a tricycle while Mr. Poplington and Jone went on bicycles. As to getting the machines, Mr. Poplington said he would attend to that. There was people in London who hired them to excursionists, and all he had to do was to send an order and that they would be on hand in a day or two, and so that matter was settled and he wrote to London. I thought Mr. Poplington was a little old for that sort of exercise but I found he had been used to doing a great deal of cycling in the part of the country where he lives, and besides he isn't as old as I thought he was, being not much over fifty. The kind of air that keeps a country always green is wonderful in bringing out early red and white in a person.

"Everything happens wonderfully well, madam," said he, coming in after he had been to post his letter in a red iron box let into the side of the Wesleyan chapel, "doesn't it? Now here we're not able to start on our journey for two or three days and I have just been told that the great hay-making in the big meadow to the south of the village is to begin to-morrow. They make the hay there only every other year and they have a grand time of it. We must be there and you shall see some of our English country customs."

We said we'd be sure to be in for that sort of thing.

I wish, madam, you could have seen that great hay-field. It belongs to the lord of the manor and must have twenty or thirty acres in it. They've been three or four days cutting the grass on it with a machine, and now there's been nearly two days with hardly any rain, only now and then some drizzling, and a good strong wind, which they think here is better for the hay-making than sunshine, though they don't object to a little sun. All the people in the village who had legs good enough to carry them to that field went to help make hay. It was a regular holiday, and as hay is clean nearly everybody was dressed in good clothes. Early in the morning some twenty regular farm laborers began raking the hay at one end of the field, stretching themselves nearly the whole way across it, and as the day went on more and more people came, men and women, high and low. All the young women and some of the older ones had rakes, and the way they worked them was amazing to see, but they turned over the hay enough to dry it. As to school girls and boys there was no end of them in the afternoon, for school let out early. Some of them worked but most of them played and cut up monkey-shines on the hay. Even the little babies was brought on the field, and nice, soft beds made for them under the trees at one side.

When Jone saw the real farm work going on with a chance for everybody to turn in to help, his farmer blood boiled within him as if he was a farm horse and sniffed the smoke of battle, and he got himself a rake and went to work like a good fellow. I never saw so many men at work in a hay-field at home, but when I looked at Jone raking I could see why it was it didn't take so many men to get in our hay. As for me I raked a little but looked about a great deal more.

Near the middle of the field was two women working together raking as steadily as if they had been brought up to it. One of these was young and even handsomer than Miss Dick, which was the name of the bar lady. To look at her made me think of what I had read of Queen Marie Antoinette and her court ladies playing the part of milk-maids. Her straw hat was trimmed with delicate flowers, and her white muslin dress and pale blue ribbons made her the prettiest picture I ever saw out-of-doors. I could not help asking Mrs. Locky who she was, and she told me that she was the chambermaid at the inn, and the other was the cook. When I heard this I didn't make any answer but just walked off a little way and began raking and thinking. I have often wondered why it is that English servants are so different from those we have, or to put it in a strictly confidential way between you and me, madam, why the chambermaid at the Bordley Arms, as she is, is so different from me, as I used to be when I first lived with you. Now that young chambermaid with the pretty hat is, as far as appearances go, as good a woman as I am, and if Jone was a bachelor and intended to marry her I would think it was as good a match as if he married me. But the difference between us two is that when I got to be the kind of woman I am I wasn't willing to be a servant, and if I had always been the kind of young woman that chambermaid is I never would have been a servant.

I've kept a sharp eye on the young women in domestic service over here, having a fellow-feeling for them, as you can well understand, madam, and since I have been in the country I've watched the poor folks and seen how they live, and it's just as plain to me as can be that the young women who are maids and waitresses over here are the kind who would have tried to be shopgirls and dressmakers and even school-teachers in America, and many of the servants we have would be working in the fields if they lived over here. The fact is the English people don't go to other countries to get their servants. Their way is like a factory consuming its own smoke. The surplus young women, and there must always be a lot of them, are used up in domestic service.

Now if an American poor girl is good enough to be a first-class servant she wants to be something else. Sooner than go out to service she will work twice as hard in a shop, or even go into a factory.

I have talked a good deal about this to Jone, and he says I'm getting to be a philosopher, but I don't think it takes much philosophizing to find out how this case stands. If house service could be looked upon in the proper way it wouldn't take long for American girls who have to work for their living to find out that it's a lot better to live with nice people, and cook and wait on the table, and do all those things which come natural to women the world over, than to stand all day behind a counter under the thumb of a floor-walker, or grind their lives out like slaves among a lot of steam engines and machinery. The only reason the English have better house servants than we have is that here any girl who has to work is willing to be a house servant, and very good house servants they are, too.

(Continuation in March JOURNAL)

DR. TALMAGE'S ELDEST DAUGHTER

BY EMMA TRAPPER

A GENTLEMAN of the old school would be consoled if he could meet Mrs. Jessie Talmage Smith, the eldest, and perhaps the most interesting of Dr. Talmage's five daughters. In these days of feminine activity it sounds paradoxical to write that a woman may be interesting—very interesting—even though she belongs to no club, is connected with no charitable nor other organization whatsoever, and even though she be as free from hobbies and fads as a girl of ten.

Mrs. Smith does not paint, fence nor ride; she plays a little and sings a very little; she herself admits that she is not over-fond of reading, and yet with all these negatives, she is a most interesting woman, shining in those domestic and womanly virtues which are apt to be considered as characteristic of the past, rather than of the present generation.

Mrs. Smith's chief charm is her candor. There are many women whose predilections for certain accomplishments are no more pronounced than are Mrs. Smith's, but they are not so frank in disclaiming.

Although a great traveler before her marriage, she cannot recall a single accident or other unpleasant happening, either



MRS. SMITH

CLEVER DAUGHTERS OF CLEVER PARENTS

An Interesting Group of Young Women

THE HON. FRANCES WOLSELEY

BY ETHEL MACKENZIE MCKENNA

THE present home of Lord and Lady Wolseley and their daughter, the Honorable Frances, is the Free Hospital Kilmainham, which is the official residence of the Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces in Ireland, a post which surrounds the Commander's family with fine specimens of the British soldiery, who are comfortably spending their last days in this peaceful asylum. Scarcely less than the devotion of these men to their Commander is the feeling which they have for the General's only child, whose bright smile and kindly greet-



HON. FRANCES WOLSELEY

"MRS. ALEXANDER'S" DAUGHTER

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN

I HAVE no inherited talent," Miss Hector said, when asked about her own work. "I once tried to write a novel and miserably failed." Miss Hector has not tried again, the spirit never having moved her to do so, and we must suppose, therefore, that "Mrs. Alexander" has not transmitted her great gifts as a novelist to her daughter.

Miss Hector was educated at Forest Hill, a London suburb, and at Boston, a Lincolnshire seaport. Scarcely any of her schoolfellows knew that little Ida Hector was the daughter of the novelist who, as a *nom de plume*, used the Christian name of her hus-



MISS HECTOR

A GRANDCHILD OF GENERAL GRANT

BY ALICE GRAHAM MCCOLLIN

THE birth of Esther Cleveland at the Executive Mansion will take from Julia Grant, the first-born grandchild of President Grant, her position as the latest born of the daughters of the White House, but it cannot rob her of her position as one who is doing honor to the place which gave her birth.

On June 7, 1876, Julia, the child of General Grant's eldest son, Frederick Dent, and his wife, Ida Honoré, was born at the Executive Mansion. A month later she was christened in the same building. The baby was given but one name, Julia, in honor of her paternal grandmother, her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Honoré, with President Grant, acting as sponsors.

At the conclusion of General Grant's second term Mr. Grant removed with his family to Chicago, where, for a time, they made their home. They left Chicago for New York a few years later, and there remained until the appointment of Colonel Grant as Minister to Austria, when they removed to the Austrian capital, Vienna. Their return to New York, where they are at present making their home, has been a matter of recent happening.

Throughout the successive journeyings



MISS GRANT

by rail or water. Probably the most memorable event in her singularly smooth and unclouded career was the tour she made through Great Britain and Ireland with her distinguished father thirteen years ago.

This was upon the occasion of Dr. Talmage's first great lecture tour abroad, and as many may remember, was chronicled far and wide for the great social successes which attended it.

If Mrs. Smith has made an idol of anybody it is her father. Unlike many great men Dr. Talmage lives very near to the hearts of his children. He is great as a preacher, but he is greater as a family man, always manifesting the keenest interest in the little as well as the big things which concern the welfare of his loved ones. Indeed, the home life of the Talmage family while Mrs. Smith lived under the parental roof, as it is to-day, is so happy a one that there is very little to say of it, further than that the Talmage girls had no secrets from their father and mother. Perhaps owing to this confidence is due the happy marriage of Jessie to Mr. G. Warren Smith nine years ago, which took place at the second Tabernacle, and was one of the great social events in Brooklyn for the year. Several thousand invitations were issued. Many men and women prominent in literature, politics and society, witnessed the ceremony, which was impressively performed by the bride's father. After the church service a large reception was held at the Talmage residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith have one child—a little girl who is golden-haired and very pretty. They reside in a handsome brownstone house in Brooklyn, about ten minutes' walk from the Talmage home.

Christmas and Thanksgiving Days are the times of the Talmage family reunions, and for years it has been the custom for the married children and their families to take dinner and spend those days with the Doctor and Mrs. Talmage.

Mrs. Smith has dark brown hair, blue eyes and a low, broad brow. She is tall and plump, with neck and arms that a painter might desire for a model. She dresses in excellent taste. Her walk is dignified, as becomes a tall woman.

Like her father she is a stranger to sickness, her proudest boast being that she has been ill but once in her life.

Mrs. Smith was born in Belleville, New Jersey, where her father was filling his first charge. Dr. Talmage has been married twice, and the subject of this little sketch is the only living child of the first marriage, but as her mother died when Jessie was but three years old the latter knows only the present Mrs. Talmage as "mother," and her she dearly loves.

ing warm the hearts of the old men, and whose enthusiasm for which is as unflagging as the interest with which she listens to their more than "twice-told" tales.

Lady Frances Wolseley, the heiress to her father's title, is a tall, graceful girl with a round, lovable face, dark eyes and magnificent hair, which curls prettily round her brow and softens her high, broad forehead. She is slight and well-made and altogether an admirable example of the girl of the present day. It is easy to see by her every movement that she must excel in the sports and pastimes in which this generation of English women delights. But of all the forms of exercise dear to Miss Wolseley, that of riding is unquestionably the favorite. She is a splendid horsewoman, and is never so happy as when seated on Blackberry, her pet mare. She has the reputation of being a wonderfully straight rider in the hunting field. Dancing, too, is a favorite amusement of hers.

Lord Wolseley adores his daughter, and the knowledge that his well-won title will descend to her is a source of great satisfaction to him. But proud as the young girl is of her distinguished father, it is to her mother that she specially clings. They have been all in all to each other during the long absences of Lord Wolseley. It is because of this companionship that Miss Wolseley has never been sent to school. Lady Wolseley was anxious to have her daughter with her as much as possible, and Miss Wolseley consequently received her education at home under the superintendence of a governess. Miss Wolseley is decidedly clever, and is particularly bright and animated in conversation. She is, moreover, an exceptionally good linguist, and an exceptionally good amateur artist.

The Wolseleys are a domesticated family and have a great love of home. Each member of the family has a mania for collecting, and as each is inclined to vary their hobby there is a wonderful collection of curiosities in their Irish home.

Lady Wolseley and her daughter acclimated themselves to their Irish home sooner than might have been expected. Three of the five years during which Lord Wolseley's appointment lasts have more than expired, and before long he will have to be thinking of another change. But before that takes place it is probable that his daughter will have left him to take her place at the head of an establishment of her own. The man who can induce her to leave her home for his will indeed be fortunate, for all who know her declare that there does not live a truer, more lovable girl than Frances Wolseley, nor one more deserving of honor.

band. It was not until after the death of her husband that "Mrs. Alexander" obtained the fame which might have been expected to influence the mind of her young daughter.

The boarding-school at Boston was situated in the house where Jean Ingelow, the poetess, was born, and as a consequence many of the schoolgirls made Jean Ingelow their heroine, and Miss Adams, the lady who conducted the school, frequently read aloud from her poems to her pupils. To the personal influence of this teacher Miss Hector pays the highest tribute. She thinks she owes more to the good influence of Miss Adams than she could ever have gained by spending three or four years at any one of the large colleges. Miss Hector, from her own experience, thinks the small school, with a teacher cultured as well as kind-hearted, is the next best place to home for girls. She was taken away from her English school when her mother went to reside in Paris, and there for three or four years she received lessons in painting and in music. The family then went to reside in Dresden, where Miss Hector heard all the concerts and realized so well the greatness of music that she gave up its study as a mere accomplishment.

Miss Hector has attained excellence in her translations from the French—mostly from the works of Daudet, for whom she has the greatest admiration. She has, also, made much progress in art. The drawing-room in her mother's house at Maida Vale contains many of her water-color sketches. She is so passionately fond of Paris, in part because of its art associations, that she and her mother spend two or three of the autumn months at the French capital every year.

Miss Hector is fond of all outdoor sports in which her sex is permitted to share. She never misses an opportunity of riding to hounds. Of tennis she is also passionately fond; of golf she does not, strange to say, speak so enthusiastically. In person Miss Hector is tall and graceful.

Miss Hector spends much of her time in her comfortable and luxurious home in the Portsdown Road. Although not a society woman she yet derives much pleasure from a well-chosen circle of friends, Mrs. Lynn Linton probably occupying the centre. It is Miss Hector's pleasant duty every Saturday afternoon, during the season, to go to Mrs. Linton's flat at Queen Anne's Gate to "pour tea" at the famous writer's "at homes." Occasionally, too, she visits Mrs. Rider Haggard at Norfolk. Wherever Miss Hector is, in society or in her home, in Paris or in an English village, the charming simplicity of her manner is noticeable.

of her family the education of Miss Grant has continued without interruption. Inheriting from her Huguenot ancestry, doubtless, a predilection for the French language, she has taken a most complete course in French literature. German she has studied in the same conscientious manner. Both languages were of the greatest value to her in her association with the Austrians.

In addition to the study of languages and literature most of Miss Grant's attention has been devoted to art.

Miss Grant is domestic in all her tastes, a fondness for sewing and embroidery filling in the spare hours which are left from her reading, studying and painting. She is extremely amiable, thoughtful and considerate of others in an unusual degree. Gentleness and justice are her most prominent traits.

She is slightly above medium height, and of slender, girlish figure. Her complexion is fair and clear, the dark blue of her eyes and brown of her hair accentuating its clearness. She dresses in the very simplest of modes. Her favorite outdoor amusement is walking.

Miss Grant has never been formally presented to society, nor will she make her debut in New York for a year or two yet; but both Colonel and Mrs. Grant, realizing what a delightful memory an acquaintance with that most reserved of all European courts would be to their daughter in after life, permitted her to be presented at the Austrian Court.

Her relations with her grandfather were of the most intimate and devoted nature. She spent much time with him during the last years of his life, and remembers him with deepest affection. A wreath of leaves, the loving work of her hands, was buried with him, laid upon his casket in the tomb at Riverside.

Miss Grant, as the oldest living of General Grant's grandchildren, is the fortunate possessor of many valuable souvenirs of the ex-President. Among the most important of these are a number of personal letters. Several buttons, which were cut from uniforms which the General wore during the late war, she has had mounted as a bracelet, making a piece of jewelry more valuable than any jeweled circlet could be.

In her character of daughter, of grand-daughter, of pupil, and in her social experiences, Miss Grant has proven herself worthy to bear the honored name which has descended to her.

MY TABOOED PLAYMATE, ADELINA PATTI

By Katherine B. Foot



ANY years ago a little girl happened to live near my home in New York, and her name was Adelina Patti. We lived on East Tenth Street, which was then a very exclusive street from Fifth Avenue to a trifle beyond Second Avenue. It was the highway to St. Mark's and to Second Avenue, as was Astor Place. Second Avenue from Fourth to Eighteenth Streets, was then an aristocratic locality. It was disputed only by Washington Square, North.

We lived in one of four brick houses that had been built in the midst of a wilderness of white cottages, some two-storied, but most of them only a story and a half high. Beyond our four brick houses was another brick house, a little smaller in every way, and there, to the intense indignation of the neighborhood, came one day in early autumn a family of Italians, the Patti family, who rented the little house next to the corner.

AS I look back into my memory of the years so long past I think of the very first time that I saw Adelina. She was balancing herself on the tips of her toes, and leaning over the iron guard in front of the low French windows, to see how far she could reach without falling over and out into the area. As it was a favorite amusement of my own I looked at her with an absorbed interest. When she finally concluded that she had reached over as far as she possibly could she stood up straight on the windowsill, and I took a good, long look at her, and she stared back at me. When I was quite satisfied as to exactly what an Italian looked like I turned away and went on rolling my hoop up and down the block. I have since been told that the same day I astonished my family by saying suddenly at the nursery dinner:

"Why, I thought Italians were black, but she isn't, only her eyes and her hair, and she has nice pig-tails, nice, smooth ones, tied with ribbon—not old curls like mine."

When we went down to dessert that night, as we always did when we had been fairly well behaved through the day, my mother said, "Where did you see that Italian child?" I told her just how and when, and she said, "I don't care particularly to have you play with that little girl." When I ventured to say, "Why mustn't I?" I was told that I must not ask questions, and must obey. I remember that a dear young uncle, who was dining with my father and mother that evening, burst out laughing and said, "Why Margie, the child won't bite her." But my mother simply gave him a severe, reproving glance, and made no answer. So while I was down-stairs I sat still and wondered, but when I went back to the nursery to bed I asked my kind, old nurse a variety of questions as to why I mustn't play with the little girl, and she told me that she thought it was because her mother was an opera singer.

THE next thing that Adelina did was really a shock to me, for I saw her deliberately catch hold of the coat-tails of a passing gentleman—he looked a very severe and proper gentleman too—and she insisted upon his allowing her to drive him down the street. He naturally objected strongly, while the rest of us stood looking on with a sort of horrified interest, and he told her that she was a naughty little girl, and to go home to her mother. But I was not so deeply shocked, after all, but that I felt an extremely lively interest in all that Adelina did, and she certainly was a source of great entertainment to all the other children in the neighborhood, as well as to me.

We were not allowed to "play around the block," as children were in most of the uptown neighborhoods, because on Ninth Street, where the Bible House now stands, was a vacant lot where all sorts of shows in tents were often set up. So we had only the range from Third to Fourth Avenues, on both sides of the street if we chose, but we were strictly forbidden to cross Fourth Avenue, because several times a day steam engines passed down through the city with passenger or freight cars attached. The engines ran very slowly, but it was a safe precaution to issue orders that under no circumstances whatever should we cross the street. But Adelina was like a wild little hawk, and ran back and forth across the avenue as she chose, daring us to follow her. I remember very well one day which turned out very unluckily for me. For some reason or other I was playing all alone, and had exhausted all the resources of an active child, and quite at my wit's ends for something to do, I was all ready to accept Adelina's invitation when she came and invited me to run a race.

SO we started off, but her legs were not encumbered by a pair of dreadful pantalets such as I wore, and so, either because she really did run faster or because I carried too much sail, she beat me by several yards, and stood laughing at me when I came up to her on Fourth Avenue. Chagrined by my defeat I was in a reckless mood, and when Adelina said, "Oh, I hear some music coming up Broadway, let's go over?" I hesitated only a moment, while I said uneasily, "But I can't go across Fourth Avenue." But she darted across and I followed. We stood and listened to the band, or rather we jumped up and down and listened to it, and then I made a second bold flight, quite at my own risk. I had two large copper cents in my pocket, and I knew that at the drug store on the corner of Eighth Street and Broadway I could get some "drops" out of the large and enticing glass jar that stood in the window. I had never been so far from home alone, and two cents was a great deal of money for me to have, all of my own; then, too, I had always had to spend my few solitary pennies under the guardianship of a nurse, or some older person, and the temptation was quite too much for me, so I said to Adelina, "You come with me; I've got some money, and I'm going to spend it." As she was more than ready, off we started. I remember that when we got to the apothecary's it took our united strength to get the latch down, and when we got in there was a clerk and a man talking to him. I was dreadfully scared, but I walked boldly up and held out my two cents, saying, "I would like two cents' worth of those," pointing to the jar. The man looked at me with a queer sort of twitch about the corners of his mouth and said, "I'll give some to you two little girls," and then he put a few into a paper. As he was tying them up I laid down the two cents, and he said, "Oh, no, keep your money," and the other man said, "I guess you'll always come here for your candy, won't you?" "Indeed I shall not," I said, for I had a sudden and dreadful sense of my naughtiness, and I made a bolt for the door and rushed out, leaving both candy and money, and Adelina ran after me. I never stopped until we reached the other side of Fourth Avenue, and that time I did outrun Adelina, for she came scurrying up behind. But there was no time for explanations then, for a swift retribution overtook me and I ran straight upon my mother. I only remember that she said, "You have disobeyed me; go straight home and tell Mary to put you to bed."

THE next time I met Adelina she said, "What did you leave the candy for the other day?" I could have eaten it after you went to bed. My! they don't put me to bed; I wouldn't stay there." As time went on we were not absolutely forbidden to play with Adelina—it was just a little frowned upon; but she was a fascinating child, even if a little naughty, and she lived in a world quite different from ours. We felt for her a sort of compassion, mingled largely with envy, for we had been told, or we had heard it said that, "That little Italian girl would some day go on the stage and be a singer like her mother." Some of her family were at that time singing in New York, either at Castle Garden or at Palmo's Theatre on Chambers Street, afterward better known as Burton's Theatre. Adelina had been in the dressing-rooms under the stage, and if she had been on a voyage under the crust of the earth I do not think it could have had half the interest for us that her stories did of how they put paint on their faces with little brushes, or have fired us with so wild a desire to do just as they did.

She sang even then, and was kept practicing or studying for long hours at a time, and sometimes, quite tired out, she would escape into the yard and climb to the very top of the grapevine trellis, and sit and sing at the top of her lungs. Then her mother and her sisters, Amalia and Carlotta, would go to the windows and call, "Adelina, Adelina," and pour out volleys of Italian in a vain attempt to keep her from singing out-of-doors, and injuring her throat. She was perfectly safe on the top of the trellis, for the only other creatures that ever got on top of the very shaky structure were the back-yard cats, but while volleys of old shoes or hair-brushes brought them down, nothing brought Adelina down, except her own will and desire. The great event in the Patti family while they lived in our neighborhood was the marriage of Amalia to Max Strakosch. I forget what season of the year it was, but it was in warm or mild weather, for they had the wedding breakfast in the yard; that is, I thought so at the time, but perhaps they only adjourned there to smoke, but they had a tent or an awning put up. I think it must have been an awning, because we could see under it as we looked out of the nursery windows.

VERY soon after that something very important happened, how important none of us children dreamed, and that was Adelina's first appearance as a singer at Castle Garden. I remember hearing some one read something out of a paper about the appearance the night before of a wonderful child singer, and hearing it said that it must be that child of the Patti's. When we went out to play the little girl next door told us that her father and mother had taken her to that very concert the night before on purpose to hear Adelina sing, and that she had sung one of the songs that we had often heard her sing as she sat on the fence, and that she had had a bouquet given her, all to herself, and that she had courted herself backward. We all felt her reflected glory, and yet I remember having a strange sort of feeling, that Adelina was quite different from the rest of us, and that it was very queer to have such people living so very near.

We all went in a body and stood in front of Adelina's house, and presently she spied us and came dancing out and asked us all in to see her flowers. There was a wild scattering to know at home if we "might," and then, hoops in hand, in we all trooped to see her trophy. What the flowers were, or how they looked, I have quite forgotten. But after that we had a new play. There were two yards between Adelina's and ours, but only two fences, as the next two houses were occupied by brothers who had thrown their yards into one. We often played with the children next door in their yard, and with a step-ladder we climbed to the top of their fence and perched on it like a row of sparrows—that did not then exist on the American continent. We formed an audience for Adelina, and she made a stage of the grass plot, or rather what had been intended for a grass plot, but which, owing to the process of hanging out the clothes, had only a few straggling spears left. She sang and acted for us, and told us when to applaud—for even then she had a keen sense of the value of a *claque*—told us when to throw her the bouquets, which were sometimes handfuls of grass but more often crumpled newspapers. How I can see her now courtesying and kissing her hand, and raising the crumpled papers to her lips, and making as much of a fuss over them in public as she does still with the flowers that are lavished upon her.

SHE was a child of very passionate and, I think, of very vindictive temper, for I know that we were all afraid of provoking her, but there is a good deal to be said in extenuation. She was compelled to study in one way or another constantly. I do not remember that she ever went to school, but I know that she was taught at home, and she must have been well taught, for even in her childhood she spoke English and Italian, and, I think, French perfectly. After her first appearance she often traveled with Max Strakosch, her brother-in-law, sometimes alone, and sometimes with one of her sisters, and the poor child was often very tired. It was probably because she was so tired that she was extremely capricious and obstinate about singing in public, and she soon learned to know that to threaten that she wouldn't sing just before it was time for her to appear before an audience would bring her almost anything that she chose to demand.

One day I was sitting on our front stoop with my big wax doll in my arms. I was only allowed to have her to play with when I had been very good indeed, and she was the biggest, most beautiful doll in the neighborhood, or that I had ever seen, even in shop windows. As I sat there Adelina came toward me with her doll in her arms. She stopped and said, "Show me your dolly?" I held her up and expatiated upon her beauties. I confess now that I felt a keen and wicked satisfaction that her doll had only a plaster head, and I knew, from sad experience, that it was the kind that got grimy and had to be washed off with sweet oil occasionally, and very often had a cracked head, and that she was altogether of an inferior class from my dolly. "She's pretty, isn't she?" said Adelina. "She's beautiful," I said, hugging my treasure, for she was my very own child to me. "How much did she cost?" said Adelina. "I don't know," I said, "a lady sent her to me from London. See, her eyes open and shut," and I gave a vigorous yank to the long wire which was concealed under her petticoats. "Show me how her eyes go?" Adelina said. And after opening and shutting those very inexpressive black eyes several times she handed her back to me and said, "I shall have one like her to-night." My own eyes opened wide at this, and I said, "How will you get her?" "Oh, I'll lie down and kick," she said, "and if Max don't give her to me quick I'll scream, and they'll do anything if I scream." And she nodded her head wisely. "I don't believe you'll ever get her in this world," I said confidently, and with a feeling of absolute certainty that the glory of my doll could never be eclipsed. When she went away I thought a good deal about what she had said, and wondered very much how she got things by being naughty, for I knew that it was the very way for me not to get them.

IT was several days before I saw Adelina again, for I never saw her in her own house, nor in mine, and perhaps it was stormy—I have forgotten—but I know that one day when I was out with the other children that Adelina came proudly down the steps, and in her arms she had a doll that was simply the most beautiful creature that I had ever dreamed of. Such rosy cheeks and smiling, crimson lips, such blue eyes and lovely, flaxen curls, eyes that moved with a touch of the wire and did not roll back in her head until only the whites showed in quite an awful manner, as my doll's eyes did when I pulled the wire too hard. But that fact had not worried me until I saw Adelina's doll, because one of my brothers had told me the reason her eyes rolled back so was because the stopcock inside of her was out of order. "I got her," she said, nodding at me. "Max went right out and got her—he had to."

The most laughable thing that Adelina ever did came soon after the doll episode. It was a very, very warm Sunday afternoon in May, and we were all wishing that we could soon go to Staten Island, where we had a summer home, earlier than usual, for it was so very hot in town. I was listening, in duty bound, to what seemed to me a very long chapter in the Old Testament that mother was reading to us. She was so extremely conscientious that she taught us herself on Sundays, lest we might not be properly instructed in Bible truth and Bible history, and she was so very conscientious about it that we often writhed a good deal, especially in warm weather. Our dear father was always in attendance, and usually very comfortably asleep, and while I envied him I supposed fathers always could go to sleep, because they knew so much. The front door was open, as was usual in warm weather, and the blind door was closed and fastened by a hook. Suddenly "Yankee Doodle came to town riding on a pony," came floating up the stairs, and then the rest of the verse, and numberless trills. Mother shut the Bible emphatically. "It's that Patti child," she said. "I shall not read any more."

A YEAR or two went by, and Adelina grew more serious. We met sometimes and spoke, but she was kept hard at work in her way, and so was I in mine. In those days there were no athletics for girls, and when we had passed the age of hoop-rolling we sat in the house and sewed long seams, and Adelina was away a great deal. Sometimes we talked over the top of a fence, but she sang no more in the yard, and grew more demure in every way. The very last time I ever saw or spoke to her she was about fourteen years old. I was in front of our house looking at an eclipse of the sun through a bit of smoked glass. Adelina came up and said, "Are you looking at that queer thing on the sun?" And I said, "Yes; it is beginning to go off now," and I held the glass for her. "Gracious," she said, "is that all it is? I thought it was going to be pitch dark." I remember perfectly how she looked that afternoon with two long, black braids hanging far below her waist, very black eyes and a slightly protruding under jaw. Her manners were quiet and modest, and she seemed more like the other girls.

VERY soon after that the Patti's moved away, and I lost sight of Adelina entirely, and she passed out of my life and out of my thoughts. One November day, some four years after, my mother said, "You remember Adelina Patti, don't you?" I dropped my sewing and laughed, saying, "How can you ask me, mother—how could I forget Adelina and the Yankee Doodle Sunday?" Mother laughed and said, "Well, she is to make her debut at the Academy on Thanksgiving night. Do you want to go?" "Want to go!" I flew out of my chair. "Can I go?" The opera was the one amusement I was allowed, and that not so very often. "Well," said my mother a little slowly and thoughtfully, "I will ask your father."

It ended in my going. Just a bit of guilty protest to give it spice. Just a bit of guilty feeling because of my Puritan forefathers, and then three of us, who used to play with her, were waiting in trembling excitement for "Lucia" to appear. It was a crowded house everywhere, full of light and perfume and color. The modest flower-girl of that day, so well-known to old opera-goers, went from box to box offering her flowers, and the shrill voices of the boys with librettos crying, "Book of the opera, book of the opera! English and Italian, words and music," sounded through the house. Through my glass I saw Madame Strakosch in a proscenium box, and I thought that I recognized Carlotta also. The curtain rose and "Lucia" came in from the upper left with her attendant. She wore a gray gown trimmed in some way with red velvet, and I kept my glass close to my eyes. Could that be Adelina—that slender little creature walking so calmly down to the prompter's box? It certainly was. To me that debut was something personal. "Lucia" was familiar to me, but I rejoiced and sorrowed with a new "Lucia" that night, for behind all was Adelina, the little child that had been tabooed on our block.

HOW FAUNTLEROY REALLY OCCURRED

And a Very Real Little Boy Became an Ideal One

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

[With Illustration by R. B. Birch]

CHAPTER III

IN BOYHOOD AND NOW



A traveling companion what a success he was! How he made friends in the train, at railway stations, on steamers. How, if one lost sight of him for a moment, he invariably reappeared full of delight with the information that he had "found a friend."

As I was struggling in the usual manner up the crowded gangway of an ocean steamer on one occasion, his flushed and radiant countenance appeared over the rail where he had climbed.

"Dearest, dearest," he said, "I've found a friend. He's a French gentleman and can't speak English." He had found him on the tug, and they had apparently sworn eternal amity between the wharf and the steamer, though how this had been accomplished I was never quite able to determine, as he had only just begun to attack valiantly a verb or so of the first conjugation. But with the assistance of "donner" "aller" "aimer" and a smile like his nothing was impossible.

His circle of acquaintances during an ocean voyage was choice and large. And one languid passenger lying in her steamer chair with cushions behind her and fur robes over her was never passed without the affectionate, inquiring smiles of a protector, and at intervals through all the day he presented himself to "look after" her.

"Are you all right, dearest?" he would say. "Do you want your feet tucked in? Did the deck steward bring you your lunch? Are your cushions comfortable?" And these matters being attended to he would kiss her gayly and run off to explore engines, or gather valuable information about walking beams.

On several occasions he and his brother made some rather long railroad journeys alone. It was quite safe to send them. If they had not been able to take care of themselves half the world would have taken care of them. Conductors conversed with them, passengers were interested in them, and they arrived at the end of their travels laden with tribute. After one such journey taken together between Washington and Boston, with what joy they performed their toilettes through an entire summer with the assistance of a large box of wonderful soaps and perfumes sent to them by an acquaintance made *en voyage*.

"He was Lionel's friend," Vivian explained. "I think he said he was a drummer. He was so nice to us. My friend that I made was a professor in a college, I believe, and he gave me this to remember him by."

"This" was a pretty nugget of gold, and was accompanied by a card on which the donor had written the most affectionately kind things of the pleasure he had had in his brief acquaintance with his young traveling companion whose *bonne mine* he should not soon forget.

One could always be quite sure that he would give no trouble during a journey, that he would always be ready to perform any service, that no railroad nor ocean boat official could withstand him when he presented himself with a smiling request.

It is easy to call to mind, at any moment, some memory of him, his face flushed, his hair damp on his forehead, his eyes courageous, as he struggled with something too big for him he had felt it his duty to take charge of as he swayed with the crowd down the gangway of some steamer at Southampton or some *paquebot* at Calais.

"It is too heavy for you, darling," one would say. "You look so hot. Let me carry it."

"Oh, no," would be his valiant answer. "I'm all right, dearest. It's rather a warm day, but a boy doesn't mind being warm."

Even foreign languages did not appall him.

"I'm only a little boy, you know," he would say cheerfully. "It doesn't matter if it does sound funny, just so that they understand me. I like to talk to them."

So he conversed with Annunciata in the kitchen and Luigi in the dining-room, as it had been his habit to converse with Carrie and Dan years before, for by this time his love-locks had been cropped and had changed to brown, but he still remained the same charming and engaging little person.

"Boys are sometimes a great trouble," commented Luigi in referring to him and his brother, "but these—they are little *signorini*."

Fauntleroy had "occurred" nearly four years before the time when he exhausted all the resources of the Paris Exposition, but it was still Fauntleroy, though a taller one in schoolboy suit and Eton collar, and shorn of his *boucles blonde*, who marched off at

"Do you know I never saw a child like him?" said a clever man of the world who had spent an hour talking to him.

And curiously enough it was exactly the idea expressed by an old colored aunty years before. "Dat chile," she said, "he suttanly ain't like no other chile. 'Tain't jest dat he's smart—though cose he's smart, smart as they make 'em. It's sump'n else. An' he's the frien'liest little human I ever seed—he suttanly is!"

I had been ill that year and the year before it, and of that illness I have many memories which are beautiful and touching things. One is of many disturbed and weary nights when the door of my room opened quietly and a little figure entered, such an adorable little figure in a white night-gown, and with bright hair tumbled by sleep falling about a serious small face.

"I've come to take care of you, dearest," he would say with his indescribable protecting and comforting air. "I'll sit by you and make you go to sleep."

And sometimes there seemed to emanate from his childish softness a sort of soothing which could not have been put into words.

It was his special province to put me to sleep when I was restless. He assumed it as a sacred duty, and had the utmost confidence in his power to do it.

"I'll put you to sleep," he would say. "I will just sit by you and hold your hand and make you quiet."

How long had he sat by me on that one

very cautiously. The opening of the door was as clever and quiet as the mysterious movement. It was opened only a little, there was more careful movement, and then it was drawn to. But though I had been looking directly at the slip of light I had not seen him. Somehow he had passed through without coming within my line of vision.

I lay mystified. The incomprehensibility of it gave me something to think about. His room was near my own, and I knew that he went to it and got into bed. I knew, also, that he would be asleep as soon as his curly head touched the pillow.

He had been asleep perhaps an hour when his brother came in. He had been spending the evening at the house of a friend. He was usually a tender and thoughtful thing himself, but this night the excitement of festivity had intoxicated him and made him forgetful. He came up the staircase and ran into the bedroom with a childish rush.

Exactly what happened I could only guess at. I had reason to suppose that my young protector and medical attendant was awakened with some extra sense of flurry taking place. He evidently sat up in bed in reproachful despair.

"What have I done?" said his brother. "What is the matter?"

I heard tears in the plaintive little voice that answered—actual tears.

"Oh!" he said. "I know you've awakened her! I know you have! It was so hard to get her to sleep. And at last I did, and then I was so afraid of waking her that I went down on the floor and crawled out of the room on my hands and knees. And I think it took an hour."

"Darling," I murmured in the drowsiest possible tone when he crept into the room to look at me. "I've had a lovely sleep, and I'm going to sleep again. You made me so quiet." But with the most serious difficulty I restrained myself from clutching him in my arms with a force which would have betrayed to him all my adoring duplicity.

It was things such as these I remembered when he was so deliciously amusing, and I heard stories of him every day.

Sometimes when swinging in my hammock on the piazza I caught sight of him flying on his small bicycle down the tree-shaded avenue, a delightful, animated picture, his strong, graceful child body beautifully defined in his trim, close-fitting Jersey suit, his red scarf and fez brilliant touches of color, his waving, flying hair brightened to gold as he darted through the sunshine and into the shade. I used to say to myself: "He is so good to look at! He is so pretty; that is why every one likes him so." And then when I heard him say some quaint thing which was an actual delight through its droll ingenueness, I said: "It is because he is so amusing!"

So I studied him day after day, often trying to imagine the effect his fearless candor and unsophisticated point of view would have upon certain persons who did not know his type.

I was convalescing from my long illness and had plenty of time to amuse myself with such speculations. He was such a patriotic young American; he was so engaged in an impending presidential election at the time; his remarks were so well worth hearing. I began, among other fancies about him, to imagine his making them with that frankly glowing face to conservative English people. He had English blood in his veins, and things more unheard of had occurred than that through a combination of circumstances he might be surrounded by things very new to him.

"When a person is a duke," he had said to me once, "what makes him one? What has he done?" His opinion evidently was that dukedoms were a species of reward for superhuman sweetness of character and brilliant intellectual capacity. I began to imagine the interest that would be awakened in his mind by the contemplation of ducal personages.

It amused me to analyze the subject of what his point of view would be likely to be. I knew it would be productive of immense entertainment to his acquaintances. I was sure that the duke would be subjected to sweet but searching cross-questioning, and that much lively interest would be felt in the subject of coronets. He would regard them as a species of eccentric hat. What questions he would ask, what en-



THE REAL FAUNTLEROY LISTENING TO THE STORY OF THE IDEAL FAUNTLEROY

nine o'clock every morning for two weeks, and spent the day exploring the treasures of the exhibition. Sometimes he was quite alone, sometimes he had appointments with some "friends" he had made in the passage from New York to Havre—three interesting men whose connection with the electrical exhibit inspired him with admiration and delight. My impression is that they did not speak French, and that it enraptured him to place his vocabulary at their disposal.

"They are so kind to me, dearest," he said, just as he had said it at three years old when he visited his "friend Mrs. Wilkins."

"It must be an entertaining spectacle," I often thought, "to see him walk into the restaurant quite unattended, order his little *déjeuner à la fourchette*, dispose of it in dignified solitude at a small table, and present the *garçon* with a *pourboire* as if he were forty. I should like to be a spectator from afar. No doubt the waiters know him and make jocular remarks among themselves."

But it was when he was only seven that Fauntleroy really occurred. He had been so amusing and interesting that summer, and I had reflected upon him so much. Every few days I heard some delightful anecdote about him, or saw him do something incomparably quaint. What led me most into speculation was the effect he invariably produced upon people, touching little fascinations he exercised,

night which I shall always remember? I do not know. But he had been so quiet and had sat holding my hand so long that I could not find it in my heart to let him know that the charm had not worked and that I was not really asleep. I pretended that I was, lying very still and breathing with soft regularity.

He stayed quite a long time after I knew he thought I was quiet for the night, he was so determined to be quite sure that nothing would disturb me. At last he began with the most cautious softness to take his hand away. When he had been a baby I had sometimes laid him down to sleep with just such cautious movement. How gradually and softly the small fingers released themselves one by one, how slowly, with what infinite precaution of slowness the warm, kind little palm was detached from mine. Then there was a mysterious, careful movement, and I knew he was leaving his chair. I dared not open my eyes for fear he would see me and be heartbroken because I was awake. What was he doing? There were no footsteps, and yet he was moving a little—a very little it seemed. And the movement was so slow and interrupted by such pauses that the length of time it lasted added to my curiosity. What idea had he been inspired by? Whatsoever he was doing he was putting his entire soul into, and he should not be crushed by the thought that it was all in vain. When I could hear that he had reached the door I opened an eye

METHODS OF MY ART

By Adelaide Ristori del Grillo



thusiasm he would display when he was impressed by things beautiful or stately and interesting! Would he seem "a cheeky little beggar" to less republican minds than his own? I asked myself this curiously. But no, I was sure he would not. He would be so simple; he would expect such splendor of mind and of noble friendliness that the hypothetical duke would like him as Dan and Carrie did, and he would end by saying "My friend, the Duke of Blankshire," as affectionately as he had said "My friend, the milkman."

It was only a thread of fancy for a while, but one day I had an idea.

"I will write a story about him," I said. "I will put him in a world quite new to him and see what he will do. How shall I bring a small American boy into close relationship with an English nobleman—irascible, conservative, disagreeable? He must live with him, talk to him, show him his small, unconscious republican mind. He will be more effective if I make him a child who has lived in the simplest possible way. Eureka! Son of younger son, separated from ill-tempered noble father because he has married a poor young American beauty. Young father dead, elder brothers dead, boy comes into title! How it would amaze him and bewilder him! Yes, there it is, and Vivian shall be he—just Vivian with his curls and his eyes, and his friendly, kind, little soul. Little Lord Something-or-other. What a pretty title—Little Lord—, Little Lord—, what?"

And a day later it was Little Lord Fauntleroy. A story like that is easily written. In part it was being lived before my eyes.

"I can wash myself quite well, thank you," he would say, scrubbing vigorously one day. "I can do it quite well, dearest, if some one will just 'zamine the corners."

He had always spoken very clearly, but there were a few words his pronunciation of which endeared them inexpressibly to me. On the evening of the day before "Fauntleroy" spent his first morning with "Lord Dorincourt" he brought into my room a parlor base-ball game to show me.

It was a lovely thing to see his delight over it, and to note the care with which he tried to make all technical points clear to an interested but unintelligent parent. What vigorous little attitudes he threw himself into when he endeavored to show me how the ball was thrown in the real game!

"I'm afraid that I am a very stupid little mammy," I said. "What does the first base do? And what is the pitcher for? I'm very dull, you see."

"Oh, no!" he said. "No, you're not, dearest! It's me, you know. I'm afraid that I'm not a very good 'plainer. And besides, you are a lady, you know, and ladies don't play base-ball."

Almost every day I recorded something he had said or suggested.

And how delightful it was to read the manuscript to him and his brother. He used to sit in a large arm-chair holding his knee, or with his hands in his pockets.

"Do you know," he said to me once, "I like that boy? There's one thing about him, he never forgets about dearest."

When the first appearance of the false claimant occurred he turned quite pale; so did his brother.

"Oh, dearest!" they gasped, "why did you do that? Oh, don't do it!"

"What will he do?" the occupant of the arm-chair asked. "Won't he, dearest, be the Earl's boy any more?"

"That other boy," said Fauntleroy tremulously to Lord Dorincourt, the next day, "he will have to—to be your boy now—as I was—won't he?"

"No," answered the Earl, and he said it so fiercely that Cedric quite jumped.

"Shall I be your boy even if I'm not going to be an earl?" he said. "Shall I be your boy just as I was before?"

But it was a real little heart that had beaten at the thought.

HE has been considered such an ideal little person—Cedric Errol, Lord Fauntleroy—and he was so real after all. Perhaps it is worth while explaining that he was only a simple, natural thing—a child, whose great charm was that he was the innocent friend of the whole world.

I have reason to believe that an impression exists that the passage of years has produced no effect whatever on the great original, that he has still waving, golden hair, and wears black velvet doublets and broad collars of lace. This is an error. He is sixteen. He plays foot-ball and tennis and battles sternly with Greek. He is a 'xious not to "flunk" in geometry, and his hair is exceedingly short and brown. He has a fine sense of humor, and his relatives consider it rather a good joke to present him to intimates, as he appears before them, looking particularly cheerful and robust:

"This is—Little Lord Fauntleroy."

But there are things which do not change with the darkening of golden hair and the passage of boyish years.

(Conclusion)

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's story, "How Fauntleroy Really Occurred," of which the above is the conclusion, was commenced in the December issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. A set of the issues containing the complete story will be sent to any address, postage paid, upon receipt of thirty cents.

HAVE often been asked my opinion as to the qualities indispensable for those persons who purpose dedicating themselves to dramatic art. As well during my long career, as at present in my relative leisure, it

has appeared to me difficult to give a positive and decided answer to this question. So many are the intellectual and moral qualities required, as well as the indispensable aptitude for the stage, that it will be easier for me to add to some precepts I shall indicate further on the hesitation with which I dedicated myself to the research of the artistic and of the true. It is a great mistake to think, as many do, that the art of the drama needs less study and offers more facility of success than any other profession. Dramatic art, like every other undertaking in life, requires laborious, persistent study, without which success is not to be attained in any direction. Theories are not applicable to all nationalities. Dramatic teaching may be general aesthetically, but not as to details of character and expression. Every nation, as I have often said, has its own tone of voice, inflection and gesture.

A CERTAIN degree of general culture is necessary to give the actor a conviction of the correctness of his interpretation, and to enable him to form just opinions on the sentiment of his art. It is only thus that he can learn thoroughly to understand the type of character he is to represent. An actor appearing on the stage should, by his carriage, by a single glance, make the public understand what character he represents, in tragedy as well as in the drama.

Happy is the actor endowed with that gift of nature—mobility of the facial muscles. How many actresses, having beauty of feature but wanting expression, find their artistic merits less appreciated in consequence!

A very difficult thing is to learn how to walk, to enter, to quit the stage, to sit down and move naturally, to move the arms well with natural but grand and majestic action in tragic or dramatic representations, with few and simple gestures in familiar parts. If gesticulation is affected it is false and exaggerated.

For those who wish to dedicate themselves to comedy the task is easier, because comedy treats more of every-day experience; but it must not be supposed that the study of comedy is without its difficulties. It requires much personal grace of movement, penetration and clearness of perception. These gifts are indispensable to give to the different characters represented their special coloring, and with the perception of the fact that in acting a comedy of the last century it must not be given with the tone of the present day. The neglect of these conditions leads to insipidity, and betrays want of study in the actor. Those who think it is much easier for an actor to represent a character not unlike his own make the mistake of confusing the physical peculiarities with the individual nature of the actor. The part of a lover cannot be well acted by one who has not a soft voice; of a hypocrite by one who does not possess a flexible and a mellifluous one; of a father without an air of authority; of a tyrant without a haughty manner.

THOSE who wish to be actors should be very careful in their choice of a master, in whom the first quality required is that he should not force his opinions on his pupils as infallible, without having first become well acquainted with their moral and physical capabilities. He should first read with them the part to be represented, and according to the powers of the young actor or actress give them the principal indications as to the manner of acting it.

Human nature is varied and manifold. Pain, pleasure, anger, supplication can and do take as many different intonations and colors as there are varieties of character in the human race. There is nothing absolute in the world. Beauty is as multifarious as the aspects of Nature herself. The chief merit of a teacher is to put his pupil in the right road to truth, placing before him eloquent examples, by means of which I know, by frequent experience, the minds of learners are opened most effectually.

It must not be thought that in reading compositions in verse at the present day it is necessary, either from a mistaken fear of declaiming, or a misunderstood love of truth, to make poetry itself unpoetical. A poetical accent is one of the greatest merits an actor can possess. In its proper time and place this accent may be employed not only in tragedy but also in drama and comedy. It is an important subject of study, however, not to mark the rhythm to such a degree as to weary the ears of the audience. The dignity of the language used must be considered.

ANOTHER most important subject of study for an actress is the exactness and precision of the adaptation of her dress to the personage to be represented, and to the epoch of the story. Without this attention the character is not harmonious in all its details. I was so well convinced of the importance of those studies that in the early years of my career I used to pass many hours in the museums. As an example of my infatuation in these artistic pilgrimages, I will recount my eccentricities on the subject. Somma, one of our distinguished poets who is now no more, wrote for me the classic tragedy of "Cassandra," in five acts, for each of which I had to change my costume; and as the personage was in a different state of mind in each act, the search after designs in keeping with these different situations racked my brain for several days and nights. Being in Naples for a theatrical engagement I went one day to the celebrated museum, which contains so many treasures of art. In one of the great halls of sculpture I was struck by the beauty of two statues placed in niches, thinking their draperies adapted to two situations of my part, and had no rest until I could find the means of copying them. A painter would not have given me all the minute details of the dress; besides, a special permission was necessary for copying, and the regulations of the Bourbons at that time were extremely strict. Fortunately, it happened that one of my kind admirers was His Highness the Count of Syracuse, brother of King Ferdinand, and himself an artist, whom I knew personally. His kindness and courtesy at once obtained for me the desired permission. Without paying heed to the curious crowd around me I had a stool brought, and mounted on it to one after the other of the two niches containing the statues, and by means of thread and numbers, which I alone understood, I took the measurements necessary for copying the precise shape of the two costumes. One of the statues wore a *peplum* of a very difficult shape. As soon as I reached home I made a rough sketch, a fancy one, perhaps, but it was enough for me. From Naples I went to Paris to give some representations, and I at once summoned the first *costumier* and tried with the most minute explanations to make her understand the difficult cut of the *peplum*. She answered with a little smile of compassion that she saw nothing difficult in it! I gave her an ironical look, which said: yes, yes, we shall see! As I had foreseen she returned in two days with impossible patterns. Without further ceremony, in one of my fits of impatience, I told her she had understood nothing about it, and called my maid to bring many newspapers, and with scissors and pins I cut, pinned and folded, while my good *costumier* stared and was fain to confess she had never seen a prettier or more complicated *peplum*. I must beg pardon for my want of modesty, but I must own I was proud of the result obtained.

It was thus I proceeded to secure the other costumes also, all of which I keep religiously, and the sight of which recalls the sweetest memories.

I DO not mean to intimate that I understood the necessity of these studies at the outset of my career as first lady. Oh, no! This knowledge developed with my beginning to act important historical parts. My mind then received a new light: I understood how important it is for an actress who wishes to rise above mediocrity to complete her education by that culture without which it is impossible to represent a historical part truthfully in all its manifestations. From the facility I had attained in understanding the arrangement of classical costume I had once the pleasure of puzzling the great painter, Ary Scheffer. I was to act "Medea," the work of my excellent friend Legouvé, at Paris, and I applied for the exact design of my costume to Ary Scheffer, having the good fortune to be on terms of friendship with him. At my appearance on the stage in the first act I was to wear a cloak which covered my head and the child I carried, as well as my whole person. When Scheffer, at my first representation, came to pay me a visit in my dressing-room before the beginning of the piece, he saw I had quite understood his idea; but he feared for the beauty of line, and that I should look clumsy in the second act, when my head was no longer covered. I indulged myself in a mischievous smile, and saying, "Vous verrez," took leave of him to go on the stage. My device had the same merit as that of Colombo with his egg! In the second act, without disturbing the folds about which the painter was anxious, I simply then, and every following evening, unsewed the piece of the cloak which covered my head in the first act. When I explained my trick to Scheffer he laughed heartily and congratulated me on having quite puzzled him with my ingenious contriving.

THAT which was very painful to me, and a great trial to my nerves, was the study of the various modes of dying. I would not allow myself to be guided by imagination only, and on the other hand, my excessive sensibility was certainly no assistance in my studies of this description. No one extraneous to the science of Esculapius can infallibly know what are the unmistakable accompaniments of death; whether by blade or by poison; whether from cerebral affection, fever or otherwise. Thus for every different kind of dying I had to act I consulted some distinguished medical man. First I shut myself up in my room to study what effects would be produced by certain degrees of the causes of death, calculating gradually what results might be reached, and then submitting my course of reasoning to a competent judge, I either modified my performance, or perfected it according to the opinion of my learned counsellor. The two deaths which presented me the greatest difficulties were that of "Adrienne Lecouvreur" and that of the "Duchesse de Chateauroux," in the latter of which I die laughing with sudden joy. For the death of "Adrienne" I had to study much for the faithful rendering of death by a poison, the effects of which are much disputed; and yet it was necessary to represent it with the symptoms which are indicated by the authors Scribe and Legouvé, who thus describe the effects of that terrible poison: "If report be true the slightest pinch of this powder introduced into a pair of gloves or a flower suffices to produce, firstly, a confusion of the faculties; secondly, cerebral excitement, and subsequently, strong delirium resulting in death." In this dying scene there was great risk of becoming ridiculous or at least exaggerated, and the tension of the nerves of my brain, in order to avoid both these defects, was such as to be felt long after the performance was ended. For two other interpretations of dying I was guided by sad spectacles of the end of human life.

IN the upper floor of the house I lived in there was a poor consumptive man. He grew so much worse that the last sacraments had to be administered to him. Hearing the bell on the staircase announcing that the Host was being carried to the dying man, I felt a wish to join the devout persons who accompanied the priest, and went with them to the chamber of death; but seeing from a distance the man's thin, sad face, gazing with languid eyes at the wife he adored, I had not the power to move forward, and remained kneeling on the threshold, with bent head, and casting furtive glances at his dying face. Feeling faint with emotion I rose quietly and hurried down stairs. But the sorrowful scene remained deeply graven in my memory. At another time, when I was to act "Pia dei Tolomei," not yet comprehending the full meaning of Dante in those well-known lines of the "Dioina Commedia":

"Remember me, I am Pia,
Sicua gave me birth, Maremma destroyed me,"

I had her case brought before my eyes in crossing the Pontine marshes on my way to Naples in 1857. Just in the loneliest part of the marshes, while we were stopping to change horses, I saw a poor peasant shivering in fever, with blanched lips, lying stretched upon a heap of straw. Here and there were languidly moving about other hapless beings with contracted features and dulled eyes, scarcely able to keep on their feet. Full of deep compassion I drew near them with a few words of sympathy and some alms. With that patient and resigned bearing of our good peasants, they told me the sad tale of their suffering and of the cruel disease which was sapping their strength. I was strangely fascinated by that wretched scene, until being told that all was ready for starting I got into the carriage after bidding good-by to those poor creatures. I had a feeling of profound relief as the quick trotting of the horses carried me swiftly away from that inhospitable place. But the sad scenes to which I had been a witness brought me good fruits, especially as regards "Pia dei Tolomei." After diligent study of what I had seen in the Pontine marshes, the impression I produced on the public was stronger, and my own satisfaction more complete.

Many actresses who sign engagements for principal parts think it is enough to see their names printed in huge letters on the bill-boards of theatres to entitle them to undertake those parts, without stopping to consider whether their powers are equal to the task. How many mistakes are made from vanity—the worst enemy of art! The theatrical career is by no means invariably a path strewn with flowers; there are often very thorny stumbling-blocks upon it to trip the feet of the art pilgrim. The rose is not to be gathered without the hand feeling the thorns about it. Without effort there is no success to be attained in life. The best advice I can give is the firm resolve to work hard—perseveringly. The rougher the road to be traveled the more the strength to be mustered for struggling with and overcoming its difficulties.

And I bring these few counsels to a conclusion in recommending young actors and actresses to—work—work—work.

A BEAUTIFUL ALIEN

By Julia Magruder

[With Illustration by A. B. Wenzell]

V—Continued



HE clock on the mantel struck twelve. Christine rose to her feet, with a little shiver. There was a mirror not far away, toward which she turned and surveyed herself from head to foot. As she did so the soft folds of her Greek drapery settled about her, severe and beautiful. The masses of her dark hair were drawn into a loose, rich knot pierced by a gold dagger, and her eyes—so remarkably beautiful in color and expression that no one ever saw them unimpressed—were clear and steady as they gazed at the reflected image in front of her.

"I wonder," she said, lifting her bare arms with a sort of conscious unconsciousness and clasping her hands in a fine pose behind her head, which she turned slightly to one side, "I wonder if this is the very last of me—the very last of the Christine who loved to look beautiful and wear rich clothes and be admired, and who thought that she would one day be loved."

Turning away from that long look she held out both fair arms to Hannah.

"Come close, close, Hannah," she said, as the plain little teacher, in her rough dark gown, was drawn into her embrace. "I want to feel some living thing near my heart to-night, for I am frightened and lonely. I have told myself good-by. Christine is dead and gone and I have buried her. I want some one near me in these first moments of my strange new self. Oh, Hannah, if we could die! Not you—for your mother needs you—but me. Oh, Hannah," she said, in a strained voice that sounded as if it were only by an effort that she kept her teeth from chattering, "if I hadn't you to-night I don't know what would become of me."

Hannah tried to soothe her with soft words of comfort and assurances of love.

"It will not be so dark and sad and friendless as you think," she said. "All those people who have admired and praised you so will surely be good to you—" But she was interrupted sharply.

"I am done with them," she said, "and done with fine dressing, and becoming colors." Her voice shook, and Hannah, seeing that she was completely unnerved, succeeded in persuading her to go up to her own room. On the threshold she paused.

"Come into the dressing-room with me," Christine said. "Don't leave me. He will not wake," she added, seeing her friend glance toward the door between the dressing-room and sleeping-room. "He sleeps like a stone. I shall lie here on the lounge till morning. I often do. I have lain there, night in and out, and almost sobbed my heart away, and no one knew."

Hannah braided the lovely hair, unfastened the exquisite white and gold dress, which fell in a rich mass on the floor, and out of it Christine stepped, looking more lovely than ever and more childlike. She caught sight of the ornaments she still wore, and hastily taking them off laid them in a heap on the dressing-table.

"They can be sold," she said. "I shall never want to put them on again. Oh, Hannah, you are so good to me," she went on in the plaintive voice of an unhappy child, as Hannah brought a warm dressing-gown and made her put it on, and little soft-lined slippers for her feet. "I am so cold," she said, shivering. "Some day you will know, perhaps, how unhappy I am. You don't know half of it now, and I cannot tell you. Oh, you have made me so comfortable," she added, as Hannah tucked a warm coverlet over her, on the big, soft lounge. "I haven't had any one to take care of me for so long. Don't leave me, Hannah. Sit in that big chair and hold my hand and let me go to sleep. I am so tired."

Her lids drooped and her voice fell. In another moment she was asleep.

Once only Christine opened her eyes, and finding Hannah still there said pitifully, "Oh, I am so unhappy," but the plaintive little tones died away in sleepiness,

and in a moment she was drawing in the regular breaths of profound slumber.

By-and-by, without waking her, Hannah drew her hand away, and leaning back in the big chair, threw a great shawl all around her, and worn out by the experiences of the evening, she also fell asleep.

Morning found them so. The rising sun looking in at the window waked them simultaneously, and with a remembering look on both faces, they were clasped in each other's arms. A long embrace and then a kiss. No word was spoken, and when they met at breakfast and were joined by Mr. Dallas, the manner of all three was as usual. The servant who waited saw nothing to comment upon, except, perhaps, that the unwonted presence of a guest made little difference in the usual silence of the meal.

VI

NOEL remained abroad a year and a half and came home at last with a new determination, which he promptly put into effect. This was to begin in earnest the practice of his profession. He was tired of traveling, and even his beloved painting was not enough to satisfy the more insistent demands for occupation and interest, which his maturity of mind and character gave rise to.



"She did not look about her at all, but kept her eyes on the baby"

Not very long after his return he went to call on the Dallases. He was informed, on inquiring at the house, that a family of another name now occupied it, and no one could tell where Mr. and Mrs. Dallas had gone. He made inquiries at several places in the neighborhood, but in vain.

He walked away, with a sad and tender feeling in his heart for the poor foreign girl, whose beauty, youth and childlike charm had taken a strong hold upon his mind. The annoying thought occurred to him that he had been foolishly prudent and apprehensive of danger. He wondered if it hadn't been a sort of coxcombry in him to think there was any danger to her in free and frequent intercourse with him! As for the danger to himself, that it was cowardly to think about. He wished he had acted differently, and felt unreasonably troubled at having let the girl drift beyond his knowledge. She had looked so young and appealing as he had seen her last, seated on the rug with the kittens on her lap, and so beautiful. No one he had seen before or since was as beautiful. The type seemed almost unique. He knew her to be utterly ignorant of the world, and he hated to think what experience might have taught her of it. He ought to have looked after her more. The reproachful thought stung him. He said to himself that he'd be a little more careful the next time he felt inclined to occupy this high moral platform and be better than other men! He ought to have seen that common kindness demanded a little more of a man than this. He was completely self-disgusted, and registered a sort of mental vow that if he ever found the

young creature again he would befriend her, if she were still in need of a friend, and take the consequences. He was not so irresistible, he told himself, as to be necessarily dangerous to the peace of mind of all the women of his acquaintance. He had acted the part of a prig and he was well punished for it.

Noel had altered in some ways since his former return from Europe. For one thing his appearance had changed. He had now a thick, close-trimmed beard, which made him look older and graver. There were some premature gray hairs, also, in his close-cropped curls.

The weather was very hot, and his mother and sisters had gone at once to their country house, but Noel lingered in town although, socially, it was almost deserted.

One afternoon of a very hot day, when the neighborhoods of soda fountains alone were populous, and men walked about the streets with umbrellas in one hand and palm-leaf fans in the other, with coats open, hats pushed back and frequent manipulation of their pocket-handkerchiefs, Noel, whose sense of propriety admitted of none of these mitigations of the heat, was standing at a down-town crossing, waiting for a car. He was going to his club to refresh himself with a bath, order a dinner with plenty of ice accompanying it, and then take a drive in the park behind a horse warranted to make a breeze. It was getting intolerable in town, and he had just determined to leave it to-morrow.

As he stood waiting he observed, on the opposite corner, a woman carrying a baby. He had a good heart and it troubled him to see that the child seemed ill. He was

dens of woolen cloth on their knees, without a sentiment of pity, but he did not give this one a thought. His mind was wholly absorbed in scanning curiously, though furtively, the baby's poor, little white face, and all that he could see of the mother's dress and figure. Presently the car came to a halt. The German woman got up and labored down the aisle with her burden and got off, but some one quickly moved into the vacant seat. Still he could see better now, and the better he saw the stronger grew the conviction in his heart. Gradually the car thinned out, and he might have gone nearer, but something held him back. He kept his position by the conductor, until he rang his bell and called out the name of a landing from which the excursion boats went out daily. Then the woman rose, lifting her baby with gentle carefulness, and came down the aisle and got out. She passed directly by Noel, but her thick veil was impenetrable, and yet, from the nearer view of her figure and the pose of her head, the feeling he had was deepened and strengthened. He got out, too, and followed her, and as he walked directly behind her, his eyes fastened on the rich coil of her wavy dark hair, he felt sure that this was Christine Dallas.

"Poor thing!" he said under his breath. The tears were near his eyes, but a feeling of rage serged up and overmastered them. Where was the girl's husband? Where were all the men and women that ought to have protected her and given her support and companionship in this hour?

She toiled on in front of him now, her figure braced to its burden. The baby was light, but she carried in addition to it a shawl and a small bag. He longed to go and help her, but he feared to startle or distress her. If he had been a stranger he would not have hesitated, and he wondered at the cruel indifference of the passers-by. They were mostly laborers, draymen and porters, but at least they were men, and it made his blood boil to see them passing her carelessly and almost jostling her.

She got on board the boat, which was not crowded, and he followed a little way behind. It gave him a sense of keen distress to see her threading her way through groups of rough men, who ignored or jostled her, to the little window where she bought her ticket, and it angered him to see how indifferently the man sold it to her, and pushed her her change.

For a while he kept at a distance, observing her, however, as she took her way, with an air of familiarity with her surroundings, to a place on deck sheltered alike from observation and from the strong breeze which was already beginning. Here the stewardess brought her a pillow, handing it without speaking and waiting significantly. She took it in silence, then got out her purse, a meagre-looking one, and put a little coin into the woman's hand. As she did so she said, "Thank you," and the least little foreign inflection—a lingering difficulty with the "th"—gave Noel the last assurance that he needed. How unforgotten the voice was! He believed he would almost have recognized it without any words.

The woman made no reply, but pocketed her fee and walked away. Then Noel, who had seated himself quite near, with his face so turned that he could see her without the appearance of gazing at her directly, set himself to watch what followed. There was no one else near and it was evident that she had not observed him. Indeed, she did not look about her at all, but kept her eyes on the baby, whose apathetic little face did not change. Shaking and smoothing the pillow she laid it on the seat and tenderly placed her baby on it. The boat had started and the breeze, delicious as it was to a strong person, might yet be too much for a sick child, and this the mother plainly feared, for she hastily hung her shawl over the railing beside the pillow. But this she soon discovered kept off too much air. Noel could note her mental processes and comprehend them as he saw her put up her hand to loosen her thick veil.

His pulses quickened. He was sure already, and yet a figure, a pose, a knot of hair, even a voice and accent might deceive him. So he watched intently as she unfastened her veil and took it off. The brim of her hat was narrow and left her face fully exposed.

It was Christine Dallas—a girl no longer, no longer blooming and childlike and wondering—but saddened, matured, mysteri-

ously changed, with more than the old charm for him in her exquisite woman-face. It was turned to him in profile, distinct against the distant sky, and the remembered eyes were veiled by their dark-fringed lids, as she looked down upon her child.

The veil, ingeniously fastened with a few pins, proved a convenient awning. She laid her arm above it on the rail, as she bent her head toward the baby. Although the eyes were hid, the mouth—in her a feature of extreme sensitiveness—told the story of past suffering and present pain.

What a face! No artist had ever had a model such as that before him, and the pale attenuation of the sick child was almost as interesting a subject. But Noel never thought of it. For once the artist in him became subservient, and he looked on with no feeling but a pity so great that it absolutely filled his heart and left no room for any other.

The mother's suffering face put on a smile, and she made a little kissing sound with her lips to try to attract the baby's notice, and rouse it from its apathy.

"Mother's precious little pigeon," she said caressingly, and catching the thin little face between her soft thumb and forefinger and giving it a loving twitch. But, instead of smiling back at her, a piteous little tremor came around the baby's mouth. His thin forehead wrinkled and he began to whimper.

She caught him to her heart with a motion of passionate love and pity, and began to rock her body to and fro as she held him there.

"Did mother hurt her baby?" she said, speaking in low tones of keenest self-reproach. "There, then, mother wouldn't trouble him any more! Mother was bad and naughty to try to make her boy laugh when he was so sick! Mother loves her baby, that she does, and when her little man gets well he'll play and laugh with mother then, won't he?"

The whimper died away, and when the soft crooning and rocking had continued a little while the baby dropped its weary lids and slept. She laid him in her lap, raising her knee to elevate his head, by resting her foot on the round of a chair. He sank into his new position with a tremulous sigh, and slept on. And as she slept she watched him, her great eyes fastened on his thin little face with a look as if she would devour it with love. Afraid to touch him, lest he should wake, she caught the folds of his dress in her hand with a strength that strained its sinews, as if she were afraid he would be snatched away from her.

Noel, who had expected every moment that she would turn, had now ceased to look for it. She was evidently unconscious of everything, herself included, except the child. As she bent her head above it, never taking her eyes from its wan little countenance, the look of hungry love that came to her was stronger than any look he had ever seen expressed upon a face before. Presently, as if unable to resist the impulse, she took one of the little hands, blue-white for lack of blood, and held it in her own. He could divine the fact that it cost her an effort not to squeeze it hard. Her eyes fastened on it hungrily, and then looked into the pinched little face. Evidently this sleep was something coveted, for she made these slight movements with the utmost caution, and did not venture to change her constrained position. And as she so watched the baby, Noel, keeping as profoundly still, watched her. He saw that her plain, gray costume, charmingly fashioned as it was, was yet somewhat worn and shabby, as if from over-long usage; that her round straw hat was shabby, too, and one of her little boots, cut and finished in such a pretty, foreign fashion, had a small hole in it. The long glove on her left hand was ripped at the finger-ends. The right hand was bare, and looked very strong and healthy as it held the little feeble one. With her other hand she was holding a fan between her child's eyes and the sun. She had never ceased a little rocking motion of the knee. Oh, if she could only keep him asleep! her whole attitude and motion seemed to say. Now and then she uttered low, hushing sounds as a pang of pain would contract the baby's face, and threaten to waken him. These little noises came to Noel faintly, and he felt himself sharing with her this intense desire to keep the child asleep. Suddenly, above the soothing monotone of the vessel's motion, there was a sharp steam-whistle. Christine gave a little smothered cry, and the next instant burst into tears. It was too much for her overstrung nerves. At the same moment the baby waked and began to cry weakly. The sound recalled her to herself and she took the little creature in her arms and rocked and hushed it, at the same time fighting with her own sobs, brushing away her tears with a fold of the baby's dress and trying to speak to it soothingly. But she was utterly unnerved, and the tears and sobs kept coming back even while she spoke those calming, loving words.

Noel could bear it no longer. He was afraid of increasing her agitation, but he felt he must go to her aid. So he took

quietly the few steps that brought him to her and said gently:

"Christine, give the baby to me. Don't mind my seeing you. Don't mind anything, but just try to be quiet and rest a little. I will help you."

She looked at him an instant without recognition, then a gleam of comprehension came into her eyes, and in a confused, weak way she let him take the baby, and falling back upon the seat she hid her face in her hands and fell to sobbing. Noel, for the first time in his life holding a young baby in his arms, was yet skillful with it, since nothing but strength and tenderness were required, and he had both. He soothed the little creature into silence, walking backward and forward a few steps, and watching Christine intently, without speaking to her. It was only a moment or two that she gave way, and he felt it would relieve her. She wiped her eyes and sat up.

"I don't know what made me do it," she said. "I have never done so before. It is so foolish; but I did so want baby to stay asleep, and I was hoping nothing would wake him, and the whistle scared me so. Let me have him now, Mr. Noel. Thank you, oh, thank you. Perhaps he feels better. He has had a nice little sleep."

Noel would have kept the child, but he saw she was not to be prevented from taking it, and when she had got it in her arms she began to look at it and talk to it and walk it about with every appearance of having forgotten Noel altogether. He had called her Christine under impulse, and he now recalled the fact that she had taken it simply and without any protest. On the whole, he was glad. To have called her by the formal name by which he had known her might have struck some chord of pain. He did not even know that she bore it still. Dallas might be dead or worse than dead to her. A score of possibilities suggested themselves to his mind. But he felt he must try, if possible, to make her understand him.

"Poor little ill baby," he said, going close to her side, where she stood by the railing with the baby laid upon her shoulder, her head tilted so as to rest her cheek on his. "I hope he is better. I am so glad I saw you, Christine. You must let me help you, exactly as if I were your brother, for no brother could want to help you more. I really think I forgot I wasn't when I called you by your name just now. But you didn't mind it, did you?"

"Oh, no," she said simply. "But where did you come from?" she asked, as if the question had just occurred to her.

"Let us say from the skies," he answered, smiling. "I think my good angel must have sent me to take care of you. Sit down, if you will hold the baby. Let me make you more comfortable."

He went and brought a large and easy chair from some unknown quarter and made her sit in it. Then, saying he would be back presently, he walked away. Before he returned the stewardess appeared, smiling and obsequious, making a profuse offer of her services to hold the baby, or to do anything desired of her. She brought a comfortable hassock, which she placed under Christine's feet, and only the latter's determination prevented her from taking possession of the baby. She told her exactly where she was to be found in case she should be wanted, and ended by presenting her with a key which, she told her, would open a stateroom at the head of the stairs. As the woman walked away Noel returned. Christine told him how kind the stewardess had been, and said that she had never known there were any staterooms on board, this being an excursion boat.

"Oh, there are always two or three," said Noel carelessly, "for the people to go to when they want to rest. If you'd like to, we'll go now and inspect."

Evidently the prospect pleased her, so they went together, but she refused to allow him to carry the baby, or even to send for the woman. When they opened the door everything was clean and fresh, as if just prepared for them. Christine looked about her with an air of relief that it rejoiced him to see. He told her to get a little rest, if she could, and that he would stroll about for a while and come back for her. She went in and closed the door and he turned away. In a few minutes the stewardess knocked, to offer her services, and Christine, as she accepted them, felt a sudden change as to her whole surrounding atmosphere.

Noel, meanwhile, had gone up on deck, and was walking about and looking around him curiously. He was certainly out of his element, but his habits of life had been such as to make him feel at home almost anywhere. What he rebelled at was the thought of Christine being in this place. Her distress of mind and her poverty seemed so indecently exposed to view. He lingered a while in the thick of the crowd, torturing himself with the horrible incongruity between it and the poor, dear woman in the stateroom below. He had contrived to have put at her disposal the best boat afforded, but it was abominably meagre. What business had she here at all? It was no place for her. His whole nature re-

belled at it, and he grew savage as he thought that it was no business of his to put it right.

Throwing his cigar away he went below and knocked very gently at the stateroom door. It was opened by Christine, who had, perhaps, bathed her face for the traces of tears were almost gone, though enough remained to give her eyes an appealingness that went to his very heart.

"Well," he said, in that tentative tone which admits of any sort of answer.

She looked immediately at the baby lying on the berth and stood aside to let him see. "He is quiet," she said. "I don't think he is in any pain. I am going to take him on deck again. The doctor said the only thing for him was change of air. I couldn't take him away, so he said to bring him down here on the water every afternoon would do him good, and I've been bringing him every day."

"And is he better?" Noel said, forcing himself to appear to be thinking chiefly of the child. He saw that the idea absorbed her so completely that she had no thought of herself and apparently none of him, and this was well.

"His fever is not so high," she said. "Oh, he has been so ill. Once I thought—" but she broke off unable to speak, and turning toward the berth caught up the child with the fervor of passion, though she did not forget to touch him tenderly, and held him close against her. Then she put on his little head a muslin cap that perhaps had fitted him once but was now pitifully large, and carried her light burden out into the saloon and up the steps, refusing Noel's offer to help her. They went back to their old places, which were quiet and away from the crowd, and when Noel had made her as comfortable as he could, he drew his chair near and sat down. And then the watch began again. He looked at her, and she looked down at the baby on her lap, and apparently the baby was no more unconscious of the gaze bent on him than Christine was of the look with which Noel steadily regarded her. He burned to ask her questions as to what had taken place since he had seen her last, but he feared to waken her from her unconsciousness. It was evident that she accepted him as a simple fact. He had come and here he was. If he helped her to take care of the baby it was all right and she was glad. Not a scruple as to the acceptance of the help had occurred to her. He saw this and was too thankful for it not to be willing to take precautions against interrupting this most satisfactory course of things.

The child would die, he felt sure of that, and his heart quivered to think how she would suffer. And who was there to help her to bear it? He almost wished he was in truth her brother, that his might naturally be that right; almost, but not quite. Well, he wished a great many vain and useless things as he sat there opposite to her, conscious that she had forgotten him. He moved, and even coughed, but she took no notice. The baby's little mouth twitched slightly and her whole being became acutely conscious. She changed its position and words of passionate lovingness crowded upon her lips. But instead of responding to them, it began to whimper fretfully—a sound that brought a spasm of positive anguish across her face.

"There, then, mother's little dear lamb that mother has hurt and troubled! Mother loves her little man, and he'll get well and make poor mother happy again—won't he?"

It was some time before the child could be quieted. The peevish little whine almost angered Noel when he saw how it was cutting into Christine's heart. In the hope of diverting the baby he put out his hand and began to snap his fingers softly in front of its face. There was a ring on the hand that sparkled, and the baby saw it and stretched out his little hand toward it. A gleam of pure delight came into the mother's face.

"He hasn't noticed anything for days," she said, catching Noel's hand in an ardent grasp and holding it so that the baby could see the ring. He felt her fingers close upon it almost lovingly. He knew she could have kissed it, because it had for that second been of interest to her child—and with no knowledge that it was in any way different from the ring upon it. When the baby turned away from it fretfully she let it drop.

At last the little invalid went to sleep in Christine's lap. The boat, which was not to land but went only for the excursion on the water, had turned and they were going back toward the city. The breeze that played around Christine's bent head blew little curly strands about her face and called a faint flush into her cheeks. Noel noted everything.

Night began to draw on and she could no longer see the baby's face distinctly. She drew the end of a light shawl over him, saying as she did so:

"The doctor says this is the best of all—the coming back in the fresh evening air."

She sat up in her place then, and Noel could see that she kept her hand upon her baby's pulse.

"Do you ever sing now?" he asked abruptly.

She shook her head.

"No—except little songs to baby."

"I heard while I was in Europe of your making an immense hit in the amateur opera. Why did you stop?"

"I was forced to. Those people compelled me. I don't know why, but they looked on me as something apart from them. The women were strange and unfriendly, and the men—I don't know," she broke off confusedly, "but it is all hateful to me to think of. I was glad to get away from them. The night of the opera was the last time. Oh, if my baby will get well," she said, bending to touch his thin hair with her lips, "I will never need anything but him. You believe in prayer—don't you? Will you pray to God to make him well?"

Noel promised with a willingness that seemed to comfort her. Absorbed in the child once more, she soon seemed to forget him and silence fell between them again. It was scarcely broken during the whole return trip. She seemed to have nothing to say to him. When she spoke to him at all her thrilling voice dropped to a whisper, and it was always to give some information about the baby. Once she said with fervent interest, "He is asleep," and once she told him that his skin felt cool and natural. This was all. It must be owned that Noel didn't think very lovingly of that poor atom of humanity as he sat there. It was the baby that had caused her to be in this false position, which he felt so keenly, and it was terror for the baby which brought that suffering look to her face. And yet something of the same feeling was in his own breast as he palpitated at the thought of this little creature's dying and breaking the heart of its mother, who plainly loved it with the absorbingness of the first passion she had ever known.

When they reached the wharf it was quite dark, and the electric lights and publicity of the place made Noel shrink so from the thought of exposing the girl, in her suffering, to the gaze of such men and women as he saw about him, that, without consulting her, he called a carriage and helped her into it, following and seating himself opposite her. She protested at first, but he said:

"I have a long way to go and need a carriage, and I may as well drop you at home. Where must I put you down?"

She gave a street and number. The door was shut, the man mounted to his box and drove away, and they were alone together. Alone, except for the baby, but that was enough to make him feel that he and all the world beside were thousands of miles away from her. They drove on in silence. Now and then as they passed a bright light, her beautiful face, outlined by its dark hat-brim and darker hair, shone out from the shadow, but for which he might have felt himself in a dream interrupted by no sound, except the monotonous rumble of the wheels. Always as he looked her eyes were lowered to catch each passing glimpse of the baby's face. She never looked at him.

He began to feel it necessary to ask one or two questions that he might know what to prepare for, but as he broke the silence to begin she said warningly, in a low whisper:

"Sh-sh-sh, he is waking," and then fell to rocking and crooning over the baby and coaxing him back to sleep. When he seemed quite quiet again she said suddenly in a low whisper, and in the dark he felt her eyes upon him:

"What makes you so kind? No one is ever kind to me. I thought nobody cared. I had one friend but she went away. She did not want to leave me, but she had to go far off somewhere to make a living for her mother."

"I will always help you if you will let me," Noel said, whispering too, for fear of being silenced. "I will send my sisters to see you, if you will let them come—"

"Oh, no!" she said, interrupting him impulsively. "Don't send any women out of the world you live in to see me. They are cruel—they have dreadful thoughts of me. They look at me strangely and suspect me. Oh, no—I'd rather take my baby to the end of the earth and hide from them. I beg you not to send any one to see me."

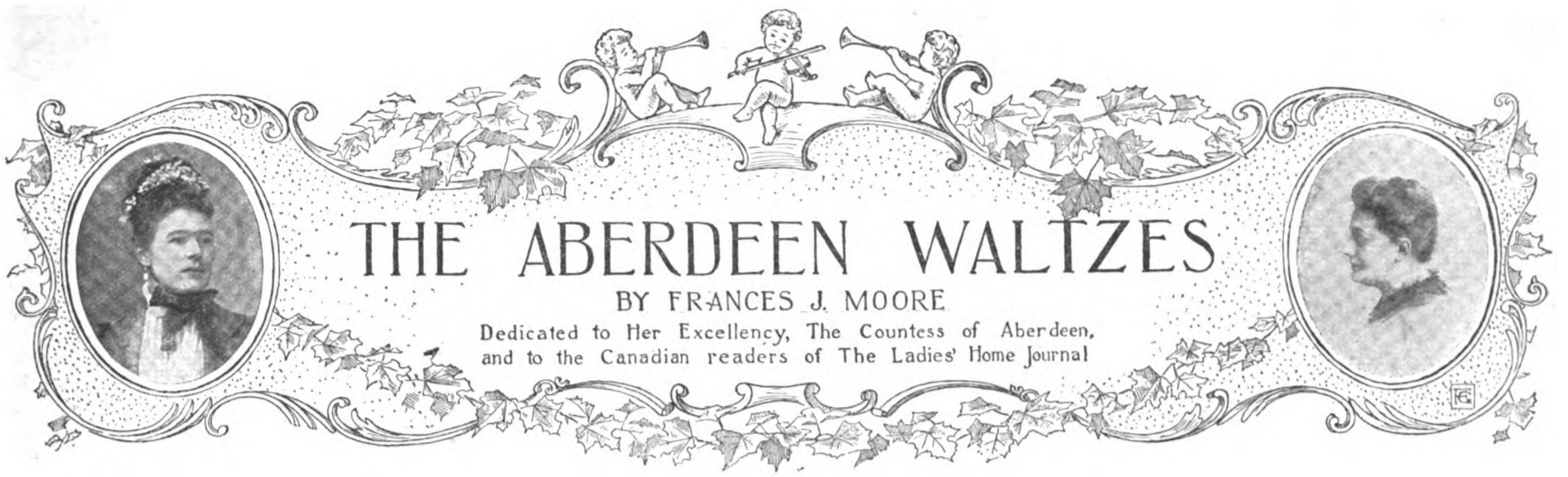
Noel hastened to promise her that he certainly would not go against her wish, and was wondering how he should find out the things he longed so to know, when suddenly the carriage stopped.

The driver got down and rang the bell. As Noel was helping Christine to get out, the door was opened and the figure of Dallas appeared. It was a surprise to him, somehow, and an unwelcome one. How his spirit rose in abhorrence of this man!

Christine went up the steps with the baby, and as he had her bag and shawl Noel followed, telling the driver to wait.

It was a miserable little house, poor and cheap, and empty, and but for the counter-acting effect of his anger against Dallas, Noel thought he must have almost sobbed to see Christine here. Dallas himself was not at all discomposed as he recognized his visitor and asked him in, offering a hand which Noel managed to touch.

(Continuation in March JOURNAL)



THE ABERDEEN WALTZES

BY FRANCES J. MOORE

Dedicated to Her Excellency, The Countess of Aberdeen,
and to the Canadian readers of The Ladies' Home Journal

To which, as the best original waltz, was given the award of \$100 in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL'S series of prizes for original musical compositions.

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Introduction.

Andantino.

No. 1.

Tempo di Valse.

2

First system of musical notation. It features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The vocal line includes the lyrics "cres. - - - cen - - - do." followed by "f", "dim.", and "p". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and rhythmic patterns.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings "cres.", "mf", and "f".

Third system of musical notation, primarily piano accompaniment. It includes a dynamic marking of "mf".

Fourth system of musical notation, primarily piano accompaniment. It includes a dynamic marking of "mf".

Fifth system of musical notation, primarily piano accompaniment. It includes a dynamic marking of "mf".

Sixth system of musical notation, primarily piano accompaniment. It includes a dynamic marking of "mf" and "dim.".

No. 2.

Seventh system of musical notation, labeled "No. 2". It features a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb). It includes dynamic markings "p" and "cres.".

Eighth system of musical notation, continuing the piano accompaniment for "No. 2". It includes dynamic markings "cres.", "p", and "cres.". The system concludes with two endings, labeled "1" and "2".

3

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower in bass clef. The music begins with a forte (*ff*) dynamic, followed by a mezzo-forte (*mf*) section, and returns to forte (*ff*). The piece concludes with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) section. The notation includes various rhythmic values and articulation marks.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. It features two distinct endings, labeled '1' and '2', which are enclosed in a rectangular box. The first ending leads back to an earlier part of the piece, while the second ending concludes the section. The dynamics include piano (*p*) and mezzo-forte (*mf*).

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The music is primarily marked mezzo-forte (*mf*). It features a variety of chordal textures and melodic lines in both staves.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. It includes mezzo-forte (*mf*) and piano (*p*) dynamics. The notation shows a progression of chords and melodic fragments.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The music is marked piano (*p*). It features a series of chords and a melodic line in the upper staff.

The sixth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The music is marked piano (*p*). It continues the chordal and melodic development from the previous system.

The seventh system of musical notation consists of two staves. It includes piano (*p*) and dim. (diminuendo) dynamics. The piece concludes with a final chord and melodic flourish.

4

No. 3.

Ben tenuto.

p

mf

p

cres.

mf

Leggiero.

mf

mf

sf

f

f

p

mf

5

Piano accompaniment for the first system, featuring treble and bass staves with various chords and melodic lines.

CODA.

8va.....

p *f* *dim* in - u - en - do. *mf*

Vocal line for the first system of the coda, including lyrics and dynamic markings.

Piano accompaniment for the second system, continuing the musical texture.

Piano accompaniment for the third system, showing further development of the accompaniment.

Piano accompaniment for the fourth system, featuring a *p* dynamic marking.

Piano accompaniment for the fifth system, with *mf* and *p* dynamics and a *cres.* marking.

cen - do. *f* *dim.* *p* *cres.*

Vocal line for the fifth system, including lyrics and dynamic markings.

Piano accompaniment for the sixth system, concluding with a *dim.* marking.

6

mf

f

cres.

f brillante.

ff

mf

ff

mf

mf

ff

dim.

p

ff

p

THE BROWNIES VISIT CANADA

By Palmer Cox

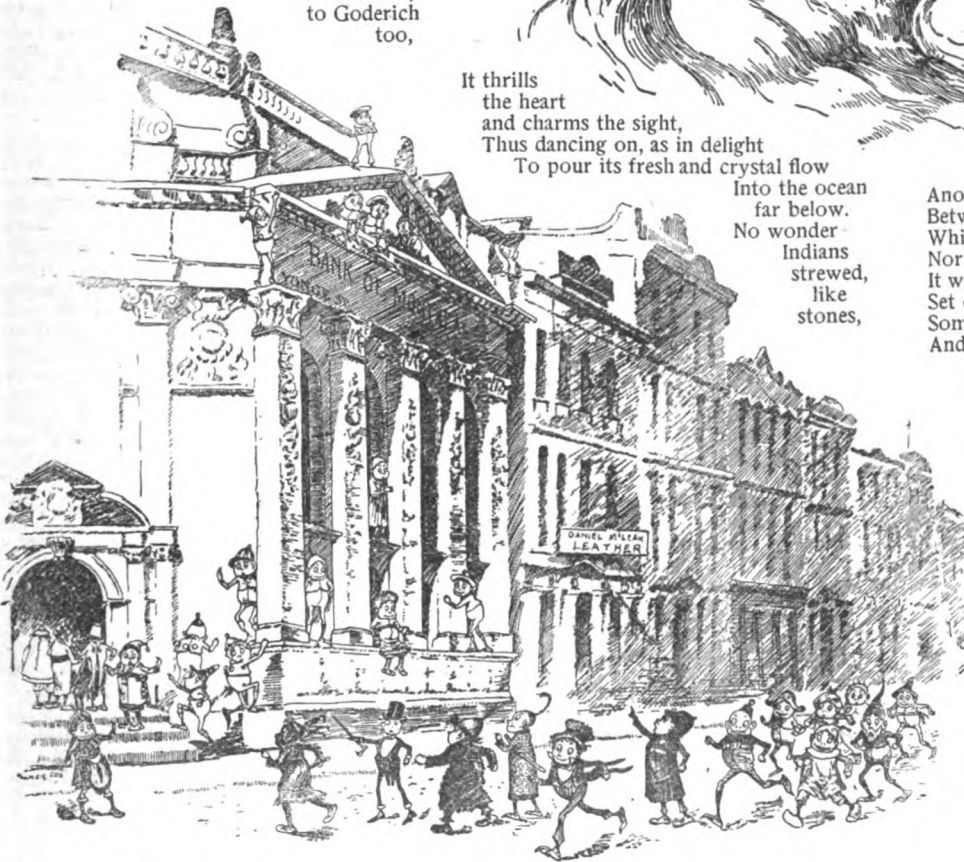


THE

Brownies bright, that still are keen

To view a strange or pleasing scene, Once while in search of sport or toil Paid honor to Canadian soil. By passing through the country wide To note its features every side, To thriving towns they hurried all And visited each church and hall, And passed opinions freely still On what they saw, as Brownies will, Then London, Galt, and Kingston, old, In turn received the Brownies bold. On Ottawa and Montreal And proud Quebec they made a call.

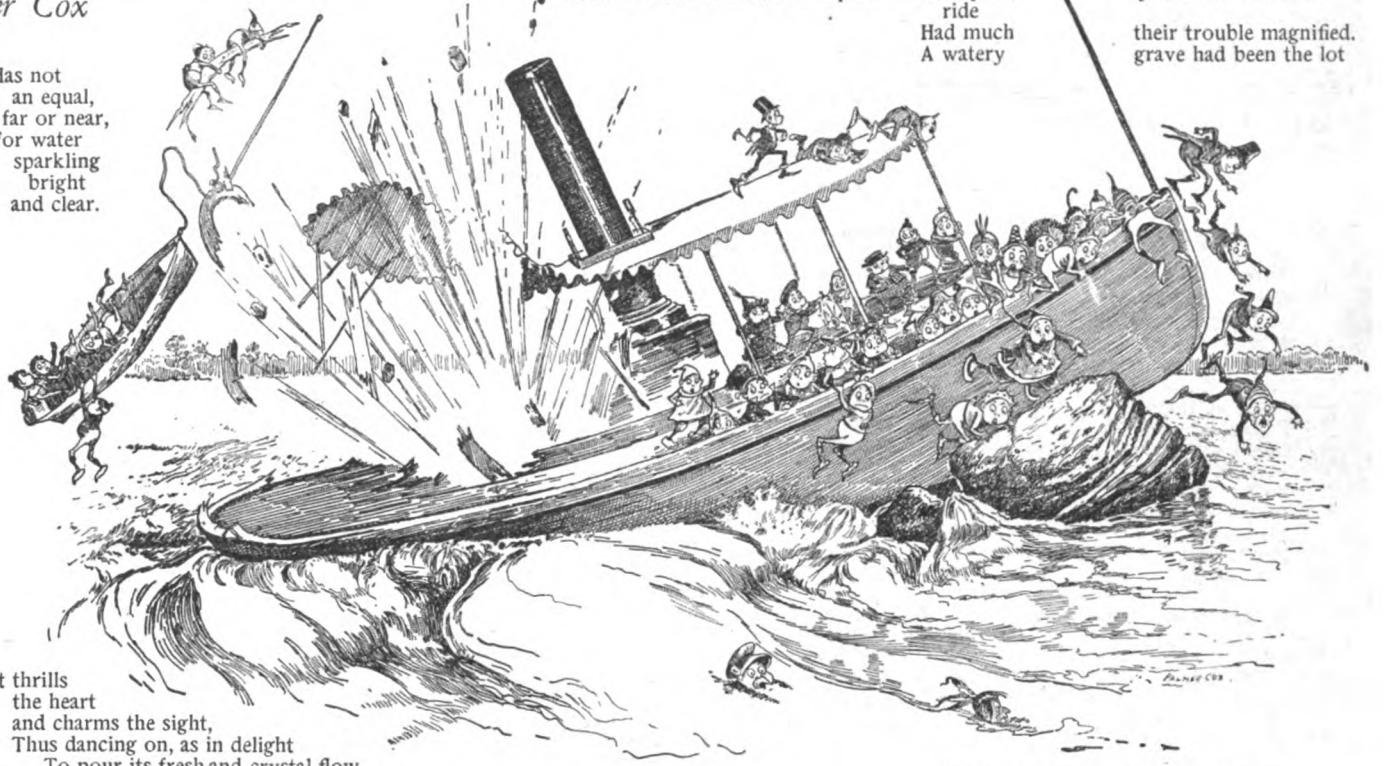
To Hamilton, to Goderich too,



Has not an equal, far or near, For water sparkling bright and clear. It thrills the heart and charms the sight, Thus dancing on, as in delight To pour its fresh and crystal flow Into the ocean far below. No wonder Indians strewed, like stones,

Cried one, "That suits us to a T, At engineering trust to me, I've had some practice at the art And well can undertake the part."

While those aboard the skiff had soon Their strike And quick-ride Had much A watery bearing changed to the moon, ly learned that lunar their trouble magnified. grave had been the lot



Another said, "I'll steer her straight Between the rocks or islands great, While all on board can take their rest Nor be with creeping fears oppressed." It was not long until the boat Set out with every one afloat. Some chanced a little skiff to find, And this was soon attached behind, And those were lucky, so they thought, Who in that way a passage sought. They sailed along with joke and smile, And much enjoying every mile, Until some foaming crests appeared That told a rapids now they neared. The current was by far too strong And wild for them to right the wrong. Their hope lay not in turning back, But now to keep the safest track. The helmsman stood well to his task, Nor had he need for help to ask, A dozen members of the crew Were quick to tell him what to do. Now round the islands left and right He steered the craft with wondrous might, Now grazing banks, now scraping stones,

Of half the band if they had not Been blessed with supernatural power That stood them well in hand that hour. Some had to swim, and some to dive, More held to planks to keep alive,

That overlooks Lake Huron blue, The Brownies took a hasty run For observation and for fun. Through streets that are Toronto's pride They hurried on with hasty stride, Viewed banks, and buildings made to hold The money which is good as gold. Looked through each handsome court and square, And market-place with special care. My pen has not the space to praise Each charming sight that drew their gaze As on they hastened through the land Enjoying scenes on every hand. Once while they halted to survey A steep and grass-grown mound of clay, Said one, "This marks an old redoubt Where once the British kept lookout, When Uncle Sam and Johnny Bull Had their last interesting pull, Or tug of war as records show, Now over eighty years ago." The Thousand Islands may be named As something that attention claimed, The broad St. Lawrence got its share

Along its banks the settlers' bones, Before they'd leave a scene so fair And turn to seek a home elsewhere. The arm indeed might well be strong, The hatchet heavy, arrow long, And scalping-knife be ever keen Defending such a lovely scene. I think it will not be amiss Now while beside a flood like this, That we may not again come near On pleasure bound for many a year, For us to take a boat or two And down the stream our way pursue." Another said, "We can command A naphtha launch that's near at hand. 'Twill just about contain the crowd, Yet every one have space allowed."



While rose the cries, the shrieks and groans Of frightened Brownies, who were thrown Into the greatest panic known. At length there came a fearful shock— The launch had centred on a rock, In spite of all the sage commands, And left a wreck upon their hands.

For swift the river swept along Upon its course with action strong. However bad the rip or break The Brownies don't their ship forsake, Till they've exhausted all the means Known both to landsmen and marines, That they may have within their reach To bring her safely to the beach. The Brownies gained the wreck at last That still was sticking hard and fast. Then in the quickest way they could They patched it up with bits of wood, With caps and jackets calked the seams And spliced the shattered ribs and beams, Then, launching it adrift once more, They worked it to the nearest shore. Then, walking on the roof or ridge, They crossed the long Victoria Bridge From end to end, not trusting to The road inside, for well they knew The trains that thundered to and fro Were every hour on the go.

Just then, to much increase their woe, The boiler made a stir below, As far too often is the case When some mishap has taken place. 'Twas well the boiler had its bed Located aft where things could spread Without destroying all the host That to the bows had crowded most. Those who were sitting on the rail Went upward like a flock of quail,



Of praise and observation there. Said one, "This river rolling free, Between the chain of lakes and sea,



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AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR



WE all like to give advice, and, for the most part, we give it with better grace than we receive it. But the most curious phase about a good seven-eighths per cent. of the advice spoken and printed is the fact that it is directed to the young. The girls, particularly, come in for a large share. Boys receive it, too, but in smaller quantities. It is a pet theory with many people that only the young make mistakes. When a man, for example, matures in years, and the gray steals into his hair, he is supposed to be safe from errors. But is he? The history of the world certainly does not sustain the theory. The gravest mistakes in life have often been made long after the flush of youth has gone, and when the age of wisdom is supposed to have been reached. I believe in advice. A word spoken in time has turned many a man and set many a woman to thinking. But I do not believe in confining all the advice to young people.

WHEN we advise about marriage, for instance, we like to turn to the young man or young woman about to be married. We are careful to point out this shoal and to advise about avoiding that rock. We tell the girl she must do this, and we tell the young man he must do that. We seem to take it for granted that the vast majority of young people approach marriage without the slightest conception of its meaning. I will not deny that this supposition holds good in a number of cases, and that advice is a needful article in a great many instances where marriage is contemplated. But is there no need of advice for the married? Should it all be confined to the marriageable? And when the givers of counsel do cross the border line it is the wife who generally receives the benefit of the wise outpouring. Here again is an accepted theory—that it is the wife who needs advice the most. Out of every hundred articles of advice to the married, it is safe to say that not ten are directed to the husband. He is supposed not to stand in any crying need of suggestions. But the wife, poor woman, gets advice all the time. True, the wife is more of the home than is the husband. But does this husband always carry himself with the best interests of his wife, the children and the home in mind? Are the husbands of our homes all that they should and might be? They are good—no nation has better men, nor better husbands and fathers. And yet—

IT would doubtless surprise many men who believe themselves good husbands if they were told that through two elements in their natures they sow more discontent in their homes, and do more to jar the unity of domestic life, than can be counteracted by all the better qualities they possess. And these two elements will, perhaps, be as well understood by the names of silent appreciation and silent love as by any other definition. By silent appreciation I mean that irritating, inferential acceptance by a husband of every thoughtfulness and little courtesy offered by a loving wife, and by silent love I mean that affection of husband for wife which, while it exists, expresses itself either rarely or not at all. The two are, in a sense, identical, and they can, therefore, be treated together.

WHEN a woman loves a man she lives for him. From the moment she awakens in the morning until she closes her eyes at night a loving wife's thoughts are of her husband. All day she performs her duties with the thought of his pleasure uppermost in her mind, and his image in her heart. Nearly everything she does is with the thought of him. If she puts a dainty touch to a room she instinctively wonders what he will think of it when he comes home. If she buys an article in the shops that he will see, close beside her own preference for it is the thought whether he will like it. When she plans the dinner his tastes are regarded first. What would he like best is her constant thought. She dresses her children, having in mind a little suggestion or thought which he may have dropped days, yes, even months ago. His color becomes her color; his taste her taste. And even if she does not always personally approve of a certain thing she buys it or she does it because she feels or thinks it will please him. Scores and scores of times have I seen wives lay aside their own preferences willingly and cheerfully because their husbands liked something else better. His coming home is to her the event of the day, and it is her pleasure to prepare for it in some way. No matter how tired the head, how ill the body during the day, she tries to look cheerful when her husband comes home. She feels that she has something to dress for as his home-coming hour approaches. She likes to lay aside the house-gown she has worn all day, and don a fresh dress for his coming. It is a pleasure to her to wear the gown for which, at some time or other, he may have expressed a preference; or it may be in the dressing of her hair in the way which she knows he likes best; in the simple ribbon of his favorite color; in the wearing of a flower he likes to see on her, or with which there may be some tender association; in a little touch which she deftly gives the table; in some favorite dish of his prepared by her own hands; in the inviting manner in which his house-coat and slippers are placed ready for his donning; in the convenient spot in which he finds his evening paper, his cigar, and even the lucifers, ready for his enjoyment after dinner; in short, in the thousand little touches which only occur to a woman who finds her greatest delight and satisfaction in the pleasure which she can give the man she loves. She likes to look her best for him; she tries to do what she feels he would most wish her to do. Nor is this an ideal picture. It is one which is enacted every day in thousands of homes.

THE husband comes home, and if the heart is as ready to speak as the eye is to notice—for men are quick to observe little things done for their pleasure or benefit by loving hands—the wife finds an ample reward for all the pains she has taken. The tender recognition of a loving thought by a husband is as life itself to a devoted wife. But if, as is so unfortunately often the case, the eye sees, but the heart does not speak, I do not wonder that the wife feels that all her pains have gone for naught. She feels that he sees, but she wants a little more. She wants to know that he sees. And here is the sting of silent appreciation. God knows that in this world we are all of us too economical of our praise. We would oftentimes roll this earth a little nearer Heaven if we would let our mouths speak what our hearts feel. The praise that is born of love is good for us all. And I marvel that husbands do not see this more clearly. There is nothing we feel in this life so keenly as to be ignored; and nothing stifles the love in the heart of a wife so much as this silent appreciation, to which so many husbands are prone. It is not that a woman longs for praise,—she would resent it from the average man. But she hungers for it from one man—the man to whom she has a right to look for it: her husband. Her life is bound up in his. One tender word of recognition from him brightens the hour for her. And why is it that men cannot open their eyes more clearly to the fact that their wives live for them? That one-half, yes, three-fourths of the little things they do are done for them? And if they see it, or feel it, or know it, why, in the name of common sense, don't they show that they do? Why, if they like to have a thing done for them, can't they say so?

"WHY, my wife knows I appreciate her little attentions!" said a husband to me the other day. Know it! Great Cæsar! How is a woman to know it unless she is told so? What is that fiendish streak which is in so many men that leads them to withhold the word of just praise? Are men themselves so insensible to the stimulus of deserved recognition in their business lives? Hardly. Then why do they withhold from their wives what they seek for themselves in the business world? "Oh, well, that is different," remarked a man to me once. Different—how is it different? Is a woman less human than a man? If a word of praise or recognition helps men in their business, is the same word of less value to a woman in whose eyes it is infinitely more than business can ever be? Bosh, man, bosh! It is the coward who speaks thus! Turn about is fair play. Give unto others—and particularly to your wife—that which you wish for others to give unto you. That is religion, and it is common sense. A wife needs the spoken word of appreciation far more than do you, the husband. A woman's life is made up of little things, and the word that speaks of love, of recognition, is one of the biggest of those little things.

AND if silent appreciation is killing to a wife's endeavors, silent love is infinitely worse. We have by far too much of this unspoken affection in our homes. Husbands make altogether too little of their wives. If they made more of them the world would be the brighter for it. Before marriage men like to tell their sweethearts every ten minutes how much they are to them; after marriage they are content with the same declaration every ten days. The stream of love that is crystal at the start becomes too much of a sluggish stream as it flows. It doesn't hurt a wife to be told by her husband that he loves her. It never did, and it never will. I make no foolish, sentimental plea. I do not say that a husband ought to tell his wife every time he sees her how much he loves her. But some husbands ought to tell their wives so more often than they do. Unspoken love is one of the most dangerous moths in our domestic happiness. Love is more to a woman than it is to a man. It is her very existence. As the flower of love blooms in a home, so is the heart of the wife in it. One would imagine that some men used up their entire stock of pretty sayings before marriage, judging from their economy of them afterward.

IT isn't the old theory of the dying embers of love after marriage that I am portraying. I believe, and that most earnestly, that the men of no nation on the globe love their wives better than do our American men. One explanation of this may be that the women whom our men marry are so much better, and it is so much easier to love them. But too much affection is left to inference. Man, having been told ever since the creation that his is the stronger of the sexes, has fallen into the belief that he must show this in his attitude in matters of the heart. It is perfectly pardonable that his wife should show any outward demonstrations of affection for him. But he? Dear, no! He must carry himself with a greater dignity—one more becoming to the stronger sex! Now, this isn't what our men say, and, for that matter, they do not even think it in so many words. But, and unconsciously perhaps, they feel so. However palatable the proverbial dinner of herbs may be I don't think that any of us would care for it as a regular diet. And I imagine that wives feel the same way on this matter of silent love. They approve of it when company is present, or in public. But when in the quiet of our homes I think wives do not object to a little more outward demonstration of a husband's affection. And they should have it. They are entitled to it. God intended that Love should form the larger part of a woman's nature.

Heart-hunger is the keenest suffering which a woman endures. In comparison with it the ills and aches of the body are as naught. But the trouble that pulls at the heart-strings day in and day out soon makes an old woman of the youngest and cheeriest wife. It stifles her affection, and that means her life. It kills the best motives and noblest impulses in the tenderest and sweetest nature. The strongest nerves are loosened under its strain; the brightest disposition grows morose and troubled through its influence. And there are, in our American homes to-day, thousands of women suffering, God only knows how intensely, from this choking of the affections, from this everlasting outpouring of a love that meets only with a perfunctory response. Oh, there is so much in a loving caress, so much in a tender word of love to a devoted wife. Women will gladly wear themselves out in caring for the homes of their husbands; they are ready to sacrifice their lives, if need be. These sacrifices they make gladly. Only one thing they ask, and that is their husband's love—given not by inference, but expressed in words and in deeds. That, to a woman, is the elixir of life.

TOO many husbands treat their wives altogether as if they were nothing but genteel drudges, the managers of their homes, and nothing more. If a man marries a woman to acquire a good housekeeper, and the woman knows it at the time, I have nothing to say. But if a man marries a woman to be his wife, in all which that term implies, then let him treat her as a wife. Simply to provide well for her is not enough. A man of generous impulses would do that much for any woman—any mere housekeeper who keeps his house in order. A wife is a little more than that—at least, she should be. That is where the unfortunate American greed for gold comes in. Men are too apt to measure everything by material standards. They think that if they give their wives everything they want they ought to be happy, just as in business employers think that all their employees want is more salary. But the kind word of praise often goes farther in business than mere compensation. And hundreds of wives to-day would appreciate one loving word from their husbands more than all the money and comforts lavished upon them. To be given plenty to eat and plenty to wear is but a poor offering to a heart that is longing for the expression of a husband's love. The stomach cannot feed upon that which it is not given, and the heart cannot be lightened by that which it is not told. I believe in little acts of consideration shown by husbands to wives—they are the very essence of life. But something must be added, and that something is an expressed love.

IF men fail to understand women better it is largely due to their inability to see life from any other than their own standpoint. Some men cannot recognize the vast difference between those things which enter into their lives and the elements which make up the life of a woman. It seems to me sometimes as if men will not see. Because their lives are full of diversions, far broader in their scope, they cannot understand why a woman allows so many little things to influence her. Forgetful are they of the fact that the sphere of woman is one of infinite detail. A home is not like a business office. But a man says: "You have your servants; I have my clerks. Where's the difference?" The difference lies in the fact that a woman must enter into the details of a home, if she manages it conscientiously, far more than a man needs to enter into the minor affairs of a business. The domestic servant depends more upon her mistress for direction than does the clerk upon his employer. Infinitely more important is it that a wife should go into her kitchen and look into its workings than it is that the employer should go into his shipping department and see that the packages are properly tied and the addresses legibly marked. He can detail this responsibility to the head of his shipping department. Not so the housekeeper. She is, and must be, the individual head of the kitchen, of the nursery, of each department of her home, just as she must be the general head of the whole house. She is general and captain rolled into one. And of this supervision of detail is her life made up, and her thoughts influenced. Woman is a creature of detail, and all credit to her, I say, that she is such a good master of her sphere. And as is her life, so becomes her nature.

IT is not enough that wives must feel that they have the love of their husbands. They should know it, and be told of it. Thoughtlessness and a misunderstanding of the nature of women are at the bottom of all this unexpressed love. There is plenty of love abroad in this world, and a great part of it lies in the hearts of our American husbands. But it shouldn't lie dormant. It should reach expression. It should be given voice, and as often and as warmly as the heart dictates. A good wife can stand a tremendous quantity of love—all that any man can give her. The danger lies rather in not giving enough than in giving too much. It is not an unmanly thing for a man to love his wife, although one might readily believe so from the way some men go about it. Neither is it sickly, maudlin nor sentimental for him to show it. But even if it were all these and more, what of it? Who has a prior claim to a husband's love, and who a better right to know it? What is it that men do for their wives that is at all an equivalent for what wives do for their husbands? Provide for them? That's a duty and nothing more. In some things it is well that we should go a little farther than the duty line. The more husbands remain lovers the better it will be for the wives of our land. It is the expressed love of a husband that makes a wife radiantly happy, and nothing else can take its place. What honey is to the bee, a man's love is to his wife. It is her very existence—upon its knowledge she lives better, she does her chosen tasks more easily, she loves her children more; it makes her smile brighter, and her laugh heartier, and it keeps her heart young. And considering what we men owe to women, it is, indeed, a very modest return that we offer them.



MY LITERARY PASSIONS

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS



I FOLLOWED Irving, too, in my later reading, but at haphazard, and with other authors at the same time. I did my poor best to be amused by his Knickerbocker History of New York, because my father liked it so much, but secretly I found it heavy; and a few years ago when I went carefully through it again I could not laugh. Even as a boy I found some other things of his up-hill work. There was the beautiful manner, but the thought seemed thin; and I do not remember having been much amused by Bracebridge Hall, though I read it devoutly, and with a full sense that it would be very *comme il faut* to like it. But I did like the life of Goldsmith; I liked it a great deal better than the more authoritative life by Forster, and I think there is a deeper and sweeter sense of Goldsmith in it. Better than all, except the Conquest of Granada, I liked the Legend of Sleepy Hollow and the story of Rip Van Winkle, with their humorous and affectionate caricatures of life that was once of our own soil and air, and the Tales of the Alhambra, which transported me again to the scenes of my youth beside the Xenil. It was long after my acquaintance with his work that I came to a due sense of Irving as an artist, and perhaps I have come to feel a full sense of it only now, when I perceive that he worked willingly only when he worked inventively. At last I can do justice to the exquisite conception of his Conquest of Granada, a study of history which, in unique measure, conveys not only the pathos, but the humor of one of the most splendid and impressive situations in the experience of the race. Very possibly something of the severer truth might have been sacrificed to the effect of the pleasing and touching tale, but I do not understand that this was really done. Upon the whole I am very well content with my first three loves in literature, and if I were to choose for any other boy I do not see how I could choose better than Goldsmith and Cervantes and Irving, kindred spirits, and each not a master only, but a sweet and gentle friend, whose friendships could not fail to profit him.

IN my own case there followed my acquaintance with them certain Bœotian years, when if I did not go backward I scarcely went forward in the paths I had set out on. They were years of work, of the over-work indeed, which falls to the lot of so many that I should be ashamed to speak of it except in accounting for the fact. My father had sold his paper in Hamilton and had bought an interest in another at Dayton, and we were all straining our utmost to help pay for it. My daily tasks began so early and ended so late that I had little time, even if I had the spirit, for reading; and it was not till what we thought ruin, but what was really release, came to us that I got back again to my books. Then we went to live in the country for a year, and that stress of toil, with the shadow of failure darkening all, fell from me like the horror of an evil dream. The only new book which I remember to have read in those two or three years at Dayton, when I hardly remember to have read my old ones, was the novel of Jane Eyre, which I took in very imperfectly, and which I associate with the first rumor of the Rochester Knockings, then just beginning to reverberate through a world that they have not since left wholly at peace. It was a gloomy Sunday afternoon when the book came under my hands; and mixed with my interest in the story was a nether anxiety lest the pictures on the walls should leave their nails and come and lay themselves at my feet; that was what the pictures had been doing in Rochester and other places where the disembodied spirits were beginning to make themselves felt. The thing did not really happen in my case, but I was alone in the house, and it might very easily have happened.

IF very little came to me in those days from books, on the other hand, my acquaintance with the drama vastly enlarged itself. There was a hapless company of players in the town from time to time, and they seemed always to come to us for their printing. I believe they never paid for it, or at least never wholly, but they lavished free passes upon us, and as nearly as I can make out, at this distance of time, I profited by their generosity every night. They gave two or three plays at every performance to houses ungratefully small, but of a lively

spirit and impatient temper that would not brook delay in the representation; and they changed the bill each day. In this way I became familiar with Shakespeare before I read him, or at least such plays of his as were most given in those days, and I saw Macbeth and Hamlet, and above all Richard III, again and again. I do not know why my delight in these tragedies did not send me to the volume of his plays, which was all the time in the bookcase at home, but I seem not to have thought of it, and rapt as I was in them I am not sure that they gave me greater pleasure, or seemed at all finer, than Rollo, the Wife, the Stranger, Barbarossa and the Miser of Marseilles, and the rest of the melodramas, comedies and farces that I saw at that time. I have a notion that there were some clever people in one of these companies, and that the lighter pieces at least were well played, but I may be altogether wrong. The gentleman who took the part of villain, with an unflinching love of evil, in the different dramas, used to come about the printing office a good deal, and I was puzzled to find him a very mild and gentle person. To be sure he had a mustache, which in those days devoted a man to wickedness, but by day it was a blonde mustache, quite flaxen, in fact, and not at all the dark and deadly thing it was behind the footlights at night. I could scarcely gasp in his presence, my heart bounded so in awe and honor of him when he paid a visit to us; perhaps he used to bring the copy of the showbills. The company he belonged to left town in adversity, but I suppose that this was habitual with them.

OUR own adversity had been growing, and now it became overwhelming. We had to give up the paper we had struggled so hard to keep, but when the worst came it was not half so bad as what had gone before. There was no more waiting till midnight for the telegraphic news, no more waking at dawn to deliver the papers, no more weary days at the case, heavier for the doom hanging over us. My father and his brothers had long dreamed of a sort of family colony somewhere in the country, and now the uncle who was most prosperous bought a milling property on a river not far from Dayton, and my father went out to take charge of it until the others could shape their business to follow him. The scheme came to nothing finally, but in the meantime we escaped from the little city and its sorrowful associations of fruitless labor, and had a year in the country, which was blest, at least to us children, by sojourn in a log-cabin, while a house was building for us.

THIS log-cabin had a loft, where we boys slept, and in the loft were stored in barrels the books that had now begun to overflow the bookcase. I do not know why I chose the loft to renew my long-neglected friendship with them. The light could not have been good, though if I brought my books to the little gable window that overlooked the groaning and whistling gristmill I could see well enough. But perhaps I liked the loft because the books were handiest there, and because I could be alone. At any rate it was there that I read Longfellow's Spanish Student, which I found in an old paper copy of his poems in one of the barrels, and I instantly conceived for it the passion which all things Spanish inspired in me. I not only renewed my acquaintance with literature, but renewed my delight in people and places where I had been happy before those heavy years in Dayton, as I read. At the same time I felt a little jealousy, a little grudge, that any one else should love them as well as I, and if the poem had not been so beautiful I should have hated the poet for trespassing on my grounds. But I could not hold out long against the witchery of his verse. The Spanish Student became one of my passions, a minor passion, not a grand one, like Don Quixote and the Conquest of Granada, but still a passion, and I should dread a little to read the piece now, lest I should disturb my old ideal of its beauty. The hero's rogue servant, Chispa, seemed to me then and long afterward so fine a bit of Spanish character that I chose his name for my first pseudonym when I began to write for the newspapers, and signed my legislative correspondence for a Cincinnati paper with it. I was in love with the heroine, the lovely dancer whose *cachucha* turned my head, along with that of the cardinal, but whose name even I have forgotten, and I went about with the thought of her burning in my heart, as if she had been a real person.

ALL the while I was bringing up the long arrears of play which I had not enjoyed in the toil-years at Dayton, and was trying to make my Spanish reading serve in the sports that we had in the woods and by the river. We were Moors and Spaniards almost as often as we were British and Americans, or settlers and Indians. I suspect that the large, mild boy, the son of a neighboring farmer, who mainly shared our games, had but a dim notion of what I meant by my strange people, but I did my best to enlighten him, and he helped me make a dream out of my life, and did his best to dwell in the region of unrealities where I preferably had my being; he was from time to time a Moor when I think he would rather have been a Mingo. I got hold of Scott's poems, too, in the cabin loft, and read most of the tales which were yet unknown to me after those earlier readings of my father's. I could not say why Harold the Dauntless most took my fancy; the fine, strongly-flowing rhythm of the verse had a good deal to do with it, I believe. I liked these things, all of them, and in after years I liked the Lady of the Lake more and more, and from mere love of it got great lengths of it by heart, but I cannot say that Scott was then or ever a great passion with me. It was a sobered affection at best, which came from my sympathy with his love of nature, and the whole kindly and humane keeping of his genius. Many years later, during the month when I was waiting for my passport as Consul for Venice, and had the empty time on my hands, I occupied it chiefly in reading all his novels, one after another, without the interruption of other reading. Ivanhoe I had known before, and the Bride of Lammermoor and Woodstock, but the rest had remained in that sort of abeyance which is often the fate of books people expect to read as a matter of course, and come very near not reading at all, or read only very late. Taking them in this swift sequence little or nothing of them remained with me, and my experience with them is against that sort of ordered and regular reading, which I have so often heard advised for young people by their elders. I always suspect their elders of not having done that kind of reading themselves.

FOR my own part I believe I have never got any good from a book that I did not read lawlessly and willfully, out of all leading and following, and merely because I wanted to read it, and I here make bold to praise that way of doing. The book which you read from a sense of duty, or because for any reason you must, does not commonly make friends with you. It may happen it will yield you an unexpected delight, but this will be in its own unentreated way and in spite of your good intentions. Little of the book read for a purpose stays with the reader, and this is one reason why reading for review is so vain and unprofitable. I have done a vast deal of this, but I have usually been aware that the book was subtly withholding from me the best a book can give, since I was not reading it for its own sake and because I loved it, but for selfish ends of my own, and because I wished to possess myself of it for business purposes, as it were. The reading that does one good, and lasting good, is the reading that one does for pleasure, and simply and unselfishly, as children do. Art will still withhold herself from thrift, and she does well, for nothing but love has any right to her.

Little remains of the events of any period, however vivid they were in passing. The memory may hold record of everything, as it is believed, but it will not be easily entreated to give up its facts, and I find myself striving in vain to recall the things that I must have read that year in the country. Probably some of the old things over; certainly I kept on with Cervantes, and very likely with Goldsmith. There was a delightful history of Ohio, stuffed with tales of the pioneer times, which was a good deal in the hands of us boys; and there was a book of Western adventure, full of Indian fights and captivities, which we wore to pieces. Still I think that it was now that I began to have a literary sense of what I was reading. I wrote a diary, and I tried to give its records form and style, but mostly failed. The versifying which I was always at was easier and yielded itself more to my hand. I should be very glad to know at present what it dealt with.

WHEN my uncles changed their minds in regard to colonizing their families at the mills, as they did in about a year, it became necessary for my father to look out for some new employment, and he naturally looked in the old direction. There were several schemes for getting hold of this paper and that, and there were offers that came to nothing. In that day there were few salaried editors in the country outside of New York, and the only hope we could have was of some place as printers in an office which we might finally buy. The affair ended in our going to the State capital, where my father found work as a reporter of legislative proceedings for one of the daily journals, and I was taken into the office as a compositor. In this

way I came into living contact with literature again, and the day-dreams began once more over the familiar case of types. A definite literary ambition grew up in me, and in the long reveries of the afternoon, when I was distributing my case, I fashioned a future of overpowering magnificence and undying celebrity. I should be ashamed to say what literary triumphs I achieved in those preposterous deliriums, even if I could remember them all. What I actually did was to write a good many copies of verse, in imitation, never owned, of Moore and Goldsmith, and some minor poets, whose work caught my fancy, as I read it in the newspapers or put it in type.

ONE of my pieces, which fell so far short of my visionary performances as to treat of the lowly and familiar theme, Spring, was the first thing I ever had in print. My father offered it to the editor of the paper I worked on, and I first knew, with mingled shame and pride, of what he had done when I saw it in the journal. In the tumult of my emotions I promised myself that if I got through this experience safely I would never suffer anything else of mine to be published, but it was not long before I offered the editor a poem myself. I am now glad to think it dealt with so humble a fact as a farmer's family leaving their old home for the West. The only fame of my poem which reached me was when another boy in the office quoted some lines from it in derision. This covered me with such confusion that I wonder I did not vanish from the earth. At the same time I had my secret joy in it, and even yet I think it was attempted in a way which was not false nor wrong. I had tried to sketch an aspect of life that I had seen and known, and that was very well indeed, and I had wrought patiently and carefully in the art of the poor little affair.

My elder brother, for whom there was no place in the office where I worked, had found one in a store, and he beguiled the leisure that a light trade left on his hands by reading the novels of Captain Marryat. I read them after him with a great deal of amusement, but without the passion that I bestowed upon my favorite authors. I believe I had no critical reserves in regard to them, but simply they did not take my fancy. Still we had great fun with Japhet in Search of a Father, and with Midshipman Easy, and we felt a fine psychical shiver in the darkling moods of Snarleyou the Dog Fiend. I do not remember even the names of the other novels, except Jacob Faithful, which I chanced upon a few years ago and found very hard reading.

WE children who were used to the free range of woods and fields were homesick for the country in our narrow city yard, and I associate with this longing the Farmer Boy of Bloomfield, which my father got for me. It was a little book in blue cloth, and there were some mild woodcuts in it. I read it with a tempered pleasure, and with a vague resentment of its trespass upon Thomson's ground in the division of its parts under the names of the seasons. I do not know why I need have felt this; I was not yet very fond of Thomson; I really liked Bloomfield better; for one thing his poem was written in the heroic decasyllabics, which I preferred to any other verse. I infer from the fact of this preference that I had already begun to read Pope, and that I must have read the Deserted Village of Goldsmith. I fancy, also, that I must by this time have read the Odyssey, for the Battle of the Frogs and Mice was in the second volume, and it took me so much that I paid it the tribute of a bald imitation in a mock-heroic epic of a cat fight, with the wonted invocation to the Muse, and the machinery of partisan gods and goddesses. It was in some hundreds of verses, carefully studied from Pope, which I did my best to balance as he did, with a caesura falling in the middle of the line, and a neat antithesis at either end.

The story of the Odyssey charmed me, of course, and I had moments of being intimate friends with Ulysses, but I was passing out of that phase, and was coming to read more with a sense of the author, and less with a sense of his characters as real persons; that is, I was growing more literary, and less human. I fell in love with Pope, whose life I read with an ardor of sympathy which I am afraid he hardly merited. I was of his side in all his quarrels, as far as I understood them, and if I did not understand them I was of his side anyway. When I read that he was a Catholic I was almost ready to abjure the Protestant religion for his sake. It was a relief to find that this was not necessary when I came to know that most of his friends were Protestants. If the truth must be known, I did not like his best things at first, but long remained chiefly attached to his rubbishing pastorals, which I was perpetually imitating, with a whole apparatus of swains and shepherdesses, purling brooks, enameled meads, rolling years, and the like.

W. D. Howells.

"AS THEY ARE NOW, SO WE SHALL BE"

By Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.



THE world is woefully in want of a table of statistics in regard to what is the protractedness and immensity of the influence of one good woman in the church and in the world. We have accounts of how much evil has been wrought by Margaret, the mother of criminals, who lived nearly a hundred years ago, and of how many hundreds of criminals her descendants furnished for the penitentiary and the gallows, and how many hundreds of thousands of dollars they cost this country in their arraignment and prison support, as well as in the property they burglarized or destroyed. But will not some one come with a brain comprehensive enough, and heart warm enough, and pen keen enough to give us the facts in regard to some good woman of a hundred years ago, and let us know how many Christian men and women, and reformers, and useful people have been found among her descendants, and how many asylums and colleges and churches they built, and how many million dollars they contributed for humanitarian and Christian purposes?



THE WOMEN OF THE PAST

THE good women whose tombstones were planted in the eighteenth century are more alive for good in the nineteenth century than they ever were, as the good women of this nineteenth century will be more alive for good in the twentieth century than now. Mark you, I have no idea that the grandmothers were any better than their granddaughters. You cannot get very old people to talk much about how things were when they were boys and girls. They have a reticence and a non-committalism which makes me think they feel themselves to be the custodians of the reputation of their early comrades. While our dear old folks are rehearsing the follies of the present, if you put them on the witness-stand and cross-examine them as to how things were seventy years ago, the silence becomes oppressive. But still there was a glorious race of godly women seventy and a hundred years ago, who held the world back from sin and lifted it toward virtue, and without their exalted and sanctified influence before this, the last good influence would have perished from the earth. Indeed, all over this land there are seated in homes where the JOURNAL reaches, a great many aged grandmothers. They sometimes feel that the world has gone past them, and they have an idea that they are of little account. Their head sometimes gets aching from the racket of their grandchildren down-stairs or in the next room. They steady themselves by the banisters as they go up and down. When they get a cold it hangs on to them longer than it used to. They cannot bear to have the grandchildren punished even when they deserve it, and have so relaxed their ideas of family discipline that they would spoil all the youngsters of the household by too great leniency.

These old folks are the resort when great troubles come. There is a calming and soothing power in the touch of an aged hand that is almost supernatural. They feel they are almost through with the journey of life, and read the old Book more than they used to, hardly knowing which they most enjoy, the Old Testament or the New. Blessed is the household that has in it a grandmother. Where she is angels are hovering around, and God is in the room. May her last days be like those magnificent and glory-crowned autumnal days that we call Indian summer.



A PICTURE GALLERY OF WRINKLED FACES

I NEVER knew the joy of having a grandmother; that is the disadvantage of being the youngest child of the family. The older members only have that benediction. But though she went up out of this life before I began it, I have heard of her faith in God, that brought all her children into the kingdom and two of them into the ministry, and then brought all her grandchildren into the kingdom, myself the last and least worthy. Is it not time that you and I do two things, swing open a picture gallery of the wrinkled faces and stooped shoulders of the past, and call down from their Heavenly thrones the godly grandmothers, to give them our thanks, and then persuade the mothers of to-day that they are living for all time, and that against the sides of every cradle in a home in which a child is rocked, beat the two eternities?

INFLUENCE FOR GOOD OR EVIL

HERE we have an untried, undiscussed and unexplored subject. You often hear about your influence upon your own children—I am not writing about that. What about your influence upon the twentieth century, upon the thirtieth century, upon the fortieth century, upon the year two thousand, upon the year four thousand, if the world last so long? The world stood four thousand years before Christ came; it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may stand four thousand years after His arrival. Four thousand years the world swung off in sin; four thousand years it may be swinging back into righteousness. By the ordinary rate of multiplication of the world's population, in a century your descendants may be in the hundreds, and by two centuries in thousands, and upon every one of them you, the mother of to-day, may have an influence for good or evil. And if in four centuries your descendants shall have with their names filled a scroll of thousands, will some angel from Heaven, to whom is given the capacity to calculate the number of the stars of Heaven and the sands of the seashore, step down and tell us how many descendants you will have in the four thousandth year of the world's possible continuance?



THE AGED TO THE FRONT

DO not let the grandmothers any longer think that they are retired, and sit clear back out of sight from the world, feeling that they have no relation to it. The mothers of the last century are to-day in the senates, the parliaments, the palaces, the pulpits, the banking-houses, the professional chairs, the prisons, the almshouses, the company of midnight brigands, the cellars, the ditches of this country. You have been thinking about the importance of having the right influence upon one nursery. You have been thinking about the importance of getting those two little feet on the right path. You have been thinking of your child's destiny for the next eighty years, if it should pass on to be an octogenarian. That is well, but my subject sweeps a thousand years, a million years, a quadrillion of years. I cannot stop at one cradle; I am looking at the cradles that reach all around the world and across all times. I am not writing of mother so particularly in this article; I am writing of grandmother.



THE INFLUENCE OF MATERNITY

THE only way you can tell the force of a current is by sailing up stream, or the force of an ocean wave by running the ship against it. Running along with it we cannot appreciate the force. In estimating maternal influence we generally run along with it down the stream of time, and so we don't understand the full force. Let us come to it from the eternity side, after it has been working on for centuries, and see all the good it has done and all the evil it has accomplished multiplied in magnificent or appalling compound interest. The difference between that mother's influence on her children now, and the influence when it has been multiplied in hundreds of thousands of lives, is the difference between the Mississippi River way up at the top of the continent, starting from the little lake Itasca, seven miles long and one wide, and its mouth at the Gulf of Mexico, where navies might ride. Between the birth of that river and its burial in the sea, the Missouri pours in, and the Ohio pours in, and the Arkansas pours in, and the Red and the White Yazoo Rivers pour in, and all the States and Territories between the Allegheny and Rocky Mountains make contribution. Now, in order to test the power of a mother's influence, we need to come in off the ocean of eternity and sail up toward the one cradle, and we will find ten thousand tributaries of influence pouring in and pouring down. But it is, after all, one great river of power rolling on and rolling forever. Who can fathom it? Who can bridge it? Who can stop it? Had not mothers better be intensifying their prayers? Had they not better be elevating by their example? Had they not better be rousing themselves with the consideration that by their faithfulness or neglect they are starting an influence which will be stupendous after the last mountain of earth is flat, and the last sea has been dried up, and the last flake of the ashes of a consumed world shall have been blown away, and all the telescopes of other worlds directed to the track around which our world once swung, shall discover not so much as a cinder of the burned-down and swept-off planet?

SEED FROM A MOTHER'S HAND

IF a mother tell a child that if he is not good some bugaboo will come and catch him, the fear excited may make the child a coward, and the fact that he finds there is no bugaboo may make him a liar, and the echo of that false alarm may be heard after fifteen generations have been born and expired. If a mother promise a child a reward for good behavior, and after the good behavior forget to give the reward, the cheat may crop out in some faithlessness half a thousand years farther on. If a mother culture a child's vanity and eulogize his curls, and extol the night-black or sky-blue or nut-brown of the child's eyes, and call out in his presence the admiration of spectators, pride and arrogance may be prolonged after half a dozen family records have been obliterated. If a mother express a doubt about some statement of the Holy Bible in a child's presence, long after the gates of this historical era have closed and the gates of another era have opened, the result may be seen in a champion blasphemer.

But on the other hand, if a mother walking with a child see a suffering one by the wayside and says, "My child, give that ten-cent-piece to that lame boy," the result may be seen on the other side of the following century in some George Müller building a whole village of orphanages. If a mother sit almost every evening by the trundle bed of a child and teach it lessons of a Saviour's love and a Saviour's example, of the importance of truth and the horror of a lie, and the virtues of industry and kindness, and sympathy and self-sacrifice, long after the mother has gone, and the child has gone, and the lettering on both the tombstones shall have been washed out by the storms of innumerable winters, there may be standing as a result of those trundle bed lessons, flaming evangelists, world-moving reformers, seraphic Summerfields, weeping Paysons, thundering Whitefields, emancipating Washingtons.



THE FIRST QUESTION IN HEAVEN

GOD fills the earth and the heavens with grandmothers; we must some day go up and thank these dear old souls. Surely, God will let us go up and tell them of the results of their influence. Among our first questions in Heaven will be, "Where is grandmother?" They will point her out, for we would hardly know her even if we had seen her on earth, so bent over with years once, and now so straight, so dim of eye through the blinding of earthly tears, and now her eye as clear as Heaven, so full of aches and pains once, and now so agile with celestial health, the wrinkles blooming into carnation roses, and her step like the roe on the mountains. Yes, I must see her, my grandmother on my father's side, Mary McCoy, descendant of the Scotch. When I first spoke to an audience in Glasgow, Scotland, and felt somewhat diffident, being a stranger, I began by telling them my grandmother was a Scotch woman, and there went up a shout of welcome which made me feel as easy as I do here sitting in my chair writing for the JOURNAL. You must see those women of the early nineteenth century and the eighteenth century, the answer of whose prayers is in your welfare to-day.



"THE LAST OF EARTH"

GOD bless all the aged women up and down the land! What a happy thing Pomponius Atticus to say, when making the funeral address of his mother: "Though I have resided with her sixty-seven years, I was never once reconciled to her, because there never happened the least discord between us, and consequently, there was no need of reconciliation." Make it as easy for the old folks as you can. When they are sick get for them the best doctors. Give them your arm when the streets are slippery. Stay with them all the time you can. Go home and see the old folks if you are away from them. Find the place for them in the hymn-book. Never be ashamed if they prefer styles of apparel a little antiquated. Never say anything that implies that they are in the way. Make the road for the last mile as smooth as you can. Oh, you will miss her when she is gone! I would give the house over my head to see my mother. I have so many things I would like to tell her, things that have happened in these many years since she went away. Morning, noon and night let us thank God for the good influences that have come down from good mothers all the way back.

Don't forget your mother; don't forget your grandmother. And hand down to others this patrimony of blessing. Pass along the coronets. Make religion an heirloom from generation to generation. Let the mothers of America consecrate themselves to God, and they will help consecrate all the ages following! Do not dwell so much on your hardships that you miss your chance of wielding an influence that shall look down upon you from the towers of an endless future.

T. De Witt Talmage



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BLACK COSTUMES OF TO-DAY

By Isabel A. Mallon



THE popularity of the black gown, which I predicted two years ago, is as great as during the early part of the season. The richest materials in wool, silk or velvet are used, and the dressmaker utilizes all the ideas in her brain to think out effective designs. Of course, it is not absolutely necessary that one's costume should be all black. Every fashionable tint and all sorts of laces and passementeries are allowed upon black material. As to the becomingness of black, it may be said that black silk or black wool is not suited to a woman who has gotten on the shady side of forty, for either material intensifies every line, and draws attention to the fact that the bloom has gone off the cheeks and that the eyes are not as bright as they used to be. The use of a color with black does away with this bad effect, while black velvet will be found as softening and as charitable as all the other fabrics are trying.

COMBINATION OF SILK AND VELVET

ONE of the smartest of the silk gowns, relieved in a very pretty way by velvet and lace, is that shown in Illustration No. 1. The material is a very heavy corded gros-grain. The skirt, while it has the requisite swing and the fashionable fullness, has the fullness so arranged that it does not give a bulky-looking air to the



COSTUME OF SILK AND VELVET (Illus. No. 1)

hips. About a quarter of a yard above the edge of the skirt is its only trimming, a strip of the silk cut on the bias, regularly knotted at intervals of a quarter of a yard, and caught carefully to position, so that as it encircles the skirt its soft folds are artistic and the knots break what would otherwise be a very ordinary decoration. The bodice is a pointed basque fastened down the front with hooks and eyes. From each side starts a folded belt of pink velvet, which is caught just in the centre, in front, under a small velvet rosette. Jacket fronts of coffee-colored lace, thickly spangled with cut jets, add to the bodice. The high collar is a folded one of pink velvet with a rosette just at one side of the front. The sleeves are quite full, and shape into the arm. About each wrist is a cuff of lace spangled with jet; on the shoulder is a long, deep cap, reaching quite to the elbow, split just through the centre. It is of pink velvet fringed with jet sequins. On each shoulder is a standing epaulette of the lace and jet wired to position. The bonnet is of white lace with a pink rosette just in front and with ties of black velvet.

A WORD ABOUT THE SUITINGS

FOR the early spring-time wear, which is really the time when black gowns will be at their best, for then it is possible to have any stuff desired, the wools are specially liked. By wools I mean the numerous combinations of wool and silk that are shown. The manufacturers have improved these suitings so much that to-day they have a special standing of their own, and are by no means limited, as they used to be, to the people who wear mourning. There was a time when if one had a Henrietta cloth dress, it was supposed that a crêpe veil naturally went with it, but the general liking for black has made a change, and any woman who does not wish anything as expensive as satin or silk may select one of the silk and woolen mixtures. Don't imagine by this that their price is cheap; it is not. Their cheapness is in their great width and the fact that where you must get sixteen yards of silk, six of the extra wide stuffs would answer.

COMBINING SILK AND WOOL

A VERY pretty gown, which is shown in Illustration No. 2, is of the silk and wool suiting known as Eudora cloth; it is very like Henrietta, though it is not quite so soft. Here it is developed with black satin. The skirt, cut in the usual fashionable style, is quite plain, and only stiffened sufficiently to keep the material from getting what they call down South, a "slinky" look. The bodice is quite a long coat basque, reaching to the knees and having a flaring, umbrella back. The edges are all piped with black satin; the waistcoat is of black satin, a very heavy and lustrous quality being chosen; it is long, fitted to the figure with great exactness, and buttoned with small black satin buttons. The collar is a high stock of black satin ribbon. The sleeves are high, full ones of black satin, with a fan-shaped decoration of black lace just on the outer side, but so placed that it shows from the front. The hat is a broad-brimmed one of black satin felt, trimmed with high loops of black satin ribbon and black wings.

OF BLACK SATIN

OF the vogue given to black satin there can be no doubt. Of its general becomingness there is great doubt. A stout woman should never wear a black satin gown, and neither should a woman who announces the exact number of years she has when the number has passed that we usually connect with fatness and fairness. That a black satin gown is most elegant is very certain; that a cheap satin one in which the cotton far exceeds the silk in quantity is most vulgar, is equally certain. Simplicity should, above all things, govern the satin gown in its development, and consequently what is known as a perfect fit is a necessity, because a wrinkle in satin is as if it were in a looking-glass and doubles itself many times. The richest black satin dress I have seen might be used as a model for either silk or wool stuffs, and it is another announcement of the coming of the polonaise. Black satin and broadcloth are considered a specially good combination in black. When combined the skirt is made of the broadcloth and the polonaise of the satin.

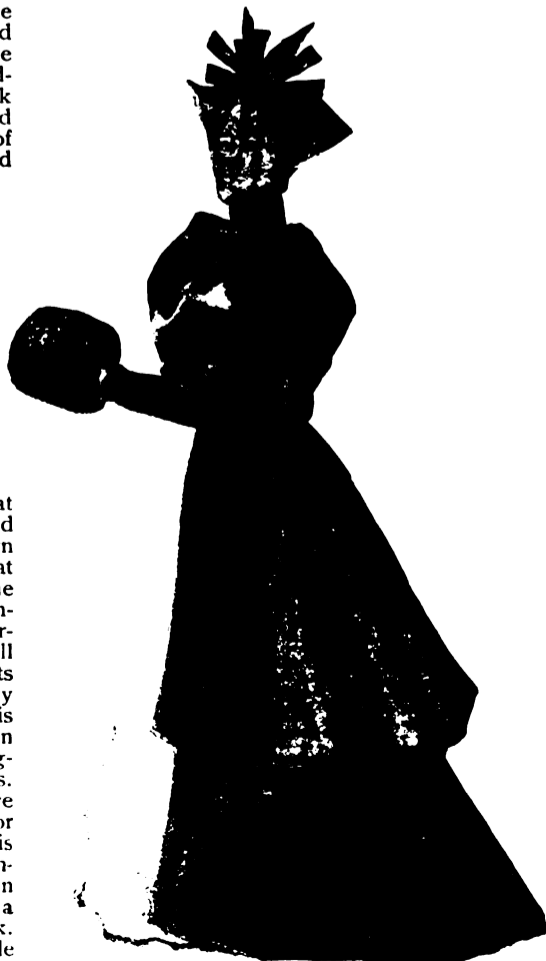
A VERY RICH GOWN

THE satin gown referred to is shown in Illustration No. 3. The skirt is plain and is simply finished with three milliner's folds of the same material. The long polonaise is smoothly fitted in the back, and its closing in front is invisible because all that portion of the bodice shows the satin, draped across the corsage in what is often called the Greek fashion. This, by-the-by, tends to make the shoulders look broader and the waist smaller. On the left side, from just below the waist down, the polonaise is open, and permits to swing to and fro the elaborate jet ornament which consists of fringe and pendent rows of beads that, starting from under the close, palm-



BLACK SATIN GOWN (Illus. No. 2)

like decoration at the top, fall almost to the edge of the skirt. The polonaise has no trimming about its edge, the hem being held in place by invisible stitches. The collar is a stock of Nile green satin ribbon. The fullness in the back of the skirt of the polonaise is arranged in two broad, double box-plaits well below the waist-line. The sleeves are full puffs of satin to the elbows, and then come deep cuffs extending in a point down over the hands.



COSTUME OF SILK AND WOOL (Illus. No. 2)

Black Dress Materials

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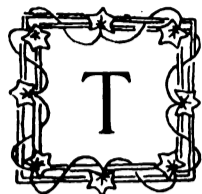
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HELPS IN ARRANGING TABLEAUX

By Edith Townsend Everett



THE revival of the short-waisted gown and the quaint poke bonnet, together with the royal favor recently bestowed upon *tableaux vivants* on the other side of the ocean, has made it but natural to expect a revival in America of the old-time favorites, the living pictures. In days that are past we all have seen them, but they have been amateurish and crude, arranged hastily with little or no system, and frequently ending in a dire collapse. Many of us even have taken part in them, but I doubt if any of us have been altogether satisfied with the results we have attained. Unvarying rules for successful tableaux are as hard to give as unvarying rules for cakes. They both need large dashes of judgment, yet there are some suggestions which should be followed accurately if you desire to devote an evening to this form of entertainment.

WHAT THE MANAGER NEEDS

TO begin with, to be a successful manager of an affair of this sort, beauty and age must be overlooked entirely, and the eye must be trained to quick recognition of a type, and be able to use such a one intelligently. The promoter of this form of entertainment must steel his heart and gird on the armor of patience, for he will need but little of the former and much of the latter. The work being usually made more difficult by suggestions, it will require wonderful dexterity on the part of the leader to steer successfully his little company around the shoals of rivalry into the smiling port of content. Of course the beauty of her set will insist upon posing for the principal rôles, regardless of the fact that her Anglo-Saxon profile does not suit the part in the least, and pretty Mrs. Young Wife, who tips the scales at a hundred and sixty, will shed many tears if not allowed to impersonate Psyche. These are the thorns in the path of the manager, and only one with rare tact can escape their sting.

ARRANGING THE STAGE

TO get to the actual working details the first thing to do is to select your room. One that connects by folding doors with the one to serve as auditorium is the best to choose. Let the entire space occupied by the doors be filled in with black gauze stretched across the opening, and the foot and top lights placed behind it. This arrangement produces the effect of a thin mist, light enough to be easily seen through, and yet softening the rugged outlines and bringing out the points of the picture at the back with a clearness that is wonderful. This gauze is one of the most important features in tableaux, and should no sooner be disregarded than the arrangement of the stage. Of course my readers understand that I am dealing only with such an entertainment as can be given in either a city drawing-room or the spacious rooms of a country mansion. Very few people, no matter how much they may enjoy theatricals and tableaux, can afford to set apart a room or hall for such purposes, consequently preparations of the sort described below must be made whenever any such festivities are contemplated:

Your stage must, of course, be raised above the audience. It should be not less than fifteen feet in depth, with as much space behind it as can be spared, and ten feet in width. To represent banks or other elevations there must be movable benches or platforms. Frames for the living pictures must be secured. As all pictures are not the same size several frames must be arranged. Some may be hired. A simple one can be made by using moulding by the foot, bordered all round by cloth of some subdued tone. Portières may serve as curtains, yet there may be possibly some homes where these hangings are not used, in which case the folding doors must screen the actors from the spectators, and each frame be provided with a separate bit of gauze, instead of the one large piece in the doorway doing duty for all. Once let the stage, the gauze and the lights be arranged, and the main trouble is over.

When the work of selecting the persons who are to represent these living pictures begins the manager must look first for that much-needed quality—grace. Grace goes further than any other attribute to suggest beauty, and it must be kept in mind that it is a work of art which is to be represented, lest mere prettiness deceive by its superficial attractiveness. In every-day life a woman is deemed plain if afflicted with a poor complexion, but in tableaux this defect does not signify, and should not be taken into account, nor even considered.

NOT COLOR BUT FORM

SOME faces can assume more than one type by a different arrangement of hair, costume and light. The death mask of Shakespeare reveals this peculiarity, for in one view we discover the German, in another the French and in a third the Greek. Some have even said they detected a trace of the African. Be that as it may, many faces are capable of taking on more than one type, and such are the very best subjects for tableaux. The color of hair or eyes does not have the bearing on the artistic representation that form does. A very dark person may be less suitable for picturing the Southern and Eastern races than many fair-skinned children of a Northern clime. Color is a much more manageable quality in tableaux than form, yet even this can be apparently changed if a little artistic knowledge is brought to bear upon the operation. I once watched an artist friend experiment on a bust of plaster, and was astonished at the result. He shortened the nose by casting the light of a candle so that the lower cartilage was thrown into the shadow. He seemed to double the size of the eyes by a judicious play of light which produced shadows under them, and the nose was lengthened by a touch of paint just beneath it, throwing the cartilage into relief.

A gown of unrelieved black will cause some faces to appear very thin, while the same person in a white gown, owing to the reflected lights which destroy the shadows, will look quite plump.

Strong colors, such as black, dark red and blue, should be used where the type is fine, lacking a subtlety of modeling, giving the impression of imperfect finish. If the finish is finer than the type the use of lace, the glint of satin and the reflection of transparent white give the face the very opposite quality of severe line.

COLORS BY LAMPLIGHT

GREAT care should be taken in the selection of colors, as many that appear warm and lovely in the daytime are quite the reverse by lamp or gas light. Especially is this true of many purples, that are hideous browns under the glare of the gas. Likewise, some pinks become yellow, some blues green. Be sure if you choose any one of these colors that they will appear the same when you wish to use them before the footlights. Do not forget that size is only a relative matter. To represent height or weight judicious contrasts serve even a better purpose than actual proportions. A woman not more than five feet high can be made to look very tall if she carries her head well, and no one would think her tiny unless placed beside other and larger women. As the single figure in a picture attired in ruffs and jewels she would indeed appear commanding.

People look taller on the stage than in a room, owing, undoubtedly, to their being on a higher level and appearing larger, as figures seen against the sky always do. Sharp lights and shadows are rare magicians, causing a perfectly-proportioned man or woman to appear absolutely attenuated, while an over-stout person becomes just delightfully plump and round.

ELABORATE SUBJECTS

HAVING gone over the mechanical workings of *les tableaux vivants* the next thing to do is to choose the most beautiful and effective pictures to represent. At Osborne, the Queen's residence on the Isle of Wight, among other subjects "The Four Seasons" and "Taking the Veil" were given. The former is somewhat hackneyed, as there never were yet tableaux given by amateurs who did not claim that subject for their own. However, it is a pretty picture and capable of much originality of thought in the costuming and arrangement. At Osborne the Princess Patricia, youngest daughter of the Duke of Connaught, represented Spring in a thin gauzy gown, with an overturned basket of violets and daffodils in her lap. The youth of the Princess made her the most worthy embodiment of the infant season that could be chosen. One of the ladies-in-waiting impersonated Summer in pink satin profusely adorned with roses, while Princess Beatrice, the Queen's favorite daughter, looked the very embodiment of Autumn in a sheeny gown combining the dead leaf tones and ruddier hues of frost-touched foliage, elaborately draped and festooned with autumn leaves, a coronet of which she wore on her fair hair. Winter, in white furs and powdered hair, was represented by another lady-in-waiting.

"Taking the Veil" is another elaborate subject. There must be black-robed nuns, priests and acolytes. The novice, attired in white, kneels at an altar rail, and the others are grouped effectively about.

SIMPLICITY IS EFFECTIVE

ROMANTIC subjects are legion and always form pleasing pictures. If you do not care to go to the trouble of arranging elaborate scenes every-day subjects may be chosen, something simple and heartfelt, which will be certain to appeal to the audience. Among these may be mentioned the gypsy fortune-teller holding the palm of a shy young girl, while her lover looks on from the background as though endeavoring to hear if he has anything to do with the future that the old hag is pretending to read from the lines in the little hand. The Italian mother holding her baby up to place flowers on the shrine of the virgin is another lovely tableau, and the young girl bidding adieu to a gay young cavalier is a picture full of grace and spirit.

All of these are very easy to manage. Of the more elaborate nothing could be more thoroughly artistic than a series of pictures from the works of Shakespeare. The heroes and heroines of the great bard lend themselves very readily to this style of entertainment. For instance, Othello telling of his triumphs and his troubles to Desdemona and her aged father; the aged King Lear and his daughters; the sleep-walking scene, and the witches' incantation from Macbeth; the wooing of Katharine in King Henry V, and a picture of that other Katharine, the shrew, so greatly in contrast to the gentle French princess. There are hundreds of them ready to be chosen, but none more attractive than the representation of "Ophelia at the Brook." Let the hair of Ophelia be very dark and her face pale. The figure tall, slender and graceful. A woman with some dramatic talent or a ready intuition of what is required of her should be chosen for this part.

The brook can be formed of gauze stretched over a mirror. Surround it by water plants, vines, ivy—anything that will give it the appearance of a real brook. All of these can be hired at a florist's if the entertainers are city residents, if not, the woods, even in winter, will furnish sufficient green to answer the purpose. A bough of pine near the foreground can be introduced by tacking it to a screen. Ophelia, in a flowing gown of white, stands gazing into the brook, the right hand uplifted, grasping the bough, while in the left she holds a flower.

SOME OTHER SUBJECTS

A SERIES of tableaux that is peculiarly attractive may be arranged of the various subjects relating to the "Nine Muses," or a composite group could be given under the head of "Progress," showing scene after scene, either simple or elaborate, indicating the strides made in various branches of industry and art from the time that marked their first discovery.

To begin with, America, surrounded by the various peoples of the new world, could be disclosed, the single figure being that of a young girl draped in stars and stripes with the well-known liberty cap upon her flowing tresses. While the costumes and setting for every scene may be simple they should be carried out as gracefully as possible, as detail counts for much in entertainments of this sort.

If the muses are chosen their single figures or small groups are better than any number of people in one scene. Poetry, Music, Dancing and Art may be represented with two or three figures if preferred, and the purely classical treatment need not be adhered to so long as the subject is shown in its true light. For instance, Dancing could be just as artistically depicted by young people in costumes of the Orient, or in more civilized garb, instead of the simple hanging folds that draped the Greek goddess.

These pictures need very little in the way of properties to make up a delightful ensemble. An idea which is both artistic and instructive is to illustrate by living pictures a complete poem or story in prose. In doing this the best in literature becomes a very part of those who are called upon to take a place in it, and though they could not remember the lines ten minutes after they were spoken the story without words will live long in their memory.

A tableau club could be formed, and once a month during the winter some play of Shakespeare, or one of the dramatic poems of some other standard author could be represented in a series of tableaux.

THE ADVANTAGES DERIVED

ALL copies of good pictures make fine tableaux. Mythology and history, likewise, furnish many subjects; in fact, the choice is unlimited, and though given purely in the spirit of amusement, still lessons are unconsciously taught, for underlying all the fun is a substratum of instruction that leaves its mark. Subjects, costumes, manners and customs of ancient days, and the best in literature and art, can all be impressed on the mind in this pleasant way. To the timid no entertainment appeals so strongly, for there are no lines to be earnestly studied and then forgotten in a moment of stage fright, just when you had hoped to distinguish yourself before your friends. All that you need to do is to silently lend yourself and your thoughts to the spirit of the pictures, and your tableaux will be successful.

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THE SOCIAL SIDE OF LIFE

Some Pleasant Home Festivities at Moderate Cost

A VALENTINE DINNER

BY MRS. BURTON KINGSLAND



An agreeable way of observing the day which is sacred to the patron saint of lovers is to invite half a dozen young people to a dinner, which shall, in all its details, recall the subject in which St.

Valentine presumably most delights. Let the centrepiece be heart-shaped and composed of Jacqueminot roses, in which a gilded arrow—which can be had at a very moderate cost—shall be diagonally transfixed. In these days nearly every home possesses some decorative piece of Dresden or bisque, of which a cupid is nearly always a prominent feature. These, though designed to hold flowers, may appropriately be pressed into service as receptacles for the salted almonds, cakes and bonbons. These last should be in the shape of hearts, which any confectioner will undertake to make to order. Even the bread at each place may be cut in the same form.

Pans may be procured from any tinsmith at a moderate cost, in which the bread may be baked to simulate hearts.

THE name-cards should, of course, be hearts, and may be made to serve the double purpose of name-card and menu. They should be made to imitate a heart as nearly as Bristol-board and red paint can be made to do, carefully shaded to represent its inequalities, with a tongue of flame burning at the top between its two lobes. The names may be written in gilt across its ardent surface, while on the reverse side may be given:

- THE MENU
- Oysters
 - Soup
 - Cream of Love-Apples
 - Fish
 - Twin Soles
 - Entrée
 - Sweetbreads
 - Roast
 - Tenderloin of Beef
 - Game
 - Turtledoves
 - Ice Cream
 - Form of two doves kissing each other
 - Kisses
 - Coffee
 - Bonbons

When interpreted, "cream of love apple" soup may read, "cream of tomatoes"—"love apples" being the name sometimes given to that popular vegetable. Soles, so delicious in England, take the name of flounders in America, and properly cooked are very palatable. Two good-sized fish would be sufficient for eight persons. The turtledoves would be better known as squabs, but not so suggestive of "billing and cooing." The ice cream may be made of any compound preferred, provided that the outside coating be white to recall the dove's plumage.

THE small meringues, called "kisses" from time immemorial, have inspired conversation among young men and maidens for some occult reason.

After dinner I would suggest for a game as bearing upon "the day we celebrate," the "lettuce game," which lends itself easily to any subject. For those unacquainted with it I would say briefly that tissue paper of several shades of green is cut and crimped to represent leaves of lettuce, which, placed in a salad-bowl, is wonderfully like what it purports to be. At the base of each leaf is glued a tiny bit of folded paper containing a quotation from some poet. In this case the selections should be entirely confined to the subject of the tender passion, and as every known poet has been eloquent on that theme the choice is almost unlimited.

The lettuce is passed around, and each person selecting a leaf endeavors to tell from whom the quotation is selected. If answered correctly the leaf is pinned on the person as a decoration of merit. Failing success, it is passed on until correctly answered. A prize of a heart-shaped silver photograph frame—a thing acceptable to either lady or gentleman—enhances the interest of the game, and a large knitted "mitten" may occasion a little fun as a "booby prize" if the unfortunate be a gentleman. For a lady, a pretty cup and saucer tied together with ribbons may be suggestive of the tea, popularly supposed to be one of the consolations of spinsterhood. Fancy heart-shaped boxes filled with rose-colored candies also make pretty prizes.

A FEAST OF ALL NATIONS

BY EDITH TOWNSEND EVERETT



An these days, when the most unique entertainment is the one to receive the greatest meed of approval from those who cater to society's needs, a novel affair is in the nature of a new-found joy.

Therefore the description of one of the oddest, yet most delightful gatherings imaginable, will not come amiss to hostesses in search of variety. The name of this lately-improvised form of entertainment is "a feast of all nations," and until one has been attended but a very poor idea of its wondrous possibilities can be imagined. "A feast of all nations" may be served in installments—a country at a time—or be divided among small tables, each one representing a nation in its edibles and appointments. The example that I have in mind was a composite affair with five small tables, which were arranged in a truly artistic and attractive manner.

The invitations, which were written on plain, heavy paper, with a flag in the corner, read as follows:

"Mr. and Mrs. John Smith request the pleasure of your company on Thursday evening, November sixteenth, at seven o'clock. As far as possible please dress in accordance with the customs of the country represented by the flag in the left hand upper corner. "510 North Spencer Place."

The air of mystery about such a peculiarly-worded epistle but added zest to the affair, and though the hour set gave evidence that the invitation was for some sort of a dinner party the true nature of the function could only be guessed at. Study of the little flag in the corner proved both interesting and exciting, and then the question of dress needed much discussion and kindly argument.

WHEN the eventful night arrived a motley group gathered in the drawing-room prior to the adjournment to the dining-room, where the dinner was served. English, French, American, Japanese and Spanish ideas in dress were represented, and when the dinner was announced a very charming sight was witnessed.

Five small tables were covered with white cloths supplemented by scarfs embroidered in tiny flags, indicating the nation represented. In the centre of each were flat baskets filled with national blooms, and tied with the individual national colors. For instance, roses for England, with red, white and blue ribbon, the fleur-de-lis for France, chrysanthemums for Japan, daisies for America, and red and yellow flowers for Spain.

Four guests sat at each table, and the cards in front of them proclaimed that the edibles to be served were to be in harmony with the nation represented. The card for France, with a flag in the corner, of course, read:

FEAST OF ALL NATIONS

- FRANCE
- Hors-d'œuvre
 - Pot au Feu
 - Poulet Robi
 - Salade Laitue
 - Petit Pains
 - Gâteaux
 - Glacé Vanille
 - Café Noir

THE others varied in the style of the flag and the choice of the dishes. England had vegetable soup, boiled mutton, caper sauce, beefsteak pie, boiled potatoes, lettuce salad, jam tarts, Cheshire cheese and tea. Spain and Japan presented a most unique bill of fare. Our own country reveled in pumpkin pie, baked beans, codfish balls and buckwheat cakes.

The favors on this occasion were little silk *bonbonnières*, the national colors, decorated with fleur-de-lis for the French, imitation gold sovereigns for the English, and gay little flags for the Spanish, Japanese and American.

The necessity of having but few dishes when several nations are represented is self-evident, but if they are well cooked their quality will make up for the lack in quantity, while the fun derived from the odd entertainment more than compensates for the absence of the usual stereotyped refreshments.

Should the hostess desire to give what might be termed a set of movable feasts a single nation may be chosen for different evenings, and thus she will, perhaps, be able to infuse more original ideas into both decorations and dainties, with a series of charming entertainments as the result.

A FIVE O'CLOCK TEA FORTUNE

BY ALICE P. BAKER



An afternoon tea recently, a bright young girl begged leave to inspect the dregs of her hostess' teacup, and straightway evolved from their peculiar shape, size and situation such an amusing horoscope of the owner's future career as called forth the laughing plaudits of her hearers.

A quaint superstition is that of believing that destiny lies hidden in the innocent-looking dregs of a teacup, and an idea suggested itself which was speedily materialized for a tea-party which we were about to give. On heavy white water-color paper I first drew a prettily and oddly shaped teacup, and on the reverse side a second one. On heavy linen note paper I drew a goodly number of leaves of the same shape.

The two heavy covers I painted blue and white, adding little touches of gold here and there, where most effective.

An irregularly-shaped white space was left in the centre of the top cover, in which was printed with pen and gold ink, "Five o'Clock Tea." The inner side of the cup was simulated at the top, the edges being outlined with gold. Within this rim was printed "Cup of Fortune."

On the first of the note paper leaves was painted a design of a hand holding a tiny inverted teacup with the lines:

Leaves of tea
Show for me
My destiny!

extending carelessly down one side in gold letters. Holes were then punched in both covers and leaves at the top of the handle, and fine gold cord run through and fastened securely. A length of the cord, to which a small, white programme pencil was attached, depended from this.

The fair young possessor was to ask the friends gathered about her tea-table to read her fortune in the depths of her own cup and then transfer it, with date and signature, to the leaves of the little volume, thereby forming a pleasant souvenir.

SOME DISTINGUISHED GUESTS

BY BERTHA K. BROWN



A COLLEGE town in the midst of summer vacation is scarcely the place in which to look for social gaiety, yet even in August not quite all of the wit and wisdom of the populace has departed, and those who stay at home enjoy themselves in a most quiet and restful fashion.

Not long since my aunt and I accepted an invitation to spend the evening at a neighbor's. At eight o'clock we found ourselves in the pleasant parlor of our hostess. In the course of an hour other guests came until we numbered fifteen, all ladies, a fact which was made the cause of much merriment and turned to good account.

The two young ladies, our hostesses, stated that a number of distinguished guests had been invited, but being unable to come had sent their cards to represent them. As there were no gentlemen, to some of us would fall the pleasure of acting their parts. The younger sister then passed a tray of cards, on which were the names of friends who could not be with us. Each one present had the privilege of drawing a card, but was not allowed to look at the name on it. The elder sister stood, paper of pins in hand, ready to fasten the card on the back of the lady who had drawn it. Thus each of us carried about, not on our faces, but on our backs, the characters we were to personate, nor could we find out, except by discreet questioning, whom we were representing.

THE remark that some of us were dead, some living, some real and some fictitious, set our brains in a whirl. One lady, queenly in her bearing, who was labeled "Queen Victoria," in due time discovered her identity. The Duke of York, Gladstone, Lord Tennyson and his "Maud" were present. My aunt, to her own satisfaction, turned out to be Susan B. Anthony. Even the Infanta and her Duke were with us, and also Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer and Miss America. Peggotty and Barkis had great difficulty in finding out who they were, and though both were "willin'" could not guess their identity. Adam himself was there and his dear Eve, whom he found after many trials.

It can easily be imagined what funny blunders were made until we learned what names we bore, and that there was no possible chance for stiffness among the guests can be readily surmised.

Refreshments were served in another room, where the English ladies and gentlemen sat at one small table, the Infanta and Duke of Veragua at another, Adam and Eve at a third. Sweet peas were scattered loosely over each table. Ice cream and cake were served and later coffee. Nothing could have been simpler nor more expressive of genuine hospitality than this charming and unique entertainment of distinguished people.



"Too Many Cooks"

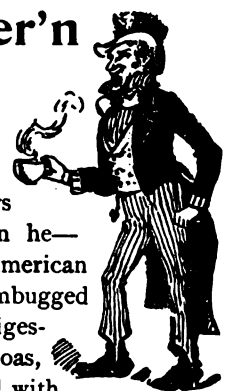
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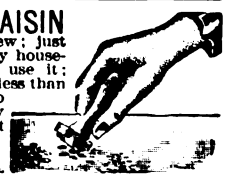
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MAKING OLD CLOTHES NEW

By Emma M. Hooper

WE hear the old expression, "almost as good as new," often with doubt, but when applied to cleaning and remodeling clothes it at times surprises its warmest advocates. Before commencing to rip up and clean any of your goods or gowns settle one fact in your mind clearly, and that is that it must be done with care or your labor will simply be thrown away. It is a clear case of being worth doing well if worth doing at all. Do not waste your time, patience and strength on completely worn-out clothes, as no possible process will make them even presentable.

THE FIRST STEPS

FIRST rip your garments, using small, pointed scissors or a penknife for this purpose. Do not give the work to a child to do, who may cut the goods. Pick out the threads and then shake each piece well. If of silk brush off the rest of the dust with a piece of old soft silk, like a handkerchief, but if of woolen materials use a good, stiff whisk broom on every portion of the dress or whatever the garment may be. Cotton goods do not easily collect dust, but they should also be well shaken. Divide all your material, putting ribbons in a box, the laces together, passementerie and such trimmings in another, and the silk, woolen and cotton pieces in separate packages; cut off all good buttons, hooks and eyes; keep your dress stays of whalebone and arm shields to renovate, and thus prepare all the goods to be cleaned before beginning any remaking. Get the task of cleaning out of the way, and after a survey of the results you can better judge what new articles are needed and the requisite quantity. This is the first step toward the spring sewing, as people obliged to economize make their first gown out of their "left overs," and if fortunate enough to have a new one they purchase it later. Good material is always worth cleaning. When either naphtha or benzine is used remember they are very explosive and should not be used in a room where there is a fire or light. Alcohol is also explosive, but only when brought in contact with fire or light. After using such fluids for cleaning purposes hang the materials that have been thus cleaned in the air until all the disagreeable odor disappears.

CLEANING BLACK SILK

THERE are many receipts for renovating black silk, but the following I have seen tried successfully. Place each piece on a smooth, clean table, using a wad of the material you are cleaning for a sponge, and rub with this dipped in the cleaning fluid in downward strokes until each piece is well wet. The fluid may be equal parts of alcohol and luke-warm water; it may be cold coffee well strained, or water in which an old black glacé kid glove has been boiled. This latter mixture is a glove put into a pint of water and boiled down to a half pint, or two gloves in a quart of water. Each and every one of these fluids are excellent in effect. Sponge the goods on what will be the right side when made up, as some silks can be turned after being worn. Hang each piece on a line to drip; when nearly dry, but still quite damp, iron with a moderately warm iron on the wrong side, placing a piece of soft, black cambric or crinoline between the iron and the goods, and ironing each piece until it is perfectly dry. Then lay away the pieces without folding them. If the selvage edges seem to draw after the silk is wet cut them here and there to give a leeway. Some persons do not iron silk, thinking that as it drips dry over the line it will be perfectly smooth, but this does not give as handsome an appearance as ironing. The ironing must always be done on the wrong side and over a second fabric, which must be black if the material is dark colored. If there are any grease spots on the silk remove them with naphtha—rubbing it on with a piece of the silk—or with French chalk. The latter is scraped on the spot, left there over night and brushed off in the morning; if the spot remains try the chalk again. This must be done before the silk is cleaned. French chalk can be had from the druggist's and may be used on any fabric or color. Benzine will remove paint, but it sometimes leaves a stain like water, which may be removed with French chalk. Another plan to remove grease from silk is to rub a lump of wet magnesia over the spot, allowing it to dry and then brushing off the powder. No matter what material is being cleaned use a piece of the same color and fabric to do the rubbing with.

WOOLEN GOODS

HENRIETTA, cashmere, serge and such black goods, if of a good quality, well repay one for all of the cleaning given them. Remove the grease spots as directed for silk goods, and then wash in warm soapsuds, using a pure, not strong, soap, in which dissolve borax at the rate of a teaspoonful to two quarts of water; rinse in very blue water and iron on the wrong side, while damp, with a moderate iron. Do not rub the goods on a washboard, but souse them up and down and wring very gently, so as not to pull or twist the fabric. Another plan suggests soaking the black cashmere in warm soapsuds for two hours, then dissolving an ounce of extract of logwood in a bowl of warm water, and adding sufficient water to cover the goods, and then allowing them to stand in this mixture all night. In the morning rinse in four waters, and to the last add a pint of sweet milk; clap the material between the hands, in place of wringing, hang on a line until nearly dry, and iron, while damp, on the wrong side. Always iron until the goods are perfectly dry. The grease may be removed from colored cashmeres with French chalk, and other stains with naphtha. They can also be washed in warm water, with one tablespoonful each of ammonia and beef's gall to a pail of water. Wash quickly and rinse in water in which there is a little beef's gall. When black goods look rusty they can be restored by sponging with equal parts of ammonia and alcohol. Never rub soap on black or colored woolen goods. Black alpaca is washed as cashmere is, only to the last rinsing water add a little gum-arabic.

COLOR SILKS AND RIBBONS

CLEAN colored silks in a mixture made by boiling to a pulp old kid gloves as near the color of the silk as you can get. Place the gloves in a new tin pan, in cold water; when boiled, strain the pulpy mass, add a little hot water and ammonia. Wash the silk or ribbon in this and put a little borax and spirits of camphor in the rinsing water—about half a teaspoonful of each to a quart of water; do not iron, but let the pieces hang until dry. Clean black ribbons in the manner described for black silk. It is said that when the color has been taken out by fruit it may be restored by ammonia, and that when color has been destroyed by a strong acid it may be restored by wetting the spot with a strong soap lather, to which a pinch of saleratus has been added. Never try any cleansing fluid on a gown unless you first experiment with a piece of the goods, for colors are curious many times when so treated and act in an unexpected manner. From an old receipt book I glean that ribbons may be easily renewed if washed in a suds of cold water and Castile soap, and ironed, while damp, with a cloth between the iron and ribbon. Colored ribbons, neckties, drapery, silk scarfs, etc., are easily and quickly cleaned by immersing them in a bowl of naphtha, but remember how explosive it is and also that it chaps the hands. Silk embroidery upon fancy-work or dresses may be cleaned with a camel's-hair brush dipped in spirits of wine. Many stains may be removed from light silks with clear water, rubbing the spot dry at once so that the water will not run into the dust on the edge of the spot and cause a light ring or shading.

JET PASSEMENTERIE AND CREPE

JET trimmings sometimes take on a dusty, dull look which is easily removed by rubbing them gently with a sponge dipped in diluted alcohol, and then wiping dry with a piece of soft black silk or woolen goods. An English receipt for renovating crêpe is a handful of fig leaves boiled in two quarts of water until reduced to a pint, sponging the crêpe with this and hanging it up until dry. My own plan, and the one I have used and recommended many times with perfect satisfaction, is the following: Rip out all hems in the crêpe pieces or veils, brush off the dust with an old silk handkerchief, and wind as many thicknesses as you have smoothly around a clean broom handle or clothes stick. Have your wash-boiler half full of boiling water and lay the broomstick lengthwise over this, the ends resting on the edge. Keep the water boiling and allow the crêpe to steam for the better part of a day, turning it so that all will get the same steaming. Then put the broom away until the crêpe is perfectly dry, say for twenty-four hours, when you may unpin the crêpe, and it will be found clean, a good black and with the crisp feeling that new crêpe always has, and which it so soon loses. Even the best of crêpe should not be worn in the rain, which makes it limp and dull looking.

BLACK AND WHITE LACES

DELICATE white laces are cleaned by that lace lover, collector and connoisseur, Mme. Modjeska, with calcined magnesia. Spread the lace on a sheet of writing paper, sprinkle it well on both sides with the magnesia, place a second piece of paper over it, put away between the leaves of a book for three days and then shake off the powder to find the lace perfectly clean. Laces are given a creamy hue by putting strained coffee or powdered saffron in the rinsing water until the right cream or écou tinge is procured. White silk laces are soaked in milk over night, then soused in warm soapsuds, rinsed and finally pulled out and carefully pinned down while damp. Laces must be soused, gently squeezed and clapped between the hands until dry or nearly so. Laces may be whitened by letting them stand covered with soapsuds in the sun. Fine bread-crumbs rubbed on will clean lace that is not very much soiled. White cotton laces are washed in warm soapsuds, well rinsed, then boiled, rinsed again, clapped nearly dry and pinned down on a smooth bed, over a clean towel; every point of the scallops should be pinned. If laces are ironed, which the best cleaners do not approve of, the ironing should be done over a soft flannel cloth, and with a cloth between the iron and lace. Black lace may be freshened with a teaspoonful of borax to a pint of warm water, using an old black kid glove for a sponge, and pinning down to dry; if ironed do it on the wrong side, over black cambric. Borax, coffee, diluted alcohol and the water in which a black kid glove has been boiled are all excellent renovators for black lace. Green tea is also a favorite wash for lace. Avoid drying black lace near the fire, as heat is apt to turn it rusty. Gold and silver laces are cleaned with part of a loaf of stale bread mixed with a quarter of a pound of powder blue, rubbing the bread fine and mixing the blue with it. Sprinkle thickly over the lace and in a short time it will brighten; then brush off the crumbs with a piece of flannel and rub softly with a piece of red velvet.

A FEW ODDS AND ENDS

JAPANESE, China and tussah or pongee silk may be washed in luke-warm soapsuds, quickly rinsed and dried in the shade. Do not rub soap on the silks. Iron these with a moderate iron over a piece of thin muslin. White Shetland or crocheted shawls can be cleaned in flour or white cornmeal. Let them be well covered with it over night, then shake it off, and if not clean repeat the process. Wash the best of stockinet or rubber dress-shields in warm soapsuds, pull in shape and pin down to dry. Soak genuine whalebone in warm water for half an hour, then iron straight with a hot iron. Wash silesia linings and keep for little folks, as they shrink too much to use again for the same person, and, like cambric skirt linings, are apt to pull out of shape, which renders them unfit for a perfect pattern. Wash a blue flannel dress in bran and water without any soap, with a handful of salt in the water to "set" the color. Use soft water, when possible, for any of these receipts, or soften the water with a little borax or ammonia.

CLEANING COTTON FABRICS

FRENCH sateens will clean beautifully by putting them in a lather of luke-warm soapsuds in which there has been a cup of salt dissolved; rinse in water also having salt in it; dip in very thin starch and roll up in a clean sheet; in two hours iron on the wrong side. Remove coffee stains from a white dress with the yolk of an egg mixed with twenty drops of glycerine; wash off with warm water and iron on the wrong side. A tablespoonful of sal-soda in a gallon of cold rinsing water will brighten blue and purple lawns, while a teacup of vinegar to a gallon of water will improve green and pink shades. If the color has been taken out of a linen waist by careless washing it is claimed that it may be restored by dipping the article in a solution of one part of acetic acid to twelve parts of water. Remove scorch stains from your summer muslins by soaking the cloth in luke-warm water, squeezing lemon juice over it and sprinkling a little salt also on the stain; then bleach in the sun. Clean black and navy blue lawns and batistes by washing in hot suds, containing a cup of salt; rinse in very blue water and dry in the shade; then dip in very blue and thin starch, and, when nearly dry, iron with a moderately warm iron on the wrong side. When you have cleaned all of the materials on hand the most difficult part of your undertaking will have been overcome, and you will not find it a very difficult matter to make your old clothes appear new. Your nice gingham and percales should be washed in moderately warm water having salt in it to "set" the colors. Dry them in the shade and use very thin, warm—not cold—starch; iron on the wrong side with a mediumly warm iron. Do not soak them over night.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Hints on Home Dressmaking," will be found on page 32 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

B. & B.

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THE ART OF DRESSING FOR BUSINESS
By Isabel A. Mallon

DO not think the woman lives who cares to have the stamp of idleness put upon her. Most women are busy. If they are not out in the workaday world, absolutely earning their bread and butter, they are workers in their homes, and forced to go out to attend to the marketing, the shopping, or to consult with painters, carpet cleaners and the various workers who help to make home the "house beautiful." I have never been an advocate for the so-called business dress; I see no reason why the woman who earns her own living should tell it by her costume—as the inmates of a reformatory proclaim their residence. And yet I do believe in the propriety of a business dress, that it shall be one suitable in color, in cut and in ability to stand the wear and tear, and also be suitable for the hours when it must be worn. It often makes me sick at heart to see the way in which young women spend their hard-earned money on gowns of the latest and most conspicuous color; hats trimmed with feathers that the slightest damp will uncurl, and coats that give no warmth and are only conspicuous by the predominance of cotton in their material and the fact that they are cut in the latest style. But the girl who is not out in the workaday world would be horrified at the idea of wearing, when she starts out to shop, anything not quite trim in its effect.

THE MATERIALS TO CHOOSE

WHETHER you sit at a desk or are behind a counter it goes without saying that dark colors are always to be

THE STYLE OF MAKING
THE business dress should be simple—the skirt well cut, but plain, and the bodice, if it has a decoration at all, one that will not catch dust. A correct style is best shown in Illustration No. 1. It is a gown to be worn by a woman who spends a few hours a day at the desk, and a few more in seeing business people. The skirt is a very heavy black serge, cut quite smoothly at the front and sides, and with a double box-plait in the back—a very wide one, which gives the fashionable width and makes walking easy. The bodice is a fitted blouse, having three folds in the front and three in the back. The skirt portion goes under the belt of the skirt proper, and over this is a two-inch wide belt of coarse gros-grain ribbon with a small jet buckle clasping it just in front. The neck finish is a folded stock of black gros-grain ribbon, and the full sleeves have a band of ribbon around them at the wrists for their decoration.

FOR STREET WEAR

FOR the busy woman who has a long walk to the office or store, and who has chosen for her gown a dark blue cashmere,

the woman who loves a bit of color and who is determined to have it, that woman may achieve what she wishes in her hat and coat. There are more rainy days and stormy days in the winter-time than there are sunshiny ones, and so the coat chosen should be one that will laugh at rain drops and disregard snow. Rather rough, water-proofed dark blue cloth will do all this. It may, as you see in Illustration No. 2, be developed in a long coat reaching almost to the edge of the skirt, fitted in to the waist-line at the back, and then having a slight flare below to give the skirt plenty of room. It is semi-loose in front, but not double-breasted, and is closed with large black gutta percha buttons. There are two good-sized pockets, so that when it is necessary to open the umbrella one may not lose one's purse nor drop one's handkerchief, for they are safely at rest in the receptacles prepared for them. The sleeves

are the usual full ones and have simple machine stitching for their decoration. The collar is a turned-down one, though it is quite high, and it is fastened to the cape, which is then buttoned to the coat so that if a warm day should come the cape may, very properly, be worn without the coat. The hat is an Alpine one of soft, rough blue felt, with three scarlet quills at one side, and the umbrella a dark blue silk one.

UTILIZING THE BLOUSE

THE very general liking for blouses makes it possible for the business woman to utilize any skirt that has outworn its bodice. If one is tired of plain dark colors, a blouse made of small check suiting, or if one is slender, of plaid, will be found useful and becoming. A typical one is seen in Illustration No. 3, to be worn with a dark green cloth skirt. The material used is a cashmere, and the plaid is the favorite blue and green one, a little subdued in size. The back is fitted to the figure, and the front is draped across in such a way from each shoulder to the waist that the impression given is of the regular surplice bodice.



FOR STREET WEAR (Illus. No. 2)

The collar to this is a high, folded one of green silk, and the high, full sleeves have narrow cuffs of the same.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

FOR the bad days during the winter I advise a plain skirt, rather shorter than that usually worn, and which may be easily arranged in such a way that it will not get damp around the edge. What is called "trigness" should be the key-note to the business woman's dress. Crushed artificial

flowers, hanging bits of ribbon, feathers that have lost their freshness and their curl, bodices, coats or boots that are minus some of their buttons, and have an air of falling apart, will make any woman look unattractive, most of all in the business world. There is just another thing I would like to speak to the business woman about, and that is her hair. The elaborate coiffure suited to the evening is utterly out of place in the store or the counting-house; curls, twists and effects that have demanded at least an hour's attention are unsuited to the business world.

You may be curled and frizzed and decked out to your heart's content when you are at home, but when you stand ready to obey the bidding of your employers it is only right that you should look neat and be properly and suitably dressed for your work.



BUSINESS GOWN OF BLACK SERGE (Illus. No. 1)

preferred. The crushed raspberry, peacock blue or any of the bizarre shades may please you for two weeks, perhaps a month, but at the end of that time you will have tired of the color. It has grown common and yet you must wear it all season. A dark color does not of necessity mean black; there are, besides, navy blue, seal brown, Lincoln green and a deep cardinal. Any one of these colors is suitable for business wear, and not one of them is tiresome to the eye. Serge, with its heavy cord, is the material of all others to which I give preference for business wear. I never advise a smooth cloth. After this come the closely-woven, heavy flannels, camel's hair, the suitings that have a rough surface, and either Henrietta cloth or cashmere. In France the girls who are in shops all wear black silk dresses that are furnished by the proprietors of the establishment, and are laid aside when business hours are over, an economy unknown to the saleswoman here.



BLOUSE OF SCOTCH PLAID (Illus. No. 3)

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JUST AMONG OURSELVES
EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

A Department devoted to a social interchange of ideas among JOURNAL readers. Address all letters to MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 421-427 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

HOW full of pleasant surprises life is! The other day I found it necessary to go some distance from my home to do an errand. I confess I was a little impatient about it, for I had so much to do in the house that it seemed to me I could not leave, but I could see no other way for accomplishing the business than to go out and attend to it myself. Very probably there was a frown upon my face, and if my steps were not laggard it was because I was spurred on by the knowledge that I ought to go and return quickly. I had walked scarcely five minutes when I met a friend who always inspires me with courage, and rebukes any murmuring I may be indulging, not by word, but by her own cheerfulness under a great affliction. After chatting a moment or so, I told her my errand, and she saved me a long and fruitless walk, and turned my steps in quite another direction, and very glad indeed I was when I reached the place to which she directed me.

I AM not going to tell you where the place is, nor the name of the lady who presides over it, but I wish I could give you a part, at least, of what came to me in the quarter hour I spent there. The whole of the basement of a home is given up to the preparation and proper storage of exquisite preserves and jellies, delicious pies and puddings, and from thence they are dispensed to those who are fortunate enough to buy them. Success has come after many years of struggle, and this gentle woman has won a right to advise, and yet few women would receive her counsel. Indeed she has had many hard words from those who have chosen to think that her cautions have been given to keep women from becoming her rivals, and not to keep them from making disastrous failures. From her own experience she gave me most hearty confirmation to what was said in the April number of our JOURNAL in the "At Home with the Editor." My friend told me at some length of her early disappointments, of the lack of sympathy from her friends because she chose to do something in her own home. And now her trouble lies in the fact that she cannot find thoroughly conscientious assistants among the women of her own class. She must employ the ordinary "servant-girl." If she tries to help the young women who have come from more comfortable homes she is almost sure to find them lacking in perseverance or in thoroughness. One might think it strange that these words must be repeated constantly, but almost every day's mail brings appeals for help from those who have nothing to give but their need, and who expect good pay for that.

Oh, mothers, train your daughters to be faithful in the small duties of life, and prepare them to give fidelity, cheerfulness, accuracy whenever they ask for wages. My errand was done, and besides that I had made a new friend and had been refreshed by an unexpected pleasure. If I did not lose the frown from my face I lost a part of the burden of anxiety and perplexity which was weighing on my heart. Quiet power in a gentle woman's soul had given me hope for my own work.

IN a letter received some time ago occurs this sentence: "I never thought of boys." How much wrong-doing is chargeable to that lack of thought of the boys in making plans for an outing, or a festive occasion. At home how many times, if the boys are thought of at all, they are thought of only to be gotten out of the way. The poorest room is good enough for "the boys," and the dinner made up of "left-overs," not very attractively served, is good enough when only "the boys" are at home. There are nations who value girls lightly and treat them with contempt, and we look upon such ill-treatment with a sort of horror, but I sometimes think we are in danger of going to the other extreme, and treating our little boys very unfairly. This neglect of them extends over the years when they are passing from childhood to young manhood. It is an age of awkwardness, often of irritability and rebellion. But it is an age of sensitiveness, and unsympathetic treatment may mar a life so that it cannot be healed. Boys do not want coddling, but they do want respect and affectionate appreciation.

IS there not something which may be done to stay the hurts which "expressed sympathy" so often gives? When any person has been afflicted with an infirmity it seems to follow that their acquaintances can talk of nothing else when with the relatives of the afflicted one. Cases of a similar nature, but much more intense and sad, are cited, and always comes the refrain "poor child," "poor soul," "poor thing." As a rule some compensation has been granted the person who has been deprived of a sense, and it ought to be the aim of those who apparently are bereft of none, to keep as far as possible from any subject which even remotely touches upon the lost sense. Happy he or she who can make others forget what it is so hard to remember. There is a story told of Helen Keller in connection with the bust of Phillips Brooks. Her sense of touch told what the wide-opened eyes of those who could see had not revealed, as to what the statue lacked to make it the counterpart of Phillips Brooks himself. It is not only with the eyes that we see, nor with the ears that we hear, but it is always with the heart that we feel. Let us all be careful then how we touch upon the infirmities of those whom God in His wisdom has seen fit to afflict.

Do not be too severe upon those who have a "feeling" heart but know not how to express it. It is not always the lack of sympathy which leads one to unwise expression of pity, although it is sometimes a mere conventional and shallow sentiment. The sick are generally more or less morbid; if a friend comes in, making no allusion to the suffering and deprivation of the invalid, she may be hurt by the omission. There are those who enjoy "poor health," and take real pleasure in being talked to and talking about their ailments. Here, as in so many other cases, the genius of tact is required to know just how much and how little to say of their afflictions to the sorrowing and the suffering. To say what will comfort and what will cheer, requires not only feeling, but the gift of expression.

I HAVE a very good opportunity to improve my education, which is now very limited. I left school when I was only ten, and came to Dakota thirteen years ago. I always had a passion for books and education, but since I have been here have not had any school near. My mother and I are house-keeping for a gentleman who is very well educated, and he offers to help me. I do so desire to learn. I can say (though I do not want you to think I am boasting) that I am very quick to learn. I am also learning music the last two years, never having had the opportunity before to cultivate my natural gift. Now I must commence at the beginning. I am quite a fair reader, but not a very good speller. All the common studies I left as a girl of ten, and I cannot remember dates very well. What do you advise me to do for this one desire of my life? I hope you can give me a few words of advice to encourage a poor little country girl. When I see others, who have the opportunity that I was deprived of, not improving, it makes me very sad. I cannot devote all my time to study, but I have some time that I want to improve. I read a great deal, but what I want is knowledge from school-books. You do not know how a few encouraging words from you would live forever in the heart of one of your readers.

It would be interesting to study the biographies of men and women who have accomplished a great deal in this world, and to see how many of them were late in beginning that work. I remember to have seen some very beautiful pictures made by a lady who did not begin to learn to paint until she was sixty years old. It is never too late to make an effort to improve. In spelling, which is often difficult even to educated persons, you can improve yourself very much by practice. Get your mother or some one else to read to you a list of words to write. You can compare your work with the printed words, and make corrections, repeating the process with the words which trouble you until you have mastered them.

In beginning your study I should advise you to select a well-written history or biography, such as Green's "History of the English People," or Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus." In reading either of these books you will not only get facts, but you will come into association with a cultivated mind, and if you read carefully, thoroughly, studiously, you will learn to use better language and will think in a clearer manner. It would be well for you to have a dictionary and encyclopaedia by your side, referring to them constantly. When you look at a word in the dictionary notice its pronunciation and derivation. If you find yourself tempted to pause too long for these consultations, so that you lose the continuity of what you are reading, make a note of your questions and take them up later. If you are going to accomplish anything you will need to work systematically; you should, if possible, take a certain time for your work every day, and consider that an engagement, as if you were going to school. Unless I am mistaken you will find yourself fascinated with your study, and will be beckoned into charming by-paths by the allusions to persons and events, so that before summer comes you will plan for yourself further study.

I TOOK lunch "by invitation" with a friend in another city, and not being able to call at the close of the two weeks following, I sent my visiting-card by mail. Was that a right thing to do? I have been brought up to acknowledge hospitality, but in these cases I am not always sure of the etiquette in the matter.

Yes, it was a right thing to do, and I am glad to emphasize here the duty of acknowledging hospitality. Many people are very careless about it, especially young people, and they have less excuse than older people who may be neglectful under the press of business; care sometimes weighs so heavily that little things are forgotten. More than once I have been seriously troubled because a young friend has failed to acknowledge to me her safe arrival at her home after visiting me. The "bread and butter letter," as it is sometimes called, because it is supposed to be an expression of thanks for what bread and butter stands for, should be written within twenty-four hours after arrival at one's destination, to the hostess whose hospitality one has been enjoying. It is not quite enough for a young man who has been visiting his college mate to write to him alone; courtesy calls upon him to send at least a brief note to his friend's mother, or the lady taking her place. You think it is not an easy thing to do, and it is not altogether if you try to make your note unique and different from others, but the simplest way is the best way, and if you have had a pleasant time say so. An agreeable incident of your journey, or a few lines about the circumstances into which you have gone, will make a letter which your hostess will enjoy, and she will set you down in her selected list of well-bred young people. Besides that, you will have the consciousness that you have been thoughtful of another's feelings, and have not been guilty of the appearance of ingratitude.

WHAT about the old saying, "no house is large enough to hold two families"? Do "circumstances alter cases"? Here is one in point: I have lived with my brother, and kept house for him ever since our mother died five years ago. He and I have always been very good friends, and I have tried always to be as much interested in his friends as I have been in my own. Now, he has become engaged and both he and his fiancée seem anxious that we should all live together, but as I have always declared that young married people should live alone, and that no house was big enough for two families, I feel a certain hesitancy about accepting their offer. I need have no dread of the future, for the reason that I have a nice little income of my own, but a separation from my brother, who is my only near relative, will be a great wrench, and I dread to think of it, just as much as I dread to think of what my friends will say if I remain with him after he is married.

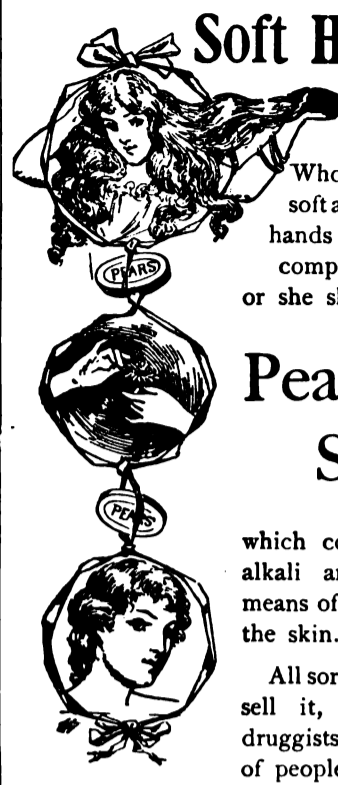
Can you not keep your home with your brother but arrange journeys and visits which will take you away from home a great deal during the early months after his marriage? I think there is truth in both of the proverbs you quote. To turn the housekeeping into another's hand and stay to see how she does it, is embarrassing for both the old and the new housekeeper. Without knowing enough of the persons and the circumstances to advise, I would suggest that you prepare the house for the bride, give it into her keeping and go away for a while, returning to take the place of sister and helper, but in no respect assuming control of the house. Then, if you and they have grace to abstain from criticism, you may prove that you make but "one family," and the house is not strained.

I AM an unmarried lady living with my widowed mother. All my earnings, with a slight reserve for personal expenses, go into the household. Is it an impertinence to invite my friends for an evening or a visit in my own name? My sister, who has her own home, says I have no right to do it—all invitations should come from my mother. It seems rather strait-laced if my invitations are of no value, still I would like to do what is right. I relieve my mother of all care, in case of company, and she has the social enjoyment.

There ought certainly to be such relations between your mother and yourself as to make it not only possible but pleasant for you to entertain your friends in your home. If your mother is disturbed by company, you will, of course, consider that and be forbearing, but if she really enjoys it, and you relieve her from the burden of entertainment, there can be, I should think, no objection to your inviting friends to your house. But is it not possible that you demand it as a right, in such a way as to antagonize your sister, and are you quite as ready to entertain your mother's friends as you ought to be? Daughters do not sufficiently realize how mothers long to have their own friends cordially received. If an old friend comes to the house, and the children are conspicuous by their absence, or when present take no pains to be interesting, the mother may not complain and she may not reprove them, though she may be keenly hurt. Let her seem to be selfishly desirous of attention a mother will often fail to instruct and train her children to treat her properly, and to pay suitable regard for things in which she is concerned. She forgets that she is injuring them if she allows them to fail in dutiful attention to her.

A. F. H. Abbott

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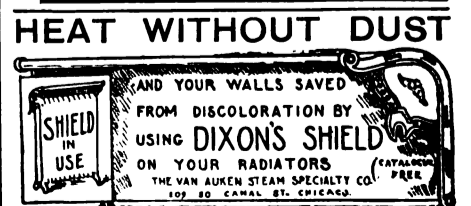
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FEBRUARY is a pathetic month to me and the majority of my letters this month have been February letters. In February the bare branches stretch their arms to the sky; it does not seem to be the same sky that once made their branches green. The winds are so rough, and so unlike the gentle winds they once knew, but they do not seem to know what else to do with their arms. The trees in February always make me think of two lines of an old hymn,

"Father, I stretch my hands to Thee,
No other help I know."

I am glad February is the shortest month. I cannot say that I am fond of it.

What shall I say to you who are in a February spirit, because your outer circumstances are so bare? One thing I do notice and that is that some of you are beginning to apprehend that it will soon be spring, and I want to congratulate you. I want to congratulate the brave girl who is fighting a hard battle out in the far West where all that was once so bright has become so dark—the home gone and hearts almost broken, but who writes:

"I made up my mind to be brave and help my father and dear mother to bear their trouble, and of course I have had to be a very busy girl." That girl meets us every month and drinks in every drop of comfort she can get, and my eyes filled with grateful tears when I read, "And I get the comfort and strength every time." Ah, it will be summer for that brave girl some day!

"Thou canst not see Him for thine eyes are dim,
But wait in patience, put thy trust in Him;
Give thanks for love and leave thee to His will.
After faithful labor I shall rest,
And after weeping have my fill of joy;
Thou breakst down to build up—not destroy,
Thou doest right, oh, Lord, Thou knowest best."

A FRESH RESOLVE

I OPENED a letter a few moments ago and read this sentence, "I think you were sent here to comfort women." What a mission. For a moment it seemed as if it might beso, and then the old words came so quickly, "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God." He must see the need of comfort to give the message. What an army of women need comforting. And I recalled the close of a most remarkable letter I had received only a day or two ago, "Just consider yourself to be a fountain of life to earth-bound, way-worn and weary souls who, coming where you are, can be refreshed, having their thirst quenched, having their hunger satisfied." I did not go to Chicago to speak at the Parliament of Religions, but I have never been so glad that I was a follower of Jesus as then, and I felt that for me there was no name under Heaven among men whereby I could be saved but the name of Jesus, and when I think what the religion of Jesus has done for woman, how adapted it is to the nature of woman, I marvel when I hear women say, "I am not a Christian." Not love Jesus Christ! "Can it be," I find myself saying, "that you have even read the life of Jesus Christ and do not love the Man, Christ Jesus?" I can understand the heathen woman who, when she first heard of Jesus, said she listened to the story while the tears rained off her dark face, "And He loved women? Loved His mother? Cared for His mother?" "Oh, yes, I do love Jesus," she exclaimed. I sometimes think that in some way by some means we miss seeing that the Lord Jesus is as perfectly human as when He trod the streets of Galilee. And still as Whittier says, "His seamless robe is by our beds of pain." There is only one who has said, "Jesus the Life," and for you to have the comfort you need in your circumstances you really must become acquainted with the One that will save you from just what you need to be saved from, yourself! Why will you not make this time the beginning of a new life with you? Why not have a new life for yourself—a new peace, a new joy, a new ambition, a new love? You can have it by a personal devotion to a personal Christ. Will you at this time use your reason and say, "I will give myself to the Lord Jesus Christ and be content to have His will done in my life"? Will you?

THE PRINCESSES' NEIGHBORHOOD CLUB

I HAVE just received such a lovely letter from a little girl telling me of the forming of a circle of children ranging from eight to fifteen. She tells me that her grandma is organizing them, and she is very particular that they should know just how to conduct their meetings, and that the officers should know their duty—president, secretary and treasurer. And the little princess tells me that they are going to work until Easter and then have a sale of their articles, and they wanted me to suggest a way for their money to go. Oh, there are so many ways! I told her of a lady who would give twenty-five hundred dollars to endow a bed in the Woman's Hospital in New York if we could raise the other twenty-five hundred dollars, for it costs five thousand dollars, and I told her that we were asking Circles to give us ten dollars a year for five years, and that would enable us to take the bed at once, and then any Daughter of our Order could go there free of charge, and I told her of a Circle of Indian girls on the reservation that had pledged themselves for ten dollars a year.

The letter from the little princess touched my heart, and I also saw how much the grandmothers could do if they were as wise as this dear grandma. Only think of training these little girls in service for the King before she passes on to the palace of the King. Habits are formed in early life, and you see the meaning in this law of habit in such words as, "He that is holy let him be holy still," "We sow habits and reap destiny." Train up children in the way they should go. But we had better look deeply into that word "train"; it does not read "scold." Did you ever see one carefully train a vine? They have something prepared to train it on. How carefully it was done, not to break the vine. Oh, for more wisdom on the part of mothers and grandmothers to train. I can bring up so many pictures of my own mother. One of the first things that I remember was sitting on a little chair by my mother's side while she taught me to do fine hemming. I love to think of the mothers—young mothers—who, no matter what society claims of them, will not be debarred from their children.

I wrote to the little princess that she would have, as all little princesses have, great influence with the King, for our King loves little children.

HOPELESSLY SCARRED

ONE writes me she is hopelessly scarred. If she had only said, "but it is only my face, and I am determined to have so much sweetness and patience and love and unselfishness that they will not notice the scar," then I should have thought of what Henry Ward Beecher said of the little flower we call mignonette: "If it were selfish no one would love it, but because it pours its life out in fragrance it is a favorite with everybody, and like homely people (scarred people) with noble hearts they become beautiful by association." Alas, my scarred friend had become bitter, and the letter she wrote me was a very bitter letter indeed. There is hardly anything I dread like bitterness. There is so much in life, if you are at all inclined to be bitter, to give food to your bitterness. "Why should some people have all and I have nothing?" "Only a little of what they have in abundance would satisfy me." My friend, I beseech you, look the other way. Find some one who has less than you have, instead of looking at those who have more. Did you ever read "The Changed Cross"? If you knew all maybe you would not change even the cross of a scarred face for the deeper scars that some carry in their hearts.

I could not tell another sister that wrote me whose was the poem, beginning,

"I prayed for light and God was kinder than my prayer,
And there was darkness everywhere."

Where would some of us be to-day if God had given us only what we longed for, what we cried for? We shall get some time, if we have not reached it yet, where we shall thank Him most for the crosses we have had to bear.

THE LITTLE SILVER CROSS

A VERY simple incident I have just heard related, interested me, and I thought I would give it to you. A member of our sisterhood died a short time ago and gave her cross to her young daughter. The daughter put it carefully away. A few days ago she was crossing the ferry and was greatly amused at a woman (not young) who was very grotesque in her dress. She called the attention of her young friends with her to the style of the dress, and they had a good laugh at the woman's expense. The woman passed out ahead of them and they kept up their fun. On reaching the shore they saw her pause and offer to carry a small child to help a woman who was overburdened with children and packages, and on turning around the young girl saw for the first time the glistening of the silver cross on the woman she had laughed at. She was one of The King's Daughters. The girl's conscience smote her. Her mother came to her mind. She hastened home, took out from the drawer her mother's cross, and after earnestly asking forgiveness for her sinfulness put on the cross and was a changed girl from that hour. The past summer I heard so many tell of what the cross had been to them under trying circumstances. One lady by the sea, who was compelled to keep boarders on account of straitened circumstances, told me that a transformation had taken place among her servants by bringing them into the Order. She had been so tried with their unwillingness to do anything that they thought was the business of another servant, so at last she thought she would try a new way. She told them all about The King's Daughters, and asked them if they would like to join, and suggested a family Circle, she at the head of the Circle. They were delighted. She was wise and told them its real meaning. That the highest in this kingdom were to be servants of all and that the King came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. She told me she had only to say when anything commenced to go wrong, "You know you are a daughter of the King." So among all classes the good work has been going on. It shows how wonderfully adaptable our Order is, not only to accomplish great things, but to make the wheels of even the household life run smoothly.

DISAPPOINTING OTHERS

WE often speak of our disappointment, but I think the keenest disappointment is to be a disappointment to others. I had such an experience some time ago, and many of the readers of this JOURNAL were among the disappointed. I was to have gone to St. Louis, and after all the trouble so many took to get me there, and all was arranged, I had to send word that I could not go. I shall never forget the conflict I had to become reconciled, and not until the words entered my mind, "All things work together for good to them that love God," was I calmed, and willing that they should receive "good" through their disappointment. Now, I have told you this because I believe it is a key (all experiences are keys) to many sore hearts.

There are women who are "Shut In's," and the hardest part of the cross they bear is not that they are shut in, but that it is such a disappointment to those they love—to the one they love, maybe. Other wives can be a joy to their husbands and go with them where they wish to go, but they must disappoint. Now for any of you who feel that from any cause you are a disappointment, I could wish that the same words might enter your hearts. If your husband, if your children love God, then all things will work for their good, and that takes in all that you shrink from, all that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done." I think we are so anxious for the happiness of our loved ones that we are not apt to realize that "sorrow is joy in the making," that by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.

I remember a disappointment of a little one near to me. I think the disappointments of childhood are most keen. She was to have gone to a garden-party, and in the morning she stood by the window to see if the rain would not stop, but by afternoon it became only worse! At last, when all hope of going to the party was over, she curled her little lips, and giving one more look at the leaden sky said, "I should think the Creator could do better than this." Ah, the Creator was sending His rain on the thirsty ground—and doing His best. I love to think the Creator will some day stand justified for all the disappointments He has permitted.

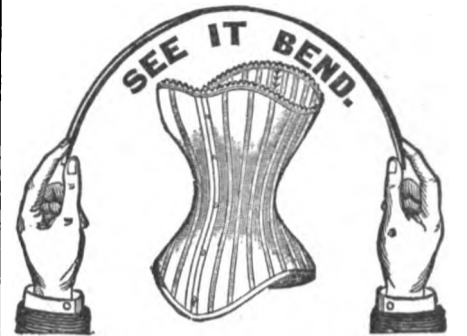
Will you not believe now where you cannot see? Will you not say,

"Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblessed good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will."

Believe this and peace is yours!

Margaret Bottome

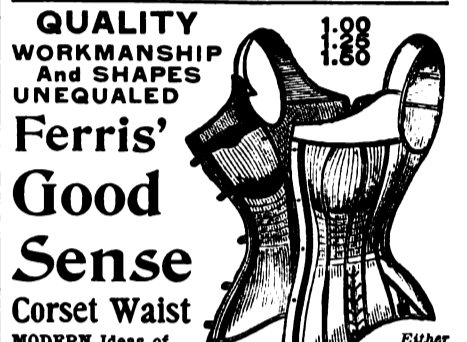
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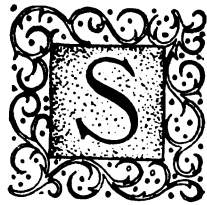
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CARE IN INFECTIOUS DISEASES

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil



SCARLET FEVER almost always begins with a sudden attack of vomiting. The child becomes flushed and feverish, is very thirsty and restless, and may complain of headache and sore throat.

The next day there is a bright red rash on the lower part of the neck spreading over the chest. When the skin is pressed with the finger the redness disappears for a moment and immediately returns. By the fourth day it extends over the whole body but soon commences to fade. After its departure the skin peels off, sometimes in small particles and sometimes in larger scales. This process is called desquamation, and lasts from a few days to a week or two. The throat should be carefully examined; it will probably be found very red and more or less swollen. The presence of white spots, or a gray membrane covering it, should be at once reported to the doctor.

As soon as the vomiting is over a warm bath should be given, and the child put to bed in an airy room from which all superfluous furniture has been removed.

Ventilation without draughts is very important in scarlet fever. The window farthest from the bed should be open, except in the coldest weather, the opening being protected by tacking a strip of flannel over it. An open fire is a great assistance. The temperature of the room should not be below 65° nor above 68°.

THE irritation from the rash is at times very great. This is relieved by anointing the surface with carbolized vaseline, or any soothing unguent, as lard without salt. The body may be sponged with warm water under cover of a blanket, doing a small portion at a time and drying it carefully before proceeding farther.

Flannels wrung out of hot water may be applied to the throat if it is painful. They should be covered with a strip of India-rubber cloth or oiled muslin, and frequently renewed. A poultice of flaxseed meal can be used instead, or the throat can be rubbed with warm oil and a piece of flannel wound around it.

Cold is the enemy especially to be dreaded, as many serious complications may be caused by a chill. The child should be kept in bed, even in comparatively light cases, with a flannel jacket over the night-dress.

The excretions must be received in vessels containing carbolic acid, or some equally powerful disinfectant, and any decrease in their amount from the usual quantity should be immediately mentioned to the doctor.

Cold water may be freely given to drink; it is better not to have it iced, though small pieces of ice may be allowed to dissolve in the mouth. Lemonade helps to relieve the thirst. While the fever is high only liquid diet will be permitted. It should be given regularly every two hours during the day and less often at night if the child sleeps. As the fever diminishes, the food is gradually increased, milk toast, the cereals, etc., being given, and as convalescence progresses, broiled chicken, chops, steak and delicate vegetables, beginning with baked potato.

SCARLATINA does not mean a milder form but is the Latin name of the disease. It is dangerous under whatever title it masquerades, and scarlet rash may be as fatal as scarlet fever. The infection from an apparently light case may produce a very severe one, if the germ falls into a soil favorable to its development.

The poison is conveyed by means of the little flakes of skin that peel off during desquamation. Anointing the body in a great measure prevents these from being carried through the air. The clothing and bed linen should be disinfected by soaking in a solution of carbolic acid, one part to forty of water, then washed separately and boiled in a covered boiler.

The germ of the disease has a wonderful vitality, and the disinfection of the room, furniture and bedding by fumigation with sulphur, scrubbing with disinfectants, and renewing paper or paint on walls and ceiling cannot be too thorough at the close of the illness. Six weeks from the commencement of the attack, if the peeling has entirely ceased, the child may be given a disinfectant bath with a saturated solution of boracic acid, the hair being carefully washed as well. Clean clothing must be provided, which has not been in the sick-room, and then it will be safe for him to go among other children.

MEASLES is usually considered rather a trifling disorder, and unless it is of an extremely severe type, or unfavorable complications arise, the danger to life is not great. The chest is the weak point, and great care is required in nursing, as bronchitis or pneumonia may be brought on by exposure to draughts or any sudden chill.

The early symptoms are those of a bad cold, chilliness and feverishness, with aching limbs, headache, a constant desire to use the pocket handkerchief, and often hoarseness and cough. These continue for four days, when an eruption of dark red spots appears first on the forehead about the hair and on the cheek bones. They last a few days, generally about seven, then fade away and are followed by slight desquamation sometimes almost imperceptible. Occasionally, on looking in the mouth the red spots may be seen on the palate before they appear on the skin.

The child should be put to bed in a warm, well-ventilated room and allowed to have only liquid food, milk, gruel and broth, while the temperature is high. Anointing with vaseline, and sponge baths given with care under a blanket, are used to relieve the irritation from the rash. The doctor will order some simple mixture to quiet the cough. When there is much discomfort from hoarseness inhaling steam from a pitcher of very hot water will be found soothing, with hot fomentations to the throat.

If there is pain in the chest it may be rubbed with warm camphorated oil and covered with flannel until the doctor comes. Should the rash fade suddenly, and the child be delirious and apparently worse, put him in a warm bath containing four heaping teaspoonfuls of mustard; keep him there a few minutes until the surface is reddened, then wrap him in a blanket, give him a little stimulant and send for the doctor at once.

The eyes are weak and must be protected by darkening the room and not allowing the child to try them during convalescence.

Measles is infectious even before the eruption comes out, and the same methods of disinfection as those used in cases of scarlet fever should be followed. If no symptoms appear in two weeks after exposure to infection the child has probably not taken it, though cases are known where it has developed after thirty days.

It is safe to let the patient mix with other children in three weeks from the commencement of the disease, if the rash has entirely disappeared and the cough is well.

AS diphtheria is so very serious a disease, whenever a child seems languid and miserable, fretful and depressed, without apparent cause, examine the throat carefully. If it is swollen and covered with patches of gray membrane looking like slate-pencil dust, send for the doctor. It is always safest to have medical advice when the throat is affected.

Until the doctor comes keep the child in bed. If the throat is painful procure a lump of lime, pour cold water upon it; when the effervescence subsides strain off the clear water and apply it to the throat with a brush or swab. If the child is old enough the throat can be gargled with the lime-water. Inhaling the steam from a pitcher of boiling water sometimes gives relief. The neck may be rubbed with warm oil and bound with flannel.

Milk, either hot or cold, should be given every two hours. The cold milk may have the white of an egg shaken with each cupful. Strong beef-tea can be given and the doctor may order stimulant. The strength must be supported by nourishing liquid food. The trouble in swallowing makes feeding a matter of difficulty.

THERE is no illness in which the mother requires to exercise more firmness than in nursing a child with diphtheria. Life depends upon the applications being faithfully made, and food being given in sufficient quantities. It is often difficult and distressing beyond measure to persist in doing this to the annoyance of the little sufferer, and yet if the membrane gains headway or the strength succumbs there is little hope of recovery.

Plenty of soft linen, old table-cloths or napkins, should be provided, used instead of handkerchiefs, and immediately burned.

Diphtheria being infectious there should be complete isolation. Children between two and seven years old are said to be peculiarly susceptible to the disease, and if possible should be sent out of the house. If it does not develop in twelve days after exposure they have probably escaped the danger.

DISINFECTION should be as thorough as in scarlet fever. Persons in charge of a case of contagious disease must remember that a solemn responsibility rests upon them. If they are careless and do not thoroughly carry out the proper precautions they are directly responsible if the disease is carried elsewhere. No one wants to be the means of conveying suffering and perhaps death to another household. If everything that leaves the sick-room is disinfected and there is perfect isolation the disease cannot be transmitted.

The patient may be released from quarantine in six weeks from the commencement of the disease, if the sore throat and other symptoms have entirely disappeared.

Some authorities consider membranous croup as being practically identical with diphtheria.

MUMPS is a disease which is more painful than dangerous. It is an inflammation of the parotid glands immediately under the ears. Sometimes only one side is involved, and occasionally the inflammation extends to other glands of the body. It often begins with a slight feeling of chilliness followed by fever. It is painful to attempt to open the mouth and there is difficulty in swallowing. Tasting vinegar or any acid causes acute pain.

Very little treatment is required and no medicine unless a simple laxative is needed. Applications of warm camphorated oil to the swollen parts, and covering them with cotton batting or flannel, is soothing. The child must be kept warm and given milk and soft food, as chewing is almost an impossibility.

The disease is liable to develop at any time within twenty-four days after exposure to the infection. The patient may be allowed to go out in three weeks from the beginning of the attack, if the swelling has completely subsided.

CHICKEN-POX is essentially a disease of childhood, for though it does occur in adult life it is rarely contagious among grown persons. The pocks are little vesicles filled at first with a clear fluid which afterward becomes less transparent. They appear first on the body and later on the head, only a few coming on the face. In a severe case it is sometimes a matter of anxiety to distinguish it from small-pox. The eruption in this disease is seen first on the face, and is most abundant there. In chicken-pox the vesicles last six or seven days, then dry up and crust over. It is not safe to let a child go to school until all these have fallen off, usually about three weeks from the time the disease begins. If a child has been exposed to infection it may develop at any time within eighteen days.

No treatment is necessary beyond keeping the child within doors, giving nourishing, digestible food, and a laxative if required. A warm bath at night is grateful, and draughts should be avoided.

WHOOPIING-COUGH commences with the symptoms of an ordinary cold. The cough may begin at any time during the first two weeks, and the peculiar crowing sound, or whoop, which gives the disease its name, is easily recognized. The paroxysms are sometimes very severe, but an eminent medical authority states that he has never known an instance of death occurring in one. The child makes such violent efforts to expel the tenacious phlegm which is irritating him that he does not have time to breathe between the attempts. The glottis, or tiny opening at the top of the windpipe, is spasmodically closed. When it relaxes the air rushes in, causing the whoop, always a welcome sound when the paroxysm is alarming.

If there seems danger of suffocation the arms should be raised high above the head, then brought down and pressed on the chest, the child lying on his back, or he may be turned first on the face and then on the side alternately. Cold water may be dashed in the face and the feet put into hot mustard water. A piece of ice wrapped in cotton may be laid on the stomach. In these severe cases the doctor will prescribe a sedative, and he should always be consulted.

Sometimes the paroxysms are followed by vomiting, and then solid food should be given as soon afterward as possible, that it may be digested and disposed of before another attack comes on. The child should be fed more often than usual and with especially nourishing diet.

Rubbing the chest with warm oil at night and in the morning, and keeping it covered with flannel, is a wise precaution. A mustard paste made with one-third mustard to two-thirds flour, and left on a few minutes until the skin is reddened, sometimes affords relief. Change of air may cut short the attack.

In mild weather the child should be out-of-doors as much as possible, being properly protected with extra clothing.

The disease is very contagious among children, and may be communicated to adults who have not had it.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Scovil's former column of "Mothers' Corner," which is now treated under the title of "Suggestions for Mothers," will be found on page 34 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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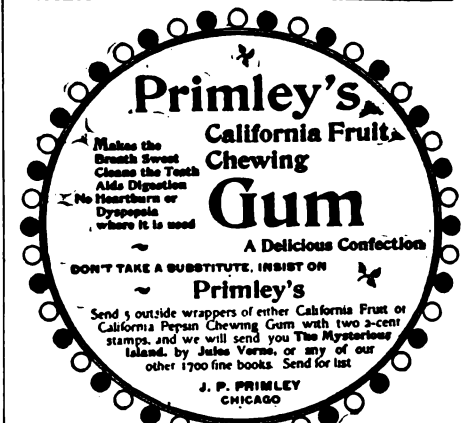
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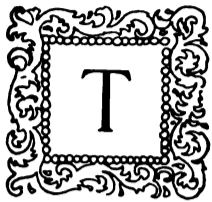
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A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND

By Ruth Ashmore



THAT'S what you are, you and I. We have come to this great city to earn our bread and butter, and the people we loved and who loved us, the people who had kindly thoughts of us, the people who were interested in our hopes, our joys and our sorrows, are all left behind. And we are facing a new world. Now, how shall we do it? Shall we perform our tasks indifferently, returning home to mope and be unhappy, and refusing to find anything good in life because the dwellers in this new land do not put out the hand of good-fellowship? If that is what we intend doing, you and I, we may as well make up our minds that we will remain strangers forever. There is an old-fashioned song that says, "Tis home where the heart is," and you and I must remember that we can carry home in our hearts and find it wherever we are if we will only remember that God is in His Heaven and that all goes well on earth.

IN GOOD SOCIETY

SURELY we need not count ourselves as among the dwellers in tents, when we can build a beautiful mansion in which love and friendship may be enshrined. You who are without hope say to me, "We are two strange girls who are working to earn our bread, and who live in a small room in a boarding-house. How can we get into society, no one wants to know us?" Now I, who am a bit hopeful, laugh at you and answer, "There is every reason why people should want to know us. We are bright in wit and we are healthy in body. These things make us agreeable companions. Then," I continue, "call up some of your honest pride, and remember that where MacGregor sits, there is the head of the table," consequently that where you and I are is good society."

In the first place it isn't by solidifying one's self into an ice block and refusing to know anybody. To find the flowers one must come across some weeds. To make pleasant acquaintances you and I will have to go through some experiences that are probably not quite pleasant. In the office with me there is a pretty girl, who, after twenty-four hours of acquaintance with me, declares that she never before met anybody for whom she cared so much, is eager to tell me all her affairs, and insists on introducing me to some of her friends by bringing them to our boarding-house. She appears, accompanied by a pleasant young man, who, after he has been there a little while, discovers that I have heard of somebody whom he knows well—this world is a very small place—and so he goes on to talk about his friend to me, and the girl who was going to love me forever becomes sulky and disagreeable, insists on going home, and the next morning at the office declines to speak to me, on the ground that I tried to attract one of her admirers. Now, that was the wrong way. I ought to have waited a week at least, three months certainly, before I allowed myself to believe that this extreme affection, so suddenly born, was real.

FRIENDSHIP WORTH HAVING

YOU complain that the girl who sits next to you is cold toward you. She says a pleasant good-morning to you, remarks something about the weather, and during the day, if it is in her power, very quietly shows you how the work is done. You complain that she is not sympathetic. Why should she be when she knows nothing at all about you? Gradually the weeks go by and one evening you find on your desk a couple of tickets for a concert given by some club to which she belongs, and a little card saying that she hopes you will bring me. We go together, and after the concert is over she introduces her sister, and possibly her brother to us. Perhaps two weeks later we are asked to spend an evening with her, listen to some music and have a bit of supper. Her home is only a little flat, but her mother is there, and the whole place is fragrant with an essence of hospitality. Months and years may pass, and that girl, though we may become great friends or simply pleasant acquaintances, will never be as effusive as the young woman who was in the office with me, but she will, as the friendship grows, prove that her affection is worth having and therefore worth winning. An acquaintance made with great ease is usually dropped in the same rapid way. Time does wither it, and custom proves its undesirability. Do you see what I mean?

AT THE BOARDING-HOUSE

IT is so difficult to know how to do what is just right here. Neither you nor I want to sit at the table like disagreeable mummies and say nothing, so what shall we do? I have no trouble in deciding that I prefer to go from the table to a book, and have nothing more than a mere bowing acquaintance with any of the people there. But you, who are a sociable little creature, you, who wonder what pleasure I find in books, would like to know about the pretty girl who sits opposite to you, and if the young man next her is really in love with her, and whether the young matron at the end of the table makes all her pretty gowns, or if she doesn't how she occupies her time. You, who represent the general woman, want to know your kind, and be of them. You are perfectly right in saying that I, in my love for solitude and books, am different. You become acquainted with the pretty girl; she introduces to you two or three of the young men; you meet the young matron, and at night you are all down in the parlor laughing and having as merry a time as possible. Then, after a while, there comes "the little rift within the lute"; the gossip of the house—there always is one—whispers to you that the matron laughs at your countrified dresses; that the young girl is jealous of you, and that they think there must be something queer about me because I prefer to keep to myself. The gossip in a boarding-house is always dramatic, and she credits people who merely want to be left alone with having some frightful past. You come up to me and cry as if your heart would break, and all I can say to you is, "My dear, it isn't worth it; take the pleasure out of it all as you do the cream from the milk and let the rest go. Sometimes in a boarding-house an acquaintance becomes a friend, but it is only occasionally that this happens, so regard these people as you do the pleasure of the moment. Get from your intercourse with them all that you can innocently, and refuse to see or hear the disagreeable side." After we have had a little experience we learn the absolute instability of sudden friendships, whether made in the office or in the parlor. We know by heartaches and tears shed, by disappointments and facts, that friendship is a plant of very slow growth, and that it must be as tenderly cared for as the finest orchid.

AT THE CHURCH

YOU have brought from your clergyman at home a letter of introduction to a clergyman in the city. You present it. He is genial and kind and tells you that he must find you some friends among the congregation. You go regularly to church, to Sunday-school and to prayer-meeting, but at the end of three months you know as many people as you did when you first came. Your clergyman has been to call on you, but you were out; his wife came to visit you, and the same thing happened. You did not take the trouble to tell him that you were busy all day, and so both he and his wife came at the wrong time. You think very black thoughts about ministers who are paid big salaries and pay no attention to their parishioners, and how different it would be with your dear old clergyman at home. Of course it would. A stranger comes to him about once in six months, but to the city clergyman they come every day. He has done his best in trying to see you and in sending his wife to call upon you. You have not returned her call, nor after prayer-meeting have you introduced yourself to her. I begged you to do it, for how else could she possibly know you? One Sunday there was a demand for some helpers at a concert to be given to amuse the boys in a down-town mission. You, who sing or who play or who read, or who would even be of some use in taking the tickets, do not volunteer, and yet there was your opportunity to meet pleasant people and to gain some pleasant acquaintances.

You do not speak to the girl who sits next to you in the Bible class because she is dressed fashionably, and you fancy that she is disagreeable and arrogant. Now it may happen that she is just as shy as you are, and that she is only waiting to have a question asked to induce her to say something, but you set your teeth and look disagreeable. My dear girl, fine clothes do not always cover a hard heart, nor shabby clothes a tender one. When you speak as scornfully as you do about "fine clothes and hard hearts" I am surprised at your narrowness alike of heart and brain. I have known people with the meanest sort of pride who were shabbily dressed, and others who had the tenderest, most loving hearts hidden under rich apparel.

ABOUT OUR MANNERS

YOU and I think that we know all about good manners, and yet, just as the cut of the gown and the shape of the hat in the big city differ from those worn in the little town, so there are some customs that are different, and if we wish to gain a social position we must notice and imitate them. I may be none the less a clever woman, and yet drink my tea from a cup with my spoon in it; but my cleverness would amount to very little if I did not discover that people generally do not do this. You may be as pretty as possible, but people will forget your prettiness if they see you cutting your asparagus and eating it from a fork rather than from the stalk held in your fingers. These are little things, but the little things that you and I must learn if we wish to be something more than mere strangers.

Then, when in answer to a letter of introduction, somebody who could be of help socially to both of us calls on us, leaving a card on which her reception day is engraved, we make the mistake of returning her visit on some other day only to be told that she is not at home. Now, the wisest thing to do, as we cannot go upon her day at home, is to write her a pleasant little note, telling her that we are busy women, that we cannot come upon her day at home, and will she permit us to come at some other time. You, who claim to be very independent, say that you will not give in to her in this way. That is ridiculous. She is a woman older than either of us, and respect is due to her for that reason if for no other. Then, too, we have sought her in presenting the letter, and if we wish to continue the acquaintance and to gain her friendship, we must make it plain to her just how we are situated. Being a kindly woman she asks us to come and have a cup of tea on the home day, Sunday, or else she invites us on some special evening, and then we become acquainted with her. So you see our manners in regard to cards and letters, as well as at the table, have much to do with our gaining friends.

A FALSE PRIDE

YOU say you are sensitive. I say you are foolish. When any one seems to overlook you you claim it is because you are earning your living. Now I insist that that has nothing to do with it. It is because there is something in you that doesn't attract this person. People are liked socially for what they are and what they can give, and not for what they do. When I say give I do not mean in its ordinary sense, but I do mean in the sense of being generous with pleasant words, and by showing an interest in whatever is going on. You have the wrong kind of pride about your work. You say, with a curl of the lip and a toss of the head, to some one who has just been introduced to you, and who it is most likely will be only a five minutes' acquaintance, "Oh, I am a working-woman." Now, that is none of her or his business. Strangers are not interested in it, and you have no right to thrust your private affairs upon them. It is quite as vulgar to continually talk of one's poverty as it is to flaunt one's riches, and indeed, sometimes I think it is the more vulgar of the two.

FOR YOU AND ME

SO for you and me, who are "strangers in a strange land," there are many things concerning which we must be careful if we wish to gain and to keep a social position. First of all we must be careful in making friends, and I think it is always wise to beware of the new acquaintance who is over-familiar and over-confidential. Then, too, we must take advantage of what we can bring from home, that is, the letter of introduction to the clergyman, and to the various ladies who may be friends of long ago of our home people. Then, too, we must remember that there is no letter of introduction equal to a pleasant manner, and no way to keep a friend so certainly as to refuse to listen to disagreeable things about her. It is possible that we may be misunderstood. People are in too much of a hurry to read carefully every life book, but we can try to do what is right, be honorable and true, and our friends will last and prove worth having.

I am only going to say to you one word about making the acquaintance of young men, and I am going to speak very plainly. Let these friends come through the women you meet, for then you will be more certain of their being proper men for you to know than if you yourself had met them in a casual manner. I think if we try, you and I, in a quiet way and without expecting to gain everything at once, we will make for ourselves a pleasant circle of acquaintances, from among whom we can cull two or three friends. Surely this would be good fortune, and having achieved this, which will, of course, take some time, we will be in positions to put out our hands and help some other girl who is "a stranger in a strange land," remembering the day when we ourselves were strangers.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 33 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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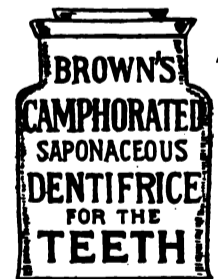
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LOOKING TOWARD SPRING FLOWERS

By Eben E. Rexford

FEBRUARY is a very important month in the floriculturist's calendar. Winter is still with us but the air is full of hints of spring. They may not be very perceptible in the landscape or in the sky, and the air may lack that balminess which ushers in the Snowdrop and the Crocus, but the plants in the window of the sitting-room, or in the greenhouses, seem to know that spring is coming, and to conduct themselves accordingly. They throw aside the lethargy which has been theirs throughout the dull and stormy days of early winter, and put forth leaf and branch; buds begin to appear, and in a short time the transformation of a very ordinary-looking plant into a vigorous and healthy one is complete. The truth is that plants have keener ears than mortals, and they hear the footsteps of spring coming toward us from the south, and they feel the thrill, which comes later to the trees. They anticipate the spring of the calendar by a month or two, so that February, with window and greenhouse plants, is really the beginning of spring.

HEALTHY NOT RAPID GROWTH

AT this season great care must be taken to assist plants in making a healthy growth, and by this I do not mean a rapid growth. Such a growth often brings on disease. Rapid growth is not necessarily dangerous when it happens out-of-doors and under natural conditions, but in the house it is unhealthy, because so long a time must elapse before natural conditions can be imitated. For this reason plants become weakened, consequently anything that has a tendency to lower vitality at this season should be especially avoided. Aim to have your plants make a sturdy, rather than a luxuriant growth. Luxuriance and sturdiness may go hand in hand in the garden, and even in the window or the greenhouse later in the season, when artificial heat can be dispensed with and fresh air can be given in liberal quantities, but the two do not work well together in the house during the winter months.

The problem then becomes: how can a desirable condition of growth be secured?

FIRST—Water only as seems needed, that is, when the surface of the soil appears dry. Too much water, with a high degree of heat, is an encourager of rapid growth.

SECOND—By depriving plants, whose soil is such as to develop foliage of good size and a dark color, of manure. If the leaves are large, and a rich, healthy green, such as one sees during the summer on plants in the garden, the soil is quite rich enough to grow the plants properly. Be satisfied with it. To apply manure of any kind will force the plant to make a rapid growth at the expense of strength, and this you cannot afford to do. Too rich a soil, or, in other words, too much food of an exciting character, acting with the unfavorable condition of the atmosphere, will put plants in a condition most unfavorable to future growth. Slow but healthy growth is secured to a great extent by watering and feeding a plant judiciously at this season.

THIRD—Give all the light, sunshine and fresh air possible. Plants breathe, and in order to do this satisfactorily they must have a liberal supply of pure oxygen. Light and sunshine are equally important factors in their healthy development, and they cannot receive too much of either.

FOURTH—Make a desperate effort to keep the temperature of the room not above 70° during the day, and between 50° and 55° at night. Heat is enervating to plant, as well as to human life, and if growers of plants would take into consideration the fact that about the same conditions, at least as far as regards food, air and warmth, are necessary to produce healthy plant-growth that are necessary in the healthy development of the individual, we would see better plants all about us.

On most plants a great many branches will be produced that are not necessary to symmetrical form. Remove these, but do not throw them aside as worthless. Have a cutting-dish filled with sand, in which to insert them while they form roots. In this way one may secure quite a collection of plants for use in the summer garden. Use clear, sharp sand, and keep it always moist, but not wet. Give it a warm place. Not one cutting out of a dozen will refuse to root if taken when in proper condition. Those in too early a stage of growth, and those which have ripened their wood are not desirable. Those between these two extremes are preferable. A little experience will enable any one to decide readily when a branch is or is not in proper condition to root and produce a healthy and vigorous growth.

KEEPING THE AIR MOIST

GREAT havoc is done to plants at this season by insects which flourish in a dry, hot atmosphere. Guard against them by making and keeping the air as moist as possible. Evaporate water on stoves and registers. Shower the plants daily. Cover the pots with moss, and if you have a table on which its use is possible, put sand about and under the pots. This will absorb all surplus water draining through the pots, and give it off in slow evaporation, thus tempering the atmosphere greatly. In a moist air few insects except the aphid will flourish, and he seldom does much damage to plants in vigorous health.

Bulbs brought from the cellar to bloom should be kept as cool as possible if you want the flowers to last. In a hot room they will wither rapidly; if used in the parlor during the day they are greatly benefited by removal to a cooler room at night.

Do not neglect to prune your plants while they are in a formative stage. Look into the future and see what they would be if left to train themselves. But this you must not allow them to do. Cut off all branches that interfere with their symmetry. If one branch outgrows others shorten it promptly, and keep it or other branches from growing at that point until branches are started where you desire them. Most plants are tractable if they understand that you mean to make them come to your terms. They may show an inclination to have their own way, but let them know that they cannot, and they will speedily give up making the effort. You can only convince them of this determination on your part by steady perseverance in the way of training.

Bring the Dahlias from the cellar toward the latter part of the month, and examine them carefully preparatory to potting them in order to give them an early start. Cut away all diseased portions of the roots. Break the tubers apart in such a manner as to leave an "eye," or growing point, to each. Put these in four or five inch pots, water well, and set away under the benches in the greenhouse, or the plant-table, to root. A good tuber will give you just as good a plant next summer as a whole bunch of roots would.

THE AMARYLLIS AND GLOXINIA

LOOK to the Amaryllises. If they show any tendency to growth give them water, but not a great deal until active growth sets in. Generally the first sign of growth on an old plant will be the appearance of a flower-stalk. This will develop rapidly, and the production of foliage will take place at a later stage. Water should be given quite liberally until all growth ceases. Then allow the plant to become somewhat dry, and to remain so until the new season of growth begins. As soon as the flower-stalk is four or five inches high apply some kind of fertilizer twice a week until the flowers are developed.

Bring out the Gloxinias, which should have been left in their pots after completing their last season's work, and shake the tubers out of the old soil; repot them in fresh compost, using four-inch pots. By-and-by they should be shifted to six-inch ones, which are quite large enough to allow them to bloom. After potting them water well to settle the soil about them. Tuberos Begonias should be treated in a similar manner. If early flowers are wanted this is the month in which to start them.

THE YARD AND GARDEN

THE yard and garden will require some consideration at this season. Of course, it will be impossible for you to go to work in it yet awhile, but before manual labor is done there plans should be made for it which will simplify the work of spring, and greatly facilitate operations there. If there were unsatisfactory arrangements of bed and border last season decide how they can be improved next summer, and draw a diagram, no matter how rough it may be, of your imagined improvements. Decide what you will have, and where you will have it, and study out new arrangements and combinations. But do not make the great mistake of failing to provide for shrubbery, if you have none, or if more is needed. The most attractive part of the grounds about a house is the lawn or yard, and this should never be given over to beds of annuals or other plants. Beautify it with shrubs, which are permanent in their character. A good shrub goes on improving year after year if well cared for, and it is not until a lawn has been planted some years that it becomes the thing of beauty that all lawns should be, and will be if properly made and planted and cared for. One fine specimen of a shrub is more ornamental than any flower-bed can be. Observation will convince you of the truth of this statement.

PREPARING THE SOIL

KEEP the soil about your plants open. This admits air, which plants require to some extent at the roots, and it facilitates, also, free evaporation, thus doing away with the danger of souring of the soil, which often greatly injures plants when the surface of the soil in which they grow becomes hard and crusted over. A compost in which water is retained in too great quantities soon induces a diseased condition of the roots. Drainage, if what it should be, prevents this to a great degree, but the surface of the soil should never be allowed to harden or to remain in that condition if you want good plants. Repotting should be done when the necessity for it arises. If the old pot is filled with roots shift to a pot one or two sizes larger; but do not do this unless there are so many roots that they form a network about the mass of earth. This is what florists mean when they say that a pot is "filled" with roots. Most plants will send out roots which reach the sides of the pot at some points, but they will not completely fill the soil until this network permeates the entire ball of earth. Until this condition exists at the roots repotting is not necessary as a general thing. If it is not possible to repot, because of lack of potting material, furnish the plant with nutriment by giving liquid manure, or some other form of fertilizer. No plant can be expected to do well in old soil from which all nutriment has been extracted. Plants left in such soil, and in pots too small to accommodate their roots, become dwarfed, and satisfactory development is checked at a very important stage of their existence. All successful growers of plants make it a rule to give whatever attention is required promptly. There must be no cessation of care on your part or the plants will suffer.

SOME GENERAL SUGGESTIONS

THEREFORE decide what shrubs you will order, if you need more. I would advise you to confine your selection to standard varieties, old, tried and reliable sorts, rather than to invest much money in new kinds, of which you know nothing except what you see in the advertisements of enterprising florists, who may be telling the exact, unvarnished truth, but whose statements, as a general thing—and especially about new plants—should be taken with a few grains of allowance. There are many varieties of tested shrubs that will not disappoint you, and you run no risk in selecting from them. The fact that they are old is no argument against them. It is one in their favor, rather, because the fact that they retain their popularity proves that they possess real merit, and that is what you require in them, rather than the novelty of newness. Of course you will want a few Roses. No garden is what it should be unless it includes at least a dozen varieties of this royal flower. Lilacs, both old and new, are very desirable because of beauty, fragrance and ease of cultivation, and the Weigelas, Spireas, Deutzias and other well-known shrubs of the hardy, not-over-particular class, are worthy a place in all gardens, and should each be represented where there is space. So should such border plants as the Hollyhock, Aquilegia, Dicentra, herbaceous Spireas, Irises and perennial Phlox.

Look to the plants stored away in the cellar, such as Fuchsias, Chrysanthemums, Oleanthers and others of similar habit. If the soil is not really dry—so much so that the leaves wilt—do not apply water. The aim should be to keep them as nearly dormant as possible, in imitation of nature's plan of treating such plants during winter. They are put in the cellar to rest, and much water, a small degree of warmth and considerable light are all excitants of growth, which cannot be healthily made under such conditions as exist in cool cellars. If the leaves of Fuchsias and other plants of similar habit drop off, and the stalks do not shrivel or decay, do not be alarmed, for plants growing out-of-doors drop their leaves in winter, but renew them in spring as soon as the conditions are favorable to their growth.

Sometimes bulbs, tubers, and plants with fleshy roots, like the Canna, become mouldy or mildewed in the cellar. This is generally the result of a moist air and low temperature. It is well to examine such plants, if you have any, and find out what condition they are in. If you find indications of disease remove the affected portion carefully with a sharp knife, and dust powdered charcoal, or, if this is not at hand, fine, dry sand over the raw surface, and remove the roots to a place where there is no moisture, and where the temperature is several degrees higher. If disease has not progressed too far its effects can generally be checked by prompt action of this kind. But do not make the mistake of putting them in too warm a place, as that will stimulate premature growth. The Gladiolus, Tuberos, Gloxinia, Freesia and tuberos Begonias are wintered more satisfactorily in cool but frost-proof rooms than in cellars, because dampness usually prevails there.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Rexford's answers to his correspondents, under the title of "Floral Helps and Hints," will be found on pages 30 and 31 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

Peter Henderson & Co.

SEEDS



PLANTS

will, this season, be offered at lower prices than ever, and in a Catalogue most unique, beautiful and complete. This 1894 Catalogue of

Everything for the Garden

is really a book (9x11 inches), its 160 pages being embellished with nearly 500 engravings and six large-sized colored plates of flowers and vegetables. These attractions are supplemented by invaluable cultural directions, and accurate descriptions of everything new, rare or desirable for the

Garden Greenhouse and Farm

Every copy of this great Catalogue costs us 25 cents, but intending purchasers can obtain it **FREE** on conditions named below. It will be mailed to any one on receipt of 20 cents (in stamps), which amount can, however, be deducted from first order for Seeds or Plants. **BESIDES** this, those sending for Catalogue who will name this Journal and date of issue, will be sent their selection of any one of the following Novelties and Specialties:

- 1 Pkt. Succession Cabbage
- 1 Pkt. Ponderosa Tomato
- 1 Pkt. Big Boston Lettuce
- 1 Pkt. Prizetaker Onion
- 1 Pkt. Butterfly Pansy
- 1 Pkt. Zebra Zinnia
- 1 Pkt. Eckford's Sweet Peas, mixed
- 1 Pkt. Victoria Aster, mixed
- 1 Plant Golden Wedding Chrysanthemum
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- 1 Plant Dinsmore Rose
- 1 Plant Pearl of the Garden Rose

Peter Henderson & Co.

35 & 37 Cortlandt St., New York

A GREAT SEED HOUSE

An Interesting Day at W. Atlee Burpee & Co.'s Stores

Sorting and Opening of the Largest Mail Received by any Business Firm in the United States—How Seeds are Packed and Sent to All Parts of the Globe—A Wonderful Example of Perfect System and Careful Business Methods

SEEDS have come to play a very important part in the business interests of Philadelphia. Ask a farmer in nearly any portion of the United States what is the chief seed-distributing centre of the country, and in nine cases out of ten he will unhesitatingly reply, "Philadelphia." The fame of this city's seed warehouses has penetrated everywhere.

There is one firm in particular, the name of which is not only known more or less in every rural household in this country, but whose transactions extend into every quarter of the globe where civilized methods of agriculture have penetrated.

This is the firm of W. Atlee Burpee & Co., whose magnificent seed farm "Fordhook," near Doylestown, among the Bucks County hills, was made familiar to INQUIRER readers through an illustrated descriptive article which appeared in these columns on October 8, 1892.* The firm's main city warehouse is at 475 and 477 North Fifth Street and 476 and 478 York Avenue. The firm's motto is "Burpee's Seeds Grow," and the preservation and fulfillment of this unique motto is the animating principle in every process of the business, not only at Fordhook Farm, but in the big Fifth Street warehouse as well.

The business of furnishing pure and vital seeds to thousands of customers throughout the world is such a vast and intricate one that no outsider can possibly grasp it at a glance.

THE BIGGEST MAIL IN PHILADELPHIA

The business of the day begins in the Post Office at eight o'clock in the morning, when the first and heaviest mail is obtained. W. Atlee Burpee & Co. receive the largest daily mail of any business house in Philadelphia. This first or morning delivery frequently mounts up into the neighborhood of 5000 pieces.

Through the all-prevailing mails the firm is kept in touch with every State in the Union and every country on the globe. The first letter picked up may be from Salem, N. J., the next one to it from Yokohama, Japan, and the next from Texas or Dakota. It is almost inconceivable to the average understanding the amount of mail matter that pours into the Burpee establishment in one day. Last Monday the morning delivery alone contained 4870 letters and 572 postal cards, a total of 5442 pieces. The afternoon deliveries added greatly to this figure, and the record for the day was 6011 letters and 702 postal cards, an enormous grand total of 6713 pieces of mail matter coming into one establishment inside of ten hours. To show that the great bulk of this mail is bona-fide business correspondence, it may be stated that of the 6011 letters of that day, 5272 of them contained orders for seeds or other stock, and besides the vast amount of cash and checks inclosed there were 1814 money orders and postal notes.

A WONDERFUL SET OF BOOKS

As fast as the orders can be gotten out of the envelopes and marked they are arranged in piles, and carried from time to time to the booking department. Here one of the most wonderful and unique sets of books in the city is kept. There are books for every State and Territory in the United States, with divisions for every post office in each State arranged alphabetically, and also books for all foreign countries.

The books contain records for four years, so that it can be determined what dealings, if any, the sender of each order has previously had with the firm. When the booking is completed the orders, with their accompanying address-tags, go up stairs to the filling departments.

WHERE ORDERS ARE FILLED

The mail-order department, which occupies the entire second floor of the big building, is a place of great interest, and exemplifies in every one of its manifold processes the extreme care which W. Atlee Burpee & Co. take to guarantee that every individual customer shall receive the best of care and the best of goods. As the orders come up from the booking department they are sorted and filed. Bright young girls then take them in hand. Each girl is provided with a shallow basket, into which each package of seed called for by the order in hand is placed, and at the same time each item is checked off as it is filled. The entire department is filled with cases reaching nearly to the ceiling, these being divided into small compartments containing the hundreds of varieties of seeds sent out by the Burpee firm. Each compartment is labeled with the name and price of the seed it contains,

and they are arranged alphabetically. There is also a classification by the sizes of packages, one aisle containing ounces, another containing pounds and half-pounds, etc. The weighing of seeds and making up into packages is done only by experienced hands.

When a girl has an order completely filled, with all the packets called for grouped in her basket, and each item in the order list properly checked, she takes it to a set of clerks who are charged with another set of checks, by means of which it is ascertained whether the order has been correctly filled in every particular. By means of this double system of checking there is not the slightest possibility of an order being made up improperly or of anything being omitted.

READY TO GO OUT

From the checking-clerks the made-up order goes to the packer and is wrapped up for mailing. It is inclosed first with heavy cardboard and tied, then wrapped in two thicknesses of pure manilla rope paper and double-tied in such a way that it is impossible for the packages to come undone or to be penetrated or injured by any hard substances during transmission in the mails.

Gratis packages of new seeds for trial are placed in each order before it goes out, the number of packages being regulated by the size of the order, and in this way the firm's patrons are given opportunities to try many novel and valuable varieties of all kinds of seeds before they have been placed on sale. The process of filling the orders has grown to be an expert system and is accomplished with marvelous rapidity.

Upon the third floor of the establishment is the immense freight and express department, where orders which are too weighty for the mails are made up. The same care and forethought is exercised here as down stairs.

UNIQUE FEATURES

There are several features in which the business of W. Atlee Burpee & Co. is especially unique. One of these has already been mentioned, namely, the sending out of new varieties of seeds free to their customers for trial. Another is the practice of giving away valuable books with orders of certain sizes. These books are upon such topics as kitchen and market gardening, flower gardening, poultry raising, the home manufacture of manures, the cooking of vegetables, etc., all written for this firm by well-known specialists.

It is one of the astonishing things about the firm of W. Atlee Burpee & Co. that it has built up in seeds one of the largest mail, express and freight businesses of any kind in the United States. During the months of February, March and April its mail is the heaviest of any firm in the country, and its order-books show that it keeps in touch with more sections of this and other countries than any other firm known.* It took years of the hardest kind of work and personal energy to bring about this state, but popular prejudice against the use of the mails for purchasing was finally overcome, and this, combined with the gradually acquired certainty in the public mind that seeds bought from Burpee would be seeds that would grow, sufficed to make the firm what it is to-day—the unique house of its kind in the world.—Condensed from a long article in THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER, March 18th, 1893, which with illustrations from flash-light photographs, is reprinted more fully in BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL.

*It may be interesting to the reader to know that in the United States alone our order-books show customers at 56,880 separate post offices. W. A. B. & CO.

LET US TALK TO YOU

more fully than we can on this single page of the JOURNAL, the price of which is three thousand dollars (\$3000). You can buy a postal card for a cent, and if on it you write, "I intend to plant seeds this spring," and mention THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, we will gladly mail you BURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1894, a handsome book of 172 pages, which costs us more than ten cents a copy in quarter-million editions. We are willing to rely on our ability to persuade you to prove for yourselves the truth of the well-known motto that

BURPEE'S SEEDS GROW and are

The BEST SEEDS That Grow On the "address only" side of the postal write plainly W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

but do not forget to write your own name and address plainly on the reverse side, and remember we trust you, merely because you are interested in the progress of horticulture or desire the beautiful paintings from nature for framing, we expect that you will send a sealed letter inclosing either a silver dime or five-cent stamps. We have known THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL from its start here in Philadelphia ten years ago, and are willing to take the word of its subscribers. One is known by the company he (or she) keeps.

Burpee's seeds grow

To show that this is true, and to prove to planters everywhere that BURPEE'S are the BEST SEEDS that grow, we have prepared FOUR FORDHOOK FAVORITE COLLECTIONS for 1894, giving unequalled value, as advertised below. We KNOW the quality of our Seeds—a trial order means a permanent customer.

2 Collections of Beautiful Flowers.

FORDHOOK FASHION COLLECTION.

Comprises Six NOVELTIES in three of the most fashionable flowers of the day, together with a bright booklet, entitled "PANSIES, POPPIES, AND SWEET PEAS." It contains:—
NEW SWEET PEA.—AMERICAN BELLE. THE FLORAL NOVELTY FOR 1894. Extremely early, wonderfully free-flowering; bright rose with wings of crystal-white, vividly spotted rich purplish-carmine. See Colored Plate in Catalogue.

ECKFORD'S GILT EDGE, or SURPASSING SWEET PEAS. This grand strain of New Sweet Peas in mixture is unequalled; new seedlings.

BURPEE'S DEFIANCE PANSIES, FINEST MIXED. Magnificent new giant-flowered Pansies, which measure two and one-half to four inches across.

SUPERB NEW IMPERIAL GERMAN PANSIES. All known colors, including the brightest fancy varieties, blotched, veined, mottled, and margined.

NEW CARDINAL POPPY. Glowing cardinal-scarlet flowers, which are uniformly of enormous size and perfectly double; of great profusion and long duration in bloom.

GOLDEN GATE POPPIES. If you already have this superb strain you can give this packet to a friend, to whom the thousands of beautiful flowers will be a constant source of delight.

We have a beautiful colored plate, painted from nature, of the distinct new PANSIES, POPPIES, and SWEET PEAS, which we will mail enclosed flat with our FARM ANNUAL for 1894.

The Complete Collection—one packet each of the above six varieties—mailed for 25 CENTS. With each collection we include free a copy of the bright new booklet, "PANSIES, POPPIES, AND SWEET PEAS," which is beautifully printed and charmingly illustrated, specially written for us by three well-known authors. We have thus a unique combination of the best literature on the subject, together with the choicest seeds.

FORDHOOK FANCY COLLECTION.

This collection embraces seeds of ten easy-growing annuals of real beauty that should be in every garden,—it contains one full-sized packet each of all the following:—

NEW YELLOW DOLICHOS. Quite unique, not only in color but also in habit of growth. The foliage is very dense, the stems show a hairy growth, and no vine is more quick growing.

ASTERS, CHOICE MIXED. Every color, many distinct types.

BALSAM, BURPEE'S SUPERB CAMELLIA-FLOWERED. Magnificent double flowers of unusual perfection; all colors.

MARGUERITE CARNATIONS. Perfect double carnations in full beauty, all colors, in four months after sowing the seed.

CALLIOPSIS CORONATA. Brightest yellow flowers of large size.

DIANTHUS, MIXED. All colors and forms of both double and single Chinese and Japanese Pinks.

NEW ERFURT MIGNONETTE. Flowers of large size, great substance, and delicious fragrance.

FORDHOOK STRAIN OF PHLOX DRUMMONDII GRANDIFLORA. Remarkable not only in brilliancy of colors, but also in extra large size of the flowers.

SALVIA SPLENDENS. The most gorgeous of all plants.

VERBENA HYBRIDA, MIXED. All colors.

The entire collection, one packet each of the above ten varieties, mailed to any address for 25 CENTS, which is less than one-third the regular retail price, if purchased separately. Five Collections for \$1.00.

2 Collections of Choicest Vegetables.

FORDHOOK FIRST COLLECTION.

Most appropriately named, as this collection comprises the five earliest vegetables, those first to mature, and all of which are of FORDHOOK introduction. Everyone in the spring is especially desirous of getting the first fresh vegetables on the table. This collection contains one full size packet each of:—

EARLY BLACK LIMA BEAN. Bears great ropes of pods in wonderful profusion, two weeks earlier than any other Lima.

NEW TOMATO.—FORDHOOK FIRST. Extremely early; the only first early tomato that is always smooth and perfect.

BURPEE'S ALLHEAD EARLY CABBAGE. Thousands of gardeners testify that this is the most thoroughbred and best Early Cabbage.

COLUMBIA BEET. This distinct new Beet is the earliest of all; of surpassingly fine flavor.

BURPEE'S EARLIEST RADISH. Ready to pull in only 20 days from the time of sowing the seed.

One full-size packet of each of the above Five FORDHOOK FIRST Vegetables mailed for 25 CENTS. Each packet bears an illustration of the variety, our registered trade-mark, and directions for culture. Purchased separately, the five packets would cost 60 cents, but together as a collection they can be had for 25 cents,—less than wholesale price.

FORDHOOK FAMOUS COLLECTION.

This collection is also appropriately named, as it embraces five of the most famous vegetables introduced from FORDHOOK FARM. It contains one full-size packet each of:—

BURPEE'S BUSH LIMA. The only bush form of the true large Lima Bean, and universally pronounced the most remarkable of new vegetables.

BURPEE'S SUREHEAD CABBAGE. See page 52 of the FARM ANNUAL for the record of seventeen years' trials of this world-famous Cabbage.

NEW ICEBERG LETTUCE. On our colored plate we show a head painted from nature, and truly tell the decided merits of this rare novelty.

BURPEE'S MELROSE MELON. No other melon is so handsome and none can equal this in delicious flavor. The flesh is quite unique in color, being of a beautiful light green, shading to rich salmon.

WHITE VICTORIA ONION. Famous for the large size it attains, particularly under the new onion culture.

One packet each of the above Five FAMOUS FORDHOOK Vegetables would cost 60 cents, if selected at retail, but we include the five packets in our FORDHOOK FAMOUS COLLECTION for 25 CENTS, postpaid. On each packet is printed an illustration, our registered trade-mark and directions for culture.

For \$1.00 we will send ALL FOUR FAVORITE FORDHOOK COLLECTIONS as advertised above, neatly boxed, by mail postpaid, together with a copy of Mrs. Rorer's New Book, "HOW TO COOK VEGETABLES."



Every housewife wants Mrs. Rorer's new book, "How to Cook Vegetables," and many have written to inquire its price. Although the copyright is owned by us, we are under contract not to sell a single copy, otherwise we could have sold thousands of this book at \$1.00 each. So suppose there are some seeds in the four Collections which you do not need, why not purchase a complete set for \$1.00, and thus get this valuable book FREE as a premium? Surely you can give the extra seeds to some friend. If you live in the city and are so unfortunate as to have no garden of your own, what more acceptable present could you send to a friend in the country than these four Collections of FORDHOOK SEEDS, at the same time instructing us to mail the book separately to your own address?

Purchased separately at retail, the 26 packets of seed enumerated above would cost \$2.96, while the book of 182 pages is fully worth 50 cents—making in all an actual value of \$3.46 for \$1.00.

TO TELL YOU MORE of the great DOLLAR offer we must remind you that our new book, "Selection in Seed Growing," can be had free with any dollar order, so you are, of course entitled to this unique book of 112 pages if you ask for it when sending us \$1.00 for this offer. Please mention Ladies' Home Journal.

ORDER TO-DAY and ask for Burpee's Farm Annual for 1894

THE LEADING AMERICAN SEED CATALOGUE. A handsome book of 172 pages. It tells all about The Best Seeds That Grow.

W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Patronized By the Ladies

The delicate, truly pure and excellent qualities of

DR. PRICE'S DELICIOUS Flavoring Extracts

- Vanilla
- Lemon
- Orange
- Rose, etc.

have secured for them the patronage of the most intelligent housewives of this country. A few cents additional cost does not deter ladies who are mindful of the health of their family, from procuring that which is known to be pure and wholesome. They are the finest made.

Price Flavoring Extract Co.

Dr. V. C. PRICE, Pres't

New York

Chicago

"If it were DONE when 'tis DONE, then 'twere well it were DONE QUICKLY."

—Macbeth

and if it is a **Croquette**, or an **Oyster**, or a **Pie**, or a **Doughnut**, or a **Biscuit**, or any other article that needs

SHORTENING

when 'tis *done*, 'twill be *better done* as well as *more quickly done* if you use

Cottolene

The Vegetable Shortening

It is purer than lard; it is without the objectionable flavor of lard; it heats quicker than lard; it browns better than lard, and does not make food greasy and indigestible as lard does.

Ask your grocer for Cottolene, and accept no imitations. Sold everywhere in three and five pound pails.



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THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

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Spoons and Forks with our
"XII" SECTIONAL PLATING
ARE THE MOST ECONOMICAL FOR GENERAL USE

ROGERS BROS "XII"
1847
SPoons and FORKS

Are plated **THREE TIMES HEAVIER** on the three points most exposed to wear.

SOLD BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

THE IDEAL
The Only Spring That Adjusts Itself to Heavy and Light Weights

A Perfect SPRING Without an EQUAL

ASK YOUR FURNITURE DEALER FOR IT
Made by **FOSTER BROS' Mfg. Co.**
Baltimore, Utica, N. Y., St. Louis

LADIES who mean business and want pleasant and profitable employment, should address
THE CELLULOID STARCH CO., New Haven, Conn.

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS BY EBEN E. REXFORD

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer any question relating to flowers or their culture—EBEN E. REXFORD.

Mrs. C. H. W.—Azaleas should be kept warm and moist after blooming, while making their annual growth. After that is completed they can be put out-of-doors in a shady place, but they must never be neglected and allowed to get dry at the roots, for if this happens they will be almost sure to drop or blast their buds, which are formed this season, but developed next. Give a soil of peat and sharp sand, and drain the pots well.

Mrs. W. M. B.—It does not matter much whether you remove the young bulbs that form about old plants of the *Amaryllis*, or allow them to remain. They do not interfere with the flowering of the plant. These plants should have alternate periods of rest and growth. As long as they keep producing foliage keep up the supply of water. As soon as leaves stop coming, and some of the older ones show signs of ripening by turning yellow, withhold the supply of water until the soil is but little more than moist. Do not give much until there are signs of new growth.

L. J. A.—It is as easy to raise Carnations from seed, out-of-doors, as any other plant. Have the soil mellow and fine, and scatter the seed over the beds, sifting on a shallow covering of earth. It would be better, however, to sow in boxes or pots, as then the plants are under better control than when in the open ground, being very sure not to keep either too moist or warm, and give fresh air in liberal quantities daily. On warm, sunny days put the pots or boxes out-of-doors, and transplant to the open ground as soon as the young plants have made two or three sets of leaves.

Mrs. G. A. I.—If your *Passion-Flower* was budded when you received it, and the buds blasted as soon as you put it out in the ground, and a rapid growth of branches began, which was kept up all through the season without producing flowers, the natural inference to draw is that your soil was so rich that it stimulated the production of branches at the expense of blossoms. I would give a soil not so rich, and see what effect that would have. Give a *Geranium* a rich soil and a large pot to grow in, and in most cases it will make great branch development, without blooming.

S. S.—Some varieties of Fern do fairly well in the house. *Adiantum cuneatum* succeeds as well as any of this class. *Pteris tremula* is a good variety for the house. The *Sword Fern* is very pretty for hanging-baskets, and grows vigorously if the fronds are showered occasionally. All Ferns should have a light, spongy soil and plenty of water, with good drainage. Pansies can be wintered safely if the plants are vigorous. The *Marguerite*, which I take it is the plant you refer to in speaking of the "tame Daisy," is not hardy. Tea Roses can be kept in the house during winter, but they do better in the cellar.

Mrs. E. E. D.—When worms attack the stalks of the *Geranium* you may be pretty sure that there is defective drainage, and that too much manure has been used, or that it has been too fresh. The worms breed in the manure, and eat into the stalks, and in a short time you will see a black spot at the base of them, and examination will show that the centre is rotten and hollow. Lime-water, if applied in time, and thoroughly, will exterminate the worms. When a plant becomes affected in this way it is advisable to throw it away, or, if some branches are still healthy, plant it in the ground and let it take its time to recover or die.

Sr. J.—Gloire de Dijon, Chromatella, Reine, Marie Henrietta, Isabella Sprunt, James Sprunt and Marechal Niel are fine Roses for the south. I think La France, Meteor, American Beauty and the Bridesmaid would be sure to do well there. I cannot say whether they would do better with you on their own roots or grafted. John Saul, of Washington, D. C., could answer that question for you much more satisfactorily than I can. Mannetti stock is generally used to graft choice varieties on. Cow-manure that has rotted till it is black and friable is the best fertilizer I have ever used for the Rose, but if I could not get this I would use bonemeal.

Mrs. J. E. D.—The large flowers seen on exhibition plants of the *Chrysanthemum* are the result of high cultivation and restriction of the plants to the perfecting of a very few flowers. By cutting off all but a few of the largest buds, and feeding the plants generously, all the strength of the plant is sent into these flowers, and the result is the monstrous specimens seen at the autumn flower-shows. As specimens of what can be done by high culture and care they are interesting, but they lack the beauty of smaller flowers growing in larger quantities all over the plants, as nature designed them to grow. I am not a lover of floral monstrosities, and such the great *Chrysanthemums* are.

H. W. B.—I think your trouble with the *Heliotrope* came from coal-gas. This plant is so sensitive to gas from coal that it is almost impossible to grow it in a room where a stove stands that leaks in the least. Other plants, as well as the human occupants of the room, may not notice gas in it, but the *Heliotrope* will. You say that there are no worms in the soil, but speak of black flies about your plants. I think you will find minute white worms in the soil if you examine it closely. The flies are hatched from these worms. To kill them use lime-water, as advised to H. H. Your question as to whether "foliage plants" require much or little water is one that I cannot answer intelligently because I do not know what kind of plants you have. Some varieties require a good deal of water, others not a very great deal. The *Coleus* should be watered very much as you water a *Geranium*; *Cannas* require a good deal more, and *Caladiums* need a great deal when making rapid growth.

H. H.—The little flies that you see about your plants are hatched from the grubs that you see in the soil. Lime-water will kill the worms. Take a piece of fresh lime—old lime that is air-slacked is of no use—and dissolve it in a pailful of water; when dissolved pour off the clear water, and apply to your plants. Do this thoroughly, that is, give enough to saturate the soil all through. It is well to stop the hole in the bottom of the pot with a cork, before applying the water; this will force the soil to take up the water. If this is not done most of it will run off so quickly that the soil is not greatly affected by it, while the thing to aim at is to have it reach every portion, so that no worms have a chance to escape from it. Usually the worms or grubs will come to the surface of the soil, and it will be advisable to remove them, and destroy them as fast as they appear. One or two such applications will most generally rid the soil of this pest. In most cases where the use of lime-water is reported as failing to accomplish the desired result, the failure is due to insufficient use of it; a little does no good, and there must be enough used to wet all the soil through. After you are sure that all the soil in the pot is wet remove the cork and let the surplus water drain off. There need be no fear of using too strong a solution, as water can take up and retain but a certain amount of lime, and therefore a sufficient amount of lime to do injury will not be held in suspension.



The Yellow Jessamine

Almost everyone has either read or heard of the famous Southern Yellow Jessamine—a pot grown plant of which is here shown. Tourists go into ecstasies over it, and carefully press sprays of the exquisite blossoms to carry to their Northern homes as mementoes of a Winter spent in "The Land of Flowers." There is not an easier grown or more beautiful climber in cultivation, either for the window or open ground, succeeding in almost any soil or situation. It is quick growing, has beautiful shining evergreen foliage, and completely loads itself with its beautiful golden-yellow, exquisitely sweet-scented funnel-shaped flowers. We have seen a spray 8 inches long containing over 40 buds and open flowers. A well-grown vine in full bloom is a sight never to be forgotten, and beyond the power of pen to describe. As a trellis plant for the window, nothing can be more desirable, as it flowers in February and March—when flowers are so scarce—begins blooming while very young and is always ornamental. Fine pot-grown plants, sure to live and grow off rapidly, only 15c. each. *Amaryllis Equestris*, One of the most beautiful and easiest grown *Amaryllis* in cultivation. Leaves five inches across, bright, sparkling orange-red, with a most beautiful green and white star in the centre. Potted now will flower at Easter. Bulbs 15c. each. *Australian Silk Oak* (*Grevillea robusta*), a splendid Ferny-leaved pot shrub, beautiful as a Fern, stately as a Palm, and endures drought, heat, gas, and dust equally as well as the Rubber Plant. You can grow nothing more striking and graceful. Fine pot-grown plants, 15c. each. *Russelia Juncea*, a lovely pot of basket plant, covered almost the year round with masses of tawny, bright scarlet flowers like coral drops. 15c. each. **Special Offer.** All of the above, amounting to \$60., and a Free Gift of a *Cattleya Guava* plant, carefully wrapped in long strands of the beautiful *Spanish Moss* or *Cray Beard* which is so fine for decorating rooms, to hang over pictures, etc., and mailed to any address for only 50c., and safe delivery guaranteed.

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HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING
BY EMMA M. HOOPER

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer each month any reasonable question on Home Dressmaking sent me by my readers.
EMMA M. HOOPER

MRS. T. P. M.—Read the answers given to "I. A. T.," "Mrs. E. M." and "Mrs. M. C.," which answers entirely cover your case.

LUCILE—Give your bridesmaids a brooch, hairpin, fan or chain-bracelet. The groom usually presents the ushers with scarfpins or studs.

MRS. DAN S.—Eider-down flannel, either plain or figured, makes a comfortable room wrapper, and proves suitable for an invalid as it needs no trimming.

MRS. W. V.—A girl of two years wears her dresses to the tops of her shoes and one of four years has her skirts shortened to come just below the bend of the knee in the French fashion.

DAISY B.—Buy a black, brown or blue cloth jacket, with immense sleeves and umbrella back for your early spring wrap. (2) Brown, green and gray will all be fashionable colors for spring wear.

BEDELIA—White chiffon waists trimmed with black lace and worn with black silk skirts form appropriate demi-evening costumes. (2) Gauze, lace, quill and ostrich feather fans are all in good style.

MISS C. FULMER—A letter sent to you on August sixteenth has lately been returned from your post-office bearing the legend, "Advertised," "Unfound," so you have evidently been disappointed through no fault of mine.

HANNAH T.—Clean your black lace and jet edging by the receipts given in this issue. (2) Muriatic acid will remove ink spots from a towel, which should be washed immediately afterward in clean water, as the acid destroys the goods.

BARBARA—It is too early to ask about spring hats, which information will appear in due time. (2) The plain silk-warp materials do give satisfaction if you buy a good make. Trim a yellow one with cream guipure lace and satin ribbon for evening wear.

MISS GERALDINE—A brunette having a clear skin can wear cream, old rose, pink, yellow, pale blue, pinkish lavender, brown, tan, dark green, scarlet, garnet, orange, black, purple, Magenta, copper, navy blue and pinkish gray. Surely this is a list to select from.

MRS. M. C.—You will find receipts in this issue for cleaning your black silk and cashmere. (2) Light-weight woolen goods, like challie and crêpe, will be worn this coming summer. (3) Make up your cotton dresses in March, leaving the summer silks and woollens until April.

MRS. H. J.—Your letter did not contain the State address and there are five cities of the same name. (2) Silk stockings should not be ironed, but may be dried over stocking forms or small boards shaped like a flat stocking. There are pure spun and silk plated hose in all the bright tints.

MOURNING—In second or light mourning you can wear black and white, heliotrope, violet, lavender and gray. (2) Remove your long crêpe veil three months before donning second mourning. (3) Silk-warp Henrietta is worn by ladies out of mourning as well as by those in even the deepest of mourning attire.

LETITIA—The answer to "B. M. L." will inform you in regard to bridal veils. A person of ordinary size usually needs a three-yard square of the tulle. (2) Have white suede slippers or ties, and gloves. (3) No matter what color your bridesmaids wear their gloves must be of white suede, and their slippers should correspond in tint.

RED LOCKS—The fact of your having dark red hair need be no reason why you should exclude from your toilette the red shades, as the deep scarlets, coppery red and garnets are becoming to Titian blondes. (2) The JOURNAL does not approve of cosmetics in any form, but almond-meal is the purest of powders to use upon a "shiny brow."

MISS CARRIE L.—A good black serge gives one almost unlimited wear, and spots are easily removed from it by the use of diluted ammonia and water rubbed on with a piece of the goods. Trim it with black mohair braid, and cover the yellow cloth vest with black souchaie braiding. Pay from one dollar to one dollar and twenty-five cents for the serge of a medium weight and fineness.

Y. Z.—You will find the new spring and summer materials and colors written of in the March issue. (2) Get a black satin duchesse rather than a faille, and trim with a white chiffon vest, white lace sleeve ruffles and narrow jet edging. (3) Evening bonnets of jet have white lace wings, aigrettes and black velvet ribbon ties. (4) White suede gloves stitched with black should be worn with such a toilette to an evening concert.

MRS. E. M.—A short-waisted person cannot wear a long-waisted corset, but a medium long corset will give a longer appearance to the form and prove comfortable as well. (2) Shirt waists, with the De Joinville ties knotted in a four-in-hand bow, will be worn this spring. (3) Glacé or dressed kid gloves in evening shades are proving quite popular in the cities, but the universal evening glove is of suede undressed kid.

B. M. L.—I am sorry that your letter was too late to obtain an answer in the JOURNAL named. No, I never heard the expression "the appearing-out dress." (2) Ladies' cloth and handsome woolen gowns, trimmed this season with fur, lace, black moiré or velvet, form rich calling costumes. This sounds like a queer combination, but is one, nevertheless, that is now very stylish. (3) Silk tulle for bridal veils is two yards and a half to four yards wide and you will need a square of it. The edges are left raw; one straight edge may be draped over the head and held in place by fancy pins, which is preferable to the once worn bridal wreath. The tulle costs from one dollar and twenty-five cents to two dollars and fifty cents a yard for an excellent quality. Do not wear it over your face. You are welcome to any such information as THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL can give.

CORINNE—A white wool crêpe, forty inches wide, at one dollar; a silk-warp Fayette of the same width, at one dollar and twenty-five cents; or the ever-worn and girlish, dotted Japanese silk, at one dollar, twenty-four inches wide, would all be appropriate for the purpose named. Any of these materials will trim with white guipure lace and satin or moiré accessories, the satin costing one dollar and twenty-five cents, moiré two dollars, and lace edging, eight inches wide, from one dollar to one dollar and fifty cents for a pretty quality. Of the forty-inch goods buy eight yards, or thirteen of the silk. The lace will form shoulder ruffles or epaulettes over the top of the arms and a short, round yoke, with satin under the yoke, also for a crush belt, ditto collar, folds at the wrists and a milliner's fold at the top of two tiny bias ruffles at the edge and knees of the four-yard skirt. Sleeves may be cut in immense leg-of-mutton style, and the waist may be round. Wear black or white slippers and hose and white suede gloves.

THE SMALL BELONGINGS OF DRESS
BY ISABEL A. MALLON

MRS. MALLON will cheerfully answer, in this column, any possible question concerning the belongings of a woman's wardrobe, sent by her readers.

ETHRL—The newest designs in link buttons show oval gold buckles that come out most effectively against the linen background. Usually when these are worn a gold buckle is also worn at the belt.

M. T. E.—A very smart slipper, intended, of course, for evening, is made of black satin and finished about the edge with a band of gold passementerie, so firmly sewed in position that it seems woven in the material.

C. H. A.—The pendent watch is no longer pinned up on the bodice but is fastened at the belt as a chatelaine would be. Where a very handsome pin is possessed there is wisdom in having the pin portion taken off and a chatelaine hook substituted.

F. L. W.—To be in the fashion the hair must be parted in the centre, slightly or decidedly to one side, as is most becoming. The bang, if one is worn at all, must be light, and a frizzy effect is counted more than undesirable—it is considered bad form.

O. T. R.—The English jewelers catering to the superstitions of the day, not only put the little good luck bell, a good luck coin and the lucky stone, but attach a miniature silver cat on a small gold pin to the chatelaine that is to bring good fortune to its wearer.

ANNIE—Turn-down collars and cuffs of linen lawn, stiffened very much, are liked for wear with simple close-fitting gowns of some dark stuff. As these belongings must be immaculate the effect they give is of a sweet simplicity like that peculiar to the Quakers or the Sisters of Charity.

JENNIE—The new monograms for handkerchiefs and underwear are embroidered on the fabric, and then all the material around them is cut out so that they seem to be in lace design. Of course either a square or a circle is embroidered about the letters themselves to make this possible.

T. W. C.—A typical bonnet for afternoon and evening wear is a Marie Stuart shape in mauve velvet outlined with jet, and having just in front a bunch of small black ostrich tips and ties of black velvet ribbon. This bonnet is duplicated in white velvet and jet, but in that contrast is, of course, very trying.

LAURA—The very many shades of purple worn make popular again the pale gray glove. Speaking of gloves it is well to remember that no matter how much may be said about it pink and blue gloves are not in good style, and that gray, black and all the tan shades still obtain for street wear.

M. J. Y.—Nearly all the silk petticoats are now lined with a very light quality of cashmere; this does not add greatly to their weight, and makes them wear better; for anybody who has tried them knows that silk skirts unlined, while they may be things of beauty, are very certainly not joys forever.

M. T. R.—The woman who finds yellow becoming must arrange to wear with her black silk gown cuffs of yellow satin overlaid with black jet and a belt and yoke to match. These, of course, can be arranged so that they are detachable, and one day the gown may be all black, and another brightened by its yellow adjuncts.

ALICE—People who have studied the ethics of rings say that a woman with a plump hand should never wear a marquise ring, but should, instead, assume three jeweled bands. I confess that I do not agree with them, as the long, slender ring will be more apt to give length to the fingers than will the three circles.

W. K.—The long fall of fringe in glass, pearl or jet beads, that for some time swung from the belt over the front of the dress, has now been moved, and is arranged just across the corsage. Either on a high or low bodice the effect is decidedly curious, and rather more so when the bodice is high, than when it is low, but it is a style much approved of by the dressmakers.

P. Q. R.—A very pretty black lace bonnet has just in the front a high spray of cut jet, strongly suggestive of a miniature fountain; two bands of cut jet, very narrow, start from under this fall of brilliancy and go round the bonnet to the back, where there is a quaint little curtain of black lace. The ties are of black velvet, and are fastened with small pins that have flies of jet for their heads.

E. L. T.—Among the small novelties is noted a silver gilt "chain-mail" bag, just like the little purses, but which is large enough to hold a handkerchief. This is worn on the arm, two small gold chains connecting it with a gold bangle that easily slips over the hand. This is the bag in its simplicity, but people who wish it very elaborate show it with the bangle heavily studded with precious stones.

W. H.—Pretty evening dresses for young girls are made of light gray silk with trimmings of either Nile, rose or pale blue velvet. Accompanying each one of these costumes is a Marie Antoinette fichu of chiffon. This is the color of the velvet, and it is put on in the manner most becoming to the wearer, or if such a fichu should not suit itself to the general style it may be carried in an effective way on the arm.

D. G. S.—With a serge skirt and loose-fronted coat it is in very good taste to wear a scarlet cloth waistcoat closed with small black gutta percha buttons. If one did not care for the plain scarlet cloth that having fancy figures either in black or dark blue may be selected. If the bright scarlet is not becoming then a waistcoat either of black and white check, or black and white stripe, may take its place.

R. S. L.—Veils continue to be worn well below the chin, and are not drawn tight over the face, but are, instead, draped so that they really become beautifiers instead of giving a harsh, square outline, as they do when a perfectly flat effect is achieved. Probably the most becoming veil is the fine mesh black one with small chenille or jet dots upon it. Veils having large flower designs on them are neither pretty nor becoming.

MARIE R.—A suitable wedding dress for a widow would be one of silver-gray bengaline with a coat basque of silver-gray brocade. The waistcoat might be of rose-colored brocade overlaid with coarse white lace; the bonnet of white lace with some pale pink roses in front, a silver-gray aigrette and ties of silver-gray velvet, caught up with small diamond pins. The gloves should be of silver-gray undressed kid.

A. N. S.—A pretty slipper recommended to women not blessed with arched insteps is of black velvet, and has half way up on the instep a strap of velvet fastened in the centre by quite a large rhinestone or steel buckle. Many women, however, have found no fancy slipper as desirable as the plain black satin one, carefully fitted to the foot, and not having too high a heel. In wearing such a slipper one is always certain to be well shod.

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**SIDE-TALKS
WITH GIRLS**
BY RUTH ASHMORE

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer each month any question I can, sent me by my girl readers—RUTH ASHMORE.

E. W. G.—Silver sand is sand sifted until it is almost as fine as powder.

C. B.—In making formal calls it is proper to express a desire to see your hostess soon again.

MISS D. S.—Vaseline, which tends to increase the growth of the hair, will also tend to darken it.

RUTH C.—An engaged or married man should certainly not correspond regularly with a woman friend.

AGNES M.—A very good tooth powder is made of two parts of powdered chalk and one of powdered orris-root.

L. B.—I think I would let the young man ask for the privilege of writing to me, rather than suggest to him how much I would like it.

X. Y. Z.—When signing your name to a letter written to a man friend I think that "Yours cordially" is probably the best form.

FREDERICTON GIRL—In making a call on a mother and her daughters a card should, of course, be left for the daughter who is not at home.

LISEUR—Thank you very much for your interesting letter. The article on books and reading in the December number of the JOURNAL may assist you.

L. C.—In sending out announcement cards the friends of the bride's mother, of the groom's mother, of the bride and of the groom should all be thought of.

VIVIAN—I see no impropriety in a girl of twenty years marrying a man of forty-three; though in most cases I think it better for people to be nearer of an age.

G. E.—When you are making a call, and your hostess has other friends present, it is not necessary in bidding them "good afternoon" to ask them to call on you.

TWO CHUMS—A girl of sixteen is not supposed to be out in society, and therefore, for her to receive visits or presents of sweets from young men is not in good taste.

L. L. S.—Florence Nightingale is the woman who distinguished herself by nursing and organizing corps of nurses among the English soldiers during the Crimean war.

D. E. K. AND OTHERS—I have always stated positively that in entering church, any place of amusement or in going up or down stairs, the lady should precede the gentleman.

MARGUERITE—It is in very bad taste to stand on the street corners and talk to your men friends. Indeed, it may safely be said that it is very unwise to stand on street corners at all.

MARIE F.—A girl whose father has only been dead five months should not be at a ball in a gown of any color. Attendance at formal social affairs should be out of the question with her.

A SUBSCRIBER—It is not in good taste to return calls made before you went into mourning. But it is quite proper to leave cards on all your friends when the year of mourning is over.

STUDENT—It is only customary to reply to announcement cards if you are a very intimate friend, and then they are acknowledged as the usual wedding card is, by a letter of congratulation, or a present.

UNKNOWN FRIEND—It is impossible for me to publish the poem, but I am sure that if you write to your old friend in the same way that you have to me, the friendship of long ago will be renewed.

A DEAR FRIEND—When one is fifteen years old and has curly hair, the prettiest way to wear it is to have it drawn off the face and tied at the back with a black ribbon, allowing the curly locks to flow.

B. B. S.—Although I am an earnest advocate of a sensible corset I do consider tight lacing very injurious. Care as to your diet and regular exercise will do more to reduce your flesh than anything else.

A. M.—Unless you have received either a written or verbal invitation to the reception it would be improper to go, even if the people are your friends. At an evening "at home" a man wears a dress-suit.

A CAREFUL GIRL—Commence your letter to your doctor, "My Dear Doctor Brown," and not "My Dear Physician," and sign it, "Yours cordially," or if you are very well acquainted, "Yours very cordially."

DIMPLES—When a gentleman is presented to a lady who is sitting down she merely bows and does not rise. When a lady is presented to her she rises if the other lady is standing; if not, they each bow.

VIRGINIA—Regular and careful brushing of the hair tends to keep it in good condition and to make it healthy. When this treatment is given to it it should not require to be washed more than once a month.

CARO—When the young man spoke to you in an informal way while you were students of the same university, it was quite proper for you to answer him politely, but it is not necessary for you to speak to him when you meet him on the street.

REBECCA M.—It is not customary, and would not be in good taste for the bridesmaid to ask one of her friends to be best man when he knows neither the bride nor the bridegroom. (2) I do not think it wise for a young girl to give her photograph to a man friend.

HELENE C.—As you have done nothing disagreeable to the young man, and his rude behavior is merely the result of caprice, I should advise your ending the acquaintance, and in this way make it impossible for him to put you in so mortifying a position again.

B. E. H.—A man who refuses to return a young woman her letters and photograph after she has returned him at the breaking of their engagement, certainly could never be called a gentleman, and I would suggest her asking her father or brother to demand them of him.

VALKYRIE—Bread-and-butter plates are no longer used. (2) When preserves are served they are oftenest made a separate course, and the small glass plates in which they are served stand upon what is known as a tea-plate, on which the bread or cake may rest. (3) Red sealing-wax is considered in good taste for all occasions.

SUBSCRIBER—It is customary for a gentleman to walk on the outer side of the pavement, but in keeping this up where there are many corners to be turned, it is permitted for him to remain on the inner side when he knows that the next turn will bring him right, rather than necessitating his changing from side to side.

BIRDIE—I should advise a young girl, before whom two young men, who were calling upon her, insisted upon talking of people whose names they would not mention, and whom she did not know, to make a decided effort to convince them of their rudeness by refusing to see either of them if they should happen to call upon her again.

C. R.—I do not think it necessary for you to cut the young man because you had allowed him to be a little familiar, but I would advise your telling him very plainly that you had seen how silly it all was and that you wished it stopped. You must remember, my dear girl, that there is always ample time for a girl to say "no" between the kiss and the lip.

H. E.—Neither in the country nor in the city do I think it looks well to see a young girl drive a tandem. It is not a question of right or wrong; it is simply a question of appearances. (2) If you expressed earnest wishes for your friend's welfare and happiness, and shook hands with him very cordially, you will have done all that is necessary even if he is going on a long voyage.

M. L. F.—I think it would be most honorable in you to tell the girl to whom you have been paying such devoted attention that your income will not permit you to marry, and that you see no prospect of its being any larger, and for that reason you wish to give her an opportunity to end everything with you, or if she is willing to wait for you she must realize exactly what the waiting will entail.

J. F. M. AND OTHERS—The simplest and probably the surest remedy for blackheads is the bathing of one's face every night with very hot water, drying it with a soft towel, and then rubbing in, very gently, some cold cream, perfumed or not as you fancy; in the morning wash your face well with hot water and soap, and then give it a bath in tepid water so that all the soapuds may be removed.

CAROL P.—There would be no impropriety whatever, as you dislike the man so much, in having your servant say, when he calls, that you are "not receiving." After one or two evenings of this treatment he will undoubtedly stop his visits. However, you must be quite honest and not see any one else that same evening; of course you can, if you wish, explain the situation to your other friends.

MISS NETTICOAT—Like the other girls of your class, I think I should choose a cream white tint for the graduation frock, in preference to any of the faint hues. I should have my gown made rather simply, with pretty, full sleeves, a ribbon sash and a ribbon decoration on each shoulder. You know a pretty gown does not of necessity mean an elaborate one, nor a much-trimmed one.

ONE OF YOUR BOYS—I am glad to think there is a young man who can blush. Be very certain that it is something that will not be objected to by anybody. (2) It is quite right for you to offer your arm to a young woman after dark, but never in the daytime. (3) After you have gotten the permission of the young lady, introduce your friend by saying, "Miss Smith, will you allow me to present my friend, Mr. Jones?"

E. C. H.—To mere acquaintances it is only necessary to send invitations to the church, while to those whom you know better and to close friends both church and house cards should be sent. It is quite proper to have "At home after January fifteenth" on your cards if you prefer that to setting a regular date. By-the-by, just remember that in all formal invitations, figures are not permissible; the date and year and address should always be written out.

CORINNE—When the mother of the young man to whom you are engaged comes to the town in which you live, entirely for the purpose of making your acquaintance, you should, after you have given her time to rest from the fatigue of her journey, call upon her in company with your mother. During the time she remains in the city you and your mother should do everything in your power to make it pleasant for her, and, if possible, give some sort of an entertainment in her honor.

EVANGELINE—I do certainly think that God hears all prayers, and that to bring to Him what you call "the dearest wish" is right and proper. (2) The qualities in a woman that most attract a man are gentleness and consideration. (2) I think if I cared as much for a man as you say you do for this one I would write him a letter explaining the circumstances which to him seem so peculiar. (3) Personally, I believe it to be much wiser never to marry at all than to marry a man one does not love.

WESTERN—As you do not mean to ask the young woman to be your wife, because of the objection that would be raised by your family, I think you are acting in a most dishonorable manner by paying her the attention usually given by a man to a woman to whom he means to propose marriage. The fact that you dislike to give her up because she is, as you say, "the belle of the community" is an evidence of selfishness on your part that would make an outsider wonder if you knew what love was.

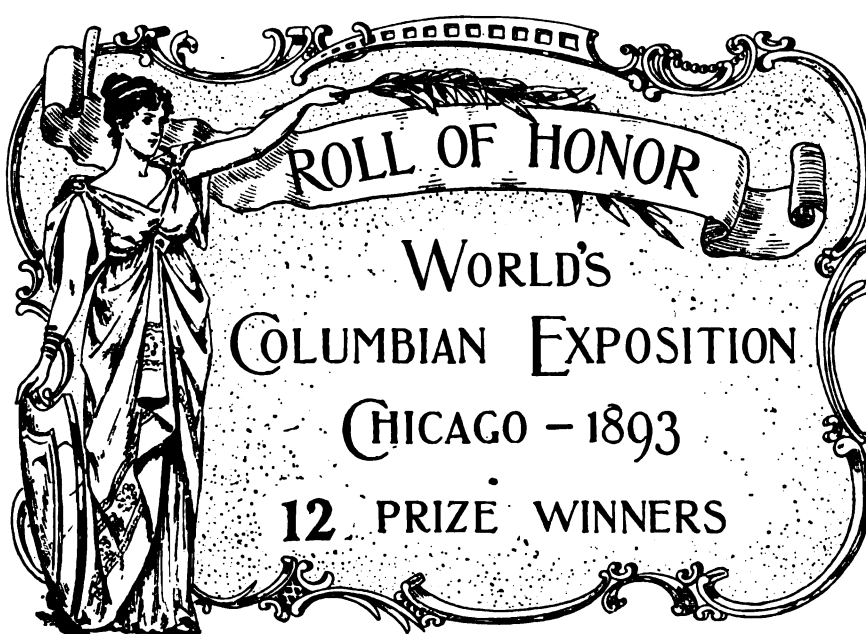
H. G. D.—Indeed I am very glad to answer the questions of my boy friends, who seem to increase in number every month. In offering your arm to a young lady it is only necessary to say, "Will you take my arm?" (2) My dear boy, I don't believe in young girls giving their pictures to their men friends, consequently I can't encourage you to ask one for her photograph. (3) A social letter should not begin after the fashion you describe, but, instead, after the address and date you should write, "My Dear Miss Brown."

DOUBTING GIRL—You ask, "Does God care about such little things? Will God hear such a prayer?" Nothing that concerns one of His children is little in the sight of God, and surely of whom can you ask for the great gift of love if not of Him who knows you better than any one else? I tell you again, go to Him with your request, no matter how small it may seem, and be very certain it will be answered in some way—possibly not just as you would wish, but surely in the way that is best for you, not only here but hereafter.

SOME ONE—You should wait until the man asks permission to call on you before extending an invitation to him. (2) If the walking is bad or there is a storm, and your escort offers you his arm, even if you are only sixteen, it is proper for you to accept it. (3) A street introduction is seldom acknowledged afterward. (4) All invitations are better written than given verbally. (5) If you have, even unintentionally, been rude to a friend, write a note of apology at once. My girls must not ask me to answer letters in a certain number of the JOURNAL, as my mail is so very large that each letter must wait its turn.

MADGE—It would certainly be proper for you to thank the gentleman as you bid him good-night for his courtesy in acting as your escort. (2) Whatever you give as a wedding present, even if it be only a tiny saltspoon, let it be good, and if you feel that you cannot afford any present, content yourself with a pleasant letter of good wishes. (3) The white spots on the finger nails are, in reality, bruises, and if I were you I should be careful about knocking my hands against hard substances. (4) When a man friend calls to take you to an entertainment it is in best taste for you to assume your hat and wrap before coming down to the parlor.

N. M.—When going alone to a hotel it will be proper for you to go into the reception-room and to send your card to the clerk by one of the hall-boys. The clerk will then come to you and you can tell him exactly what you want and what you wish to pay, and everything may be arranged satisfactorily without your appearing in the public office. (2) If you have to wait over a couple of hours in a large city for a connecting train it would be wiser to go and take a walk or else wait in the station in preference to going to the parlor of a hotel. Using a public parlor for this purpose is not liked by hotel proprietors, and might subject you to some very unpleasant treatment.



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SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

Questions of interest to mothers will be cheerfully answered in this column whenever possible—ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

FOOD FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

THE diet of little children just creeping out of babyhood should, in the majority of cases, be much better regulated than it is. The American custom of having the children at the table with the parents and older people is an injurious one. The child who should be thriving on wheaten compounds, broth, chocolate, bread and butter and milk is allowed to ruin his stomach by having a bit of everything on the table; even pie or heavy fruit-cake is given him if he cries for it. Mothers who attend to their own housework say they cannot bother with separate meals, but if they would only try it for a little while they would find it a great saving of labor and temper.

We are all acquainted with the average American child, and I am sure you will agree with me that one-half of either the father's or mother's time must be given up to waiting on him or reasoning with him about the things he ought not to have but which he usually gets. His eyes are so much bigger than his stomach that he wants everything on the table, and the parents, particularly if a guest be present, will pile his plate high to keep his little mouth shut. Then he wants some tea or coffee, and he often gets it, and if he doesn't he makes the rest of the company miserable. How much better to serve a simple meal for him a half hour earlier and be able to eat one's own meals in comfort.

I will tell you how a friend of mine does. She has a little girl of six and a little boy about three, and she does not keep a girl, but that does not deter her from having the most profound regard for her children's health. Near the sunniest window in the kitchen she has a little table sacred to the children. At breakfast, luncheon and dinner that table is covered with a cloth made of double-width toweling of the kind that has blue and pink lines running through it. The two high chairs and her own chair stand beside it. The dishes are durable but pretty, and each child has a silver napkin ring. While mamma is preparing the steak, muffins, coffee, creamed potatoes, etc., for the grown-up people the little ones have their breakfast. I will give you their menu for one day: Breakfast: Hominy or graham mush, eggs, home-made bread and cocoa. Dinner: Clear soup, a thin slice of roast meat, potatoes and parsnips or onions, a little plain pudding or cooked fruit, and milk with bread and butter. Supper: Bread and butter and milk. If there is ice cream the children have it for dessert instead of pudding. They are the rosiest, healthiest children one could wish to see, and their manners are perfect. Their meals are always eaten while the mother is doing her cooking, so that her eyes are always upon them. Oatmeal does not agree with all children, and if they show a marked dislike for it they should not be forced to eat it. Nearly all children long for a little candy, and a little of the kind called French cream will not injure them. The old-fashioned peppermint and lemon sticks were more wholesome, but one seldom comes across them in the city shops. If they must have cake now and then bake a pan of light sponge cake, cut it into squares, and give them a piece as a great treat.

Nothing is better than baked apples at this time of the year, and they are delicious, especially when they are cored and cooked with honey instead of sugar. The honey should not be poured into the apples until they are nearly baked. Bananas are nourishing, but are heavy and indigestible for young children. M. L.

Cocoa is better than chocolate for children. It may be made with half milk and half water, or even less milk if it seems desirable. The juice from rare roast beef or mutton should be used to moisten bread or potatoes, instead of made gravies.

BABY'S QUILTS

WINTER is here, and young mothers are contemplating with dissatisfaction the prospect of the baby's dainty white afghans or white cashmere quilts becoming soiled and spoiled by the coal dust. Being a grandmother with abundant leisure I have just devised two baby's quilts—that could be used for carriage robes as well—that may prove suggestive to the aforesaid young mothers.

One of my daughters admires the fad of using black where white used to be considered the only wear, so for her baby I made a fast-black sateen quilt in the form of a large pillowcase, embroidered with fast silks, an autumn leaf vine around the edge, and a basket of gorgeous chrysanthemums in the centre—they are his natal flower—and his monogram on the basket. The edge is finished with a ruffle of black silk one and a half inches wide. Ribbon would be handsomer, though more expensive. Inside is a doubled blanket that has become yellowed by frequent washings and is no longer presentable for outside use. It has a small black button at each corner that goes through a buttonhole in the outside and holds it in place. The end of the quilt is buttoned with small black buttons on a hidden fold under the silk ruffle. When it needs to be laundered the blanket can be taken out and washed separately from the outside.

The other mother, who has old-fashioned notions like my own, does not like black materials in any part of her baby's environments, so for her little girl I used a delicate but perfectly fast shade of pearl-colored sateen, made in the same way of the same materials. Also, I think it a good way of utilizing yellowed blankets, and these can be washed more easily, cleaner and to look better than quilts made of cotton batting. M. W. V.

When a down comforter is used a light cover of some pretty washable material may be made to slip over it, and can be sent to the laundry whenever it is soiled.

THE FIRST UNDER-GARMENT

I FIND from experience that the cheapest and best way to provide our little children from one to three or even four years old with comfortable under-drawers is to make them according to the following directions: For winter wear I take a pair of my last season's black fleece-lined hose (providing the upper part is not worn), cut the feet off at the ankle; then commence at the top of the stockings, rip the seams down far enough to make plenty of room in the seat of the drawers; now join the seams just as in any pair of drawers, putting a four-cornered piece cut from the best part of the foot where all the seams come together. I usually buttonhole the seams together to make them more secure. The band at the top is all ready, being the top of the stocking. Make the necessary number of buttonholes, and the garment is complete. Do not make side openings, as the stocking is so elastic it is not necessary. These drawers are made out of any kind of hose from the finest silk down. C. H.

These directions are so plain that it would seem as though any person might follow them, and as though the results might be very satisfactory.



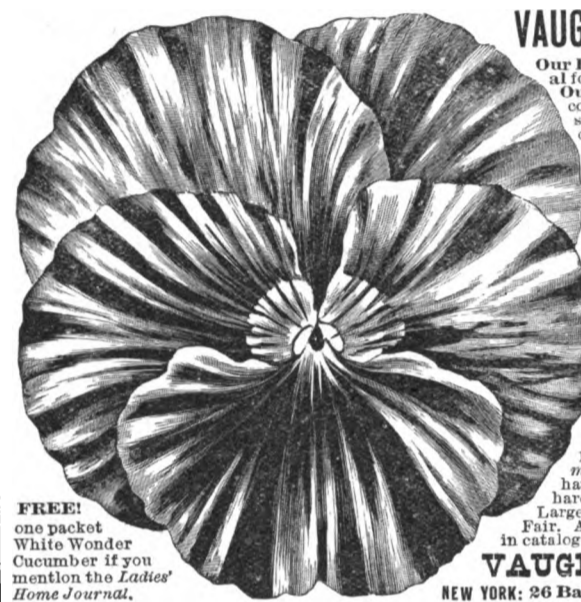
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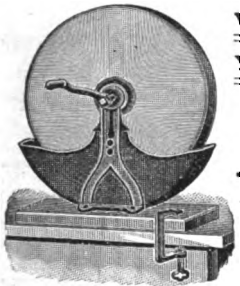
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**EVERYTHING
ABOUT THE HOUSE**

The Domestic Editor, during Miss Parloa's
stay abroad, will answer, in this column, ques-
tions of a general domestic nature.

OLD SUBSCRIBER—To take the creases from silk
spread the silk on a clean ironing-cloth and lay a
damp cloth over the creases. Place soft paper over
this and press with a warm iron. (2) I am sorry that
I cannot answer your second question.

SYRACUSE—Several hot dishes are served at a high
tea. A hot supper and a high tea are almost the
same thing. The supper may, of course, consist of a
greater variety of substantial, and all sorts of water
ices and ice creams may be served, also frappé.

LOUISIANA—You can make your damp closet sweet
and dry by using charcoal or unslaked lime. Put
half a bucket of quick-lime in the closet; in a week
or more it will have become slaked and will have so
expanded as nearly to fill the bucket. Throw this
lime on damp, sour land or on the compost heap, and
put fresh quick-lime in the closet. This lime will do
service twice: sweeten and dry your closet, and then
sweeten your land. Instead of the lime you may put
a pan of charcoal in the closet; it will absorb moist-
ure and sweeten the atmosphere.

MILE—Laundry starch is always good for stiffen-
ing muslins. If you wish the articles very sheer,
isinglass is better than starch; but, of course, it is
much more expensive. (2) To remove grease spots
from your woolen dress wet the spots with benzole
or turpentine, and put a piece of blotting-paper
under the spot and another over it. Press with a warm
iron. First wet a circle just outside of the grease
spot with the benzole and continue wetting, moving
toward the grease, until that is reached. Never
start by wetting from the centre of the grease spot,
nor cover the spot with powdered French chalk.

"A HAMILTONIAN"—I am sorry that I could not
get the answer to your question into an earlier
number. The rule given in the JOURNAL for cleaning
chamois skins is this: Put six tablespoonfuls of
household ammonia into a bowl with a quart of tepid
water. Soak the chamois in this for one hour.
Work it about with a spoon, pressing out as much
of the dirt as possible; then lift into a basin of tepid
water and wash well with the hands. Rinse well,
and dry in the shade; then rub between the hands
to soften. This is for chamois that have been used
in cleaning silver, brass, etc. For chamois jackets
put two quarts of water with the six tablespoonfuls
of ammonia.

ADA B.—I do not remember ever having seen the
space over the mantel papered and the rest of the
walls left bare. I should think that some kind of soft
drapery would be pretty for a background. Can you
get in your city some of the crepe-like Japanese
papers, in soft, dark colors? They would be delicate
and pretty to tack loosely on the wall, or one or two
of the rice-paper or silk panels would be effective.
A piece of India silk of the right tone would, if artisi-
cally draped, make a soft background. Have you
ever tried pressed ferns on your white walls? Ar-
range them in groups on pieces of pasteboard, con-
cealing the pasteboard, of course, and tack them on
the walls. The effect is beautiful.

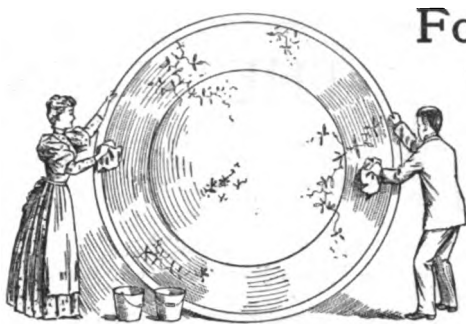
H. W. F.—You have a wrong idea about hardwood
floors. Instead of making the housework greater
they actually lessen the labor. Having a weighted
brush, with which the floor can be polished once a
week, and one of the long-handled dust-mops that
come for floors, it is possible to keep a polished floor
in perfect condition with much less of an outlay of
strength than is required for carpets. (2) No, the
floor does not require washing once a week. A thor-
ough waxing twice a year, and a slight application
of wax about once a month, is all that is necessary.
Never use water on the floor. (3) Yes, hardwood
floors look very well when oiled. They grow dark
much more rapidly than the waxed floors.

S. B.—Single-faced velours make soft, rich table-
covers, and the expense is not great. Some of the
large houses in New York have a cotton tapestry at
two dollars a yard that would make handsome table-
covers. I think there is nothing in cheap goods that
makes a more refined and elegant table-cover than
the felt which comes in all shades; but you say that
is what you now have, and you want a change. Raw
silk goods are more expensive than any I have men-
tioned, but they wear so well that in the end they
are cheap. Sometimes one can get remnants of such
goods which are large enough for a table-cover. I
would advise you to send to some trustworthy houses
for samples of goods. In the Japanese stores one
can often get lovely odd things and at reasonable
prices. All the goods mentioned are fifty inches
wide.

FAILURE—I think your troubles must come from
using too much glue on the broken parts of the furni-
ture. Only the thinnest coating possible should be
used. When the two parts are put together tie them
firmly. This is, however, not an easy matter with-
out some of the appliances such as cabinet-makers
use in their work. Here is a good rule for making
glue: Soak half an ounce of glue and half an ounce
of isinglass for twelve hours in one pint of cold water.
Put this in a glue-pot with one gill of vinegar, and
place in hot water. Add a tablespoonful of salt to
the hot water. Stir the glue frequently while it is
dissolving. Use it while very hot. If there are par-
ticles of old glue clinging to the wood be sure to
remove them. As it injures glue to heat it often
make a small quantity at a time. I think that if you
follow these directions you will have no more trouble.

P. P. Q.—To renovate your crêpe veil follow these
directions carefully: Cover a board with a piece of
colored flannel; pin the crêpe smoothly on this, being
careful to keep the edges perfectly straight. Use a
large flatiron, very hot. Take a piece of cloth
large enough to cover the veil and wet it in cold
water; then wring it nearly dry and lay it over the
crêpe. Pass the iron lightly over the wet cloth, keep-
ing the weight of the iron in the hand. Continue
this until the whole piece of crêpe is pressed. When
the work is finished hang the veil on the clothes-horse
until perfectly dry. This is the method used by mil-
liners. (2) If the ribbons are only creased, not soiled,
spread them smoothly on brown paper, and place
soft brown paper over them. Press with rather a
cool flatiron, using a great deal of pressure. If the
ribbons are soiled they should be washed in gasoline
or naphtha.

POLLY—Since you have so much trouble with your
coffee, why not try a French biggin? Have the
coffee ground fine and the coffee-pot hot. The water
should be boiling hard when poured upon the coffee,
and only a small part should be poured on at any one
time. This coffee must never boil. I would advise
the use of two-thirds Java and one-third Mocha. The
Vienna coffee-pot insures good coffee, as the drink
is made very simply and on the table. You can find
these coffee-pots in first-class kitchen-furnishing
stores. Why not look at the Vienna pot and the
French biggin some time when you are in Boston?
At the same time look at chafing-dishes. A chafing-
dish is used to cook food on the table. In THE
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL of April, 1891, you will find
a description of the chafing-dish and direction how
to use it. In the September, October and December
numbers of the same year you will find chafing-dish
receipts.



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Why don't you begin the
use of it in that way, if
you're one of the timid
sisters who still think that
Pearline "eats the
clothes?" Then you can
soak things in it for a
year or two, and test it in

every way, until you become convinced that **Pearline** can't
do any harm. But it won't eat your dishes, that's sure. It
won't clog up the sink pipes, either, as soap does. And
that cloudy effect that you've probably noticed on cut glass
and china when it's washed with soap—that won't be there if
you wash it with **Pearline**.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as"
or "the same as **Pearline**." IT'S FALSE—**Pearline** is never peddled,
and if your grocer sends you something in place of **Pearline**, be
honest—send it back. 412 **JAMES PYLE, New York.**

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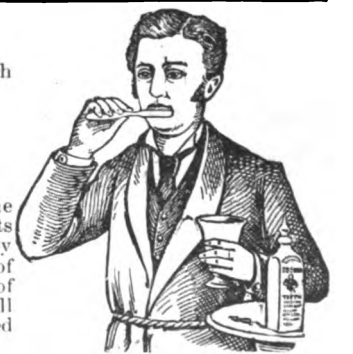
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PRETTY LIPS

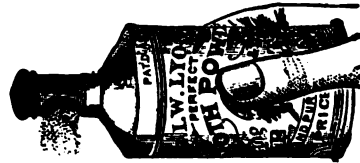
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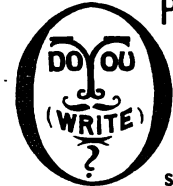
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THE OPEN CONGRESS

In which any question of general interest will be cheerfully answered when addressed to the editor of "The Open Congress," care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

ADELAIDE—The birthday stone for July is the ruby. PERSIS—Jay Gould left two daughters, Helen and Anne.

JOHNSVILLE—The birthday stone for December is the turquoise.

PHOENIX—Cardinal Gibbons was born at Baltimore on July 13, 1834.

CUMBERLAND—The salary of the Governor-General of Canada is \$50,000.

LETTY—The engagement ring is usually worn upon the third finger of the left hand.

UPPER MERION—The width of the Catskill Mountain region is about seventy-five miles.

JOHNSTOWN—All papers filed in a pension claim are preserved, and filed with the claim.

WINGATE—Lizzie Borden cannot be tried again for the crime of which she was acquitted.

MOTHER—Mrs. Lyman Abbott is the wife of the Rev. Lyman Abbott, of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

SEATTLE—The next annual convention of the Christian Endeavor Society will be held in Cleveland, Ohio.

E. K.—Vanderbilt University is at Nashville, Tennessee. Its religious denomination is Methodist Episcopal.

GREGORY—Words when spoken of by name should be written in italics, as, for instance, "the noun man," "the adverb busily."

SMALL BOY—Base-ball percentages are obtained by dividing the number of games played into the total number of games won.

A. M. W.—The year 1900 will not be a leap year. The centennial years are leap years only when they may be equally divided by 400.

D. D. S. L.—At a church wedding, when it is possible, wraps should be left in the carriage. They ought to be perfectly safe there.

ELINOR D.—The colors of Bryn Mawr College are yellow and white; of Vassar, pink and gray; of Wellesley, blue; of Smith, white.

THE SQUIRE—There are no mints in Canada, nor has Canada any gold coinage. Its coinage, which is minted in Great Britain, is of silver and copper.

AMBOY—The inscriptions that were upon the peristyle in the court of honor at the World's Fair were prepared by President Eliot of Harvard University.

J. E. S.—General Grant was not nominated for a third term. The Presidential candidates in 1876 were Hayes and Tilden. (2) Charles Sumner died March 11, 1874.

DOROTHY D.—Mr. Frank O. Small uses models for all his pictures. The resemblance noted was undoubtedly the result of having the same models in both cases.

PAUL F.—There are several lists of the "seven uncrowned heroes of the world." One list gives Hannibal, Brutus, St. Paul, Columbus, Cromwell, Lafayette and Lincoln.

APPRECIATIVE READERS—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett was born in Manchester, England. She came to this country with her parents when quite young.

OLIVE—Women are admitted to the New York State bar upon the same qualification and footing as men. (2) Massachusetts is called "Old Colony" because it was settled by the English colonists.

KENNY—A madrigal in music is an elaborate musical composition of a dainty and delicate sort in several parts. (2) The term "magazinet," as applied to a writer for a magazine, is a correct one.

MRS. Y.—Tracheotomy is a surgical operation by which the trachea, or windpipe, is opened. It is an operation that is resorted to when the throat is stopped up and admission of air to the lungs is obstructed.

JOLIET—Thomas Jefferson may be said to have invented the modern plow; he first laid down the mathematical principles that underlie the construction of the plow, and so enabled any blacksmith to make one.

MAID MARIAN—In New York State and in Pennsylvania women may in certain ways vote on local improvements and local matters. (2) The first convention of woman suffragists was held in New York City in 1868.

MRS. E. P.—There can be no reason why you should not attempt to hunt up your mother's relatives if you are anxious to, but from the very scanty data which you seem to have, we are afraid that you will find the task a difficult one.

JERSEY CITY—The "Centennial Butter Woman" is a Mrs. Brooks, of Arkansas. She received the name because of her "Sleeping Iolanthe," which she moulded from butter, and which was on exhibition at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876.

JOSEPH D.—An insult offered a flag is always considered as an insult to the nation represented by it. (2) A rejected pension claim will not be reopened unless testimony bearing upon the causes which led to its rejection is filed at the Pension Department.

PEACE POLLY—We cannot but admire you for your plucky resolve that your mother shall have a rest even though you have to forego your favorite study. The noblest work that any girl can do is that which best fits her to be a help and comfort to her mother.

M. C. J.—The exposition held in Philadelphia in 1876 was in celebration of the one hundredth year of American independence. The bi-centennial celebration, held there in 1882, was in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the city.

VASSAR GIRL—Charles II of England was called "the mutton-eating king." (2) Sealing-wax comes in almost all colors, and each shade is said to have some particular significance. Black is for mourning; green, jealousy; blue, constancy; red, remembrance; white, marriage; brown, melancholy, and violet, sympathy.

BEN—The total length of the Erie Canal is three hundred and sixty-one miles. (2) The word "pinx." is an abbreviation of the Latin word "pinxit," and signifies "he, or she, painted it." (3) The word "nepotism," as applied to any person in office, signifies undue patronage bestowed in consideration of family relationship, instead of merit.

ROCKHILL—Applications for patents must be addressed to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C. The application should be accompanied by drawings of the invention, which must also be sworn to and signed by the inventor. The fee for filing a patent is fifteen dollars; a second fee of twenty dollars is required if the patent is allowed.

SILKA—The Astor Library of New York City was founded by virtue of a codicil in the will of John Jacob Astor, which gave \$400,000 for the purpose. In 1859 William B. Astor, son of the founder, built a second part and gave in all \$550,000. In 1881 John Jacob Astor, a grandson, erected the third part of the library, his gifts exceeding \$800,000.

REBECCA—There was no ball given in honor of President Hayes' inauguration. The Inauguration Ball in 1885 was held in the Pension Building. (2) The postal card was first used in this country in 1873. (3) The one hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Constitution of the United States was celebrated in Philadelphia on September 17, 1887, the ceremonies lasting three days.

R. MCC.—Authorities differ as to whether the knife and fork should be retained or laid upon the plate when it is passed for a second helping; we incline to the latter disposal of them. (2) We can see no reason why you should not carry a sunshade, if you feel that you need it as a protection to your eyes. Sensible people would understand the reason for its use and people who are not sensible need not be considered.

YOUNG WIDOW—When a woman is being married for the second time she should endeavor to have everything connected with her wedding as dignified as possible. She should, of course, have no bridesmaids, nor should she wear either white gown or wedding veil. Any of the delicate shades of gray in any soft material would probably be the most suitable for her wedding dress. There is no reason, however, why the groom should not have a best man. She will best respect herself and her former husband and his friends by having a very quiet and informal wedding.

WALLINGFORD—The bridegroom always provides the bouquets for the bridesmaids as well as the bouquet for the bride. (2) The latest thing in the wedding cake line are little cakes for the bridesmaids. Into the batter, when the cakes are being made, is stirred a new thimble, a new gold or silver coin, and a ring. On the night of the wedding each maid is allowed to choose one of these little cakes, and it is claimed that the one who draws the ring will be the first one to marry, the one who gets the coin will marry the richest man, and the one who finds the thimble in her cake will make the best wife.

LARAMIE—New Orleans was the capital of Louisiana until 1848, when Baton Rouge became capital and remained so until 1865, when the seat of government was again transferred to New Orleans. In 1880 Baton Rouge again became the capital, and it still remains so. "Baton Rouge" are French words for "red stick." The name was given, it is said, because of a large cypress tree which grew there and which was covered with red bark. It was suggested that the tree, which had branches only at the very top, would make a handsome stick; the tree became a landmark, and the place was named after it.

JULIA—Our advice to women concerning their signatures was voiced in the JOURNAL of May, 1893, and was to the effect that all women should endeavor to show by their signatures whether they were married or single. The fashion then recommended was that of placing either "Miss" or "Mrs." a little to the left of the name, as, for instance,

Yours very truly, [Miss] Mary Smith, or, if a married woman, as Yours very truly, Mary Smith. Address Mrs. John Smith.

BILTMORE—Clews ware, which was manufactured from 1819 to 1829 at Cobridge, has for its mark an impressed circular stamp about an inch in diameter; in the centre a crown and a ring of words, "Clews, Warranted Staffordshire." It is a rich blue in color. The famous "Landing of Lafayette" ware bears this mark, also the "Erie Canal" plates, the Pittsfield plate, "States" plate and dozens of others. At a later date appeared a set of American scenes stamped on the back, with a little landscape of pine trees, a sloop and the words, "Picturesque Views." This is accompanied usually by the mark of an open crown above the words "Clews, Warranted Staffordshire."

ANTHONY—Any woman above the age of eighteen years is eligible to membership in the "Daughters of the Revolution," who is a lineal descendant from an ancestor who was a military, naval or marine officer, soldier, sailor or marine in actual service under the authority of any of the thirteen Colonies or States, or of the Continental Congress, and remained always loyal to such authority, or a descendant of one who signed the Declaration of Independence, or of one who as a member of the Continental Congress or of the Congress of any of the Colonies or States, or as an official appointed by or under the authority of any such representative bodies actually assisting in the establishment of American independence by service rendered during the War of the Revolution.

MANY INQUIRERS—We have received so many letters asking us to give the name of the day of the week upon which certain dates fell that it has seemed wise to give a rule by which each person may find for him or herself the name of the day of the week of a given date. It is as follows: Divide the number of the year by 4, rejecting the remainder, if any. To this dividend and quotient add the number of days in the year to the given date, inclusive, always reckoning 28 days in February. Divide the sum by 7, and the fraction remaining will be the number of the day of the week, 0 signifying Saturday. Dates between January 1 and February 28, in leap years, both inclusive, must have 1 substituted, to balance the 1 added by the even division in the year, which is not yet offset by February 29. All dates in 1800 and any other terminal year of a century, except one equally divisible by 400, must be similarly treated, as these are not leap years. Dates in 1752, after September 2, must have 11 added on account of the change from old to new style.

JUNE—At the training schools for nurses no applicants are accepted who are under twenty-one years of age or over thirty-five; twenty-five is the preferred age. When application is made by letter it must be addressed to the superintendent of the school. In reply she will receive a circular stating that a personal interview is desirable. If that is impossible the applicant should write again, saying so and asking for an application blank. This blank must be filled out in the applicant's own handwriting and returned to the superintendent, together with a physician's certificate of health, a letter from a clergyman and the addresses of three women, not relatives, who have known the applicant for several years. These applications are filed and when a vacancy occurs the most desirable applicant is selected by the president, and is taken for a month on trial. During this month of probation she will, at almost all the training schools, receive her board and lodging; but nothing else. At the end of the month she may be accepted or rejected as a pupil nurse. If rejected no reason will be given. The decision is final. If accepted as a pupil she must sign certain papers, and agree to remain in the training school for two years.



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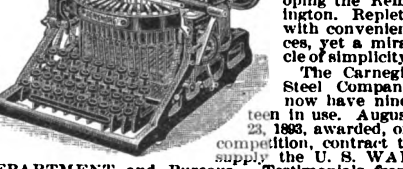
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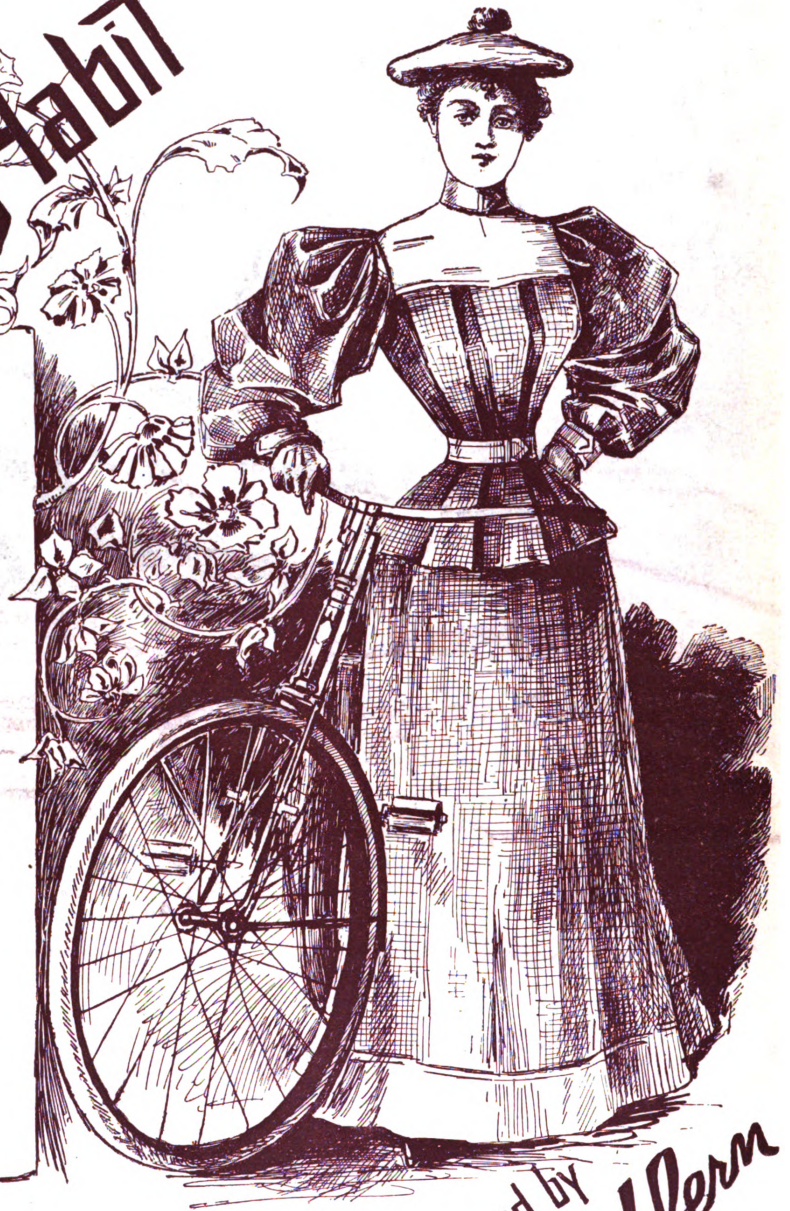


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