

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

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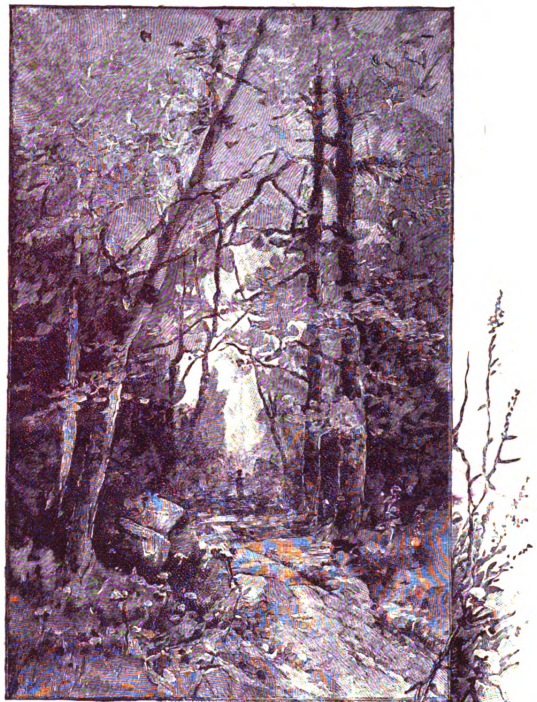
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Contents

	PAGE
The Day After Summer—Poem <i>Harrison S. Morris</i>	Cover
A Fair Fee <i>Cornelia Rathbone</i>	1
<small>Illustrated by Frank O. Small</small>	
Unknown Wives of Well-known Men—	
XXI—MADAME ALEXANDRE DUMAS <i>Lucy Hamilton Hooper</i>	3
<small>With Portraits</small>	
A Law Firm of Women <i>Laura Grover Smith</i>	3
<small>With Portraits</small>	
Why Young Men Defer Marriage <i>John Lambert Payne</i>	4
Women and Life Insurance <i>Walter H. Barrett</i>	4
A Live Ember—CHAPTERS IV—V <i>Julia Magruder</i>	5
<small>Illustrated by Wilson De Mesa</small>	
Some Graceful Embroidery Designs <i>Maude Haywood</i>	7
<small>As Worked at the Chicago Society of Decorative Art</small>	
<small>With Illustrations</small>	
Between Mistress and Maid—	
THE EVOLUTION OF THE HIRED GIRL <i>Harriet Prescott Spofford</i>	8
WHO ARE OUR BEST SERVANTS? <i>Mrs. Lyman Abbott</i>	8
UNTRUTHFULNESS OF SERVANTS <i>Helen S. Conant</i>	8
RECOMMENDATION OF SERVANTS <i>Christine Terhune Herrick</i>	8
A Princess's Midnight Wolf Hunt <i>Marquise de Fontenoy</i>	9
Getting Home From the Country <i>Helen Jay</i>	9
Pathways Through Life—Poem <i>Emma C. Dowd</i>	10
Inconveniences of Growing Old <i>Anonymous</i>	10
A Model Husband—Poem <i>Eleanor M. Denny</i>	10
The Care of the Hands <i>Isabella M. Aitken</i>	10
The Brownies Through the Year—XII <i>Palmer Cox</i>	11
<small>Illustrated by the Author</small>	

DEPARTMENTS

At Home with the Editor <i>The Editor</i>	12
As Seen on English Shores <i>T. De Witt Talmage, D. D.</i>	13
The King's Daughters <i>Margaret Bottome</i>	14
From a New Inkstand <i>Robert J. Burdette</i>	15
Side Talks with Girls <i>Ruth Ashmore</i>	16
Side Talks with Boys <i>Foster Coates</i>	17
In Literary Circles <i>The Editor</i>	18
WOMEN IN JOURNALISM <i>Foster Coates</i>	18
Art for Art Workers <i>Maude Haywood</i>	19
Hints on Home Dressmaking <i>Emma M. Hooper</i>	20
Dress Hints for Elderly Women <i>Isabel A. Mallon</i>	21
The Small Belongings of Dress <i>Isabel A. Mallon</i>	22
Crocheting as a Graceful Art—	
A GRACEFUL QUEEN LACE <i>Alice S. Luka</i>	23
A CROCHETED CUSHION COVER <i>Florence E. Lynne</i>	23
WIDE CLOVER LEAF LACE <i>Lena Thatcher</i>	23
Just Among Ourselves <i>Mrs. Lyman Abbott</i>	24
Everything About the House <i>Maria Parloa</i>	25
Mothers' Corner <i>Elisabeth Robinson Scovil</i>	26
Advice to Doctors' Wives <i>A Doctor's Wife</i>	27
All About Flowers <i>Eben E. Rexford</i>	28
Suggestions for Stenographers <i>Nellie M. Hanby</i>	31
Questions and Answers	32



THE DAY AFTER SUMMER

BY HARRISON S. MORRIS

THE tented sheaves are on the hill;
The furrow's hid in haze;
The wind, it sets the stream achill,
The ripened wood ablaze.

A shower rattles on the leaves,
And roads are rutted mire;
A sole belated singer grieves
Within the blackened brier.

Far off the curling fagot smoke
Weaves tree-top into sky;
And waves of sappy odor soak
The winds that shiver by.



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"Good night; God bless you, my dear."

A FAIR FEE

A Story: By Cornelia Ratbone

WOLVENHOOK was small, but then its quality was unexceptionable, it was so Dutch, so conservative, so eminently aristocratic. Not that it was, by any means, on one dead level of respectability. Being a town it had its depths, which respectability respectfully ignored, and its heights, beside which, in Wolvenhook's eyes, the heights of other towns seemed as though they were not. In High Street the king peak was reached; there respectability culminated. Enough blue blood coursed in its two short blocks to impurple the red of a thriving western town; every door plate bore its Van, or Ten, or well-bred hyphen suggestive of Revolutionary grandsires. Its very name gave evidence of honorable old age, for many a year must have passed since it was, in reality, the high street of the town. It had, indeed, only set foot upon the hill, up which the younger, less dignified streets had swiftly run, leaving the old one far behind, low down in all save name. The old people behind its antique door plates smiled as they watched the upward march. "It is all very well for new people," they said, "but we are too old for that sort of thing."

It was a trifle inconvenient, perhaps, to be quite away from the center of things; but the majority were possessed of comely bays to bear them thither, if need be, and the few whose chiefest wealth lay in ancestors went cheerfully afoot, supported, doubtless, by the consciousness of this buried treasure. When this unsubstantial prop failed to strengthen the feeble knees, they stayed cheerfully at home, and viewed the world from an upper window. Mrs. Van Vliet, at the lower end, swept the street indefinitely from a grievously modern but convenient "bay," and Mrs. Clinton-Cone, with the aid of a skillfully placed reflector, was equally at home with the upper end's affairs.

But upon all High Street's otherwise untarnished respectability and antiquity there was one blot: In the very heart of it, cheek by jowl with Mrs. Clinton-Cone, face to face with Miss Susan Van Droop, lived a person called Davis, a person without ancestors! Worse offence still, however, this person had a son, an equally ancestorless son, with whom Elsie, sole daughter of the house of Cuyler, had taken it into her very independent, very American little head to fall in love.

The son, Bob by name, was junior partner in the law firm of Clark, Fray & Davis, and was regarded by the world outside High Street as a very brilliant and rising young jurist. Davis *per se* did something in iron, car wheels

or kettles, High Street was uncertain which. It was quite clear, however, as to the original old Davis, who had married a nobody with money, bought the Birch house, heaven knows why, and died there. He had been a grocer—a retail grocer! To be sure, so had the Van Kleeks, and the Cuylers themselves; but then note the difference! For them it was a descent, a brief, necessary adjustment of new settlers to new environments; but to the Davis's it was a rise, the grocer having begun life, it was said, as a peddler, and Mrs. Clinton-Cone, that handbook of useful information, even shook her head a little dubiously at that. But, in spite of all this, Elsie fell in love with Bob Davis.

How it all came about nobody knew. It was, in fact, a very old affair, dating back to the days when Bob, just out of knickerbockers, had drawn little Miss Cuyler up the hill from school on his sled some dozen times or so. This being told mamma, was promptly put a stop to; and Elsie, with hot cheeks and flashing eyes, told Bob of the prohibition.

"I can't play with you any more, Bob, and just because my mother doesn't know yours."

"She can't," said Bob, roughly. "Mother's dead."
"Well, any way, I can't play with you," said Elsie, with a little choke in her voice, "but I don't care, you're the nicest boy in the street, I don't care what they say, and I'll love you always."

And Bob then and there registered a vow in his boyish heart to serve for his true little love, if need be, as Jacob served for Rachel, but to win her in the end.

"Don't cry, Elsie," he said. "I'll make 'em let us be friends some time, see if I don't!" and then in the shadow of the old church porch they kissed one another—think of it! a peddler's grandson and a daughter of the house of Cuyler!—and Elsie gave Bob the blue ribbon from her curls, and Bob slipped his dearest treasure, a pocket compass, into Elsie's hand, and then they said good-bye.

After that there had been no more sled rides, no more talks by the churchyard corner; but there had been smiles of recognition and stolen glances sweet as the forbidden always is, and growing sweeter and shyer as the years slipped by.

It was not until at Elsie's first dinner party, however, that they really met again. The dinner was given by Mrs. Martin, one of the hill people. Dirck Bogaert had taken Elsie in, and when she summoned courage to lift her eyes from her oysters she found Bob Davis on her other hand.

"Miss Cuyler, you know Mr. Davis, of course," said her hostess, leaning forward a little.

"Oh, yes," said Elsie, shyly.
"I am not quite forgotten, then?" asked Bob.

"Of course not," said Elsie, flushing a little, "one can hardly forget one's near neighbors, Mr. Davis."

"You don't wear blue now," said Bob, smiling.

"Blue is childish," said Elsie.

"I like it, though," said Bob.

Then they talked of the roses, of Mrs. Martin's charming new candle shades, of the last play, of Mrs. Wendell Carter's novel.

"I have that bow of blue ribbon still, Miss Cuyler," said Bob suddenly.

Elsie laughed a little, and flushed again. "I think I have the compass put away somewhere," she said.

"Of course you will be at Mrs. Fenton's dance on Tuesday," broke in Dirck Bogaert.

"It was a delightful dinner," Elsie told her mamma. Dirck Bogaert had taken her in; she had so enjoyed it! Mrs. Cuyler smiled; she approved of Dirck.

After this these two inconsequent young people met frequently, Bob having been taken up enthusiastically by the hill set. Before the winter was over the little blue bow was no longer alone in its hiding place; a glove, a faded rose, a dainty note or two kept it company there. But by that time Mrs. Clinton-Cone had discovered what was going on. She had spied two figures loitering homeward through the dusk; she had seen a lingering hand-clasp as they parted at the steps; she had caught unwary glances thrown at Elsie's window pane. Small things, but quite enough for Mrs. Clinton-Cone, who by long practice had become an adept at putting two and two together. Consequently a sudden quiver stirred the High Street air; somebody had whispered; little thrills of excitement began to run along the stately brick and marble fronts; the very names upon the door plates shuddered.

Mrs. Clinton-Cone's next "Thursday" was crowded. Her tea cost not a penny over forty cents the pound, and skim milk masqueraded as cream in the old silver jugs, but her Thursdays were always popular. She presided so charmingly behind the Queen Anne silver, and the Lowestoft cups, in her heirloom-filled, relic-lined drawing-room; and then there was always a tasty dish of gossip served with the thin bread and butter, which more than compensated for the weak tea.

Elsie furnished the relish to-day, and the excitement waxed furious. Mrs. Clinton-Cone sighed, with raised eyebrows: "Of course, it is lamentable," she said, as always apologizing for her victim in her gentle, purring way, "but perhaps the poor child is hardly so much to blame, after all. You know, I believe so

strongly in heredity, and we all know that—well, that she can't be expected to look at things in quite the same way that we do, perhaps. Can she, Miss Susan?"

Miss Van Droop flushed a little at this, and clattered her teaspoon nervously by way of response. One or two of the ladies smiled.

"Mr. Davis is a very nice young man, I've heard," said Miss Van Droop at last in a small, timid voice, "and if they love each other, poor young things, think how sad for them."

"Dear Miss Susan is always so tender-hearted!" purred Mrs. Clinton-Cone.

"Oh, no indeed, no," said Miss Van Droop, deprecatingly, "but one can't help feeling sorry, I think." Miss Van Droop sighed softly as she rose to leave.

"What is it about Miss Van Droop?" whispered a little debutante. "I saw Mrs. Van Vliet laughing."

"Oh, it was long before your day," said Mrs. Clinton-Cone. "Susan was in love with this young Davis' father, that's all; it was stopped, of course. Mrs. Van Droop wasn't one to stand that sort of thing, but they say that Susan has never got over it."

Miss Van Droop, meanwhile, had reached her own door, and pulled its shining bell handle.

"Matilda," she said as she entered, "there is such a pretty little fellow out here with a fiddle; I wish you would get me my purse."

"Miss Susan, you know your ma wouldn't have no beggars encouraged," said the grim handmaiden severely. "Sit down now, till I take off your rubbers."

"Thank you, Matilda," said Miss Van Droop meekly.

She went slowly up the stairs to her room and shut the door; Matilda's heavy footsteps died away; then a door in the nether regions slammed—Matilda always slammed doors, slammed them aggressively; it was her way of saying amen to the Declaration of Independence.

Quickly and cautiously Miss Van Droop raised the window sash; the little fiddler had not yet finished his tune, a sweet, old-fashioned one! How often Miss Van Droop had sung it in the old days! That last happy evening at the Stanton's—how he had praised her singing of it! She had caught his eye as she sang, she remembered, and afterward he had thanked her and pressed her hand.

"Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning!" squeaked the little old fiddle from below.

Miss Van Droop cast one quick glance over her shoulder at the door; then a silver piece rang on the pavement at the fiddler's feet, and Miss Van Droop, with the window shut, stood before the dressing table, fumbling hurriedly with her bonnet strings.

When the bonnet, with its strings neatly rolled and pinned, was replaced in its box, and the camel's hair shawl folded away in the brass-bound camphor chest, Miss Van Droop drew her chair close to the fire and sank into its cozy depths. She was not cold, but the fire, with its cheery crackle, had a sociable, living sound, and Miss Van Droop was lonely. This story about Elsie Cuyler had brought back the past so clearly, it seemed almost as if it were her own story she had been hearing this afternoon. "I wonder if it will end like mine!" she thought. She shuddered, and poked the fire to make it crackle louder; but, in spite of the fire, it felt lonely in the big, quiet house. She thought of Elsie; of her



"It does seem to me too ridiculous that I can't marry whom I please."

UNKNOWN WIVES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

* XXI — MADAME ALEXANDRE DUMAS
By Lucy H. Hooper



HERE is probably no literary man in France, whether dramatist, critic, or poet, whose influence in the world of Parisian literature and art is as widespread and as fully recognized as is that of the younger Dumas. He is now somewhat over sixty years of age. His first great success in his career, "La

Dame aux Camellias," produced at the Vaudeville, after delays and trials which came near driving the young author out of his senses, dates from 1852. Since that time he has known nothing but triumphs in his professional life.

He was already famous when he first made the acquaintance of the brilliant and beautiful woman who afterward became his wife. She was a Swede by origin, of an ancient and noble family, and her maiden name was Knoring. She was born in St. Petersburg, and her childhood and her girlhood were passed in that city. She was still very young when an alliance was formed for her with the head and representative of the Narishkine family, a race closely allied to the Imperial house of Russia, whose



MADAME DUMAS

founder long enjoyed the favor of the Empress Catherine the Great, and was created by her Viceroy of Poland. That sovereign desired to confer upon him the title of prince, but Narishkine refused the proffered honor after the style of the well-known motto of the de Rohans: "Its king I cannot be; a prince I will not condescend to be! I am a Rohan." But the descendants of the haughty Viceroy are generally called princes by courtesy.

The young Princess Narishkine soon became known throughout the Russian empire as one of the loveliest women in Europe. Her neck and shoulders were of statuesque perfection, her complexion dazzlingly fair, and her eyes, of that greenish-blue color which is so peculiar and so rare, were not only remarkable in coloring, but were large and brilliant, and singularly expressive. Her magnificent golden hair was one of the noted elements of her beauty. She joined to her personal charms those of a brilliant intellect, varied accomplishments and great force of character. Moreover, she was one of the most elegant of the noble ladies that adorned the Russian court—a great lady in the fullest acceptance of that oft-abused term.

Notwithstanding this remarkable combination of attractive qualities, the young Princess failed to find the happiness she deserved, in her early married life. Prince Narishkine soon wearied of a wife who was intellectually so much his superior, and, as he was addicted to excessive brandy drinking, active unkindness speedily followed upon passive neglect. It is said that "Ouida" drew from him the character of "Prince Zouroff" in her novel of "Moths," while his charming wife was the original of the "Princess Vera," in the same work. It is certain that in this instance the fiction and the facts bear a close resemblance to each other.

But, more fortunate than the heroine of that powerful tale, the Princess Narishkine was still young when she was left a widow with one child, a little daughter. She was living in Paris at the time of her husband's death. He left his affairs in such confusion that the inheritance of his daughter was in danger of being seriously compromised. The Princess returned to Russia, took the management of

the involved estates into her own hands, and succeeded in evolving order out of chaos, and in rescuing the imperiled fortune.

Her mission thus accomplished, she returned to Paris, and at the expiration of her period of mourning she became the wife of the most gifted French dramatist of the present generation. It is impossible to imagine a union that might be in all respects more congenial. Alexandre Dumas is not only a writer of wonderful power and originality, but he is in private life and in society one of the most charming of men. He is declared to be the most brilliant conversationalist of Paris. His verdict concerning a book, a play, or a public performer, is considered as final. He is an art connoisseur of remarkable intelligence and profundity, and in all his fine qualities, and in his tastes and pursuits as well, he has found an intelligent and appreciative companion in his wife.

This is especially the case in his work as a dramatist. Madame Alexandre Dumas always took a deep interest in dramatic art, and was, during the days of her first marriage, an amateur actress of considerable talent. We have a glimpse of her in her youth as one of the performers in private theatricals at the palace in Venice, which was the home of the Duchess de Berry (the mother of the Count de Chambord) during the later years of the exile of that Princess from France. By her very decided success the future Madame Dumas gave proof of a taste and a talent that pre-eminently fitted her for a union with the author of the most sparkling dramatic works of the present day. She appeared, for instance, at one of these soirees in the character of "Madame de Bree," a young widow, in a comedieta by Messrs. Labiche and Melesville, called "Attenuating Circumstances." Among the spectators that evening were numbered twenty-seven personages belonging to the royal or imperial families of Europe. The Duchess de Berry had caused an actual theater, capable of seating three hundred persons, to be constructed in her Venetian home, the Vendramini Palace, and gave therein a series of amateur performances of which the brilliant Russian was the acknowledged star. She was personally a great favorite with the Duchess, that ill-starred Princess who was intended by fate to become the Queen of France, and who would certainly have fulfilled her destiny had it not pleased Providence to make of the last of the Bourbon kings of France (Charles X) an absolute fool. Madame de Narishkine was then not quite twenty years of age, and was in the full bloom of her dazzling beauty.

After her second marriage the charming and courted belle retired, to a great extent, from the whirl and excitements of the gay world to devote herself to her husband, her children and her home. She was a great favorite with her famous father-in-law, and the author of "Monte Cristo" used to declare that if he needed a model for a fascinating society lady he would only have to describe his son's wife. Her second marriage was blessed with two daughters—Colette, now Madame Lipmann, and Jeannine, who was married rather more than a year ago to the Count d'Hauterive. Madame Lipmann has two little sons, in one or both of whom it is to be hoped that the hereditary genius of the Dumas family will be continued. Jeannine, who was named by her father after the heroine of one of his best known dramatic works, "The Ideas of Madame Aubray," in her abounding gaiety and high spirits, her wit and her untiring vivacity, reproduces many of the traits of her paternal grandfather, while Colette, in manners and disposition, greatly resembles her father. Neither of these young ladies have inherited any portion of their mother's loveliness.

The eldest daughter of Madame Dumas, M'le Olga de Narishkine, married soon after her introduction into society, the Marquis de Faltans. Some few years ago Madame de Faltans was attacked with measles of a malignant and dangerous type. The infection spread to her half sister, Madame Lipmann, and afterward to that lady's two little boys. Madame Dumas, who was devoted heart and soul to her children and her grandchildren, took upon herself the care of the invalids, and nursed and watched over them with untiring affection. From the anxiety and the exhausting fatigue of those long weeks she has never recovered. Her health was permanently shattered, and she no longer either receives visitors or goes out into society. She was present at the marriage of her youngest daughter, which took place at the family country-seat at Marly, but she was then visibly frail and suffering, and that was her last appearance before the gay world. She lives now in tranquil retirement in the handsome residence belonging to her husband, on the Avenue de Villiers, surrounded with every care and attention that conjugal affection and filial devotion can suggest. She passes her time in embroidering, in painting in water colors, and in perusing the best specimens of the literature of the day, for she is so accomplished a linguist that she can read and enjoy the writings of every prominent author in modern Europe. She has taken especial delight in reading the works of Ibsen and of Tolstoi in their original tongues. She has long projected the writing of a life of Alexandre Dumas, but her delicate health will not suffer her to undergo the fatigue of any prolonged effort of composition. In her youth she was an admirable musician; but she has relinquished, of late years, all exercise of that accomplishment.

Madame Alexandre Dumas is about sixty-seven years of age, being a few years the senior of her illustrious husband. Few of the great men of France have married as brilliantly, and happily as well, as did the younger Dumas. Beautiful, fascinating, gifted, possessing a large fortune, absolutely devoted to her husband and her children, the congenial companion of the great dramatist's life, the subject of our present sketch stands out on the pages of the literary and social history of France as one of the most noteworthy of the wives of that nation's celebrated men.

A LAW FIRM OF WOMEN

By Laura Grover Smith



THE great progress of women has ceased to be at all surprising in this country, and in many of the States women are represented in the various professions, particularly that of law. Mrs. Myra Bradwell, of Chicago, who was recently admitted to practice in the United States Supreme Court, ably edits the "Legal News," and Mrs. Phoebe Cozzens, of St. Louis, is a well-known lawyer in the west.

Miss Lavinia Goodale was the first woman admitted to the practice of law in the State of Wisconsin. In 1875 she appeared before the Supreme Court of the State asking permission to practice in that court, and her brief proved that she had at least the essential mental qualifications. The motion was denied by the judge at that time, who held that "womanhood is moulded for gentler and better things." Miss Goodale maintained, however, that women could never have full justice in the courts until properly represented, and that the union of delicacy, refinement and conscientiousness of woman with the firmness and vigor of man was necessary for the proper administration of justice in our courts. Also, that in excluding women, free and wholesome competition of the best existing talent was prevented, and that it was unjust to banish so large a portion of the community from a field for which many have taste and ability.

Since that date Miss Goodale has been admitted to the bar, and is now one of the eight

she, with her three daughters, went to Madison, Wisconsin. She took a house and "kept the home" until she and her daughter, Kate, were graduated from the law school of the State University. The two younger daughters were in the high school at the time. Going to school with one's mother, Miss Kate assures one, was a great improvement on the usual way. In speaking of the invariable kindness shown them by members of the legal profession, Miss Kate mentions only one case of direct partiality. The young men of the law class were in the habit of making a record of the ages of its members and registered Mrs. Pier at twenty-six and Miss Pier at eighteen.

After the graduation of Mrs. and Miss Pier they returned to Fond du Lac, but came to Milwaukee the year following, where they have since practiced their profession. These ladies were instrumental in the passage of two laws in the Legislature, viz., that a married woman is capable of acting as an assignee, and that a married woman who is an attorney at law may be a court commissioner. Last September Mrs. Pier was appointed court commissioner, and is the only woman holding a position of that kind in the United States. These women have good standing among lawyers, and are not considered unequal adversaries. Their practice is general, with the exception of criminal cases. Most of their cases

are corporation, real estate, or probate. Mrs. Pier takes charge of the office and Miss Kate usually appears in court. She has already had ten cases in the Supreme Court. The firm is extremely modest in speaking of its members, but as a matter of fact they all are considered successful lawyers. Perhaps one reason for their success lies in their steady and conscientious application to their work.

Mrs. Pier is a handsome woman; her face



MRS. PIER



MISS CAROLINE PIER



MISS HARRIET PIER

women lawyers in the State of Wisconsin, of whom four are the subjects of this sketch, Mrs. Kate Pier and her three daughters, Kate H., Caroline and Harriet. They are all members of one law firm in the city of Milwaukee. They are all interesting, "feminine" women, if one may use the expression; apparently they have lost none of their womanly qualities, but gained so many privileges that one is reconciled to a progress, which twenty years ago

many thought threatened the destruction of home life. It is not probable that any one of these young ladies is unfitted for a home because she has identified herself with an unusual calling for a woman. Only a few years ago, if a woman found it necessary to work for a living, as she often did (apparently suffering both the curse of Adam and Eve) there was no career open to her save school-teaching or dress-making. Now, as a progressive woman says, "she can do anything where her petticoats do not catch in the machinery."

Mrs. Pier, after the death of her father, was left in charge of his estate. She became interested in the questions that arose, and possessing a keen and brilliant mind she directed it to the study of law. There are many women upon whom devolve the responsibilities of an estate who may appreciate the motive which led Mrs. Pier to become her own lawyer. About six years ago

indicates a strong and sweet character, which would temper justice with mercy. Miss Kate is very beautiful. She is tall and slight, her face is refined, and her deep-blue eyes are true Irish eyes, and full of expression. She wears her long black hair in braids which hang nearly to the ground. It may be of interest to feminine readers to know that Miss Pier wore, when she plead and won her first case at Madison, a pretty black silk dress, brightened with a bit of color at her throat. It must have been a strange scene, when five most "potent, grave and reverend seigniors" listened to a slip of a girl as she plead her case, and plead it well and with convincing power.

About a year ago the younger daughters, Caroline and Harriet, finished the law course at the University, and are now associated with their mother and sister. The firm is a busy one and each member does her part. The junior members are not very active as yet, but following the precedent of mother and sister, they will have their opportunities. They are also pretty girls, at whom one gladly looks twice.

The firm now includes the names of Kate Pier, Kate H. Pier, Caroline Pier and Harriet Pier, and its members are demonstrating most clearly that they are qualified to rank with men in the learned and honored profession of law.



MISS KATE PIER

* In this series of pen-portraits of "Unknown Wives of Well-Known Men," commenced in the January, 1891, JOURNAL, the following, each accompanied with portrait, have been printed:

MRS. THOMAS A. EDISON	January 1891
MRS. P. T. BARNUM	February "
MRS. W. E. GLADSTONE	March "
MRS. T. DE WITT TALMAGE	April "
MRS. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW	May "
LADY MACDONALD	June "
MRS. JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS	July "
LADY TENNYSON	August "
MRS. WILL CARLETON	September "
MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY	October "
MRS. MAX O'RELL	November "
THE PRINCESS BISMARCK	December "
MRS. JOHN VAN AMAKER	January 1892
MRS. LELAND STANFORD	February "
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MRS. EDWARD BELLAMY	July "
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WHY YOUNG MEN DEFER MARRIAGE

By John Lambert Payne



It is a vitally important fact, proved alike by statistics and observation, that young men are marrying later in life than did young men thirty years ago; and upon this fact hinges some of the most complex social problems which vex us in these days. In dealing somewhat cursorily with this

A FRIEND of stern philosophic cast of mind attributes this social ill, as well as many others, to the spread of higher education. He says that just as the people who make up the great middle class between the very rich and the very poor become well educated they grow discontented with the standard of living to which they have been accustomed. The young men aim beyond their means and the young women beyond their station. While they are coming to their senses or acquiring the wherewithal to gratify a misdirected ambition the years go quickly by. I shall not, however, discuss this phase of the matter now, as it calls for special treatment; but I am not prepared to controvert the view of my friend in its bearing on the subject in hand. No one who has his eyes wide open can fail to see that the attempt to give every boy and girl in the land a high school education carries with it not a few serious drawbacks.

THE habits of modern young men are antagonistic to that prudence and preparation which make it possible for them to marry at twenty-five. There are many exceptions, of course, but it may be safely said that a vast number of the young men who live in our time fill their spare hours with expensive luxuries. It costs them a great deal to dress, and still more to keep up their social engagements. In a score of ways they accustom themselves to ways of life that leave no margin between income and outgo. This having gone on until they are twenty-five it then calls for more resolution than many of them command to begin the sacrifices which accompany the saving of money. Without money they cannot marry. Not a few greatly exaggerate what it should take two sensible young people to begin life on, and hastily conclude that it would be impossible, on an income of \$1000, to start in comfort. So they put off marriage until after thirty, or do not marry at all; and it is well that such men should remain single; we do not need any such weak fibre in the coming generation.

THE results which have followed upon the state of affairs outlined are to be seen everywhere. I have estimated, taking the available data in Ontario as my guide, that there are to-day in the United States 3,000,000 men, between twenty and thirty years of age, unmarried. This implies, *a priori*, that there are also 3,000,000 young women out of wedlock, although not necessarily of the same ages; for statistics seem to indicate the cruel conclusion that, when a man past thirty years of age marries he takes a young woman under twenty-five years of age, and not one of his own years. He is apt to select a wife whose habits of life and general ways are not so fixed as are those of a young woman of thirty. Be that as it may, there are to-day in the United States and Canada about 600 young men in every 1000, having reached the age of thirty, who are single. The conjugal condition of the people in other countries is vastly different. In Russia 373 men and 573 women in every 1000 who marry are married under twenty years of age, while in England 766 men and 829 women in every 1000 are married between twenty and thirty. In all countries, but particularly in Russia and France, the marrying ages of women are much below those of the men. In the latter country a close knowledge of the world leads the mothers to bend every energy toward having their daughters married young; while in Russia, it is the predominant domestic instincts of the peasant class which swell the figures of youthful marriages.

THE failure of young men to marry has compelled hundreds of thousands of young women to earn an independent living. All honor to the girls who work; but the Divine plan was that men should be the bread earners and that women should be the center of homes. Whenever such a fundamental law of society as this is violated retribution is inevitable. There are to-day upward of 2,000,000 women in the United States who make a living by professional and personal services, such as the practice of law and medicine, the teaching of music and art work, clerical service of one sort or another in government and other offices, quite apart from the army of young women who serve in stores and toil at mechanical labor. No one who can look back over a generation of time has failed to observe the extent to which women have become independent bread earners within comparatively recent years, and particularly in those avenues which education and refined habits of life have opened up. It is, in fact, a grave social problem where this thing will end.

It would seem that this, among other causes, is accomplishing the purpose which Malthus aimed to teach: for the inexorable conclusions of the statistician show that the American and Canadian family is steadily growing smaller. If the average number per family had been as great in 1890 as in 1860, there would have been 6,000,000 people in the United States and 430,000 in Canada above what the recent censuses revealed. This is a fact of far-reaching importance, and applies its force in other directions than the subject of this article.

Young women, wide awake to what is going on, do not look for the same education as did their mothers. Instead of giving a fair share of time to the acquirement of domestic accomplishments, fitting them for household duties, very many young women bend their education into grooves which will enable them to be relatively independent should the shadow of this social cloud rest upon them. This is but natural, although it aggravates the trouble.

IS there a remedy? Certainly there is none which can be easily and readily applied. Two hundred years ago, guided largely by the Jesuits, the zealous King Louis, of France, made stern laws for the government of this young colony in respect of marriage. He decreed that every father having a son eighteen years of age, or a daughter of fifteen, should be held accountable to the state if they were not married. Complementary to that policy was the provision that, when a young couple were married they should receive a farm, a small house, a cow, two barrels of meat and other articles essential to domestic life in those primitive days, so that there was the fear of a penalty to actuate the parents, and the incentive of reward to stimulate the young people. The modern sense of liberty recoils from such enactments; so there is nothing which the Legislature can do in our day to solve this great social problem. But young men can be encouraged to habits of prudence, and young women can be shown the folly of being too proud to begin married life on a small scale.

THE general social engagements which bring young people together in these days depress rather than stimulate the conjugal instinct. Such is the scale of comfort and elegance which modern society presents, only too often at ruinous cost, that young men are discouraged from a union involving what they regard as many sacrifices. If this influence is to be neutralized young men must have a more sensible and philosophic view of life than a majority of them seem now to have. Young women, too, must be taught the meaning of the situation so far as their interests are concerned. One of the most serious barriers in the way of a remedy is the very means which an ever-multiplying multitude of women have found of being independent.

Modern society has welcomed common-sense shoes and common-sense forms of dress. It would seem that the time is opportune for a widespread outbreak of common-sense marriages. At all events, if a change from the present stagnation is to be effected, three things seem to me necessary: First, there must be a popular knowledge of the facts; second, the people at large must think; and third, there must be action.

WOMEN AND LIFE INSURANCE

By Walter H. Barrett



IF it were not for women the business of the life insurance companies, not only of this country but of the world over, would be of so small dimensions that it certainly would not be attractive to capital. It cannot be denied that the prime motive of the man who insures his life either for a large or small amount is the laudable wish to place the women and children depending on his exertions beyond immediate want in case of his taking off. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, where policies are held for purely business reasons, but it is safe to say that more than seventy-five per cent. of the life insurance held in America is for the sole benefit of women. One might, therefore, be pardoned for supposing that as the gentler sex is such an important factor in the insurance business, the companies, always anxious for new policies where men are concerned, would at least look with a kindly eye on an application from a woman. Such, however, is not the case; and ungallant as it may be to say so, truth compels the admission that a mean suspicion enters the mind of man the moment a woman asks for a policy, which only long years of subsequent life will suffice to remove.

The unpopularity of women as insurance risks is so well-defined that some companies will not accept them at all, and others will only take them at higher rates than are demanded on the lives of men. Certain companies consider them equally eligible with men and accept them at the same rates, but such is not the practice.

Why should there be this discrimination against women? They certainly are not exposed to the danger of contagion and accident which men necessarily encounter in rubbing against the world, and neither are they addicted to the use and abuse of stimulants and narcotics, which practices, it is fair to assume, do not add to the stay of men on this earth. Furthermore, there is excellent authority for saying that in the general population the average duration of life is decidedly longer among women than men. It is true that between the ages of sixteen and twenty-six the mortality among women is somewhat greater, although the preponderance is not very marked. A comparison of the figures prepared by the insurance companies is apt to be misleading because of the small number of women included in their returns; but the companies have these figures, and on them they base their conclusions.

Insurance men account for this alleged greater mortality of women variously. Some tell us that it is due to the difficulty of ascertaining the peculiar physical condition of women in their applications, and others assert that the statements made by women, although probably unintentionally so, are likely to be misleading. These explanations are of the kind that do not explain much. It would seem to be the duty of an insurance company to enforce proper medical and other examinations prior to issuing a policy to either man or woman, and it is not an unreasonable supposition that if the death rate among the few women insured has been unduly large, there must have been some dereliction on the part of the companies in selecting the risks. It is the evidence of medical examiners who have been consulted by the writer that women, as a rule, give straight-

forward answers to all questions relating to themselves. In some instances, medical women have been employed as examiners, but with questionable results, because of a natural reluctance on the part of women to confide their physical ailments or personal history to other women. One medical man tells me that during a long experience he has never met with a case of refusal or hesitation on the part of a woman applicant to give any needed information. Frauds have been attempted by women, and have been successfully carried out, but the charge is equally true against men, and their perpetration in either sex can be guarded against readily if the medical examiners do their duty.

Life insurance among the women of the leisure classes is not making great progress; there is very little of it written relatively, in fact. There are many reasons for this aside from the indisposition of the companies to issue policies to women. In the first place, the same reasons for insurance do not exist that prevail in the case of the industrial classes. Few men in the professional, mercantile, or higher walks of life relish the idea of their wives being insured for their benefit. There is something distasteful to a man who has always been able to provide for the wants and many of the luxuries of life in the thought that financial benefit should come to him through the death of one near and dear.

That this is not so, however, among the industrial classes, where the sterner realities and hardships of life have to be met face to face by the women, is a matter of record, and is clearly proved by a list of recent death claims paid in New York City by one of the leading companies of the world. By actual count there were four hundred and ninety-five claims paid, and of these two hundred and thirty-six were females and two hundred and fifty-nine males. And right here we find evidence of important character bearing on the question of the relative mortality of the two sexes, and it will be observed that it is in favor of the women. At the close of last year the company referred to had assets of more than thirteen and a half millions of dollars, and a surplus for policy holders of over three millions. The policies it had in force at the end of last year numbered 2,281,640, and considerably more than half of this great total was on the lives of women and children. Recently it paid three hundred and ninety-seven death claims in a single day.

It must be explained that while this company does a regular life insurance business, and that as such has probably not many more women risks than other companies, it has a department called "the industrial," and that it is there that it reaches women. When the industrial department was inaugurated, twenty-three years ago, long before any other company adopted it in this country, it was practically out of the question for persons on small wages to leave anything to their families, or to provide for any debts that they might owe at death, because insurance was then beyond the reach of people of moderate means. The companies in general accepted only male adult lives; declined to insure women and children; to write policies for less than a thousand dollars, or to accept dues oftener than once in three months. Under the modern plan, men, women and children are taken, from the grandparent of seventy to the babe a year old. The insurance costs five cents per week upward, the dues are collected at the homes of the insured, and policies are paid promptly at death.

The desirability of insurance of this description need not be discussed at length. No life is so valuable to a family as that of the bread winner; but when death invades the circle, robbing it either of a parent or a child, it not infrequently comes hand in hand with poverty, and finds the family without the means of decent burial. Here it is that the insurance money, promptly paid, does such great service. The policies are, of course, small when compared with those people of means afford; but what more consoling than a few hundred dollars at a time when the world seems at its blackest. Furthermore, it should be said that the industrial companies do not confine their business to any class, although, of course, their principal work is among the poor. Any one in good health may secure policies, and, as a matter of fact, many professional men and women do so. Ten or twenty cents a week is easily saved, and the payment of it to the collector when he calls reduces the trouble to a minimum.

At first blush the insurance business would seem to offer a good opening to enterprising women as agents or canvassers. The commissions paid are undoubtedly much more remunerative than the outcome of many other occupations to which women devote themselves, and the work is not of an unsuitable character. It certainly is no worse than book canvassing, and the securing of a single ten thousand dollar policy would bring better returns than could be possibly expected from several weeks' persistency in that line. Yet it is a fact that a woman insurance solicitor is so great a rarity that I have never met one, although I am told there are some in the field, and that they have met with marked success. The experiment has been tried in the industrial department, but there conditions are by no means the same as in general insurance work. In the large cities the work of the industrial companies, by its character is naturally largely confined to the tenement house districts, and the climbing of stairs requires more physical backbone than most women possess. Again, the field has to be gone over every week, for the canvassers are also the collectors, so the labor is practically unending. In the smaller cities and towns where the working classes have their homes, in cottages or every-day houses, this great obstacle to the entrance of women to the field is not presented, and many have been able to make very fair compensation. It is found that a sensible woman, when face to face with a struggling sister, can bring home the truths about life insurance much more forcibly than the average cold-blooded man.

THE question that naturally arises is: What are the causes which have operated to bring about this serious state of affairs in society? The broad answer to which I am irresistibly led is, that this is one of the prices we pay for a higher civilization. As wealth has been distributed and high class education made general, young men and young women find new obstacles arising in the pathway to marriage.

It is no longer fashionable to begin married life in a humble way and climb up to a better one. Young men know that modern society is prone to measure a girl's start in domestic life by the display at the wedding and the rental which the husband is able to pay for his home. Cases like that of Henry Ward Beecher, marrying on \$300 a year and beginning life in two small rooms, are looked upon nowadays as curious reminiscences of a pitiable era in the history of American society. The location which girls in general get unfitted them for the sacrifices and efforts which marked Mrs. Beecher's interesting experience fifty years ago.

It is not surprising that a young man, knowing the standard by which marriages are now commonly measured, should hesitate before asking a girl to sacrifice the comforts of her father's home for the simple circumstances of the cottage which alone his income will permit. Not long ago I found myself surrounded by a group of seven young men, ranging in age from twenty-five to thirty-three years. Not one of them was married. On my question for the reason why they were single, each answered that he could not afford to marry. Yet they had incomes ranging from \$500 to \$2000 a year, and could have made a very happy start in the conjugal state but for the notion they all had of what girls expect by marriage.

It is all very well to say that these young men had wrong views, and that true love could form the basis of a union in which mutual sacrifices would be cheerfully made. It must be remembered that the opinions which young men hold in this regard make them shun that closer companionship which leads up to matrimony. They see nothing to dispel the notion that all girls expect to live in the same scale of comfort they have been accustomed to, and it is only too often the case that they fall into grooves of living which are at once fatal to the domestic instinct.

I can look back with a clear judgment over twenty-five years, and nothing else has impressed me so much in the retrospect as the change from the unpretentious circumstances of home life twenty-five years ago to the exalted scale of living which now prevails. I need not amplify this idea. It seems to me that while this change in the standard of domestic comforts is a desirable thing, it is indirectly responsible for many marriages late in life and many cases of refusal to marry at all. It has led young men to look with a faint heart upon the difficulties of a satisfactory start in wedded life, and has led young women to expect more of home advantages at the outset than the income of the average young husband will permit.

A LIVE EMBER

By Julia Magruder

[Continued from August JOURNAL]

CHAPTER IV



ONE summer morning when Mrs. Owen and all her guests had joined a pleasure party that Kate, under some pretext, had got herself excused from, that adroit young lady, whose object had been to secure a long day's quiet for herself, began by mid-day to weary of her own society, and, leaving her room,

went down and wandered rather aimlessly about the lower apartments, turning over books and magazines, looking at illustrated papers, strumming a little on the piano, and giving various indications of the fact that the time hung rather heavy on her hands. She was exceedingly glad to get rid of all the people, but she did not know exactly what to do with herself. She was not wearing one of the Paris costumes to-day, but was clad in a little, white cotton gown of her own designing that flowed in straight and simple lines from the waist, where it was confined by a loose white ribbon. It was cut low all around the fair and slender throat, from which a fall of full white lace hung back. The sleeves, which were puffed on the shoulders, were made full and loose to below the elbows, where they ended in another frill of lace. White ribbon bows, with floating ends, fastened the gown about the neck. It was as winsome a little garment as was ever seen, and Kate looked as lovely as a flower in it, as she tripped about from room to room, on her little slippered feet, whose small heels clicked musically on the polished floors in the midst of the silence that pervaded everywhere. The shutters were closed, and all the rooms in semi-darkness, but small rays of golden sunshine pierced through the slats here and there, and a sweet breeze from the ocean came in with them, and gently fanned the thin lace curtains. In every room she entered there were bowls and jars and vases of flowers massed together in lavish abundance. She flitted about, from one to the other of these, burying her face enjoyingly in their fragrance, her head lingering above them like a butterfly or a humming-bird. In the great drawing-room there was the largest display, and a table in the center had been given up exclusively to flowers, eight or ten varieties of which were massed in separate jars. There was one jar of tall pink gladiolus, another of creamy peonies, another of blood-red roses, one of heliotrope, one of garden lilies and several more beside.

Kate was bending over this table with her hands resting on its edge, and her bright brown head stooped low, when a sound caught her ear, and lifting her face from among the flowers she looked up and saw John Talbot standing in the doorway, directly in front of her.

Her heart gave a bound, and she seemed to feel the current in her veins change its course and flow backward, but outwardly she was self-possessed, and she felt at once an instinctive assurance of the sufficiency of her strength.

"Mr. Talbot!" she said, in a tone of simple surprise, drawing herself upright behind the mass of flowers, as a tall, white lily might rear its crest above a bank of mignonette. She did not move from her place, but as he came forward she turned and gave him her hand, with as little self-consciousness as if she had been indeed a flower.

"No one is expecting you," she said, "and they have all gone off on an excursion. Did you write or telegraph?"

"No; I did neither," he said, "I was doubtful if there would be room for a delinquent who had been guilty of so many postponements, so I came to see for myself whether I hadn't better go to a hotel."

"Certainly not," said Kate; "Auntie has kept your room, and I think it is all ready. Let me ring and inquire."

"Pray don't—" began Talbot, but she was half way across the room on her way to the bell, and he stopped, struck suddenly by the grace and beauty of her strange costume. As Kate returned she saw this glance and understood it. She had forgotten the unconventional little gown, and now, as his look reminded her, she flushed slightly and smiled.

"You have taken us all unaware," she said, as she sat down in a low chair some distance from him, "but I'm sure you will be very welcome. Auntie and the girls have wished for you very often, and so have some of the people staying here. You won't be looked on as an intruder, I can assure you."

He did not speak at once, but it was evident from his face that her cordial assurance affected him very little.

"And why are you not one of the excursion party?" he asked, coming a little nearer, before he selected a chair.

"It was disinclination chiefly that kept me at home," said Kate, "though I made out a more reasonable case than that. I believe I am too indolent for excursions. I always shirk them whenever I can."

"Do the people here bore you?" said Talbot, going into the subject with a spirit of candor that was natural to him. "I should think they might. Who is here, by the way?"

Kate named over the guests to him one by one, ending with, "and the charming Mrs. Torrence."

"Do you consider her charming?" said Talbot, "or are you merely echoing the verdict of the world?"

"I was merely echoing the verdict of the world," said Kate, "but I don't say I dissent from it."

"You don't say that you agree with it, however, I observe."

"No; I don't commit myself," said Kate. "I think she is handsome, certainly, but, beyond that, I don't feel that I have the light to judge her by."

"What wise remarks children stumble upon, sometimes," said Talbot. "That's much more profound than you have any idea of."

Kate felt irritated at his calling her a child, and, watching her keenly as he did, the man perceived it, though she gave no outward sign beyond a movement of her head, as she turned to speak to the servant, who now appeared, as to Mr. Talbot's room. It was all ready, she was told, and while Talbot scribbled on his card an order for his luggage he heard her ask if lunch was nearly ready.

"It is on the table, miss," returned the man, and when Kate had ordered a place to be set for Mr. Talbot, and the man had disappeared, she stood up and said

nial never omitted by Mrs. Owen, but Talbot was so entirely unprepared that he proved unresponsive to that shy glance of invitation, and the meal proceeded. When he recalled it, afterward, he was indignant with himself. It was an opportunity of securing a sweet memory that he had let slip away from him.

Kate sat in the tall chair behind the stately array of silver and china and made his tea for him, and he leaned back in the tall chair opposite, and watched her deliberately, as the light hands moved about, with deft touches on the graceful shapes of the pretty, old-fashioned silver. When the dishes had been handed, and Talbot's cup of fragrant tea set down beside him, the two servants, as their custom was, retired to the pantry, and the man and girl at the table were left severely tête-à-tête. Kate was bending over her teacup, stirring busily, and looking down, when she heard a low and emphatic: "Good gracious!" from across the table. She looked up quickly, and saw her companion leaning back in his chair, with his plate and cup untouched before him. The exclamation had apparently been involuntary, for he sat up and seemed to collect himself, as she asked:

"What in the world do you mean?"

"O, nothing in particular, and everything in general," he answered with a smile. "I was, for one thing, contrasting my lunch here to-day with my lunch in a restaurant yesterday."

"Yes, I dare say there is a contrast in several ways," said Kate. "I shall not pretend to deny that the manner is better here, though I've no doubt that in the matter as to variety, at least, the advantage was on the other side. But you see you were not expected, and I told the servants a mere cup of tea was all I wanted; and some fruit."

"I was not thinking of the contrast in the food," said Talbot.

Kate struck the little silver call-bell.

"O, as to the surroundings?" she replied.

"Then, of course, the advantage is altogether

He was desperately sorry for his silly speech, and would have made some effort to patch it up, but she gave him no opportunity. Touching the bell again, she rose from the table, and led the way out of the room. When they reached the foot of the staircase, she paused.

"You want to smoke, I suppose," she said; "you know your bearings as well as I. Make yourself quite at home. You are to have your usual room, and I hope you'll find it all right."

"And are you going to leave me?" he said, with the candid disappointment of a child.

"Yes; I really must, not to sacrifice my self-respect entirely as to the excuse I gave for staying at home. I said I had a letter to write and business to attend to, and I must go and do it."

He watched her from below, as her figure, so fascinating and so unfashionable in its contour, mounted the wide staircase, and turned at the landing. He hoped she would look back, but she did not. Only her pretty profile was turned toward him as she passed from sight.

To say he was disappointed was far too little. He was restive, annoyed, half angry with both himself and her. Here was such an opportunity as would almost certainly not occur again, when they might be together, free and unmolested, and what could possibly be the harm to either if they talked awhile, and perhaps played over some music? He had had an almost passionate love for her violin playing, long before he had become aware of the same feeling for herself, and it would have been a pure delight to have played her accompaniments for her a while this afternoon, they two alone. He knew his danger, and was armed against a repetition of that moment's weakness, which now, less than ever, could he bring himself to regret. It was perfectly evident that it had meant nothing to her, and it meant so much to him that he could only feel glad and exultant that it had ever been.

Irritated and lonely he lighted his cigar, and sat smoking in savage silence, while Kate, alone up stairs, with the key turned in the lock, was standing before her long mirror looking at herself scrutinizingly to see how she had appeared to Talbot's eyes. She would have been stupid if she had not been satisfied; if she had not seen at a glance how absolutely that little gown became her, and though she was not, in reality, displeased with her reflection, as she turned away her face, now quite unguarded, looked very, very far from happy.

She threw herself into a chair and fell to musing. After all these days and weeks and months she had seen John Talbot again!—touched his hand—heard his voice—and looked into his eyes! Swift and short her glances had been, but that had told her that it was the self-same, dear familiar face which no trying could shut out from its insistent hold upon her mental vision. It was not less winning and attractive than memory had painted it. Ah, it was more so! and the voice, the manner, the distinct sweet utterance were all the same. She had wondered over and over again, whether, in her girl's imagination, she had not idealized him, but she saw it was not so. Her quiet winter and its ample opportunities for deliberate thought and judgment, and her worldly experiences since she had been at her aunt's, had both given her an insight by which she saw his conduct in a truer light, and judged him with a sterner judgment. She knew perfectly now that his conduct had been absolutely unjustifiable: that it had not been as he might kiss a child that he had kissed her; that, in plain terms, he had taken an unworthy advantage of her youth and ignorance, and had done what no man of honor could fail to condemn. She knew all this, and her pride resented the affront he had offered her. This resentment was strong enough to be a sure safe-guard in the future. She knew it would not fail for that use, but, strive as she would, and she had bravely striven, she could not feel less tenderly toward him, because she felt less trustingly. She knew he had done wrong, but that feeling in her heart resisted the knowledge. Even to-day, in their brief intercourse, he had more than once aroused her disapproval. His manner had been altogether too easy and familiar, considering the past. His reference to the agreeableness of finding himself at the table alone with her was absolutely out of taste, she thought, and she quite hated what he had said about children. That feeling she had always thought as unmanly in a man as it was unwomanly in a woman, and she utterly condemned it. Yet what did it all amount to, in the presence of the tremendous fact that stared her in the face—the controlling, compelling, imperious, awful fact that John Talbot was the man she loved! It need never make any difference, she said to herself, except in the depths of her own heart, and the influence it would exercise upon her whole sad life. No one would ever know it. The very thought of that possibility so filled her with shame that she felt a positive certainty that her pride would enable her to guard her secret faithfully.

That pride was useless now, however, to check the rising tears which filled her eyes totally against her will. She shook them off, but they rose again. Determined not to give up to them, she got out her writing materials and wrote her business letters. By this she gained outward self-control, but when the letters were done she dared not permit herself to sit down and think. A sudden idea struck her, and she rose and rang the bell. It was answered by her old servant, Maria, who had shown such grief at the thought of parting from her, and to whom she was so really attached that she had brought her away from Virginia with her.



"The little procession started toward the house."

"You will want to go to your room, Mr. Talbot—"

"Not at all," was the reply. "I rested and refreshed at the hotel."

"Then, if you will excuse me for a moment—" Kate began.

"Please don't," he interrupted her; "excuse me, but are you thinking of changing your dress? I do beg you not to."

"I really must," said Kate; "it is too unsuitable. Auntie's sense of fitness would be outraged."

"Nonsense! It is perfection. Please keep it on. I ask it as a special favor."

"What right have you to ask of me special favors?" Kate said to herself indignantly, but it would have seemed absurd to make a point of so trifling a matter, especially as the servant now re-appeared and announced lunch.

"I'll have to, whether I want to or not," she said, "unless I choose to pay the penalty of a cold lunch, which doesn't seem worth while," and she led the way to the dining-room.

As they crossed the hall a fresh breeze blew in through the open doors and fluttered the free folds of her little gown, blowing it back from her pretty feet, and making her tall, young beauty look more beautiful still in the broad light of day, which it had no reason to fear. As they passed from the hall into the dim coolness of the large dining-room, with its heavy furniture and high-backed leather chairs, both of them fell silent. Their places had been set at the head and foot of the large round table, and as the flowers in the center were low and massed together, they were uncompromisingly face to face. Kate's slight body looked taller and slimmer than usual, in its quaint, white gown, against the tall, dark chairs. As they sat down she glanced across at Talbot, half-timidly and half-expectantly, and it dashed across his mind that she thought he was going to say grace. It was a ceremon-

on the side of to-day. Give me a glass of water, please," she said to the servant who entered.

When he had served her and retired, Talbot spoke again.

"Have you enjoyed yourself here?" he said. "You've been in the thick of it all I see by the papers."

"O, yes; I've been admirably entertained," said Kate. "Many people have been kind to me, many indifferent, and a few rather unkind, but on the whole it's been very nice."

"Who's been unkind to you?" he asked, in a voice that made her feel she dared not meet his look. Again she struck the bell.

"Change the plates," she said to the servant, "and hand Mr. Talbot the fruit."

When the fruit had been served and they were again alone, Kate opened the conversation herself.

"Your sister is expected to-morrow," she said; "Mrs. Gwyn and her children; I suppose you knew it, though."

"I knew she was coming some time," he said rather absently. "and the children are a matter of course. She is one of the mothers who shirks none of the responsibilities of the situation, and either takes her children with her or stays at home. Consequently her range is rather limited, but Mrs. Owen, who approves her tactics, rewards her by an invitation here every summer. It is very good of her, for Fanny is a social little creature, and she's cut off now from a good deal."

"Don't you approve her tactics?" asked Kate. "I do, I'm sure."

"Yes; I suppose so, in theory. I approve of her, I know, but I can't get very enthusiastic on this particular point in her character, being prejudiced, I suppose, by the fact that I abominate children."

"You abominate children," said Kate; "how impossible to understand!" and she looked, he thought, almost hurt.

SOME GRACEFUL EMBROIDERY DESIGNS

[AS WORKED AT THE CHICAGO SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART]

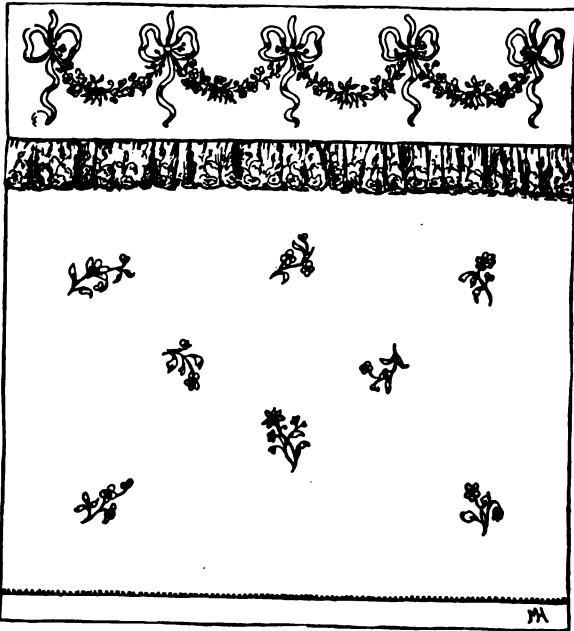
By Maude Haywood



THE Chicago Society of Decorative Art was organized in 1877, upon the same plans as those already being successfully carried on in eastern cities. It is not revealed that there is any particular story or romance to be told in connection with its origin, rise, or progress, but its principal difficulty may be considered not uncharacteristic. The situation of its rooms, looking out as they do upon the lake front, with its network of railroad tracks, necessitates a constant warfare against enemies in the shape of smoke, coal dust and grime, and renders it extremely difficult to preserve the work as spotlessly pure and clean as delicate embroideries should be kept, for in the summer, of course, windows must be thrown open. The work shown by the Society is of the most varied kind, including specimens of many different styles and branches of embroidery. A few only of the pieces are here presented.

A PRETTILY DESIGNED BED-COVER

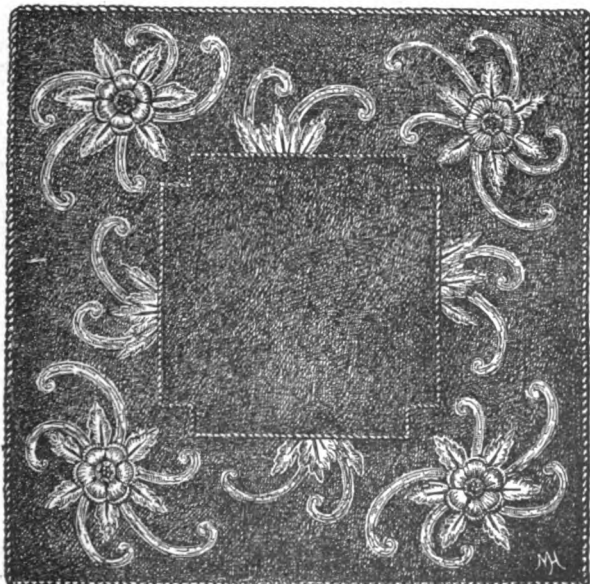
SOME of the finest and most noticeable pieces recently were some prettily rendered designs for bed coverings and a very daintily executed spread and pillow for a child's crib, which have been chosen as illustrations for this paper, and will be carefully described further on. According to the usual custom in these societies, orders are executed on the premises by regularly employed embroideresses, and the bulk of the work on exhibition is offered for sale on a ten per cent.



A SPREAD FOR A BABY'S CRIB (Illus. No. 2)

commission, work being also taken from contributors living in all parts of the United States. About two thousand women have their names on the books as being benefited in this way. All work has to be examined and passed by a committee before it is accepted, and in order to be pronounced eligible must reach a required standard of excellence.

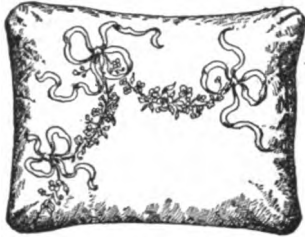
As already indicated, the variety of bedspreads shown may be considered somewhat of a special feature. A certain demand for them has led to considerable attention being paid to their design and execution. Many materials are employed, but on the whole fine white linen seems to have the preference. The one pictured in Illustration No. 1 is worked entirely in yellow silks on a firm round thread French linen, with very happy effect. The scalloped edge is worked in button-hole stitch in the yellow silk.



AN EFFECTIVE TABLE COVER (Illus. No. 5)

FOR THE CRIB OF A LITTLE KING

THE spread and pillow for a baby's crib in Illustrations No. 2 and No. 3 are charmingly dainty pieces of work. The material used is white Chinese linen. It is just a yard wide, and the whole length of the spread is about a yard and three-eighths, a quarter of a yard being turned over as shown in the drawing. On this flap the chief part of the design is placed. Each end of the spread is fin-



A PILLOW FOR BABY (Illus. No. 3)

ished with a hemstitch, the flap having also an edging of whitelace. The garlands are worked in delicate coloring, the flowers being principally roses, violets and forget-me-nots. The ribbon bows are made of pale blue on both spread and pillow. The scattered sprays on the lower portion of the spread harmonize with the tones used in the garlands.

THE BABY'S BELONGINGS

AN extremely pretty sachet, which would prove a most suitable and acceptable gift to a young mother, might be rendered either in pale blue or pink. The foundation is simply a square of the colored watered silk, lined with white China silk, and interlined with a thin layer of perfumed wadding. The four corners are tied together with a knot of ribbon to match the tone chosen for the sachet, and inside various articles used for an infant's toilet are fastened in place by more of the same ribbon, a brush, comb, powder-puff and package of safety-pins being provided in the particular example just described. Strips of flannel ornamented with feather or brier stitch in colored embroidery silk and tied with a ribbon bow make pretty and useful cases to be kept filled with safety-pins of assorted sizes. Crib blankets of fine soft material are button-holed around the edge either plainly or in scallops, and marked with the child's initials or monogram, either in the center or across the corner. The simpler kinds of drawn-work stitches are much liked for the decoration of infants' belongings. Sheets and pillow-cases, where made quite plainly, ought always to be hemstitched by hand, and, if possible, marked with the initials in white embroidery cotton.

AN EMPIRE SPREAD AND BOLSTER

THE spread and bolster in Illustration No. 4 were made for a room furnished in the Empire style. The design was embroidered in delicate shades on a handsome, soft, cream-colored satin, and finished simply with a cord around the edge. The bed itself was gilded, and had embroidered panels inserted at the head and foot. Among others was a very harmonious, handsome and effective spread, the coloring being made to match some Empire brocade used for the hangings. A conventional tulip design was rendered in light gold silks, and the background darned in dull reds. The leaves were outlined, and the flowers worked in long and short stitches, the material being of a rich cream color.

These spreads are intended not to hang down straight as in Illustration No. 1, but to be tucked in all around, in some cases the Empire beds having ornamented sides with carved decorations, and in others a festooned valance being provided in materials and coloring to harmonize with the spreads and curtains employed. In this style of decoration the plain bolster, as illustrated, is always provided, which is, of course, together with the embroidered covering, removed at night. The pillows are frequently kept in a long-shaped ottoman box, placed at the foot of the bed, and which is itself amply provided with cushions in order to form not only a handsome but a comfortable lounge.

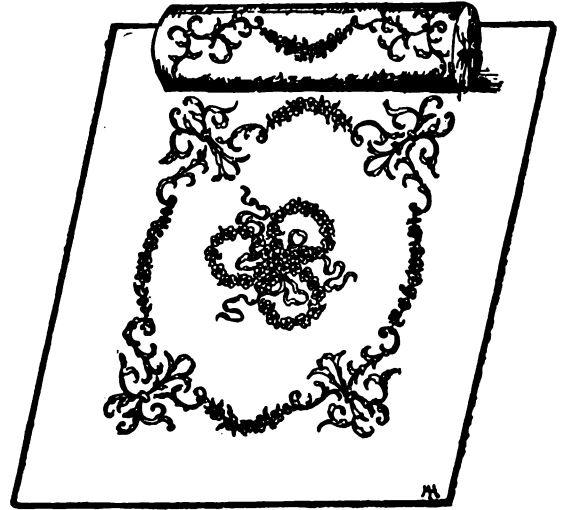
CURTAINS AND PORTIÈRES

THE work exhibited includes quite a number of pretty and handsome hangings well worth description. One entailing comparatively little labor was worked entirely in shades of green, with Japanese gold thread introduced. The ground chosen was crinkled tapestry of rather a dull, metallic green, and the design was a bold spray of large leaves and flowers extending far down the curtain. Some of the leaves were embroidered solidly, and some were of green plush applied and worked in long and short stitch in silks either of a lighter or a darker shade than the plush, in order to gain variety of effect. The flowers had radiating lines extending from them rendered in green silk and gold thread worked side by side. The whole design was also outlined in the gold thread. The curtain was interlined with Canton flannel to give it substance. Another portière was of ecru-colored silk, with a lattice work across it and up the sides, applied in green plush, a design of ivy being twisted about it and embroidered in silks. A border of conventional tulips extended across the lower part. Some curtains were made of a plain, heavy material and turned over at the top, the design being worked on the frieze formed in this way. One in gobein cloth had large roses for the subject. A hanging which was a harmony of yellows and browns had marshmallows powdered all over the ground, and yet another, effective in dull, quaint coloring, had a band of Venetian embroidery placed about one-third up the curtain.

One curtain shown was, perhaps rather for admiration than for actual imitation by American hands. It was a Spanish design of native execution on Tussore silk. It was exhibited just as it was imported, the idea

DECORATED CHAMOIS SKINS

A METHOD of decorating chamois skins which claims to be typically western, comes to the society from a young woman residing in Indianapolis, who claims the invention of it. The work is adaptable for various purposes to which the leather is suited, but in the best of the examples shown the shape of the skin is preserved, the pieces being either

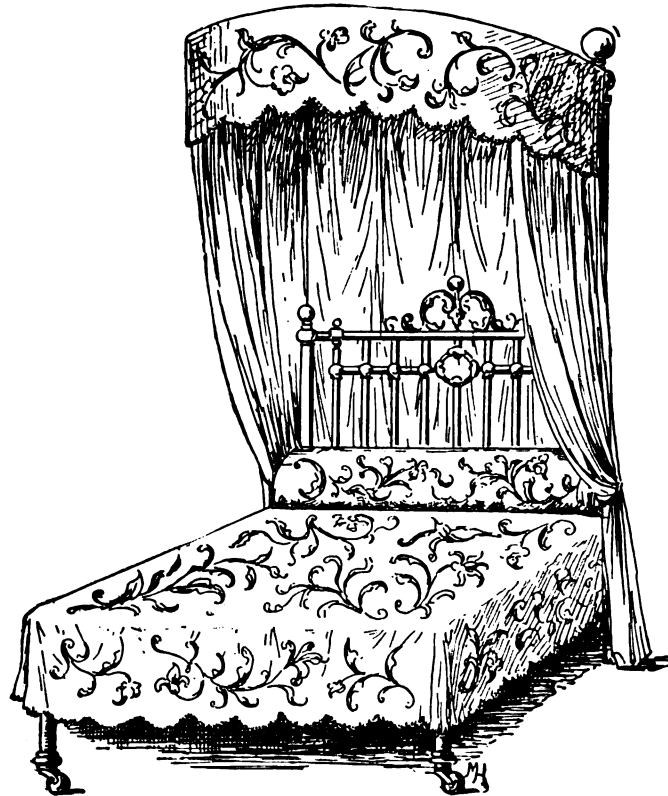


AN EMPIRE SPREAD AND BOLSTER (Illus. No. 4)

for table mats or to be mounted on plush for screens or panels. The designs preferred are some mediæval and some Indian in character, and are adapted by the artist herself to the shape and size of the pieces. The forms are tinted flatly in subdued "art tones," and then the design is wrought gorgeously in colored silks, tinsel threads, beads and glass jewels.

A considerable variety of bureau covers and toilet sets were shown. Bolting cloth is a favorite material, the design, usually of some delicate-colored flower, being tinted in oils thinned with turpentine, the outlines, veinings and markings being rendered in embroidery silks. The old-fashioned pin-cushion boxes, with little brass feet, embroidered covers and lace frills are much liked. Large, square cushions with tiny bows at each corner, and also those of a long, narrow shape, are likewise used. The number of different styles of work shows what interest is taken in the subject.

Nothing particularly novel is to be seen in table linen. The favorite effects seem to be in white, outlined with yellow or green, and in colors, of delicate pinks and greens in mother-of-pearl tones. Pretty tea napkins in fine linen, twenty inches square, had each a different floral spray worked in one corner in wash silk, and were very graceful.



A PRETTILY DESIGNED BED-COVER (Illus. No. 1)

being that as there is such a diversity of tastes, it should be lined and mounted to suit the individual requirements of its eventual purchaser.

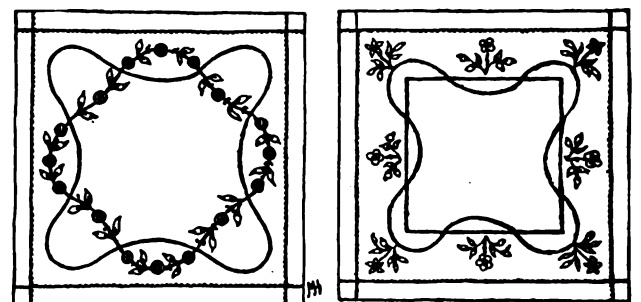
AN EFFECTIVE TABLE COVER

THIS extremely effective table cover (Illustration No. 5) is worked on flax velours, of a warm, golden-brown tone, the coloring used in the design being chiefly in brownish tones, very near the color of the ground; the flower forms are worked solidly in creamy shades, with the centers made of French knots in brown. The leaves are in long and short stitch, of rather an olive hue. The curved forms which characterize the design are couched in heavy silk, and the whole is outlined with gold thread. The line defining the border is a double row of copper-colored cord. The finish is a heavy cord and the lining is of dull old gold.

In many cases double faced flax velours is employed for table covers, curtains, and other purposes, because where the design is applied or couched they require no lining, the material being so thick that the stitches employed for this kind of work are invisible at the back. A very pretty and favorite finish is tassels, manufactured by the needlewoman herself from the silks used in the design.

SIMPLICITY AND TASTE IN DOILIES

AMONG the smaller pieces may be seen some dainty work. A set of doilies, of which two are shown in Illustration No. 6, were simple and effective in treatment. They were on fine, white linen, the edges being hemstitched. The one has little sprays of yellow jasmine in the corners and pink roses at the sides, the square border line being worked in green silks and the curved line about it in



TWO SIMPLE AND TASTEFUL DOILIES (Illus. No. 6)

gold thread. The other has the little round forms embroidered in white, the leaves and stem of delicate green, and the intersecting line of copper-colored thread. Other sets, less uncommon, however, had small sprays and ribbon-forms worked upon them. One dozen had seaweed designs embroidered on pale pink silk, but many would not consider these in such good taste as upon a white ground.

THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE YEAR

A NEW SERIES OF 12 ADVENTURES OF THE FUNNIEST LITTLE MEN IN THE WORLD

By Palmer Cox

NUMBER TWELVE

THE BROWNIES IN SEPTEMBER



SILVER crescent in the sky,
September's moon
was sailing high,
When Brownies met to carry through
An enterprise they had in view.
Said one: "Next month, as you're aware,
Will bring the great Columbian Fair;
When banners will to winds be spread,
And speeches made, a poem be read,
And voices mingle, rich and strong,
In rendering anthems loud and long."



Another said:
"Then I'm afraid,
Unless we give
some mystic aid
In pushing
work that's
moving slow,
They'll not be ready
for the show."
A third remarked: "No better way
Can we our loyalty display
Than here to lend
a helping hand
In finishing
these buildings grand
That ornament
this spacious ground;
'Twill to the country's
good redound,
And spare the blush
that else might speak
Of shame on fair
Columbia's cheek."



Now columns tall they climbed to get
A closer look at what was set
Upon the top, with wings outspread,
A staff in hand, or wreath on head.



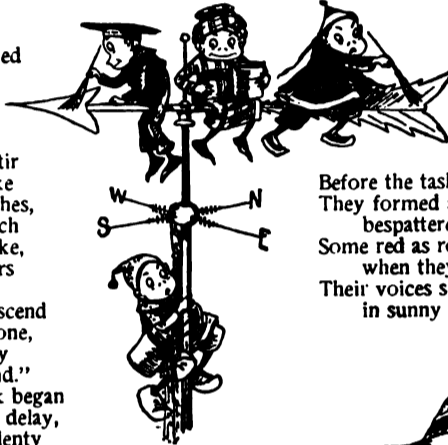
On counting them the Brownies found
Just thirteen columns standing round.
Said one: "No doubt the sculptor meant
The early States to represent,
And give a lesson gratis here,
As well as ornament the pier."
The woman's building drew their eyes,
But they beheld the same with sighs,
Because the topmost tile was laid,
And left no chance for Brownie aid;
But other buildings of the Fair



Aside when evening
whistles blew.
Said one: "The brush
is suited well
For Brownie hands,
the truth to tell;
As for myself
no more I ask
Than elbow room
at such a task;
And I'll not be
the last to mount
A ladder, and to
some account,
For I'll not take
the seat behind
At spreading paint,
keep that in mind.
It may be red,
or green, or blue,
Or yellow,
if you please,
of hue.
It matters not,
I'll make a show,
As fast as any
one I know."

Another said:
"Our skill
we'll try
Upon this
dome-capped
building
nigh;
Some
others

here a stir
can make
With brushes,
or I much
mistake,
And honors
will not
all descend
On one alone,
you may
depend."
Now work began
without delay,
Though plenty
there had
more to say
And could have talked and argued still
About their gifts or special skill,
But Brownies, when there's work to do,
That must ere dawn be hurried through,
Are not the kind to lose a tick
Of time, that slips away so quick.
Each took the tool that suited best
His turn of mind, for all were blessed
With skill that made them handle well
Whatever to their portion fell,
Then climbing here and mounting there
Soon every Brownie did his share,
All clearly proving from the start
They had the nation's good at heart,
Some spreading brown paint moved ahead,
More followed with a coat of red.
Then quickly, ere the first had dried,
Still other colors were applied.
Said one: "Though not apprenticed out
To masters hard, and knocked about,
To learn a trade 'twixt kick and blow,

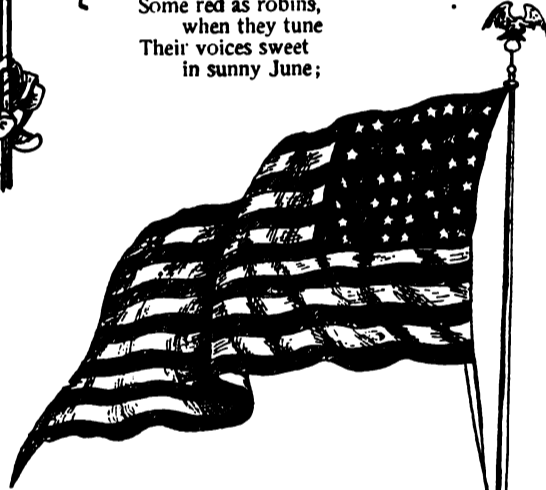


And, better still,
do something more
In mystic ways,
by Brownie rule,
That's not included
in their school.
It may seem odd,
indeed, to smother
One coat so quickly
with another,
But we from men
no lessons take,
Nor ask advice,
but simply make
Our time
and task
on hand
agree,
And keep from
complica-
tions free.
The morning sun
might raise
his head
Before one-half
our paint
was spread,
If we proceed
as if afraid
Of new departures
in the trade,
The paint is there,
it matters not
If mixed on wall, or mixed in pot,
And what the Brownies spread about,

Will last until
the wood
gives out."
Some sad
mishaps
disturbed
a few,
And gave their
clothes a
foreign hue;
Before the task was well in hand
They formed a queer,
bespattered band—
Some red as robins,
when they tune
Their voices sweet
in sunny June;



They found their work
had jumped ahead
While they were fast asleep in bed,

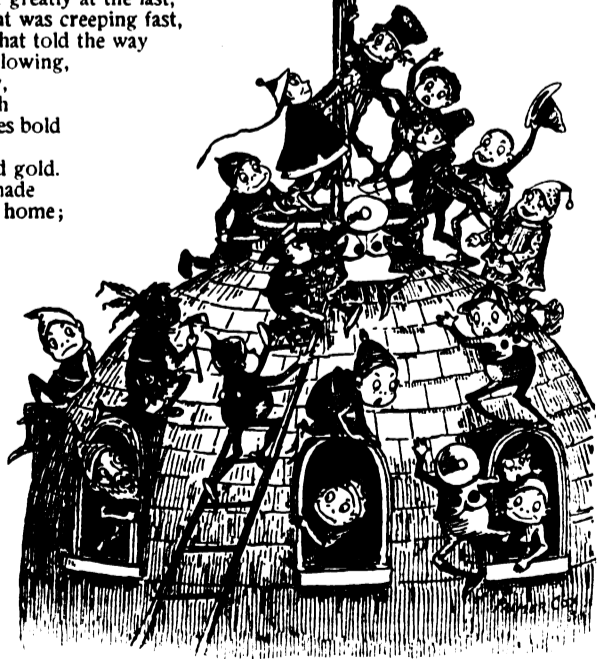


Some green as Erin's banner old
When on St. Patrick's day unrolled;
More like canaries from the Isles,
Awakened many jokes and smiles.
The coat that Joseph left behind
When to the pit he was consigned,
Showed not more colors to the sun
Than Brownie garb ere they were done.
Though hurried greatly at the last,
As morning light was creeping fast,
The very vane that told the way
The wind was blowing,
night and day,
Received a touch
from Brownies bold
Until it looked
like burnished gold.
The Brownies made
themselves at home;
They clambered
over roof
and dome,
They set
the glass
and tacked
the slate
And tin on
towers tall
and straight,
And nailed the
ornaments
in place
That to
the buildings
added grace;
The highest
point, o'
peak about
The structure
grand, they
hunted out.

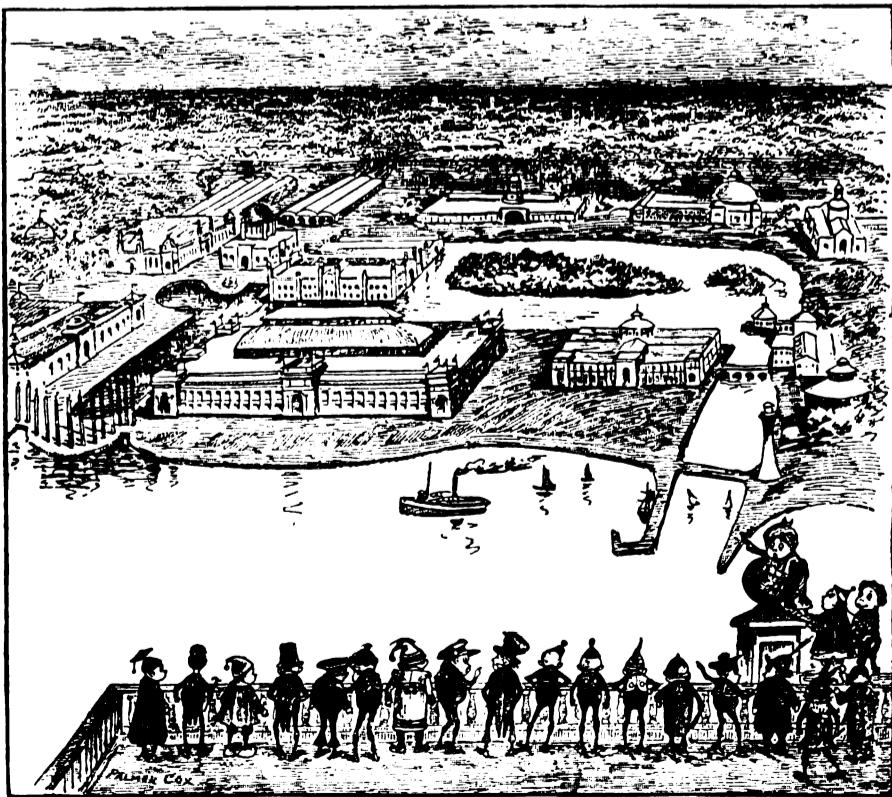
'Twas there they wished their skill to show,
'Twas there they plied the willing blow,
And swung their flimsy scaffolds there,
Regardless of the height in air.
No brains of weak, unhealthy tone
That dizzy grow the Brownies own.
While hands have strength, and toes are sure,
The head has faith and feels secure.
So up they go without a reel,
Although the clouds around them wheel;
No wonder, then, the work that night
Was shoved along with magic slight;
No wonder, then, the workmen stared
When to their stations they repaired,

And would have struck
for higher pay
If they had longer time to stay.
Now from some place,
where well they thought
Such things were kept,
the Brownies brought
A brand new flag,
with stripes of white,
Alternate laid with crimson bright,
While many stars, in order due
One corner filled on field of blue;
'Twas large of size,
I cannot name
The yards of bunting in the same,
But safe it is for me to say
'Twould draw the eye
ten miles away,
And let one know, beyond a doubt,
What nation hung the emblem out.
It mattered not how large of size,
The Brownie band
had found a prize;
And now it did their fancy please
To give the symbol to the breeze.
The wind that from
the lake was strong
Played freely with the colors long

And wrapped
the Brownies
in its fold;
But still they
worked and
kept their hold
And ran
it up, with
joyful cry,
Above the
grounds to
proudly fly.
Said one
"We'll leave
it flapping
there,
Through
blizzard
storm, or
milder air,
To let
the folks
who reach
these shores,
From every
nation out
of doors.
Learn how
it feels to
draw at last
One breath
of freedom
from the blast.



Here listen to the eagle scream,
Where liberty is not a dream,
And stand beside this inland sea,
Beneath the banner of the free."



Could take some touches here and there.
So off the Brownies ran for tools,
For paint pots, hammers, saws and rules,
That weary workmen quickly threw

That often with instruction go,
We're not so far behind mankind
At putting things in shape, they'll find,
For we can saw and paint and bore,



MR. COATES cheerfully invites questions touching any topic upon which his young readers may desire help or information.

THE letters that come to me as a result of these off-hand talks with my boy friends, would seem to indicate that I have touched points in which boys of to-day are interested, and to me they bring much information as to the make-up of the American boy that is ever new and of interest.

"I have just finished reading a book called 'Military Heroes'. How can I get into West Point, and how long before I can become a commanding officer?"

This letter is written in all earnestness and sincerity. It is not to be laughed at, for the boy who wrote it was merely seeking knowledge, and no one who seeks should be idly sneered at.

There are boys who prefer the navy to the army, and they write too, asking all sorts of questions about the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

All of which shows that the American boy of to-day has in him that same spirit that has lived ever since the Greeks showed what human valor could accomplish.

ASPIRATIONS THAT BOYS HAVE

IN talking with my boy friends upon this subject, I feel that I cannot be as impartial as I could wish to be. I cannot rebuke any of them for wishing to become famous as soldiers and sailors, for the stars on our flag are very largely due to the men who fought in the ranks in both branches of the service.

THE SERVICE OF THE COUNTRY

AS I have said, I have no word of rebuke for boys who wish to enter into the service of their country. It is a fact that the best men this country has produced have come from small cabins in the West, where they did in all good faith earn their bread in the sweat of their brows.

They have all history behind them from the time when the three hundred Greeks kept the pass at Thermopylae. But there are no passes of that kind now. It is well for my boy friends to take that fact into consideration.

Still, I see no reason why some of the questions of my readers should not be fairly answered. The most of these run in this way: "How can I get into West Point?"

CHANCES IN MILITARY LIFE

OVER on Governor's Island, just below the city of New York, there is one veteran, who has done his country some service. He is a major-general in the army of the United States.

"What are the chances in a military life?" he continued repeating my question. "Well, here is one of them" and at this point he lifted the stump of the arm that had been shot away.

"Still," said, he "I see no reason why young Americans should keep out of the army or navy. This is a great country, and no one knows what the future may bring forth."

The grizzled one-arm old General was right so far as I can make out. The difficulty with our American soldiers and sailors now is that after they know their profession well they leave this country, where there is no fighting to speak of, and go where there is fighting and promotion and money as well.

Now, if all the boys who read THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL were to be divided, half and half, and if one half were to be detailed to serve in the navy and the other in the army, we would have a much larger army and navy than we now have.

WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS

SO it is that West Point does not hold out the same inducements it once did. What is the use in learning to fight if there is no one to fight? That is the question that some of the students ask, but they are not wise students.

I find in some of my letters this question: "What do they teach at West Point?" I can answer this very briefly. They teach you all of value that is taught in any college, and they teach you that in this life your honor is your shield.

THE MATERIAL ADVANTAGES

AND now we come to the material advantages of a position of honor in the army or navy. I find in these articles that I am sometimes misunderstood when I speak of the mere money benefits that follow some special callings.

PAY OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

SO far as the actual pay is concerned, our Government does as well or even better by its graduates from its military and naval schools than any foreign country.

In the navy the pay is somewhat the same. There is no admiral in the American navy now since Admiral Porter died. The rear-admirals, however, get \$6,000 a year when in command of a squadron at sea, \$5,000 when doing shore duty at some of our navy yards, and \$4,000 when waiting orders.

Some of my young readers may say that \$7,500 a year, or \$6,000 or \$5,000 or even \$2,500 is very good pay for a man who has little to do. Those who say this make a great mistake.

SOME CONSPICUOUS EXAMPLES

IT is a merciful and a good thing that all of the great men that West Point or Annapolis have produced have died poor. And what is more, they were poor all their lives.

THE CHANCE OF PROMOTION

AS to promotion: Once you have gone through West Point or Annapolis I will be frank enough to tell you the chances of promotion are small.

MAKERS RATHER THAN DESTROYERS

SO those who love the blue and long for epaulets, then let them have them if they can get them. If they can secure an appointment at either West Point or Annapolis, this I can promise—they will find no coat of dishonor there unless they make it.

SOUND, PRACTICAL ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE

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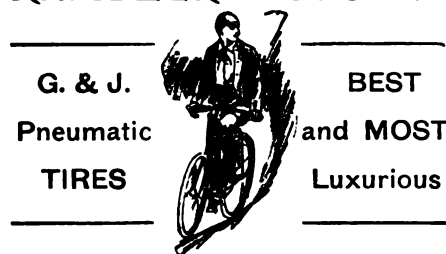
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A PERFECT BLACKING OUTFIT FOR HOME OR OFFICE. Passes to wall or door casing, and cleanses everything for blacking (gentlemen's, ladies' and children's shoes, with substantial foot-rest when open.)

THE SMALL BELONGINGS OF DRESS

By Isabel A. Mallon

MRS. MALLON will be glad to answer any question about woman's wear which may be sent to her by JOURNAL readers. She asks, however, that she be permitted to answer through this Department in the JOURNAL; though, if stamps are inclosed, she will reply by mail. Address all letters to MRS. MALLON, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.



LITTLE care is necessary in making up the hair-lined fabrics that bid fair to be very popular during the early autumn and winter. Blacks, with pale blue lines, browns with blue, blacks with whites, red or greens, blues with red, brown or black, and many other combinations, are noted in silk and suiting. The stout woman, who selects such material, must not be induced to have it made in any way except with the stripes running down; for even a trimming of stripes going about the figure tends to make it look short, and to apparently increase the flesh.

Instruct your dressmaker to make the narrow stripes fit into each other, and to take such care about the bodices that the pretty pointed effects, which will tend to make you appear more slender, will be achieved. For very slender figures modistes who understand the art of dress, are making gowns of plain black silk or suiting, and trimming the skirt and basque with ruffles of the striped material cut lengthwise, so that the bayedere or round result is obtained. These seem like little details, but they tend to make the entire costume more perfect.

THE attempt to introduce the short glove has proved, as I predicted, an entire failure. The reason for it is easily seen; a short glove makes the hand look dumpy, and gives an awkward shape to the wrist. By-the-by, if you have large hands, just remember that gloves stitched in contrasting colors at the seams and on the back will tend to make them look larger. A very pale shade of primrose kid that is now in vogue is quite as often worn with all-white costumes as is the dead-white glove.

IN choosing a white fillet to go about your hair, select a cream-white one if you are a blonde, and a dead-white if you are a brunette. Only the clear olive skin of the brunette can stand the trying tone of pure white.

A FAVORITE combination for evening or house gowns is very light rose color and black. One of the prettiest tea-gowns has a Watteau back of black mousseline de soie, and a full empire front of pale pink crepe confined by a broad black velvet sash, the ends of which reach almost to the edge of the skirt. There are two sets of sleeves, the inner one being of the pink, and fitting the arm quite closely, while the outer one is of the black, and is cut in the regulation angel shape. The neck is cut out in the round English fashion, and a fall of Mechlin lace is its finish. Of course, such a gown could be developed in plain cashmere, and would look quite as well as in the more expensive material, provided that the combination of pink and black, or that other fashionable one of pale green and white, was used.

WOMEN who wish to give a long-waisted appearance to their bodices, are wearing pointed cut jet girdles, with very long jet fringe on the lower edge. These girdles are very expensive, but if one has the time, a girdle can be made at home at a comparatively small cost. The plain jet girdle may be gotten, and strands of beads bought and hung in the proper fringe fashion from it. In doing this, be careful that each string of beads is separate, and the thread securely fastened, so that if one should break the others will not, of necessity, follow its example.

A MOST charming bonnet, which will be much in vogue for evening wear, is made of coarse white or black lace, and fits the head exactly like the cap of a French peasant. Velvet ribbon ties cross it at the back, and from under them, coming toward the front, is a huge rose, orchid, tulip or some other flower that may be made of velvet, and is tinted in very bright colors.

A RIBBON bow, made with three loops and one end, and which suggests a four-leaf clover, is liked for fastening a ribbon belt, as a decoration on the shoulder, or to catch up the drapery of a light evening dress.

RATHER heavy net, with large cut jet stars upon it, is fancied for the blouse to be worn with a Toreador jacket. This blouse, by-the-by, falls in a soft pouf about three inches below the belt, which, of course, is always of jet.

THE fashionable slipper is made of black moiré, the high heel being covered with the same material; a very small rhinestone buckle is the only decoration. These slippers will not increase the size of the foot, as does velvet, and are not so warm, though it must be said that they have not the dressy appearance of satin.

I HAVE said a number of times, but I must repeat it, as the question is continually asked, that I do not advise attempting to clean gloves at home. The result is seldom satisfactory. At the professional scourer's, a pair of gloves can be made to look as good as new for ten cents, unless, indeed, they are extremely long, and then a few more pennies are charged; but if the gloves are good they are well worth the small sum spent upon them.

ASIAN bows of black thread lace form a smart trimming for the scarlet straw bonnets, to be worn during the early autumn.

A SKIRT of blue and green plaid silk has for wear with it an accordeon plaited blouse of blue silk, which falls slightly over the belt, but not its entire distance. The belt itself is of the blue silk folded, and is caught on one side with a clover bow of green ribbon. The high collar is decorated with a similar bow. The sleeves are full, and drawn into plain deep cuffs that match the bodice. This combination is a little odd, but it is extremely pretty, and usually very becoming to a young girl.

AN odd piece of jewelry intended for a brooch shows a rocket starting off; the stick is of gold, and there are long, wire-like gold threads, each tipped with a diamond, ruby, emerald or a topaz, to simulate the different colored balls. This is wonderfully effective when pinned against a black tulle or lace bodice.

IN very deep mourning there is a fancy for having Watteau backs of black crepe on tea-gowns or house jackets of black Henrietta cloth. A very sombre effect is produced by this arrangement, but it seems to be one that is very much liked.

THE accordeon-plaited blouses of light-weight silk, are very often made without sleeves, and a jacket matching the skirt is then worn over them.

AN artistic engagement ring is formed of two narrow bands of gold that become one just in the center; the part where they are divided is filled in with small but pure diamonds. These small, clear stones are always preferred by women of good taste to very large ones less perfect in color and in shape.

AN odd brooch is shaped exactly like a pair of gold pincers, a perfectly round pearl being held by them.

AMONG the blues, what is known as a real smoke blue is again in vogue; it is somewhat darker than gendarme, and not as cold looking as steel blue. Speaking of blue, the old stand-by, navy, is now combined with heliotrope, and a very fashionable English woman wears a heliotrope silk shirt, with a skirt and coat of navy blue broadcloth.

FOR evening wear during the winter, a favorite contrast will be pale green and white; that is, a green crepe de chine dress will be elaborately trimmed with white satin ribbon, while an all-white dress of cloth or silk will have a skirt trimming of pale green chiffon, and the entire bodice formed of it.

AN idealized flannel petticoat is one of light-weight material, having small pink dots over it and decorated with pink lace knitted by hand and with silk. It is almost unnecessary to say that this fashion comes from England, where the knitting needles seem almost a part of the busy woman's hands.

A GOOD glove for outdoor wear when one is not in full promenade toilette is of heavy kid of a shade known as dull tan; they are closed with four horn buttons of almost the same shade, and have the delightful quality of wearing and wearing until one absolutely thinks they can never wear out.

ECONOMICAL women are now buying the very thin summer stockings, either for wear in the house or to keep until next summer, for they have been so much reduced in price that their purchase is really a saving of money.

THE French percale shirt, tucked from the neck to the bust and then allowed to flare, is liked by women who do not care to assume a stiff shirt; they can, of course, be worn far into cold weather with a cloth skirt and jacket.

IN putting away your pretty summer shoes do not just push them together and wrap them up, but stuff them well with soft paper, stand them in a box, pack paper about them, tie the box up tight, and mark on it just what it contains. By doing this you will keep them in good order, and you will be surprised yourself to see how new they will look when the time comes to bring them out again.

JET nail heads continue to be used on the yokes of capes, where they really seem very effective. By-the-by, if you are wearing a cape of light-weight cloth or suiting that comes very nearly to your knees, insist upon your dressmaker putting a few weights in the lower edge, else the lightest breeze will make the cape blow and cause you to look very ridiculous, a something that a woman can never afford.

RIBBONS on the hair, on the gowns and the coming season. While the flowing streamer may not be popular, still it is certain that the ribbon artistically disposed will have a special place.



A baby's skin is the most delicate of all delicate things, and is much more subject to external influence than a grown person's. It is frequently affected by the harmful ingredients of common soaps; these do not rinse readily, and will cause painful chapping, rash and disease by remaining in the clothing and coming into contact with the skin of the little one.

Do not permit the child's garments to be washed with anything but Ivory Soap. It is pure and is made of vegetable oils.

Dr. R. Ogden Doremus, of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, says: "Medical men are much interested in discovering the various sources of disease, as whether from foul air, impure water, infested food, and possibly soap made of fat from diseased cattle."

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FORTY SAMPLES

of the cloths and plushes from which we make the garments, to select from, on receipt of four cents postage. You may select any style garment that you desire from our catalogue and we will make it to order for you from any of our cloths or plushes.

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MISS PARLOA will at all times be glad, so far as she can, to answer in this Department all general domestic questions sent by her readers. Address all letters to MISS MARIA PARLOA, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cooking receipts are not given in this Department, hence do not ask that they be printed and do not send manuscripts of that nature to MISS PARLOA.

SOMEbody somewhere is always in a state of perplexity over matters pertaining to the table, and sometimes it seems to me as if several pages of the JOURNAL would afford none too much room for the giving of the information sought by those who send letters to me from month to month. So much interest is manifested in this particular subject that I am going to turn my attention to it once more.

DUTIES OF THE WAITRESS

ALTHOUGH every housekeeper may have some methods peculiarly her own in the matter of waiting upon the table, still there are some customs that are almost universal in refined households.

If the water has not already been poured, the waitress pours it as soon as the guests sit down at the table. If there be raw oysters, they should be served first. Usually they are arranged on the plates, and placed at each person's seat before the guests come in.

When the oyster plates have been removed, the soup tureen and hot soup plates are placed before the hostess. The waitress lifts the cover off the tureen, inverting it at once, that no drops of steam shall fall from it, and carries it from the room. The hostess puts a ladleful of soup into each plate and hands it to the waitress, who places it before the guests, going in every case to the left-hand side. Some hostesses always serve the ladies first, while others serve the guests in rotation.

The meat is set before the host, the vegetables being placed before the hostess or on the sideboard, as one chooses. The waitress passes each plate as the host hands it to her. She then passes vegetables, bread, sauce, etc.

The salad is to be served by the hostess. After that the table is brushed and the dessert is brought in and placed before the hostess. The coffee follows. If fruit be served it is passed before the coffee.

Finger bowls are brought in after the made dessert has been served. A dainty doily is spread on a dessert plate and the finger bowl placed on this. The bowl should be about one-quarter full of water. Each guest lifts the bowl and doily from the plate and places them at the left-hand side. The doily is never to be used to wipe the fingers.

A good waitress will not pile one dish upon another when removing them from the table. She should be provided with a tray for all the smaller dishes, and should remove the plates one or two at a time.

SEATING ONE'S GUESTS AT DINNER

MANY inquiries come as to how the guests should be seated at dinner. The host leads the way to the dining-room, offering his arm to the oldest lady or the greatest stranger, unless it happens that the dinner is given for one lady in particular, in which case she, as the guest of honor, is taken in by the host, and seated at his right. The other guests follow, each gentleman giving his arm to the lady he is to take in. The hostess follows last with the oldest gentleman or the greatest stranger, who is then seated at her right.

IS IT PROPER TO KEEP THE TABLE SET?

WHETHER or not it is right to keep the table set all the time in a private house is a question that has troubled one of my correspondents. It is not considered proper. After each meal clear the table, brush the cloth and fold it carefully; then put on a heavy colored cloth. If the table be of handsomely-finished wood it may be left bare.

It often happens that a housekeeper who does her own work, or one who has a large family and keeps but one servant, finds it more convenient to have her table set after each meal. If the dining-room be used only for its legitimate purpose there can be no objection to this, if the room be kept closed and dark until meal time. The same rules cannot apply both to the woman who does her own work, or has but one servant, and the woman who keeps many servants. There is one thing which never should be done by anybody: tumblers and plates should not be turned upside down.

SERVING MEALS WITHOUT A SERVANT

A HOUSEKEEPER who keeps no servant asks how to serve desserts; how to serve the other dishes at dinner; what comes after the oatmeal or the mush at breakfast; when to pour the coffee; and if the plates should be distributed on the table or placed beside the carver?

The conditions are so different in different families that no arbitrary rules can be given for these things, but here are a few suggestions which may be helpful: Have everything ready in the kitchen to put on the table without delay, and place the dishes where they will keep hot until wanted. Eggs in any form must, of course, be served as soon as cooked; therefore they must be timed very carefully. Put the mush on the table at your own place and serve it in saucers or little dishes that come for that purpose. Anyone who does not eat mush or fruit may decline it, and wait for the next course. After the mush has been served, remove the dishes, and place the rest of the breakfast on the table. The plates should be hot and be piled before or at one side of the carver. While he is serving, pour the coffee. When there is another member of the family who can put the second course on the table, the housekeeper should be relieved of this part of the work. It is hard on a woman not only to have to prepare the breakfast, but also to arise from the table, bring in the second course and serve this, as she often must, since, as a rule, men are in a hurry in the morning and cannot assist their wives in serving the breakfast.

BE CHEERFUL AT BREAKFAST

IT often happens that the housekeeper must serve everything, besides pouring the coffee. The best a woman can do under these circumstances is to keep calm, cook and serve a healthful and plain breakfast as cheerfully and well as possible, forgetting herself until her family is served and ready for the day's work. After this, if she be a wise woman, she will eat her own breakfast slowly, resting body and mind, that she may be prepared for the work of the day. Few women realize how much influence this first meal has upon the members of their household.

The woman who does her own work, if she be wise, will not often serve more than two courses for dinner. Have the dessert dishes all ready on the sideboard or a side table. Remove the dinner plates, vegetables and meat dishes, butter plates, etc., and then brush the table, if there be any crumbs upon it; then put on the dessert. If there be children in the family they can be trained to change the plates and bring in the other dishes. It is an educating and refining experience for them.

THE USES OF THE TRAY CLOTH

SHE has had a number of pretty tray cloths given her, and now she wants to know what they are for.

The terms "tray cloths" and "carving cloths" are applied to the same articles, which are intended to be spread on the trays from which coffee or tea is served when taken to the parlor or piazza. When meals are taken to an invalid's room the tray is covered with one of these cloths. On the dinner table they are placed over the tablecloth at the carver's place. For breakfast, luncheon and tea they are spread at the mistress's end of the table, and the dishes for tea, coffee or chocolate are arranged upon them, as they used to be arranged in old times, when a silver or enameled tray was used for this purpose.

These tray cloths come in all sizes and designs. The most satisfactory kind are the fine damask or linen, hemstitched, and, if one can afford it, embroidered in white or some delicate shade of washable silk.

VALUE OF A DROP OF OIL

EVERY housekeeper knows how annoying it is to have the hinges of the doors squeak, and the locks and bolts refuse to move unless great force be used. Many do not realize that a few drops of oil will, as a rule, remedy these annoyances. First spread a newspaper on that part of the floor over which the hinges swing. Now, with the sewing-machine oil can, oil the hinges thoroughly, and then swing the door back and forth until it moves without noise. Wipe the hinges, but let the paper remain for a few hours, to guard against the possible dripping of oil. For locks and bolts, guard the floor in the same manner. Oil them thoroughly, working them until they will move with ease. The egg-beater and the ice-cream freezer should be oiled in the same manner.

TO CLEAN CHAMOIS SKINS

CHAMOIS skins that have been used for cleaning silver, brass, etc., can be made as soft and clean as new by following these directions: Put six tablespoonfuls of household ammonia into a bowl with a quart of tepid water. Let the chamois skin soak in this water for one hour. Work it about with a spoon, pressing out as much of the dirt as possible; then lift it into a large basin of tepid water, and rub well with the hands. Rinse in fresh waters until clean, then dry in the shade. When dry, rub between the hands. Chamois jackets can be washed in the same manner, except that there should be two quarts of water to the six tablespoonfuls of ammonia. Pull into shape before drying.

If you find grease spots on wall paper, put powdered French chalk, wet with cold water, over the places, and let it remain for twelve hours or more. When you brush off the chalk, if the grease spots have not disappeared, put on more chalk, place a piece of coarse brown paper or blotting paper on this, and press for a few minutes with a warm flat-iron.

CLEANING WHITE RUGS

MANY inquiries come to me as to how to clean white goatskin rugs. They can be cleaned by washing, or with naphtha.

Wet a small part of the rug with naphtha, and rub with a soft cloth until that space is clean; then clean another place, continuing until the entire rug has been treated in this way. Hang in the air until the odor has disappeared. Take care that no gas is lit in the room while the naphtha is being used.

To wash the rug, put into a tub about four gallons of tepid water and half a pint of household ammonia. Let the rug soak in this for about half an hour, sopping it up and down in the water frequently. Rinse in several tepid waters, and hang on the line to dry; if possible, in a shady place. Select a windy day for this work. Even with the greatest care the skin will become hard when washed. Rubbing it between the hands tends to soften it; or, it may be folded lengthwise, the fur side in, and then be passed through the clothes-wringer several times. This, of course, should be done only when the rug is dry.

TWO WAYS TO CATCH FLIES

AMONG the many questions that have come to me is one in regard to the making of sticky fly paper. Such paper is easily prepared. Put into a saucepan one pint of molasses, half a pint of linseed oil and one pound of rosin. Cook for thirty-five minutes after the mixture begins to boil, and stir frequently. Spread this very thinly on common brown paper, and spread another sheet of paper on the first one. Continue laying these double sheets in this manner until all the mixture has been used. With the quantities given, four large sheets of wrapping paper can be covered. When you want to use any of it, cut off a piece and draw the sheets apart.

If you want a fly paper of another sort, one that is not poisonous, put one pound of quassia wood in a saucepan with two quarts of water, and soak overnight. In the morning boil until there is but one pint of liquid left. Soak sheets of blotting paper in this and then dry them. Set away for use. Put small pieces of the paper in a saucer with a little water, and place where the flies will taste the liquid.

WHAT THE DUTIES OF A HOUSEKEEPER ARE

A SUBSCRIBER wishes to know what the duties of a housekeeper are in a private family. This question is hard to answer, since every family has different requirements. A housekeeper for people of limited means usually does all the work. In a family where only one or two servants are kept she must do many things about the house, besides sewing and mending. The housekeeper in a fashionable household does not have manual labor to perform, but she must know how everything should be done. It is her business to be entirely familiar with the duties of each servant, and to see that they are properly performed. Every part of the house, from the attic to the cellar, is under her charge. She hires and pays the servants, does the marketing, gives out household supplies, unless the establishment be so large that a steward is employed; sees that the household furniture, linen, utensils, etc., are kept in order, and that they are renewed when they are worn out or defaced. She also makes out the bills of fare for each day, studying the taste of each individual in the family, and trying to cater to it. She takes charge of the flowers in the parlors and dining-room. In fact, she must know everything about the requirements and desires of a refined household, and be capable of filling a gap herself should one of the servants fail her.

Her social position varies. Some families provide separate dining and sitting-rooms for their housekeeper, and she has no more social life in that home than if she were the kitchen maid. In many households, however, she is one of the family, and often she has a most delightful home.

The position of housekeeper is a most trying and delicate one. No matter how competent a woman may be, if she lack tact and refinement she will find it hard to get along smoothly. If a woman understands her duties, and tries to put herself in the position of the real head of the house when she has any doubt of what her course ought to be, she may avoid many snags that otherwise would be a source of much trouble.

TO PACK AWAY SILKS AND WOOLENS

WHENEVER you have occasion to pack away silk or woolen goods which you are afraid may turn yellow, break up a few cakes of white bees-wax and fold the pieces loosely in old handkerchiefs that are worn thin. Place these among the goods. If possible, pin the silks or wooleens in some old white linen sheets or garments. If it be inconvenient to use linen, take cotton sheets. Of course, it is important that the clothing shall be perfectly clean when put away.



A TABLE LUXURY, A CULINARY ARTICLE, AN INFANT'S FOOD.

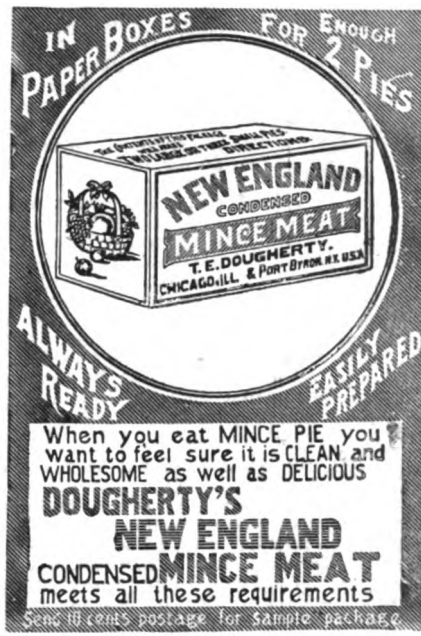
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IF YOUR HUSBAND FINDS FAULT With your cooking, send us ten two-cent stamps for Miss Parloa's New Cook Book and make him happy. F. B. GOODNOW & CO., Box 1867, Boston, Mass. PERFECTION Loose bottoms. Cakes removed without breaking. Agents wanted everywhere. Set, by mail, 30c. RICHARDSON MFG. CO., 8 St., Bath, N. Y. OHIO ELECTRIC CO., Cleveland, wants Agents. Catalogue free

FLOWERS AT FUNERALS

BY H. H. BATTLES

WHEN death has visited the home of a friend there is no more delicate way of expressing one's sympathy than by sending a few flowers.

THE CHOICE OF COLOR

CLUSTERS of flowers are always pretty if the flowers are well chosen and arranged gracefully.

Should one not wish to send anything, but desirous to pay some little tribute to their friend, a pretty idea is to carry a handful of flowers and place them on the casket, or on the grave.

CROSSES, BASKETS AND ANCHORS

CROSSES can be made in a great variety of ways. The same combination of flowers as that suggested for wreaths is pretty.

Flat baskets loosely arranged with flowers and maiden-hair fern generously scattered through are always effective.

In place of the crape on the door a pretty custom is to tie a cluster, or wreath of flowers, with touches of color as suggested in the wreaths.

FLOWERS AT THE GRAVE

UNTIL cremation becomes the accepted means of disposing of our dead there will be graves.

Much of the horror of death may be avoided by lining the grave with greens of various kinds, also covering the mound of soil with green.

And the impression left on one's mind will be far, far different than though nothing but the cold, naked earth were seen.

THE WIVES OF DOCTORS

BY ONE OF THEM

THE girl who has married or is about to marry a physician let me give a few words of advice.

It is but natural for people to inquire of you about a friend who is seriously ill, and you will often gain friends by a courteous answer.

When I married a young physician we could not afford to take the many papers and magazines to which I had been accustomed at home.

Read the newspapers and his favorite periodicals and then when he is too busy to spare them any time himself, at meal time, for often with the busy practitioner that is the only time he has to spend with his family, in a pleasing manner all your own, you can tell him what is happening in the outside world.

Don't tell who are good paying patients. Don't tell of the poor paying ones.

Don't boast of your husband's success with certain cases.

Don't repeat to him any gossip you may hear concerning his successes or his failures. Don't be curious; don't be nervous; don't be jealous of either his patients or his work.

Do be helpful to him yourself by being strong and well and free from all the little failings of the average sick woman.

WHAT I SOMETIMES THINK

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

THAT the women who are continually complaining that they are insulted need to understand that there is something in their carriage to invite insult.

That we are never more subject to attack from our spiritual enemies than when in the garden of ease.

That as long as we have reasonable wants we get on comfortably, but it is the struggle after luxuries that fills society with distress, and populates prisons, and sends hundreds of people stark mad.

That it is our misfortune that we mistake God's shadow for the night. If a man stands between you and the sun his shadow falls upon you.

That a great deal of the piety of to-day is too exclusive; it hides itself. It needs more fresh air, more out-door exercise.

That all the waters that ever leaped in torrent, or foamed in cascade, or fell in summer shower, or hung in morning dew, give no such coolness to the fevered soul as the smallest drop that ever flashed out from the showering fountains of the divine Book.

That some Christians serve God so tremendously on Sunday that they are cross and crabbed all the week.

That when a Christian marries an atheist it always makes conjoined wretchedness; for if a man does not believe there is a God he is neither to be trusted with a dollar nor with your lifelong happiness.

POZZONI'S Complexion Powder



A delicate, refreshing powder that will soften and refine the skin, and is not only a luxury, but a necessity of the toilet.

POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER

makes the face delicately smooth, and gives it that transparent clearness which is the great beauty of all naturally fine complexions.

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Paris medal on every bottle.

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2c. postage for 100 styles new Fall samples. 60 cents to \$1.00 will buy elegant paper and border for large room. Papers hanger's large soliciting sample books, 25 cents. Address K.W. P. Co., 145-7 W. Sixth St., Cincinnati, O.

THE AUTUMNAL FLORAL SHOW

By EBEN E. REXFORD

IN September the garden ought to be gay with color. It will, if you have made a good selection of plants, and given them proper treatment.

The dahlia is one of our best fall bloomers if given plenty of water and rich food. The single sorts and the cactus dahlia are more popular than the older double sorts. They are quite as showy, quite as rich in color and really much more graceful.

FLOWERS FOR AUTUMNAL BLOOMING

AMONG bedding plants few produce a more striking display than salvia splendens, with its plumes of fiery scarlet. It is a grand decorative plant. To produce the best results with it, plant it where it will have a background of evergreens to show its flowers against. If you want a strong color contrast, use helianthus multiflorus plena with it. The scarlet of one and the rich yellow of the other will heighten and intensify each other, and make the garden glow with tropical magnificence of color.

The cosmos is a charming fall flower, the only trouble with it is that it is so very late in coming into bloom. Unless started very early in the season, it will not begin to bloom much before the coming of frost, and it is so tender that the least touch of frosty weather ruins it. It is charming in full flower; its airy blossoms dance and nod in every wind and show like stars against the pretty, feathery foliage.

Asters are among the best of all flowers for fall display; they stand the frosts well, and are almost always in full bloom when really cold fall weather sets in. I like the plan of planting them among the border where there will be no other flower in bloom at this time, unless it is the Japan anemone, and that they contrast well with in habit and color.

Pansies will be growing larger and finer as the weather becomes cooler. I almost always have finer ones in the cool October days than at any other time of the year.

Many of the hybrid perpetual roses will give a fair show of bloom in fall if properly attended to. In order to secure flowers from them, one must be careful to cut the branches back well from time to time, also to keep the soil very rich. These attentions induce new growth, and only from new growth will flowers be obtained.

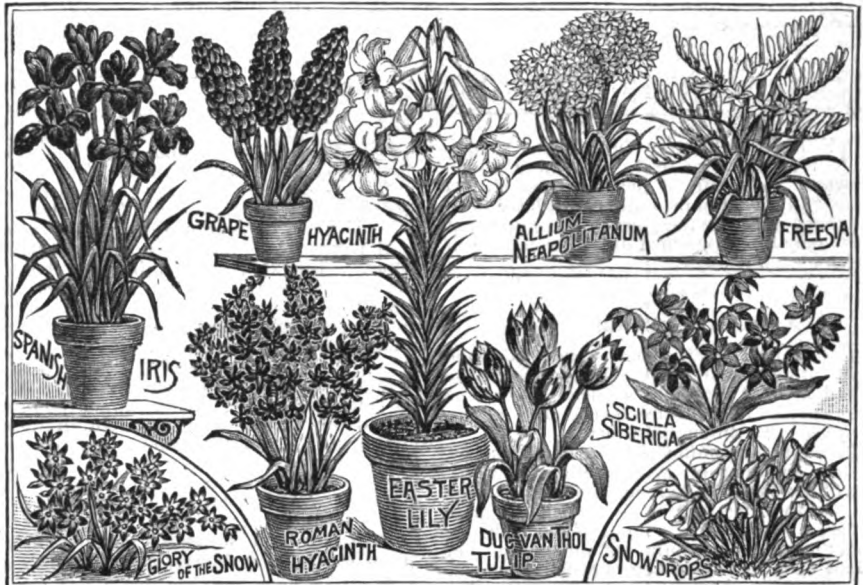
Do not neglect the garden now that the greatest show of flowers is past. Keep it clean and neat. Much of the charm of a garden depends on its keeping. A house with rich furniture in it will not be attractive unless well kept. A tastefully cared-for house with very ordinary furniture will give more delight. It is the same with a garden. No matter how many fine flowers you may have in it, it will not please the fastidious unless it is well taken care of. Neatness is all-important, and especially so at a time when a lack of it will be so apparent, because of the falling off in quantity of flowers and consequently in brilliance of showy effects, which during the earlier part of the season may cause lack of proper attention to be less noticeable.

TWO POPULAR GERANIUMS

A LITTLE gem among variegated leaved plants is the Madame Sallerio geranium. It forms a perfect mass of foliage, of pale green edged with pure white. It never requires any training. Let it alone and it will send up from a dozen to twenty stalks to a height of four or five inches, seldom more, and these give a compact little bush whose leaves are so thick that you see nothing behind them. Each plant is literally a cushion of foliage. For use among other plants I know of nothing more effective. I grow dozens of plants of it for greenhouse decoration. Its leaves are very useful for small bouquets. It never blooms, I think. I have never seen a flower on my plants, at any rate. Something over a year ago I spoke of the great beauty of the Souvenir de Mirande geranium. Since then I have had an opportunity of seeing what it can do in the greenhouse and sitting-room, and I can unhesitatingly say that it is one of the best winter bloomers I have ever grown. It blooms constantly. It is a very robust and healthy grower. And it is one of the most beautiful representatives of this popular family. The peculiar blending of rose, salmon and white in its petals gives it a much more delicate effect than any other geranium. There is not a suggestion of coarseness about it. It is very floriferous, and two or three plants made the greenhouse bright at times when there were but few other flowers out.

AN ANNUAL THAT FLOWERS IN WINTER

SOME of the annuals will flower very well in the house in winter. The petunia is a specimen of this class. If you take up a thrifty seedling in September and pot it, it will come into full bloom in November, and if you are careful to cut off the flowers as soon as they begin to fade you will have flowers all the time. This plant may be common, and on this account many would object to it, but its flowers are so bright and cheerful, and produced so freely and constantly, that it will win your friendship in spite of all prejudices, and you will find that one such plant is worth a score of "choicer" kinds which have to be coaxed and coddled, and then fail to give much return in the way of flowers. One lady told me this summer that the most satisfactory plant she had in her conservatory in the winter was a petunia that came up in a pot of soil brought in from the garden. "It just took care of itself," she said. "It was never without flowers, and it had such a brave, sturdy way about it that I couldn't help making a friend of it. I had plants that I admired more, in a certain way, because they had a more brilliant color, or were more striking and noticeable in various ways, but not one that I liked as well as I did my little petunia."



LOVELY WINTER FLOWERS

For only 30 cents we will send by mail, postpaid, the following 10 elegant Bulbs which may be potted as once for winter blooming in your window, or planted in the garden for early Spring blooming:

- 1 Bulb Bermuda Easter Lily, the grandest winter flower, enormous white, sweet scented blossoms.
- 1 Bulb Roman Hyacinth, bears several spikes of beautiful white blossoms, very fragrant.
- 1 Bulb Grape Hyacinth, produces spikes of the most beautiful blue flowers.
- 1 Bulb Freesia, very fragrant, large white and yellow blossoms, in wonderful profusion.
- 1 Bulb Tulip, Duet Van Thol, beautiful intense scarlet; blooms very early.
- 1 Bulb Allium Neap., large clusters of snow-white blossoms, free bloomer.
- 1 Bulb Giant Snowdrop, great, drooping, waxy-white flowers of unsurpassed beauty.
- 1 Bulb Scilla, sprays of deep sky-blue blossoms of great beauty.
- 1 Bulb Spanish Iris, a lovely flower of various colors and a profuse bloomer.
- 1 Bulb Glory of the Snow, long sprays of large, light-blue flowers with white center.

Also our Superb Catalogue of Bulbs and Plants for Fall planting and Winter blooming, and a sample copy of THE MAYFLOWER with two elegant large colored plates. All the above for only 30 cents, postpaid. These 10 rare bulbs (worth 75 cents) are grand bloomers either for the house or garden. We send them for 30 cents only to introduce them. Get your neighbors to send with you and we will send 4 of these collections for \$1.00. Directions for culture sent with each lot.

ALSO THE FOLLOWING SPECIAL OFFERS BY MAIL POSTPAID.

18 Mixed Tulips, double or single.....40c	6 Giant Bermuda Freesias, mixed.....75c
18 Mixed Parrot Tulips.....35c	5 Grand Lilies, 5 sorts, including Auratum.....60c
6 Mixed Hyacinths, double or single.....50c	5 Fine named Caeti, different sorts.....60c
6 Pompon Hyacinths, mixed, elegant.....35c	4 New Perpetual Blooming Plants, the winter bloomers, 50c
25 Fine Mixed Crocus, all colors.....90c	5 Lovely Everblooming Roses, 5 sorts.....64c

OUR FALL CATALOGUE for 1892. A superb work of Art, large and illustrated, with colored plates of the finest stock of Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, Lilies, Freesias, etc., and scores of rare new Bulbs and Plants for fall planting and winter blooming; also choice Shrubs and Fruits. It is the most beautiful and complete Catalogue of the kind ever issued. We want agents in every town to take subscribers for our beautiful Monthly Horticultural Paper (32 pages), THE MAYFLOWER, 50 cents per year. Liberal premiums. Sample copy free. Address **JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.**

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The flowers which, if planted indoors in the Fall, cheer the homes in the gloomy Winter months; which, if planted outdoors in the Fall, are among the first to show their exquisite beauties in the Spring.

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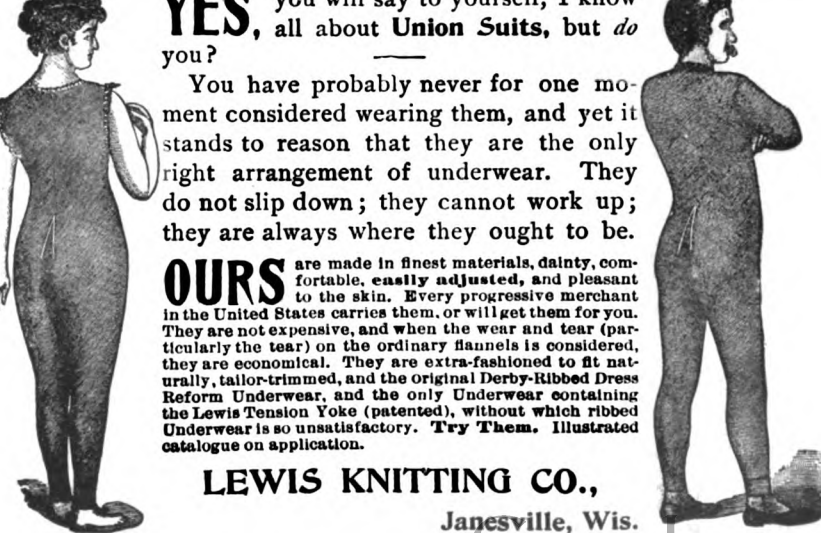
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YES, you will say to yourself, I know all about Union Suits, but do you?

You have probably never for one moment considered wearing them, and yet it stands to reason that they are the only right arrangement of underwear. They do not slip down; they cannot work up; they are always where they ought to be.

OURS are made in finest materials, dainty, comfortable, easily adjusted, and pleasant to the skin. Every progressive merchant in the United States carries them, or will get them for you. They are not expensive, and when the wear and tear (particularly the tear) on the ordinary flannels is considered, they are economical. They are extra-fashioned to fit naturally, tailor-trimmed, and the original Derby-Ribbed Dress Reform Underwear, and the only Underwear containing the Lewis Tension Yoke (patented), without which ribbed Underwear is so unsatisfactory. Try Them. Illustrated catalogue on application.

LEWIS KNITTING CO.,
Janesville, Wis.



USEFUL THINGS WORTH KNOWING

OFTEN it is the stray short hint or suggestion that we read somewhere which proves a mountain of help at some critical time, and the subjoined little helps have been gathered and put together in the hope that they may be of practical use to some one of the JOURNAL readers.

A DELICIOUS COUGH CANDY

A DELIGHTFUL cough candy is made from the following receipt, and will be found a most agreeable medicine as well as beneficial to all who use their voices and are troubled with throat affections:

Break up a cupful of slippery elm bark; let it soak an hour or two in a cupful of water. Half fill a cup with flax seed, and fill up to the brim with water, leaving it to soak the same time as the slippery elm. When you are ready to make the candy, put one pound and a half of brown sugar in a porcelain stew-pan over the fire. Strain the water from the flax seed and slippery elm and pour over it. Stir constantly until it begins to boil and turn back to sugar. Then pour it out, and it will break up into small crumbly pieces. A little lemon juice may be added if desired. Be sure to use the same measuring cup.

TAKING CARE OF LAMPS

BUY the best oil.

Fill the lamps by daylight. Lamps should be kept well filled. Never attempt to light a lamp that is only partly filled.

Keep the oil can closed and in a cool place. Lamps to be carried should be of metal and have handles. See that any hanging lamps you may have are securely hung.

When buying lamps select those in which the end of the burner is considerably elevated above the body of the lamp.

Watch your wicks closely, and change them before they become too short.

If burning oil gets upon the floor smother with woolen blankets or rugs.

TO CLEAN MARBLE

MIX two parts of powdered whiting with one of powdered bluing and half a pound of soft soap, and allow it to come to a boil; while still hot apply with a soft cloth to the stained marble and allow it to remain there until quite dry, then wash off with hot water and soap in which a little salt of lemon has been dissolved. Dry well with a piece of soft flannel, and your marble will be clean and white as when new.

A RELIEF FOR RHEUMATISM

PUT half a large coffee-cupful of the best white wine vinegar, the same quantity of turpentine and the beaten whites of two eggs into a wide-mouthed bottle, and shake thoroughly. Pour about a tablespoonful of this mixture over a piece of red flannel and apply wherever the pain is most severe; over the flannel lay a small piece of oiled silk. Relief will be almost instantaneous.

TO CLEAN A HAIR BRUSH

To clean hair brushes, dip them up and down in soda water, rinse in tepid water in which a little ammonia has been mixed. Place several thicknesses of brown paper on the back of a very moderate oven, set the brushes upon this, bristles down, and dry.

STARCH FOR COLLARS AND CUFFS

ADD to each quart of well-boiled starch half a teaspoonful of powdered borax and a tiny piece of lard, and dip the collars and cuffs in while the starch is quite hot. Use a polishing iron, and your collars and cuffs will look like new.

REMEDY FOR HIVES

MIX thoroughly a cupful of molasses, a tablespoonful of powdered sulphur and a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Take a teaspoonful of this mixture every morning, before breakfast, until quite relieved.

A GOOD CEMENT FOR CHINA

MIX with a strong solution of gum arabic and water enough plaster of Paris to make a thick paste. Apply this with a camel's hair brush to the broken edges and unite.

A GOOD MUCILAGE

THE best mucilage is made from gum tragacanth and water. When well dissolved, add a few drops of oil of cloves and a tiny piece of alum.

TO RESTORE BLACK CASHMERE

WASH it in hot suds with a little borax in the water; rinse in very strong bluing water, and iron while damp.

CARE OF SPECTACLES

KEEP an old soft linen pocket handkerchief to clean your spectacles with. If necessary, they may be cleaned with a little ammonia water. Do not put them under your pillow at night, and be careful to keep the frames straight, otherwise the lenses will not be true and your sight will suffer accordingly.

A METHOD OF REMOVING GRASS STAINS

DURING the summer months it is a common thing to have more than one light dress stained by the grass. Such marks are easily removed with alcohol. Put a little of the liquid in a saucer and wet the stained part with it. Rub well, and the green will disappear.

THE ART OF HANGING PICTURES

By VIRGINIA N. BASH.



THERE is nothing adds so much to the furnishing of a house as the pictures on the wall, and even Mr. Eastlake, relentless iconoclast as he is, says that "they contribute greatly to that appearance of comfort which is the especial characteristic of an English home." Take down the familiar pictures and the apartment seems bare and meagre. Rehang them in the new house and at once an air, attractive and home-like, settles upon the unaccustomed surroundings.

IN Europe it is quite customary to hang family portraits in the dining-room, or, should the space prove insufficient, in the adjoining hall. And this seems reasonable when the portraits have intrinsic excellence, but the practice that has grown up in the United States of retaining large photographs of deceased friends upon the wall after they have become faded caricatures of the departed, is not to be commended on the score of sentiment or art.

DIFFERENT kinds of pictures should never be hung together, and though few modern houses are sufficiently spacious to admit of setting aside a room for each kind, they may at least be assigned to separate walls. It is also important that such pictures as require a glass should not be hung opposite a window, where the reflections on the glass will entirely destroy the effect. Neither should a very gay French painting be hung near a cool, quiet landscape, or, by contrast, the one will be vulgarized and the other made to seem tame and uninteresting.

ALMOST every person knows that the approved height for hanging pictures is five feet six inches from the floor to the center of the canvas, but this rule does not apply to very large, or full-length studies, which must be somewhat higher. Nor is it necessary to place them close together. Small objects, such as sconces, mirrors, brackets, etc., may alternate the pictures with good effect.

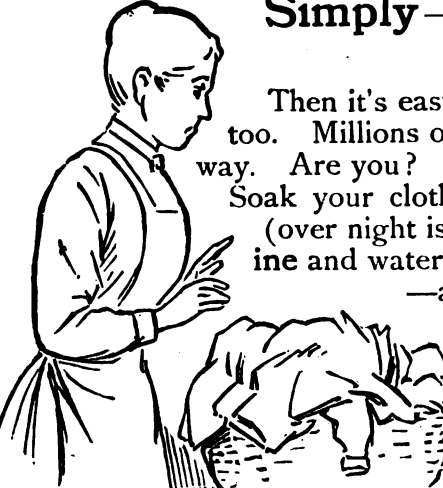
UNLESS in a gallery, where some pictures must necessarily be above the eye line, it is better to have the picture hang flat against the wall. A tilting, unsteady picture is never seen to advantage, and is trying to the nerves of an observer. This difficulty will be entirely obviated if two cords are used instead of one, each suspended from a nail of its own. Flat chains which are made for the purpose give an appearance of solidity, and in case of large pictures, look well; an embroidered, fancy galleon is sometimes used in the same way with good effect, but care must be taken that it harmonizes with the wall behind it. Wire for this purpose first came into use because it was practically invisible, but this seems rather an objection than otherwise. If pictures must be hung at all, it is more comfortable to see how they are hung rather than to be haunted by a sense of insecurity.

IN preparing a wall it is always well to remember that pictures appear to the best advantage against a vague, general design; one that does not assert itself. If choice of wall-covering is beyond our control, the defect may be remedied by suitable drapery, or even in case of large and important pictures, by a screen or curtain large enough to project beyond the frame and furnish a suitable background.

WITH these hints by way of guidance, you will be careful not to hang the new picture too high or too low; not to surround it with neighbors of a different species from itself; not to place it, if glazed, opposite a window; and to see that it is placed firmly against the wall without the unsightly cord triangle that has come down to us from our fathers. A beautiful picture properly framed and appropriately hung becomes doubly valuable, while many another which appears cold and crude is made so by a neglect of these important points.

SOME THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING

- There are 20,000 kinds of butterflies.
- There are 16,000,000 cows in the United States.
- The average weight of a horse is 1000 pounds.
- The next transit of Venus will occur in the year 2004.
- The greatest depth of the Atlantic Ocean is 27,366 feet.
- Telegraph messages cost the world \$450,000,000 in 1891.
- There are 111,100,000 English-speaking people in the world.
- Corn on the ear is never found with an uneven number of rows.
- The highest speed attained by a typewriter is 200 words a minute.
- The whole number of stars known to astronomers at present is 10,000.
- The human family is subject to forty-four principal forms of government.
- Eighty-five per cent. of the people who are lame are affected on the left side.
- The total area of the coal fields in the world is estimated at 471,800 square miles.



Simply — Soak, boil and rinse.

Then it's easy enough—and safe enough too. Millions of women are washing in this way. Are you? Soak your clothes in Pearlina and water (over night is best); boil them in Pearlina and water twenty minutes; rinse them—and they will be clean.

Yes, you can wash them without the boiling, but ask your doctor to explain the difference between clothes that are boiled, and clothes that are not boiled—he knows. When you think what you save by doing away with the rubbing, the saving of health, the saving of clothes, the saving of hard work, time and money—then isn't it time to think about washing with Pearlina?

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.

JAMES PYLE, New York

PRETTY LIPS

should have pearly teeth behind them. To make the teeth pearly, and to keep them so, there is nothing like

FRAGRANT SOZODONT

It neutralizes every element of impurity that affects the soundness or whiteness of the teeth. Moreover, it prevents gum-boil and canker. Sozodont should be used by ever one who values a good set of teeth. It has none of the acid properties of tooth pastes, etc., and, instead of contracting the gums, renders them firm and elastic. All disagreeable odors arising from the breath are neutralized by the use of Sozodont.



Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder

Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Used by people of refinement for over a quarter of a century. Sold Everywhere.



For All Stockings

worn by ladies and children

there is only one hose supporter which cannot cut the stocking. All genuine WARREN HOSE SUPPORTERS are made with Warren Fasteners with Rounded Rib or Holding Edges—all other supporters must cut the stocking. The Warren is for sale everywhere. Made by George Frost Co., Boston.



FASHIONABLE AND HEALTHFUL

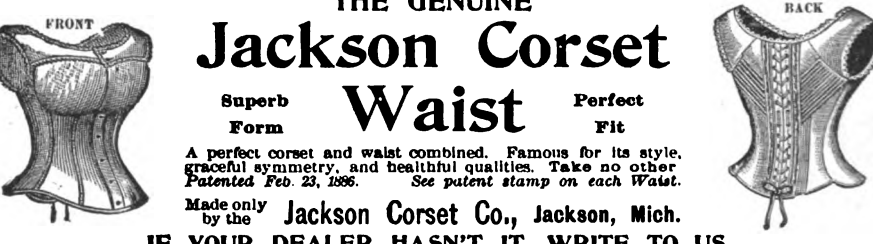
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Superb Form Perfect Fit

A perfect corset and waist combined. Famous for its style, graceful symmetry, and healthful qualities. Take no other. Patented Feb. 23, 1886. See patent stamp on each Waist. Made only by the **Jackson Corset Co., Jackson, Mich.**

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Or to the **E. T. CORSET CO., Sherbrooke, Province Quebec, Canada**



THE COLUMBIAN ARM CHAIR and SOFA BED

An invention of greater importance than the Folding Bed. Orders pouring in. Send for price-list and description.

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Send for our Mammoth Dry Goods Catalogue. A Beautiful Chair, Reclining Chair, Invalid Chair, Comfortable Bed.




ENGLISH DECORATED Dinner Set, No. 165, 112 Pieces

Gold Band with five natural colors on each piece, all under glaze.

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Packed and delivered at depot for \$12.50 Cash, or we give this Set as a Premium to those who get up a Club of \$35.00 for our Teas, Spices and Extracts. We are Importers of Tea, Coffee and Crockery, and sell direct to Consumers. We want YOU to send for our 128 page Price and Premium List. It tells the whole story. Costs you nothing. Will interest and pay you. We have hundreds of other Sets plain and decorated, and also carry a full stock of Lamps, Silver-ware, Clocks, Table-Linens, Lace Curtains, etc.



THE Minnesota Saving Fund & Investment Co. of Minneapolis, Minn., is a safe place to deposit or invest money in any amount. Write 30 days on trial. Rood's Magic Scale, the popular Ladies' Tailoring System. Illustrated circular free. **ROOD MAGIC SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.**

THE TWO ASTRONOMERS

By T. H. HOOD

At night when stars
Peeped thro' the bars
Of darkness, shutting earth from day,
My spirit trod
Those fields of God
'Mid myriad stars, the Milky Way.

Yet 'neath my feet
White, still and sweet,
Like wee star-ghosts, the clover grew;
But on my lawn
At dewy dawn
I found the starry clover few,

For clover's death
In Bossie's breath
So fragrant was most plainly told;
She calmly chewed
Her cud and viewed
The mischief wrought, that Bossie bold.

"In wrath I rose
"Bestowing blows
"For starry clover lost," you say?
Ah, no, with Boss
I couldn't be cross
She, too, had found the Milky Way.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STENOGRAPHERS

By NELLIE M. HANBY



My office is situated in a sunny nook in the reading room of one of the most prominent hotels in Michigan, right down among the "lords of creation." I have occupied the same office for two years, and have found the gentlemen who frequent the hotel uniformly courteous, but a stenographer's life has its difficulties, and I feel that my experience may be of use to others who may be about to go and do likewise.

In the first place do not expect more than you are willing to give, and you will never be disappointed. You will no doubt be nervous at the outset—this seems to be the fate of all stenographers—but the next thing is to rid yourself of that bugbear. The only way I have ever found to do that is to forget self entirely and think only of the dictator, or the work in hand. It is, I think, the hardest lesson a stenographer has to learn.

Then, too, never by any means sacrifice accuracy for mere speed. Speed will come in good time. When a man comes to you to request you to take his dictation, do not hurry, and thus do yourself and your dictator an injury, but quickly (there is a great difference in "quickly" and "hurriedly") get together your note book and pen or pencil, as the case may be, and then signify your readiness to begin. If you find your customer is talking too fast, kindly but firmly request him to talk a little slower; thus you will be able to transcribe a clean, accurate copy. Most gentlemen will thank you for thus intimating your desire to do good and accurate work.

Another thing you will find of great benefit, try to do a little more than you promise. Make all your own corrections. A man, as a rule, does not care how he makes a correction, and I have known some men to take a malicious pleasure in mutilating good copy. Do not allow him the chance to correct.

Never copy from manuscript verbatim (I will make an exception in law work, of course), unless your manuscript is entirely flawless. Make your copy as much better as you can, both as regards the language and punctuation. Get your copy up in the very best style you possess. In such a case you will never fail to win a pleasant "Thank you" from your customer, and what is more, his future work.

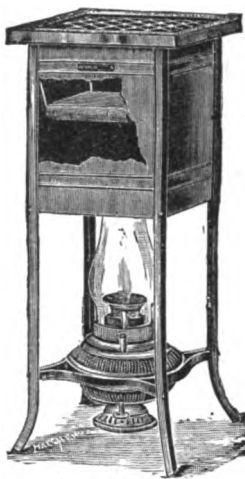
In a little while, by strict attention to some of these small details, you will find yourself gaining rapidly in confidence, and also increasing your store of knowledge. Use your eyes and ears; hear and see all you can without seeming to do so. Guard against betraying confidence in even the smallest matters.

Study your customers; in fact, make your business a study of human nature. Be able to tell a crank the moment you put eyes upon him, and then work harder than you ever did in your life to please that crank. I remember making a very cranky man say "Thank you, madam!" He was a gruff, surly, two hundred pound man, and I suppose thought that no one on earth knew as much as he did. But before he knew it he had actually said "Thank you" and "Good-day, madam." I think that made me feel well for a week.

Keep a dictionary near you, as you will certainly need it more than once, or I am very much mistaken. When you feel your need of it, take it up openly and find your words (even a stenographer is not expected to know everything)!

Perhaps the most important thing I have left until the last, the absolute necessity of keeping your typewriter clean, as you cannot expect to get the best results from your labor from an unclean machine. Learn the mechanism of your instrument so that you can adjust it yourself, or take it apart and put it together again. I mean this literally. I often hear stenographers say, "I can't do good work when I have such a miserable machine." Just look at your machine again and see if you have always kept it absolutely clean and free from dust; see if you have allowed it to become gummed with oil, etc.

Learn, also, to "time" your work, so that if it should accumulate you will be able to tell each customer exactly when he can have his work, and then see that you keep your promise. Finish your work exactly on time if possible. You will find that customers will learn to depend upon you, and it will materially add to your profits.



HEAT and LIGHT

The Magic Room Heater, equipped with the Ingersoll Heat Battery, heats a room by circulating to all parts of it a strong constant current of hot air. Using the splendid Mammoth Lamp disposes of all questions as to danger, smoke, smell, trouble or annoyance. While oil stoves are sent to the attic or junk shop, the Magic, being separable, is useful as a heater, a table or a lamp every day in the year. Sold direct. Price, \$10.00, express paid. Cash with order or C. O. D. Ingersoll Mfg. Co. LANSING, MICH. Established 1880.

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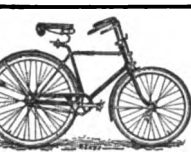
your own for a stamp. One of them, Dr. Blaydes, President of the Medical Institute at Hot Springs, says: "It certainly possesses some extraordinary property." Another, the editor of *Christian at Work*, writes: "I trust this water entirely, and never use drugs." But the booklet will tell you everything. Write for it. T. F. GOODE, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va. \$5 for case of one dozen half-gallon bottles.

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BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

A perfect plaster, nobly planned, To warm, to comfort, on demand.

WE all have pains and aches, but they needn't last long—not any longer than it takes to put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster. The only thing to look out for is that you get the right plaster. There are others, but you don't want them; take our word for it, for when you need a plaster you need it, and there's no time for experimenting and finding out mistakes then. Ask for Allcock's Porous Plasters and see that you get them. If they say that some other is just as good, tell them that only the best is good enough for you. Allcock's Porous Plasters are quick and sure, and acknowledged by the highest medical authorities and everybody else to be the best outside remedy for pains and aches of every description.



SYLPH CYCLES RUN EASY

A revelation in spring frames. No complication; no ungainly features. A power saver; speedy everywhere. More fine special features than any other two makes. STOP THAT 2017! It's the vibration that tires—not the labor of propulsion. The Sylph 3 part spring frame with Duryea 1 1/2 in. cushion tires (see cut) or best pneumatic make riding over rough roads or bad pavements, feasible. Highest grade. \$125 to \$150. Agents wanted. Catalogue free. ROUSE-DURYEA CYCLE CO., Makers, 80 G Street, Peoria, Ill. Cash. Tire.



Ask your Jeweler for The Bryant Rings. TAKE NO OTHER MAKE. WE CHARGE NOTHING FOR REASONABLE REPAIRS OF OUR RINGS. M. B. BRYANT & CO. 10 Maiden Lane, N.Y. OLDEST RING MAKERS IN AMERICA.



Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask

(OR FACE GLOVE).

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE CLAIMS MADE FOR MADAME ROWLEY'S TOILET MASK, AND THE GROUNDS ON WHICH IT IS RECOMMENDED TO LADIES FOR BEAUTIFYING, BLEACHING, AND PRESERVING THE COMPLEXION:

- 1st. The Mask is Soft and Pliable, and can be Easily Applied and Worn without Discomfort or Inconvenience.
- 2d. It is durable, and does not dissolve or come asunder, but holds its original shape.
- 3d. It has been Analyzed by Eminent Scientists and Chemical Experts, and pronounced Perfectly Pure and Harmless.
- 4th. With ordinary care the Mask will Last for Years, and its valuable properties Never Become Impaired.
- 5th. The Mask is protected by letters patent, has been introduced ten years, and is the only Genuine article of the kind.
- 6th. It is Recommended by Eminent Physicians and Scientific Men as a substitute for injurious cosmetics.
- 7th. The Mask is as Unlike the fraudulent appliances used for conveying cosmetics, etc., to the face as day is to night, and it bears no analogy to them.
- 8th. The Mask may be worn with Perfect Privacy if desired. The Closest Scrutiny cannot detect that it has been used.
- 9th. It is a Natural Beautifier for Bleaching and Preserving the Skin, and Removing Complexional Imperfections.
- 10th. The Mask is sold at a moderate price, and one purchase ends the expense.
- 11th. Hundreds of dollars uselessly expended for cosmetics, lotions, and like preparations may be saved by those who possess it.
- 12th. Ladies in every section of the country are using the Mask with gratifying results.
- 13th. It is safe, simple, cleanly, and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.
- 14th. While it is intended that the Mask should be Worn During Sleep, it may be applied, with equally good results, at Any Time, to suit the convenience of the wearer.
- 15th. The Mask has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever offered to womankind.



The Toilet Mask (or Face Glove) in position to the face. TO BE WORN THREE TIMES IN THE WEEK.

A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS:

- "I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."
- "Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the Mask."
- "My face is as soft and smooth as an infant's."
- "I am perfectly delighted with it."
- "As a medium for removing discolorations, softening and beautifying the skin I consider it unequalled."
- "It is, indeed, a perfect success—an inestimable treasure."
- "I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface."
- "I have worn the Mask but two weeks, and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."
- "The Mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer, and seeming to remove pimples, irritations, etc., with each application."
- "For softening and beautifying the skin there is nothing to compare with it."
- "Your invention cannot fail to supersede everything that is used for beautifying purposes."
- "Those of my sex who desire to secure a pure complexion should have one."
- "For bleaching the skin and removing imperfections I know of nothing so good."
- "I have worn the Mask but three nights, and the blackheads have all disappeared."
- "The Mask should be kept in every lady's toilet case."
- "I must tell you how delighted I am with your Toilet Mask; it gives unbounded satisfaction."
- "A lady was cured of freckles by eight nights' use of the Mask."
- "The improvement in my complexion is truly marvelous."
- "After three weeks' use of the Mask the wrinkles have almost disappeared."
- "My sister used one for a spotted skin, and her complexion is all that can be desired."
- "It does even more than is claimed for it."
- "I have been relieved of a muddy, greasy complexion after trying all kinds of cosmetics without success."

COMPLEXION BLEMISHES

may be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little and saves its user money. It prevents and REMOVES

WRINKLES,

and is both a complexion preserver and beautifier. Famous society ladies, actresses, belles, etc., use it. VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, with proofs and full particulars, mailed free by

THE TOILET MASK COMPANY, - 1164 Broadway, New York.

Apply NOW, while you have our address before you, as this advertisement appears only occasionally. Please mention "THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL."

FACE HANDS HAIR

THE clearest skin, free from pimple, spot or blemish, the softest, whitest hands and shapely nails, the most luxuriant hair and cleanest scalp are produced by the celebrated **Cuticura Soap**, beyond all comparison the most effective skin-purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as the purest and sweetest of toilet and nursery soaps. It is the only preventive of **pimples**, blackheads, blotches, red, rough and oily skin, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of most complexional disfigurements, as well as baby blemishes. For red, rough hands, shapeless nails, itching, burning palms and painful finger ends, it is absolutely unrivalled. It clears the scalp and hair of crusts, scales and dandruff, soothes and heals irritated and itching surfaces, stimulates the hair follicles, and supplies the roots with energy and nourishment. Hence for the prevention of facial blemishes, for giving a brilliancy and freshness to the complexion, for softening and whitening the hands, and for cleansing the scalp and invigorating the hair, it is simply incomparable.



Cuticura Soap



Cuticura Soap derives its remarkable purifying and beautifying properties from **Cuticura**, the great Skin Cure, but so delicately are they blended with the purest of toilet and nursery soap stocks, that the result is incomparably superior to all other skin and complexion soaps, while rivaling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. Because of its delicate medication it is the most soothing, cooling and purifying application for summer rashes, tan, sunburn, freckles and bites and stings of insects. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin and complexion soaps.

HOT WEATHER HUMORS

Summer, when the pores open freely, is the best time to permanently cure diseases of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair. More great cures are daily made by the **Cuticura Remedies** than by all other skin and blood remedies combined. They afford immediate relief in the most torturing and disfiguring eruptions, humors and diseases, and point to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Everything about the **Cuticura Remedies** invites confidence. They are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the most refined and sensitive. They are adapted to all ages, and may be used on the youngest in ant. They have friends in every village, hamlet, and cross-roads in this country. People in every walk of life believe in them, use them and recommend them. In a word, they are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times.



CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, 50 cents; CUTICURA SOAP, 25 cents; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, \$1.00. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON.

"All About the Skin, Scalp and Hair," 64 pages, 300 diseases, illustrations and testimonials, mailed free.

