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APRIL 1898

TEN CENTS

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



EASTER

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DRAWN BY MRS. ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

OUR HEARTS ARE FULL, AND OUR VOICES SING
OF OUR LOVE FOR THE CHRIST—FOR THE RISEN KING

BECAUSE A BIRD SANG

BY HILDA MUIRHEAD

BECAUSE a bird sang ere the raindrops were dry,
Or sunbeams had driven the clouds from the sky,
A dark life was brightened, a faint heart made strong;
For trustful and glad were the tones of that song.
He sang till he quickened a hope that was dead
By singing that song on the roof of the shed.

The hope had been buried so long that I deemed
'Twas only some beautiful things I had dreamed.
It quickened, and started, and wakened once more,
And filled with the visions that charmed me of yore;
So gladsome the tune and the words that he said
(That bird in his song on the roof of the shed).

He sang and he warbled, "O longing heart, wait!
Though dim is the future, yet kindly is fate.
Believe it and trust it, O mortal, to be
Replete with the dearest of treasures for thee."
So hope has arisen and doubting is fled,
Because of that song from the roof of the shed.

THE PRIMROSE SELLER

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON

POOR of garb, but fair of face,
The little maid stood in the market-place,
Singing:

"Fresh posies, pale primroses,
A penny a bunch, who'll buy?
Sweet spring posies, pale primroses,
A penny a bunch, who'll buy?"

The Knight rode by on his Arab steed,
He drew his rein, and he checked his speed.

"A penny a bunch, who'll buy?"
He threw her a crown and kissed his hand,
He was the noblest in the land.

"A penny a bunch, who'll buy?"
He doffed his plume to her lovely face,
And left her there in the market-place,
Singing:

"Fresh posies, pale primroses,
A penny a bunch, who'll buy?
Sweet spring posies, pale primroses,
A penny a bunch, who'll buy?"

THE GREATEST THINGS OF THE WORLD

By William George Jordan



THE wonders of Nature and the mechanical triumphs of man cannot be more vividly presented than by noting the greatest things of the world—those that stand out preëminently as surpassing all others of their kind.

The Largest Map in the world is the ordnance survey map of England, containing over 108,000 sheets and costing \$1,000,000 a year for twenty years. The scale varies from ten feet to one-tenth of an inch to the mile. The details are so minute that maps having a scale of 25 inches "show every hedge, fence, wall, building and even every isolated tree in the country. The plans show not only the exact shape of every building, but every porch, area, door-step, lamp-post, railway and fire-plug."

The Largest History ever published is "The War of the Rebellion," issued by "Uncle Sam" in 120 huge octavo volumes, of 1000 pages each, with a gigantic atlas in 30 parts. The books occupy 30 feet of shelf-room and weigh one-quarter of a ton. The series cost \$25,000,000, is limited to 11,000 sets, and has been in course of publication for over 20 years.

The Greatest Suspension Bridge in the world is the Brooklyn Bridge, which also leads the world in the number of its daily passengers. Its length, including approaches, is 5989 feet, the distance between the towers 930 feet; the weight of the structure is 6470 tons; its cost was over \$15,000,000. The bridge cars carry about 45,000,000 people every year.

The Greatest Canal in the world is the Suez, opened on November 16, 1869. Its length is 95 miles, its depth is 26 feet, its annual revenue is \$15,000,000, its cost was \$100,000,000. Its stock is five times its par value, and the average time taken to pass through it is 20 hours, less eight minutes. The depth of the canal is being increased, at a cost of \$40,000,000. The world's longest canal is the Imperial Canal of China, with a length of 1000 miles.

The Largest City of the world is London, lying in four counties and having a population of 4,250,000, equaling the combined populations of Paris, Berlin, Saint Petersburg and Rome. To walk through all the streets, avenues, lanes and alleys of the city, never traversing the same one twice, would require a ten-mile walk every day for nine years. The streets, placed in a row, would reach round the world, and leave a remnant that would stretch from London to San Francisco.

The Largest Geyser in the world is the Excelsior Geyser in Yellowstone Park. Its basin is 200 feet across and 330 feet deep. This basin is full of boiling water, from which clouds of steam are constantly ascending. At long intervals water is spouted into the air to a height of from 50 to 300 feet.

The Largest Crater in the world is that of Haleakala, in the Sandwich Islands. The circumference of the crater is about 20 miles; its depth, in places, being 2000 feet. If the interior were cleared of its debris, New York City could be placed on the black lava floor, and from three to five other big cities put over it before their spires would protrude at the top.

The Most Magnificent Work of architecture is deemed to be the palace Temple of Karnak, occupying an area of nine acres, or twice that of Saint Peter's, at Rome. The temple space is a poet's dream of gigantic columns, beautiful courts and wondrous avenues of sphinxes.

The Largest Library in the world is the National Library of Paris, which contains 40 miles of shelves, holding 1,400,000 books. There are also 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals.

The Finest Gardens in the world are the Royal Gardens at Kew, England. They cover an area of about 270 acres, and are visited by about 1,500,000 persons a year. The gardens contain the finest collection of exotic plants in the world, a palm house, a winter garden, a museum, an observatory, and a school for gardeners.

The Largest Cask in the world is the Blatner Cask of Nuremberg. It is 105 feet in diameter and 51 feet deep, and its completion a few years ago was celebrated by a ball, at which over 500 persons were on the floor of the cask, excluding musicians, waiters and assistants.

The Greatest Structure ever raised by the hand of man is the Great Pyramid of Cheops, founded 4000 years ago, and measuring 746 feet square on the base and 449 feet high. It took 20 years in construction; 100,000 men worked for three months, and, being then relieved, were succeeded by an equally large corps. The massive stones were brought from Arabia, 700 miles away. The cost of the work is estimated at \$145,000,000.

The Longest Word in the English language is "Proantitransubstantiationist," a jointed word of 28 letters. "Transubstantiationless" is the next longest.

The Largest Search-Light in the world was exhibited at the Columbian Exposition, in Chicago. The reflecting lens, 60 inches in diameter, weighs 800 pounds and is mounted in a brass ring which weighs 750 pounds. The reflected light from the great electric lamp is equal to that of 375,000,000 candles. A newspaper could be read by its light a hundred miles away.

The Greatest Distance that shot has been fired is a few yards over fifteen miles, which was the range of Krupp's well-known monster 130-ton steel gun, firing a shot which weighs over a ton and a quarter.

The Largest Dwelling-House in the world is the Freihaus, in a suburb of Vienna, containing in all between 1200 and 1500 rooms, divided into upward of 400 separate apartments. This immense house, wherein a whole city lives, works, eats and sleeps, has thirteen courtyards—five open and eight covered—and a garden within its walls.

The Largest Sheep Ranch in the world is in the counties of Webb and Dimmit in Texas; it contains more than 400,000 acres, and pastures 800,000 sheep annually.

The Largest Statue in the world is Bartholdi's "Liberty Enlightening the World," at the entrance to New York Harbor, presented by France to America in 1885. The cost of the statue was about \$40,000; its height from the base to the top of the torch held high above the head of the goddess is 151 feet. The statue, standing on a pedestal 88 feet high, is made of repoussé copper, and is so large that 40 persons can be accommodated in the head, while the torch, reached by a spiral staircase, will hold 12.

The Greatest Banquet in history took place on August 18, 1880, when the 40,000 mayors of France sat at table in the Palais de l'Industrie in Paris. There were three relays of about 13,000 guests each. To prepare the feast required 75 chief cooks, 1300 waiters, scullions, cellar-men and helpers, 80,000 plates, 52,000 glasses, knives, forks and spoons in proportion, 40,000 rolls, and fish, meat and fowl by the ton. The banquet was part of the centenary celebration of the events of 1789.

The Greatest Cavern in the world is Mammoth Cave, 85 miles southwest of Louisville, Kentucky. It is about 10 miles long, though to explore its multitude of avenues, chambers, grottoes, galleries, domes, rivers and cataracts, entails 150 miles of travel.

The Highest Monument in the world is in Washington, D. C. It was erected in honor of George Washington. It is 555 feet high, 55 feet square at the base, and contains 18,000 blocks of marble, two feet thick. In the interior is an elevator, and 50 flights of stairs, 18 steps each.

The Longest Tunnel in the world is that of Saint Gothard, on the line of the railroad between Milan and Lucerne. It is nine and a quarter miles in length and cost over \$45,000,000.

The Largest Dam in the world is the Quaker Bridge Dam, about four miles from Kitchawan, New York. This great structure is more than a quarter of a mile long and 216 feet thick at the base. It turns the whole Croton River into the aqueducts to New York City. The lake, which holds back 40,000,000,000 gallons of water, is the largest artificial lake in the world.

The Most Wonderful Bridge in the world is one of solid agate in Arizona. It is a petrified tree, from three to four feet in diameter, spanning a chasm 40 feet wide. More than 100 feet of its length is in sight, both ends being embedded in the sandstone of the cañon.

The Largest Stockyards in the world are in Chicago, Illinois. The combined plants represent an investment of over \$10,000,000. The yards contain 20 miles of streets, 20 miles of water-troughs, 50 miles of feeding-troughs, and 75 miles of water and drainage troughs. The yards are capable of receiving and accommodating daily 20,000 cattle, 20,000 sheep and 120,000 hogs.

The Largest Cathedral in the world is Saint Peter's, at Rome, on the site where it is said Saint Peter was interred. The total length of the interior is 612½ English feet, transept 446½ feet, diameter of cupola 193 feet, height of dome from pavement to top of the cross 448 feet. It was begun in 1450 A. D., dedicated in 1626, but not finished till 1880. Forty-three Popes lived and died during the process of building. The cost is set down at \$70,000,000.

The Longest Stretch of Railway without a curve is 211 miles, from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes, on the new Argentine Pacific Railway.

The Most Magnificent Tomb in the world is the Taj Mahal, in Agra, Hindustan. It was erected by Shah Jehan to the memory of his favorite queen. It is octagonal in form, of pure white marble, inlaid with jasper, carnelian, turquoise, agate, amethysts, and sapphires. The work took 22,000 men 20 years to complete, and though there were free gifts and the labor was free, the cost was \$16,000,000.

The Longest Speech on record was made by Mr. de Cosmos in the Legislature of British Columbia when a measure was pending to confiscate the lands of settlers. He was in a hopeless minority, and the enemy expected to rush the bill through at the end of the session. It was ten in the morning; at noon the next day if no action were taken the act of confiscation would fail. De Cosmos arose, spoke for 26 hours continuously, and then, with baked lips, bloodshot eyes, and almost dead with fatigue, he won the victory that nearly cost him his life.

The Largest Painting in the world, exclusive of panoramas and cycloramas, is "Paradise," by Tintoretto, in the grand salon of the Doge's Palace at Venice. The painting is 84 feet wide by 34 feet high. If we consider the decoration of walls and ceilings, Tintoretto's work has been exceeded by Sir James Thornhill's fine painting on the ceiling of the great hall at Greenwich Hospital, 112 feet by 56 feet, representing the founders, William III and Queen Mary, surrounded by the attributes of National prosperity.

The Longest Wall in the world is the famous stone defense made by the Chinese against the Tartars, about 200 B. C. It is 20 feet high, 25 feet thick at the base, and stretches for 1280 miles over hills, valleys and rivers.

The Hottest Region on the earth is the southeastern part of Persia, where it borders the Gulf. For forty consecutive days in July and August the temperature has been known not to fall lower than 100 degrees, night or day.

The Largest Flower in the world is the Rafflesia Arnoldi, of Sumatra. Its size is fully three feet in diameter—about the size of a carriage wheel. The five petals of this immense flower are oval and creamy white, growing round a centre filled with countless long, violet-hued stamens. The flower weighs about 15 pounds and is capable of containing nearly two gallons of water. The buds are like gigantic brown cabbage-heads.

The Highest Tide in the world is in the Bay of Fundy, where it rises a foot in five minutes and has been known to attain a height of 70 feet.

The Deepest Hole in the earth is at Schladebach, near Ketschau, Germany. It is 5735 feet in depth and is for geologic research only. The drilling was begun in 1880, and stopped six years later because the engineers were unable with their instruments to go deeper. This hole was expensive, as its cost was \$53,000.

The Largest Insect known to entomologists is a Central American moth, called the Erebus Strix, which expands its wings from 11 to 18 inches.

The Greatest Bell in the world is in an edifice before the great temple of Buddha, at Tokio. It weighs 1,700,000 pounds, and is four times greater than the great bell of Moscow, whose circumference at the rim is nearly 68 feet, and whose height is 21 feet.

The Largest Room in the world, under one roof and unbroken by pillars, is at Saint Petersburg. It is 620 feet long by 150 in breadth. By daylight it is used for military displays and a whole battalion can completely manoeuvre in it. By night 20,000 wax tapers give it a beautiful appearance. The roof is a single arch of iron.

The Greatest Sea Depth known to man is in the South Atlantic Ocean, midway between the island of Tristan da Cunha and the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, the bottom being here reached at a depth of 40,236 feet, or eight and three-quarter miles.

The Longest Fence in the world is a wire-netting fence in Australia, 1236 miles long, its object being to keep the rabbits from the cultivated fields.

The Largest Sun-Dial in the world is Hayou Horoo, a large promontory, extending 3000 feet above the Ægean Sea. As the sun swings round the shadow of this mountain it touches, one by one, a circle of islands, which act as hour marks.

The Largest Advertising Sign in the world is said to be on the hillside of an islet off the Grand Canary, northwest of Africa. It is several hundred feet above the level of the sea, and contains the words, "Grand Canary Engineering Company," in letters each 15 feet wide and 30 feet high, each bar of the letters being 3 feet 3 inches broad. The sign is 750 feet long.

The Greatest Empire of the world is the British Empire, extending over one continent, 100 peninsulas, 500 promontories, 1000 lakes, 2000 rivers and 10,500 islands. It surpasses the Assyrian Empire in wealth, the Roman Empire in population, the Spanish Empire in power, and the Persian Empire in area—all of which Empires have passed away. The population of the Empire—402,515,800—is 27 per cent. of the population of the world; the 11,339,316 square miles of Imperial territory is 21 per cent. of the land of the world.



DRAWN BY W. L. TAYLOR

THE LAST WEEK IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST

By Amory H. Bradford, D. D.



SOLEMN and pathetic interest always attends on the last hours and last words of our human life. The world gathers around the death-beds of its heroes and listens for every accent which falls from their lips. Nothing else in the works of Plato thrills the reader with such deep and tender emotion as the story of the final scenes in the life of Socrates, and his triumphant faith in the sphere beyond, where those who had persecuted him could neither harm nor reach. Into the last week of Jesus' life was crowded a large part of His teaching, and the most impressive events of His career. Whatever men have thought about His person, and however they have estimated His mission, they find in the seven days before His death all the significance and greatness of His work. His ministry was drawing to its close. He had made little impression on the wealth or power of His time, but His simple yet profound words, His sympathy with the suffering and the poor, His works of healing, and the democratic tendency of His teaching had deeply moved the common people, so that wherever He went He was always attended by crowds in which curiosity was mingled with expectancy.

As the Jewish feast of the Passover drew near, Jesus, loyal to His country and its traditions, desired to observe it in the Holy City. The Passover celebrated the origin of the Jewish nation. It meant to that people what Independence Day means to Americans. It was the festival of Hebrew patriotism as well as of the Hebrew religion. It was always observed in Jerusalem. The population of the city was probably about fifty thousand, but during that week, around, if not within, the walls were often gathered two or three millions of visitors. They came from many lands, sometimes even from beyond the sea. One of the attractions of the occasion that year, no doubt, was the presence of Jesus, who was already the hope if not the idol of thousands who were looking for deliverance from the tyranny of Rome quite as anxiously as for a Messiah.

WHERE JESUS FOUND SYMPATHY AND REST IN BETHANY

ABOUT three miles from Jerusalem, in Bethany, was a household to which Jesus loved to go, and which seems to have satisfied His human craving for home. Even the greatest among men have hours of social hunger. They long for the companionship of kindred spirits. In that home Jesus found sympathy and rest, and thither He went to be a guest during the Passover week. It was a quiet family, consisting only of two sisters and a brother. The Passover festivities began on Thursday, and Jesus reached Bethany on the preceding Friday. On the evening of His arrival an event occurred which many have believed had an important bearing on the occurrences of the succeeding week.

On His arrival a supper was given in honor of Jesus by the people of Bethany at the house of a man who was known as Simon the Leper. Among the guests were Lazarus and his two sisters, Mary and Martha. Mary had in her possession a box of precious ointment, which may have come down to her as a family heirloom. Its value has been estimated as high as forty-five dollars. As the

evening advanced, the woman, who had long loved Jesus with peculiar and possibly even passionate intensity, broke the box of ointment, poured its contents over His head and feet, and then wiped His feet with her long hair. The whole scene was peculiar, and against it the disciples earnestly protested. Judas, especially, was loud in his disapproval. He declared that the ointment might better have been sold and the proceeds given to the poor. Was Judas honest in his indignation, or was it only the outburst of cupidity? We may not know. Jesus, however, ignored the expostulations of His treasurer, and in strong language commended the devotion of the woman. Some believe that the purpose of Judas to betray Jesus had its origin at that time, and that its motive was anger and resentment. That supper was, it may be said, the beginning of the end in the career of Jesus.

HAILING JESUS AS KING AS HE RODE INTO JERUSALEM

SATURDAY, being the Jewish Sabbath, was spent in seclusion. On Sunday Jesus, desiring to visit the city, started to walk. He had gone but a little way before He was surrounded by crowds who had heard of His works of healing and His profoundly human teaching, and who began to sing and shout around Him in true Oriental fashion. Either they were intoxicated with enthusiasm, or convinced that at last the deliverer of the nation had come. They broke off branches from the trees and waved them before Him as they danced along the road.

Heretofore Jesus had refused popular homage. He shrank from publicity. But on that day He was hailed as "King," by a frenzied populace. He improved the occasion to show that He was not seeking temporal power. In doing so He sent for an ass, and on it rode into the city. It was a strange and fantastic procession. The thousands of excited people waving olive branches, singing psalms, dancing around a young man riding on an ass, calling Him their King, and obstructing the highway, very soon attracted the attention both of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities. On entering the city He proceeded to the Temple, but there is no record of how the day was passed. Some manifesto concerning His future plans was expected by those who had followed Him, but none was issued, and at evening He returned to the peace and sympathy of the home in Bethany.

JESUS BITTERLY DENOUNCING JEWISH CHURCH OFFICIALS

ON MONDAY and Tuesday Jesus again went into Jerusalem and taught and healed diseases, as He had done before. His method of teaching was extremely simple. He would take a seat in the Temple, and, when a company had gathered, talk with the people. He never preached; He always conversed.

During these two days was held the conversation about the tribute money, in which He dexterously evaded those who were trying to make out a case of treason against Him. In these days, also, were spoken the parables of the King's supper, from which the guests first invited absented themselves, and which was then opened to the throngs of the streets; of the Ten Virgins, and of the Talents. The most vivid of all His teaching at this time was that concerning the rewards which would surprise

"HE IMPROVED THE OCCASION TO SHOW THAT HE WAS NOT SEEKING TEMPORAL POWER. HE SENT FOR AN ASS, AND RODE IT INTO THE CITY"

the good, and the penalties which would overwhelm the wicked at the end of the world. He declared that it would appear at the last day that giving water to a thirsty man or visiting a prisoner in his cell was ministering to God. He said, in substance, that God is in all the poor, the sick, the criminal, and that to serve them is to serve Him. Such teaching is common now; it was radical and revolutionary then.

At some time during those two days, out of patience with the trickery and conceit of the officials of the Jewish Church, He denounced them in the bitterest terms. He knew how to be righteously angry. In some such mood, perhaps, He declared that the holy and beautiful Temple, so dear to the hearts of His countrymen, would surely be destroyed. That greatly incensed the ultra-patriotic. "The new commandment"—"That ye also love one another as I have loved you"—was also spoken on one of those days. He was the object of enthusiastic interest among those who came from the provinces, and not improbably of the Jewish commonalty, but of sneering criticism on the part of the priests and their friends. At length enthusiasm became so intense and opposition so bitter that the Sanhedrin, the court of the Jews, decided at once to take steps for His arrest. While they were deliberating as to the best way to proceed help came to them from an entirely unexpected quarter.

WHEN JESUS WASHED THE FEET OF HIS DISCIPLES

JUDAS went to the Sanhedrin and bargained to deliver Jesus into the hands of the Jewish authorities. Until then Judas had been known as the treasurer; ever since he has been known as the traitor. To the hour of His death none of His disciples seem to have understood Jesus. When He talked of a Kingdom they dreamed of an earthly state. There was a touch of worldly ambition in the best of them. Even James and John persuaded their mother to use her influence with the Master to secure for them choice places in the new Kingdom. They were thinking of earthly dominion; He was thinking of God and the things of the spirit. Whether Judas really intended to be a traitor, or whether he only sought to stiffen the courage of Jesus and thus to hasten the crisis which would make Him King in Jerusalem, will never be known. Whatever the motive, the act itself ended in what the leaders among the Jews had sought and Jesus had long anticipated. This was Tuesday afternoon or evening. Of what transpired on Wednesday there is no record.

On Thursday the Passover was celebrated in Jerusalem. Jesus avoided the crowds that thronged the city. A quiet room had been found by His disciples, and there, with the turmoil and excitement shut out, they made ready to eat their feast. The scene has long been a favorite one with artists. Leonardo da Vinci's painting of it almost rivals Raphael's immortal Madonna. But the occasion has poetry only for those who have imagination. The furnishings of the room were rude and the provision simple. Surrounded by His disciples Jesus saw a great shadow approaching—a shadow seen by Him alone.

They were no sooner assembled than Jesus did one of those surprising and enigmatic things which were ever puzzling His friends. In those lands it was customary for servants to wash the feet of guests. No servant was present, and therefore Jesus began to perform this menial service before His astonished followers could appreciate what He was doing. At first they seem to have been dazed, but at last Peter found voice and declared that

Jesus should never wash his feet. Jesus, however, persisted, and actually washed the feet of all His disciples, including Peter and Judas. To those who believe that Jesus possessed foresight, and knew that Peter would deny Him, and Judas betray Him, this scene is of solemn significance. The only reason He gave for His action was that He wished His disciples to understand that no service is too humble for one brother to render to another.

THE LAST SUPPER—MEMORABLE UTTERANCES OF JESUS

AFTER the washing of feet and the eating of the Passover Judas went out to consummate his treachery. Then Jesus ate bread and drank wine with those who remained, and asked them whenever in the future they should eat bread and drink wine to remember Him. That was the beginning of what the Christian world has so long observed as The Lord's Supper. At the table Jesus spoke many of His most memorable words. The subject of death was naturally on His mind. He said it was only like going from one room to another in the Father's house.

He told His disciples that after He had gone He would come again. He saw that when He should no longer teach them they would often be perplexed as to what to believe, and He asked them to remember that the Spirit of Truth would take His place, interpret His words and continue to make new disclosures of truth as they were able to receive them. He went still farther, and actually insisted that it was best for them that He should die, for He had never expected to establish an earthly Kingdom; never intended to deliver Judea from Rome; and they would continue to misunderstand Him while He was with them, but when He was gone they would appreciate the spirituality of His teaching and mission. Thus around the table and far into the night He talked with His friends. Suddenly a strange solemnity fell upon Him, He grew quiet, then lifted His hands in prayer, and His prayer to this day seems not a prayer, but a conversation with the Deity. It is recorded in the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel of Saint John.

When the prayer was ended the little company in sad and expectant silence went out into the night. In their way lay a garden named Gethsemane. In that they halted, and there Jesus passed through a bitter experience. He was convinced that His enemies had triumphed and that He must die, but He shrank from death, as most healthful persons do. He was young. Life was sweet. For a moment it seemed as if He could not die. The struggle was so intense that He sweat blood. The agony, however, quickly passed, and peace and strength returned. It was then after midnight of Thursday. The small hours of Friday were at hand, when a light was seen approaching, and a company of officers with Judas at their head drew near. Feigning friendliness Judas ran up and kissed Jesus. For a moment Peter thought of resistance, but it was only for a moment. At last Jesus was in the hands of the officers of the law, and the disciples were scattered.

JESUS BEFORE THE SANHEDRIN AND PONTIUS PILATE

IT WAS early in the morning, not yet light, but the greedy priests could not wait. There were to be two trials—one before the ecclesiastical, and one before the civil, court. Judea was a Roman province, therefore all capital offenses, even though judgment had been passed on the offenders by the Sanhedrin, had to be tried by the Roman Governor. In each of the two trials of Jesus there were three stages. Annas had been the High Priest, and still retained the influence, if not the insignia, of the office. He was an old man. To him Jesus was first taken for a brief examination. A meeting of the Sanhedrin could not legally be held before sunrise, but those who had arrested Jesus were impatient. They decided, therefore, to have a meeting at once, at which all but the requisite formalities should be completed. That was the second and real ecclesiastical trial. It was conducted by the High Priest, Caiaphas, the President of the Sanhedrin. The third and formal trial followed at sunrise, when Jesus was officially condemned.

Between six and seven o'clock the same morning the scene shifted to the palace of the Roman Governor. If Pilate had not been in Jerusalem Jesus would have been sent to his residence at Caesarea. Pilate was a typical Roman of the Empire—probably neither better nor worse than most others of the same rank. He was proud, arrogant, cruel, corrupt, vicious, as were most of the servants of Caesars. Before this man Jesus was brought. The Governor had sympathy neither with the accused nor with His accusers, but probably contempt for both. He was not anxious to convict Jesus, neither should he be classed with those who sought His death. That Jesus was vociferously condemned by those whom the Roman thoroughly despised was one point in His favor. Notwithstanding their urgency Pilate hesitated. Whether he had heard of Jesus is not known. That he knew something of Him is indicated by the dream of his wife.

REGARDED BY PILATE AS AN INNOCENT YOUNG MAN

THREE charges were brought against Jesus when He appeared before Pilate: "He had perverted the nation; He had forbidden to pay the Roman tribute; He had set Himself up as a King." The animus of the opposition and hate, however, was purely religious. Jesus was a spiritual reformer, and such men inevitably arouse the enmity of those who would be affected by change. Such hostility is always intense and bitter among those who are zealous for a faith which has been perverted. In reality Jesus was a martyr to His loyalty to spiritual ideals which those who ought to have been the religious leaders could not or would not appreciate. But of this they said nothing to the Governor.

When Pilate had listened to their accusations he took Jesus inside his palace to question Him privately. He asked the peasant-reformer from Galilee concerning the charges which had been brought against Him. Jesus denied that He assumed Kingly authority, except in a spiritual sense—something, no doubt, that made Pilate think he was dealing with an innocent young man who was slightly daft. After a few minutes' absence the Governor returned and announced that he had acquitted the accused. The announcement was the signal for an outburst of rage. In Jerusalem Oriental passion waged a constant warfare against Imperial authority, and the mob was always trying to get the better of the Governor. If Pilate had had a clean record he might have ignored those who taunted him, but he knew that many dark charges could be brought against him at Rome, and he feared the outcome. His crimes made him a coward.

PILATE'S COWARDICE SEALING THE FATE OF JESUS

PILATE then remembered that Herod, the ruler of Galilee, was in the city. As Jesus was of Galilean parentage He should be turned over to Herod's jurisdiction. This was the Herod who had murdered John the Baptist. He was one of those corrupt, conceited, contemptible creatures who in those days were often found in conspicuous places. A petty Nero in an obscure province, was this puppet, King Herod. The manner of Jesus with Pilate was courteous and respectful, but His bearing before Herod was one of regal contempt. To all questions He returned only a proud silence. Baffled in his hope of entertainment, and treating the whole matter as a joke, Herod caused a gorgeous robe to be thrown over the shoulders of Jesus and returned Him to Pilate. The jest was in the robe, a peculiar one which was used in Rome by those who were candidates for office. So Herod sent Jesus back to Pilate—a mere carpenter, arrayed as if He were a candidate for the Jewish throne.

Thus ended the second stage of the civil trial. Pilate's attempt to escape responsibility failed. What should he do next? He suggested that as Herod had also found Jesus innocent He should be scourged and released. Before that suggestion was executed a new idea came to Pilate, and he offered to release Jesus according to the custom of that festival, when some prisoner—usually "a leader of revolt"—was annually set free. But the priests and their friends were relentless. They scorned the offer, and insisted that Jesus should be crucified and a criminal released. Finally, Pilate yielded, not because he was convinced, but because he was the coward that men with guilty secrets are. Thus was Jesus' doom sealed.

THE LAST SAD SCENE ON MOUNT CALVARY

CRUCIFIXION was a terrible death. It was reserved for offenders of a servile class, and never used for a Roman citizen. The hands and feet of the victim were nailed to the wood, and a kind of rude seat was provided—just enough to prevent the weight of the body from tearing through the flesh. The exact spot where Jesus was crucified cannot now be identified. Golgotha was probably some skull-shaped hill "outside the city wall." Thither a strange procession wended its way—the condemned with their crosses on their backs, the hard-hearted rabble making fun of them as they passed. The strength of Jesus failed before the destination was reached, and another was compelled to carry the cross for Him. This crucifixion, like all others, was cruel and barbarous in the extreme. The executioners were Roman soldiers, but a host of Jews feasted their eyes on the hideous sight.

Such agony was no protection against the gibes of the crowd. With but one of His disciples in sight, and only two or three friendly women near—one of them His mother—Jesus passed the last hours of His earthly life. Those who suffered by crucifixion sometimes lingered three or four days—Jesus lived about five hours. While hanging on the cross He spoke seven times. Soon after the cross was raised, looking over the coarse and brutal soldiery, and the mistaken fanatics who had hounded Him to that hour, He uttered a prayer, which has probably made a deeper impression on the world than any other single prayer ever offered: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." There is a note of divinity in that music, whatever be our estimate of the person from whom it came. A little later a feeling of loneliness and desolation swept over Him like a flood.

Then came that terribly bitter cry: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" But the clouds which for a moment hung densely over His spirit quickly passed, and before the horrible tragedy ended in merciful death, the Sufferer, having commended His mother to the loving ministries of His dearest friend, in perfect peace and trust

said: "It is finished." It was about ten o'clock in the morning when the procession started from the palace; it was three or four in the afternoon when, in the midst of what seemed preternatural darkness, Jesus "breathed out His life on a verse of a favorite Psalm, saying: 'Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.'"

THE TEACHINGS AND THE INFLUENCE OF JESUS

TO SOME persons the events of that week are no more impressive than the last days in the lives of many other men. Others have been betrayed, others have been crucified, others have endured more terrible physical suffering than Jesus. Even the thieves by His side were subjected to fiercer agony. The significance of that week is in the lofty ethical teaching of Jesus, which teaching was emphasized by the way in which He met death, and by the transformation of the world, which surely began at that time.

For their charity and human sympathy His teachings have never been approached. He taught that feeding the poor and giving water to the thirsty is divine service; He told His disciples that they were to love one another as He loved them, and even that they should love and serve their worst enemies. He said that never again would men need visible authority in the sphere of spiritual things, because they would have the Spirit of Truth for a guide; and He closed His life in the agony of crucifixion, throwing the mantle of charity over His murderers, and praying for them as for those who had sinned from ignorance rather than from malice.

But more wonderful than His teaching is the fact that Jesus only began to be a force in the world when He ceased to breathe. His ethical standards are now universally regarded as not only the best yet taught, but ideal and perfect, while His teachings concerning God and man, the compensations of wrong-doing, sickness, sorrow, death, most of which found fullest expression during that last week, are the dearest possessions of all who are seeking light on the mysteries of our earthly existence. His influence has grown young "without ceasing," and His story even now "melts the noblest hearts." A hitherto unfelt force came into the world from the last hours of Jesus on the earth. Even Renan calls Him, "This sublime Person who each day still presides over the destinies of the world."

A MODERN GREAT PAINTING OF THE CRUCIFIXION

THE younger George Inness, the true successor of his great father, during the last year has painted a picture of the Crucifixion which has excited much enthusiasm in Paris. In the foreground is a throng of heartless and cruel people; farther removed are soldiers acting as police to prevent the rabble from pressing too close to the space reserved for the tragedy; in the distance on a round hill are two crosses; on one side is that of one thief, on the other side that of the other; and there is no third cross, but in its place is a blaze of light, and from between the crosses rises the arch of a rainbow. In that light Jesus is concealed. The picture suggests a fact too evident to be denied or even doubted—the splendor of charity, of brotherhood, of mutual service, of willing and glad sacrifice for one another, of larger aspiration and deathless hope, which is transforming individuals and making society more loving, is but the shining forth of the glory from between the crosses and beneath the rainbow in which the artist has chosen to bury Jesus.

Who was that Man? What shall be said concerning His person? No answer to those inquiries may be given now. It has been my purpose only to present His last days and last teachings, and to leave my readers to answer for themselves the questions sure to follow.



EASTER AND ITS CUSTOMS

EASTER is a movable festival which is celebrated annually throughout Christendom, in memory of the Resurrection of Christ. The word Easter is from the Anglo-Saxon *Eastre* or *Foster*, and the German *Ostern*. The Easter feast was in ancient times devoted to *Eastre*, the Goddess of Spring, and the whole Easter month was set aside to do her honor. Socrates attributed the introduction of the festival of Easter into the church to the perpetuation of an old usage.

The observance of Easter dates back to about the year 68, at which time there was much contention among the Eastern and Western churches as to what day the festival should be observed. It was finally ordained at the Council of Nice in the year 325, that it must be observed throughout the Christian world on the same day. This decision settled that Easter should be kept upon the Sunday first after the fourteenth day of the first Jewish month, but no general conclusion was arrived at as to the cycle by which the festival was to be regulated, and some churches adopted one rule and some another. This diversity of usage was put an end to, and the Roman rule making Easter the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the calendar moon was established in England in 669. After nine centuries a discrepancy in the keeping of Easter was caused by the authorities of the English Church declining to adopt the reformation of the Gregorian Calendar in 1582. The difference was settled in 1752 by the adoption of the rule which makes Easter Day always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens on or next after the twenty-first day of March. If the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter is the Sunday after.

Pretty customs which have obtained in recent years are the decoration of the churches on Easter Sunday, and the sending of gifts of flowers to one's friends, to invalids, and to the hospitals, and the distribution of the potted plants used in the church decorations among the sick members of the congregation. Another custom has obtained, which should not be allowed to degenerate into extravagance, and that is the sending of gifts at Easter.

Among all the quaint ceremonies which characterize Easter Day the practice of giving presents of eggs is

doubtless the most ancient, as well as the most universal. Eggs have been associated with Easter always. The Jews believed them to be emblematic of the Passover; the Egyptians held them as an emblem of the renewal of the human race after the deluge, and the Christians as the symbol of the Resurrection.

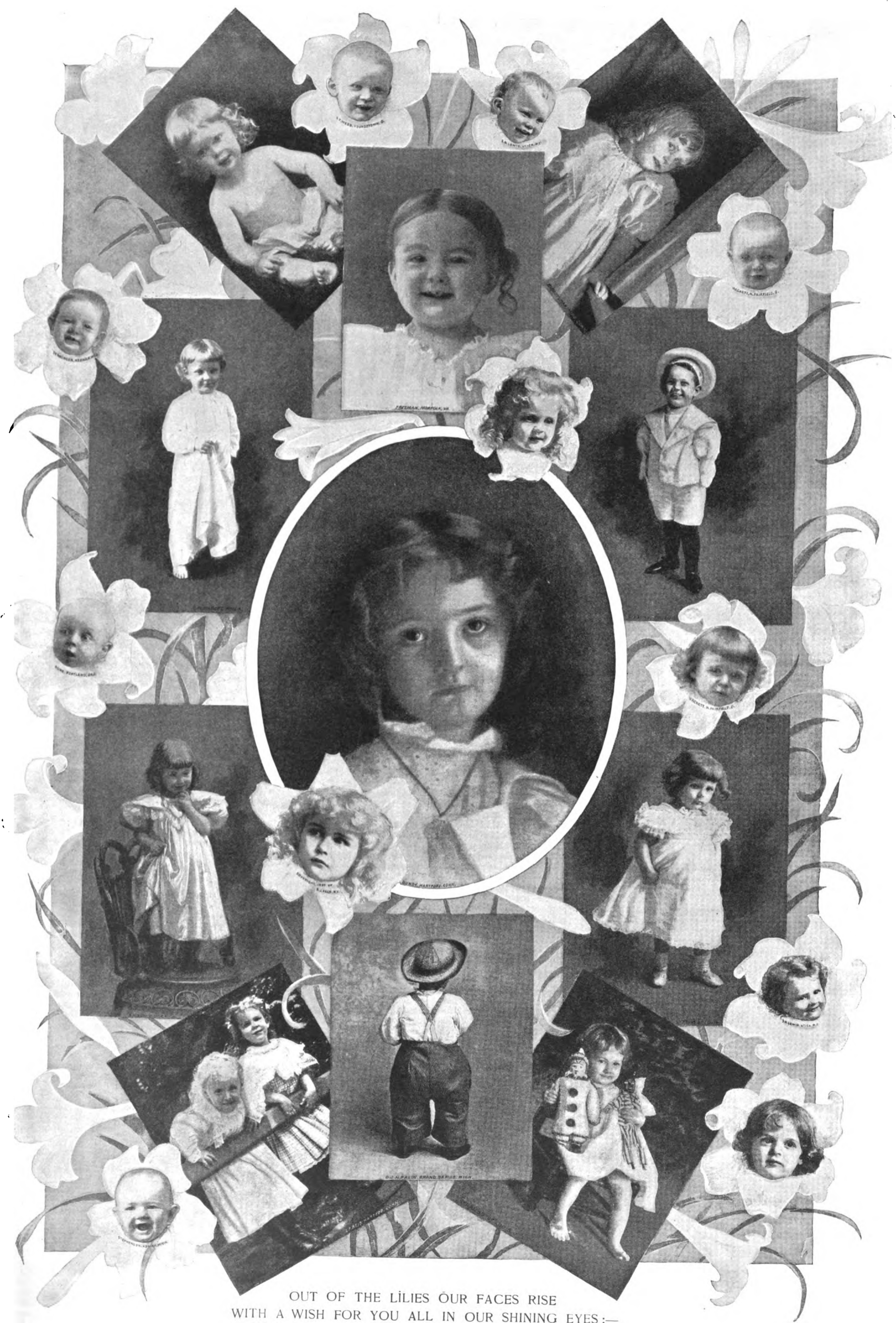
In ancient times the eggs would be boiled hard and dyed, then clergyman and layman alike would play ball with them, and after much sport eat them.

The simplest method of coloring eggs is to use the aniline dyes, or to coat them with metallic paint and frost them with diamond dust, or to cover them with gilt, silver or colored paper. To make an Easter egg with a fancy head, blow the egg hollow and then rub the shell gently with benzine to make the color take. Then give it a complexion wash to suit the character. Then hold the egg with the small end down and paint the face. When this is done glue the egg into a hole cut in a piece of cardboard, placing a tissue-paper hat on its head. A pen-wiper may be attached to the card.

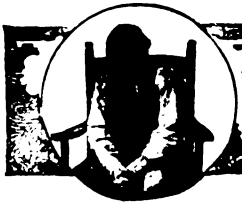
Egg caricature is another popular idea in Easter-egg decoration. Prepare the eggs as before, and paint upon them a caricature of a man, woman, child, crying baby or Brownie. Spool thread of either black or yellow may be attached by a little wax and will serve as hair. The funnier the faces the more delighted the children will be.

A simple way by which the little folks, unaided, may prepare Easter eggs for themselves and their little friends is by tying up each egg separately in a piece of brightly-colored silk or cotton, having previously pasted on the surface of the egg some little design. Have the eggs boiled slowly for half an hour and then set aside to cool. When quite cold untie the covering and the eggs will be found nicely colored and with an impression of the design clearly represented. These eggs may be placed in egg-cups which have been lined with fringed tissue paper, and placed upon the breakfast-table on Easter morning.

There are countless other Easter conceits, such as nests, birds and chickens, all of which may be evolved with a little ingenuity, and will bring joy to the children's hearts on Easter morning. And children should early be taught the significance of the holiday, and encouraged to remember the children in the hospitals, to whom a little nest of Easter eggs will be a reminder that it is Easter Day.



OUT OF THE LILIES OUR FACES RISE
WITH A WISH FOR YOU ALL IN OUR SHINING EYES:—
MAY YOUR LIVES BE AS BRIGHT AS THE EASTER SKIES.



WHEN THE OLD MAN SMOKES

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

IN THE forenoon's restful quiet,
When the boys are off at school,
When the window lights are shaded
And the chimney-corner cool,
Then the old man seeks his armchair,
Lights his pipe and settles back;
Falls a-dreaming as he draws it
Till the smoke-wreaths gather black.

And the teardrops come a-trickling
Down his cheeks, a silver flow—
Smoke or memories you wonder,
But you never ask him,—no;
For there's something almost sacred
To the other family folks
In those moods of silent dreaming
When the old man smokes.

Ah, perhaps he sits there dreaming
Of the love of other days,
And of how he used to lead her
Through the merry dance's maze;
How he called her "little princess,"
And to please her used to twine
Tender wreaths to crown her tresses
From the "matrimony vine."

Then before his mental vision
Comes, perhaps, a sadder day,
When they left his little princess
Sleeping with her fellow clay.

How his young heart throbb'd and pained him,
Why, the memory of it chokes!
Is it of these things he's thinking
When the old man smokes?

But some brighter thoughts possess him,
For the tears are dried the while,
And the old, worn face is wrinkled
In a reminiscent smile.
From the middle of the forehead
To the feebly trembling lip,
At some ancient prank remembered
Or some long unheard-of quip.

Then the lips relax their tension
And the pipe begins to slide,
Till in little clouds of ashes,
It falls softly at his side;
And his head bends low and lower
Till his chin lies on his breast,
And he sits in peaceful slumber
Like a little child at rest.

Dear old man, there's something sad'n'ing,
In these dreamy moods of yours,
Since the present proves so fleeting,
All the past for you endures.
Weeping at forgotten sorrows,
Smiling at forgotten jokes;
Life epitomized in minutes,
When the old man smokes.



WHY THE WHITE FARM FAILED

By Varah H. Armstrong



WHEN old Jeremiah Tompkins died out in the Sandwich Islands the United States of America, although the land of his birth, did not go into mourning for him; and it could hardly be supposed that Mr. Seth White, the only son of the old gentleman's only surviving niece, who fell heir to his great-uncle's bank account,

would be an exception to the rule.

Fifty thousand dollars is very acceptable to a young man of twenty-six who is contemplating matrimony, and Mr. White only waited to be assured of the truth of his good fortune before bearing the news to Blanche.

Miss Dolan was a young woman of strongly marked characteristics and great decision. The line between her likes and dislikes was never shrouded in obscurity. Among the former was a decided liking for an absence of color. To-day she met him in a soft wool gown of snowy whiteness, her thick braids of reddish gold held in place by a quaint pin of silver, although it was November.

Such news is not hard to break, and in less than fifteen minutes we find them laying plans for the future—a near future whose golden links should bind their two lives as closely as love's silken meshes held their fond hearts.

"And now, dear, I must go to the office; I will come again this evening, and, perhaps, then you will tell me when that wedding gown will be ready."

"Oh, Seth! I have a splendid idea for our home," Blanche cried enthusiastically, as she met him in the parlor that evening. "Do let us have a white farm."

"A white farm? What is that?" asked Seth slowly. "Why, don't you know? A farm where all the buildings, fences and animals are white; there are only four in the United States. I have been reading about them, and I think I can improve on those. I will only have white flowers and light-haired people on our white farm."

"But why do you want a farm? I am a city business man, and you a society girl; it seems strange that you should think of a farm."

"I always loved the country, but as papa was shut up in an office and I was a motherless girl I never saw much of Nature. We need not have a large farm; we could keep a man to do the work, and you could come to the city on the cars mornings and return evenings. Just think how we should enjoy the stillness and fresh air; and we could have new milk, and real cream, and fresh-laid eggs. The wild birds would sing in our trees, and I could have a pair of ponies, white ponies, mind you. Oh, it would be the pleasantest life we could lead."

At first Seth hesitated. Then came the thought, "I am to consider Blanche's happiness in all things; she has set her heart on a white farm. It is just as she says—I can buy and stock the farm cheaper than I could buy a home in the city. The car fare will not be an important consideration—besides, it would probably be offset by more expensive amusements if we were in the city continually. Perhaps it would be the best thing we could do. I believe I shall enjoy it as much as Blanche will."

It was the first of April—a sunny morning, and Blanche had walked to the little station with Seth and seen him off for the city. She had been his wife two happy, busy months—sixty days of the most perfect enjoyment she had ever known. Naturally quick both to think and act she derived the greatest pleasure from her plans and their execution. She was admiring the pretty white house, the snowy fences and outbuildings, and the smooth lawn, where the white rabbits hopped about nibbling the tender leaves of the white clover.

"The farm is all stocked now," she was thinking, "and it is time I was turning my attention to the garden. I do not see why my white scheme cannot be carried into horticulture to some extent at least."

Just then she saw Jennie, the pretty blonde parlor-maid, waiting for her at the gate with such a beaming

countenance that Blanche knew something out of the ordinary must have occurred.

"What is it, Jennie?" she asked pleasantly.

"Oh, please come out to the barn," said Jennie, and Blanche readily followed in her white morning gown with her white ribbons and reddish-gold hair flying in the stiff breeze. Inside the white barn Jennie paused over a manger, and there lay Snowball, Blanche's snow-white cat, curled up around four wee spotted kittens.

"Oh, you naughty Snowball; how could you?" said Blanche. "I am so disappointed. I just love to see little kittens play; but you sha'n't keep one of these kittens. I won't have my white farm spoiled by a cat family, even though I am fond of kittens. Take them to Robert, Jennie, and tell him to drown them."

"Oh, that is too bad!" Jennie began gathering them up, but there were tears in her eyes. "See, Mrs. White, this kitten has only one small gray spot. Can you not keep the fur trimmed so it will not show, as you do that one black hair of Snowball's?"

"No, it is too large. I will take Snowball to the kitchen and give her some milk. When she gets back Robert will have disposed of the kittens and she will never know what became of them. Come, pussy, this is a very poor April fool joke for both of us."

The rest of the morning Blanche spent with Robert in the tool-house, laying out the garden—on paper.

"It seems rather too bad," Robert protested, "to dig up that fine row of currant bushes just because they are red. They are full of fruit buds, and if you do not wish to use them yourself they would sell well in the city. Some people will not use any other kind."

"Then they needn't buy currants from our farm. I am sure red currants would be a poor advertisement for a white farm. And dig up the red rose bushes while you are about it. I think you said there were only red and white ones in the yard."

"Except the sweet brier," Robert corrected.

"Those flowers are no nicer than wild roses. I like the foliage though; I can pinch out the buds. Let it grow!"

"Here are two kinds of sweet corn. The white is a nice variety, but the blue is about ten days earlier, and it is the early varieties that command the high prices. Most people like vegetables as early as possible. Shall I plant some of both so as to have a succession?"

"No, I thought you understood that I only wanted white varieties. It is bad enough to raise colored vegetables when there are no white ones of the kind."

"Here is a seed catalogue. Will you select what other vegetables you wish planted?" And so they conned its pages, and Blanche selected white-fleshed watermelons, white-spine cucumbers, and white-plume celery.

The red currant and red rose bushes had been dug up; and the white-fleshed watermelons and white-spine cucumbers were getting to be fine young plants when, one evening, Seth and Blanche were summoned to the piggery to see the new Chester White pigs.

There were six plump little beauties, white as milk, but as they gazed Blanche exclaimed: "Oh dear, one has a black tail! It will have to be killed."

And so it was. Nearly a third of one's tail was black. "They will all have to be killed and put in the pork barrel some day," Seth observed.

Blanche tossed her head. "I didn't mean that. It will have to be killed now. It would disgrace the farm."

"Pshaw! Who ever heard of killing a nice little pig because it had a few black hairs?"

"Now, Seth, you look after the business in the city. You said I might manage the farm."

Blanche looked ready to cry. While they had been talking, Robert had stepped inside the pen. There was a sharp little squeal; the mother hog jumped up with an

angry grunt; Robert sprang over the fence; there was a flash of burnished steel in the sunshine as he thrust his hand in his pocket, and as Blanche glanced at the group of frightened pigs, her dilated eyes saw the offending tail lying on the ground, while a little drop of blood stained the pig's white back.

"Oh, you cruel man!" cried Blanche. Robert turned his head, but he only grinned.

"Why, you were intending to have him killed," said Seth; "would not that have been a very great deal more cruel than cutting the little fellow's tail off?"

"How did you happen to fancy me, Blanche?"

Seth laid down the paper in which he had been reading a learned dissertation on the psychological and physiological causes which produce the effect called love. It was a Sunday afternoon in June. They were seated on the porch which overlooked both the lawn and vegetable garden where the early pea rows with their wealth of snowy blossoms seemed trying to outdo the white clover carpet that smiled up at the white roses and syringa blossoms that were filling the air with fragrance.

"Really, Seth, I am afraid it will be a sad blow to your vanity if I tell you."

"Do go on. You have excited my curiosity."

"Well then, it was your name."

"My name?"

"Yes. You remember it was at the party that Nelson Peake gave aboard his steam yacht. I had been dancing continuously until I was very warm and tired. I had retreated to a corner to rest and watch the dancers, when Mr. Peake spied me and came at once to my retreat.

"Why are you not dancing, Miss Dolan?" he asked. "Do let me bring a friend who asks for an introduction." "I am so tired and warm, I do not care to dance," I replied; "I would rather not be introduced."

"Surely, Miss Dolan, you do not mean to slight my friend. He is a capital fellow."

"What is his name?" I asked.

"White—Seth White," he answered.

"I do not pretend to explain it, but at the mention of that name all the heat and weariness seemed to leave me. It was as if a cool breeze from snow-capped mountains had swept across the ship's deck, refreshing and reinvigorating my weary senses. So I answered: 'Oh, if you are going to interpret it in that way, I suppose I shall have to accept the inevitable and dance again.'

"And so he brought you around—you, in your white flannel suit, with your thick blonde hair parted at just the right distance from the centre, and your soft little mustache that could not have been told from your fair skin, except for its silky lustre, and your big, bright blue eyes, that very soon began to express unbounded admiration for me. There is no use whatever in my telling what followed; you know as well as I do."

Seth flushed a little, but before he could reply Robert came up the walk and announced the arrival of a young calf. Both Seth and Blanche started at once for the pasture, where Lillie, the white cow, spent these long days.

"Oh, there it is! I see the little dear. Isn't it cunning? Oh, isn't it too bad" (as she dropped down beside it) "it has red ears! What can we do with it?"

"Why, raise it, of course," Seth said promptly.

"No, indeed," Blanche replied firmly.

"You might have Robert cut its ears off as he did the pig's tail."

"Now, Seth, you are making fun of me. I suppose we might sell it for veal."

"Butchers do not buy calves for veal until they are six weeks old. You could not put up with a red-eared calf until the middle of July, could you?"

But here Robert came to the rescue. His mother had a young cow that proved to be very refractory about being milked, and she had been wishing to buy a calf, so as to let the cow raise two.

This calf was a fine one and would make a good cow. He was willing to pay five dollars for it, so Blanche told him to have it taken away, and went back to the house.

All summer the white flowers bloomed on the lawn; the white pigs grew and kept fat in their pen; the white cow gave such rich milk that the blonde housekeeper dared not let Blanche see it until after it was skimmed. And Blanche herself rode around in her white phaeton behind her white ponies, with her white dog on the seat beside her, the snowy duster drawn up over her white dress, and the white plumes of her hat waving in the summer breeze.

Sometimes Seth wondered audibly why they did not have green corn as early as their neighbors, and he lamented that their flesh-colored melons were not as sweet as the red ones. The white-spine cucumbers proved poor keepers, and the white-plume celery was only fit for fall use. But at last the snowflake potatoes were all stored in the cellar, and the winter snows made it more of a white farm than it could be in the summer.

It was when the next season's snowballs were losing their greenish hue, and the first waxy petals of the syringa buds began to unfold, that Seth and Blanche again sat on the porch one Sunday afternoon, but this time there was a baby carriage between them.

A sunbeam crept through a knot-hole and fell on the baby's head, lighting up the soft hair with a thousand auburn shades.

"This child's hair is red," Seth said triumphantly.

"Yes, I see it is. I would not believe it before, but it is getting long enough now, so we can be certain about it. Papa spoke of it yesterday, and he told me something I never knew before. My mother had red hair."

"Well, you had the spotted kittens drowned, the poor little pig's black tail had to be cut off, you sold the red-eared calf, and now you have a red-haired baby. I am waiting to see what you will do with that."

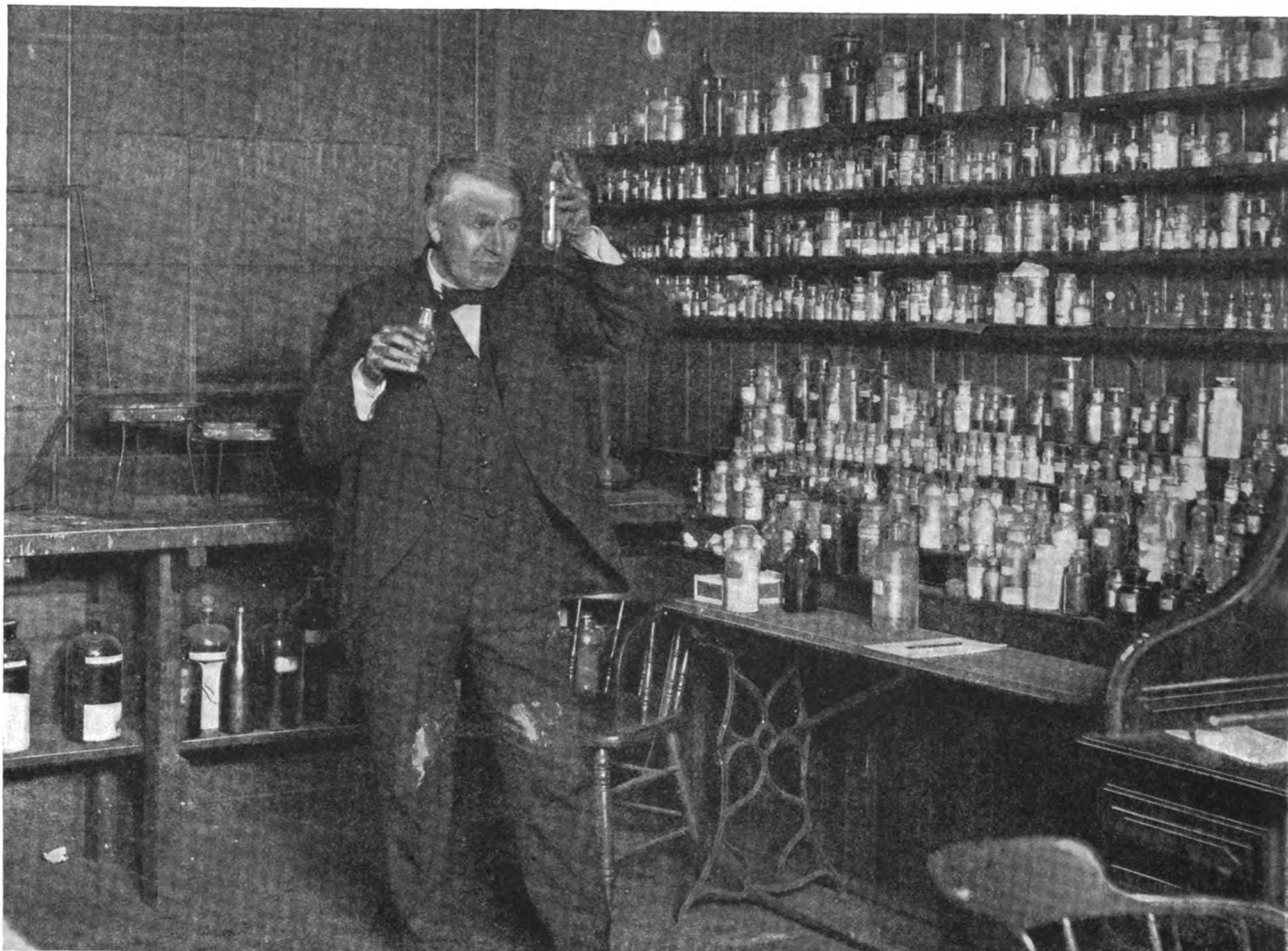
"Raise it," said Blanche.

"What! and spoil the white farm?"

Just then Robert appeared on the walk. "I see there is a red rose bush here, Mrs. White. I had not noticed it before; the buds are showing color. Shall I dig it up?"

A moment Blanche hesitated. "No, let it grow," she said, adding to Seth, "it will match the baby's hair."

That was last year. This season there are spotted kittens capering about the grounds, playing among the red rose-bushes, black pigs in the pens, and a red and white calf in the pasture, for Blanche says it is no use trying to have a white farm when your baby has red hair.



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT IN HIS LABORATORY WHILE TESTING A NEW SOLUTION

THE ANECDOTAL SIDE OF EDISON

A Group of Stories of the Great Inventor and "Wizard of Menlo Park," as Told by His Intimate Friends

(Illustrated with Photographs of Mr. Edison, who gave a Series of Sitzings to the JOURNAL Artist for this Article)



THE editors of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL have the pleasure of presenting, upon this and the succeeding page, a form, which they believe to be new, of biographically treating famous people. The idea is to present different sides of the character and personality of certain famous people in a series of anecdotes and stories, each anecdote or story pointing directly to some special characteristic or some conspicuous personal quality.

In the present case Mr. Thomas Alva Edison, the famous inventor, is the personage thus treated, all the stories here published having been contributed by Mr. Edison's closest friends and intimates, and, so far as is known, are now printed for the first time.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland, President McKinley and Mark Twain will be treated in the same novel and interesting manner by the JOURNAL in separate "anecdotal" articles to be published in succeeding issues of this magazine.



MRS. EDISON AND HER TWO CHILDREN, MADELINE AND CHARLES

THE TRUE CAUSE OF MR. EDISON'S DEAFNESS
SO MANY conflicting stories have been told as to the cause of Thomas A. Edison's deafness that it seems almost hopeless at this late day to attempt to secure credence for the true one, which is here published for the first time: When a very young boy Edison was standing on the platform of a railroad station where a freight train was unloading. One of the crew of the train, as a joke, lifted young Edison from his feet by his ears, rupturing the drums of both ears and causing the deafness which is the greatest affliction of the inventor's life.

HIS FIRST TELEGRAPH LESSON

MR. EDISON received his first lesson in telegraphy as a reward for personal bravery. The little son of the station agent at Mount Clemens, Michigan, a station on the Grand Trunk Railway, was in danger of being run over by a train, and was only saved by young Edison's quickness and bravery. The father, to show his gratitude, offered to teach the young news agent telegraphy. The offer was accepted, and within six months, so rapid was his progress, Edison obtained his first appointment as operator in the telegraph office at Port Huron.

READING A LIBRARY FROM TOP SHELF DOWN

MR. EDISON has been all his life an omnivorous reader, his taste in later years being confined almost entirely to such books and publications as relate to his work. When a boy, having for the first time in his life secured unrestricted access to a certain library, he determined to read every book in the collection, which numbered several hundred volumes. Commencing at the top shelf he read the books as they were arranged, at random as to subject, but continuing until he had exhausted the entire library, thus evidencing as a lad the capacity for great undertakings and for accomplishing whatever he set out to do.

GETTING HIS FIRST BREAKFAST IN NEW YORK

AFTER failing to succeed in various places—Port Huron, Indianapolis, Memphis, New Orleans, Louisville, Cincinnati and Boston, young Edison finally drifted to New York, where he arrived penniless, friendless and hungry. The morning of his arrival he walked up and down lower Broadway, and at last, noticing a tea tester at his work, asked for a cup of tea, which was given him, and which constituted his first breakfast in the Metropolis.

DOES NOT KNOW WHEN HE HAS EATEN

MR. EDISON is a very small eater and a great smoker. It is said that he eats only that he may smoke afterward. Once when he had been working night and day for a long period, and had gone for several nights without



WITH HIS LATEST APPARATUS



WORKING OUT A "PROBLEM"



WHEN THE DAY'S WORK IS DONE

sleep, he threw himself down on a cot, in the room where he had been working, at five o'clock in the morning, with instructions that he be called at nine for breakfast. One of his associates had arranged to have his breakfast served at about the same time, and had just finished when Mr. Edison's meal was brought in. Mr. Edison was called and sat down at the table with his breakfast before him. He, however, fell asleep in his chair before beginning to eat. The friend who had just eaten breakfast substituted what was left of his meal for Mr. Edison's untouched breakfast and awaited developments. In a few moments Mr. Edison woke up, and seeing the remains of a breakfast before him at once pushed back his chair, took out a cigar and prepared to light it as the finish of his meal. When he was told what had been done he laughed with fine show of hearty enjoyment, and said, "Well, that is one on me." He then proceeded to eat his breakfast, and afterward lighted and smoked his cigar.

SLEEPS LITTLE, BUT SLEEPS SOUNDLY

MR. EDISON is as small a sleeper as he is an eater. But when he sleeps he does that and nothing else. He never dreams and is never restless, getting more rest from two hours' sleep than most men do from six. A short time ago, when working night and day at some experiment, he went to bed at half-past five in the morning and was up again at seven. At breakfast some one asked him how he felt. "Oh, I feel very well," he said, "but I'd feel much better if I hadn't overslept myself a half hour."

HUMOROUS IN THE FACE OF FAILURE

THE spirit of fun never leaves him. He conducts a great many of his chemical experiments in open-mouthed tumblers—ordinary thick glass, flat-bottomed, kitchen tumblers. On one occasion, when he had used over four hundred tumblers in an experiment which had proved a complete failure, one of the assistants said, "Well, Mr. Edison, what shall we do next?" Mr. Edison scratched his head for a moment, and then looking at the array of glasses he said, slowly, "Well, I think the first thing to do is to get some more tumblers."

HOW HE INVENTED A CURE FOR GOUT

ANOTHER tumbler story is this: It is claimed that the medical pharmacopoeia owes to Edison the discovery of one of the drugs now used in the treatment of gout—hydrate of tetra-ethyl ammonium. Mr. Edison met a friend one day, and on hearing that he was in great suffering, and noting the swelling of his finger-joints, asked with his usual curiosity, "What is the matter?"

"Gout," replied the sufferer.

"Well, but what is gout?" persisted Mr. Edison.

"Deposits of uric acid in the joints," came the reply.

"Why don't the doctors cure you?" asked Edison.

"Because uric acid is insoluble," he said.

"I don't believe it," said Mr. Edison, and he straightway journeyed to his laboratory, put forth innumerable glass tumblers, and into them emptied some of every chemical which he possessed. Into each he let fall a few drops of uric acid and then awaited results. Investigation forty-eight hours later disclosed that the uric acid had dissolved in two of the chemicals. One of these is used to-day in the treatment of gouty diseases.

THE CHURCH AND THE LIGHTNING RODS

ONE of the best stories of the great inventor's wit is the following: A gentleman representing the building committee of a city church called to see Mr. Edison. The committee had been unable to decide whether to equip the church with lightning rods or not, and had sent to secure Mr. Edison's opinion on the matter.

"By all means," said Edison, "put on the rods. You know Providence is sometimes absent-minded."

A STORY OF HIS NEW STEAM ROLLER

MR. EDISON'S humor is very quick. Recently, after some visitors had inspected the enormous steam rollers which crush rocks into fine powder prior to the ore extraction by the magnetic separator (Mr. Edison's latest marvel), and which revolve at the speed of a mile a minute, they were resting in Mr. Edison's private office. One of them seated himself at the piano (which is always a part of the furnishing of Mr. Edison's workshop) and played for his host. While thus occupied he said suddenly, moved by the recollection of what he had been seeing, "Mr. Edison, I wonder what would happen to this piano if it should be put between those rollers?"

"Well," said Mr. Edison, with a twinkle of humor in his eye, "I guess it would be put out of tune."

THE PLAY OF HIS MIND

THE play of Edison's mind is as wonderful as the characteristic way in which he does his reading. Outside of his technical reading he never reads a book unless it is spoken of to him by his wife or some friend. Then he sits down and reads until he has finished it. One evening he happened to be unusually engrossed with some "problem," and was nervously pacing up and down his library like a caged lion.

To divert his thoughts his wife came in and picked up the first book she saw. It happened to be "The Count of Monte Cristo."

"Have you ever read this story?" said Mrs. Edison to her husband.

He stopped and looked at the title. "No, I never have. Is it good?"

Mrs. Edison assured him that it was.

"All right. I guess I'll read it now," and within two minutes the "problem," whatever it was, had been forgotten and he was absorbed in Dumas' great story. As he finished the book he noticed the light of day peeping in, and on looking at his watch found it was five o'clock in the morning.

No sooner had he laid down the book than the forgotten "problem" jumped into his mind, and putting on his hat he went to his laboratory and worked unceasingly, without food or sleep, for thirty-six hours.

ENEMIES NECESSARY TO SUCCESS

SPeaking once to one of his employees Edison said: "The trouble with you is that you're too popular. If you want to succeed, get some enemies."

HAS SOME CIGARS MADE FOR HIS FRIENDS

WHEN the general office of Edison's company was first started in New York there was always a box of good cigars on the inventor's desk, and these were at the service of all his friends. One day Mr. Edison complained to a friend that his hospitality was abused, that he could never keep any of his Havanas, and, as he could never by any possible chance think to lock his desk, he didn't know what he should do in the matter. "Why," said the friend, "I can help you out on that. I have an intimate friend in the business, and I will have him make you up a special box of cigars filled with cabbage leaves and all sorts of vile-smelling stuff, that will cure your friends. Edison thanked him and straightway forgot all about the offer. Two months or more passed before he again met his friend.

"Ah!" said Edison, "you never brought me those queer cigars for my friends."

"Yes," said the man, "I certainly did, two weeks after I saw you, and I left them with your manager."

"Well," said the great inventor, "that's strange; I wonder where they can be?"

"Let us inquire of your manager," was suggested. And they did.

"Why," said that person, "I packed them in your valise, Mr. Edison, when you went to California."

"Great snakes!" exclaimed Edison; "then I must have smoked them myself." And he had.

HIS THOUGHT ON MOUNT WASHINGTON

THE summer before his marriage Edison and a party of friends visited Mount Washington. Among the party was Mr. Edison's fiancée, Miss Mina Miller. At the end of the visit the editor of "Among the Clouds," which is printed there daily, asked Mr. Edison if he would be kind enough to give him an item for his paper. Naturally, all in the party looked for some scientific thought caused by the high altitude. But Edison's thoughts had evidently been elsewhere, as his friends discovered when he took the offered pencil and wrote, to the editor's surprise: "Miss Mina Miller, of Akron, the most beautiful woman in Ohio, is to-day a guest of Mount Washington." And to-day the husband's admiration is every bit as great for the same woman as it was then for his affianced sweetheart.

EDISON'S PRACTICAL MAXIM

MR. EDISON is a practical inventor. He places no value on an invention which is not commercially available, his favorite phrase about the result of an investigation being that "it must be useful when obtained." His maxim is: "A man who can do something which no one else can do can get a lot for doing it."

HIS ESTIMATE OF GENIUS

ONCE, when asked to give his definition of genius, Mr. Edison replied: "Two per cent. is genius and ninety-eight per cent. is hard work." At another time, when the argument that genius was inspiration was brought before him, he said: "Bah! Genius is not inspired. Inspiration is perspiration."

NEVER DISCOURAGED, OR NEVER WORRIED

TWO things are unknown to Thomas A. Edison—discouragement and worry. His associates claim that his freedom from these afflictions comes from the fact that he possesses absolutely no nerves. Recently one of his associates had to report to him the failure, in immediate succession, of three experiments involving enormous expenditure of money and labor. But the inventor simply smiled at the recital. The associate, worn out with the nervous strain of his long watch, and disheartened by his disappointment, said impatiently: "Why don't you worry a little about it, Mr. Edison?"

"Why should I?" was the inventor's philosophic reply. "You're worrying enough for two."

AN ACCURATE CALCULATOR AND YET NO MATHEMATICIAN

IT IS an interesting fact that although Mr. Edison can solve most abstruse mathematical problems with a fair degree of accuracy—his mental calculations agreeing most remarkably with the elaborately worked-out solution of his assistants—he has no real aptitude for figures. He seems to solve these problems algebraically, regarding the figures as quantities, and rarely, if ever, following arithmetical rules. "I have never been able to remember how much seven times seven are," he said once to a friend. "I always have to count that seven times six is forty-two, and then add seven."

EMBARRASSED BY HIS SUCCESSES

MR. EDISON has a horror of his friends finding him spoiled by his successes. When he was last abroad he was made a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, the highest rank in that most honored order, and was given the insignia of his rank—a large golden star. On his arrival home he was met by a number of friends who joked with him about his foreign successes, and especially about the decoration given him by the King of Italy, which and more embarrassed, although he stood the joking bravely, until some one made some allusion to the French decoration. Then he said with a sort of a laugh, "Oh, yes, now I remember; they did give me one of those laugh which followed this rather humorous description of and he recovered his ease of manner.

KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT HIS MEDALS

IT IS doubtful if any one living possesses a greater number of medals and honor decorations than Mr. Edison, sent—the honor shown to him and his inventions—he places no value whatever upon the medals themselves. This was shown recently when a friend of his attempted to secure the medals for exhibition. They were safely placed in a glass case, but Edison had lost the key. The case was forcibly opened, but then a greater difficulty presented itself: Edison was unable to tell the intending exhibitor anything definite about the medals! He did not even know for what some of them had been given.

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH HIS MAIL

HOW practically worthless is much of the mail received by a famous man Mr. Edison once demonstrated. He had just returned from a few days' absence, to find a small mountain of letters awaiting him. He was not in a mood for the reading and answering of letters, but his secretary pressed him to begin. This irritated Edison, and taking the whole basket of letters dropped its entire contents into the burning grate fire.

"There," he said, "that is the easiest way to settle that," and went off to his work.

Three months later a friend recalled the incident to him. "Yes," said Edison, with a chuckle, "and do you know I never heard from a blessed one of those letters, which shows you how important a public man's mail is."

WILL NOT TALK INTO HIS OWN PHONOGRAPH

MR. EDISON has persistently refused to register his voice upon a phonograph cylinder for repetition. To some friends who urged him to talk into one of these machines he gave his reason: "It would make me sick with disgust," he explained, "to see placarded on phonographs everywhere I turn: 'Drop a nickel in the slot and hear Edison talk.' No, no; none of that for me." The tone of voice in which he stated his objection made it clearly apparent that he could neither be coaxed nor dragged into granting the request, even though he had had an offer of ten thousand dollars for a five-minutes' talk. In perfecting the phonograph he has, of course, been obliged to talk into the machine frequently, but the cylinder is always scraped so that his voice cannot be reproduced. To one close friend, however, he reluctantly gave a cylinder recording a few of his words, and to a young man who particularly interested him he gave another, on which is recorded his favorite story. These are the only two in existence.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS BUT A MOMENT TO EDISON

WHEN at work solving some mechanical problem Mr. Edison is completely absorbed, so much so that he is literally unconscious of what goes on about him. On one occasion, when he was called to Chicago, a "thought," as he calls his problems, came to him as he reached the railway station in Jersey City. He took his seat in the train and was soon in deep study. When the porter called out "Chicago!" Edison turned to a fellow-passenger with the remark that the porter must be joking, as they had only just gotten outside of Jersey City. The "wizard's" mind was so concentrated upon an electrical problem that the twenty-four hours seemed but a fleeting moment to him. After the suburbs of Jersey City had been left behind his mind was closed to everything, and he became so absorbed in his problem that he did not realize that all his fellow-passengers had had a night's sleep and had eaten three meals.

INTERNALS AND NOT EXTERNALS APPEAL TO EDISON

MR. EDISON is absolutely lacking in the sense of valuing people for anything external. On one occasion a well-dressed young city swell and a poorly dressed old farmer appeared at the laboratory at the same time. The young man snubbed the farmer in every way possible, pushing him aside and interrupting him frequently, and in spite of Mr. Edison's constantly increasing frigidity of manner continued to gushingly express his admiration of the inventor and his inventions. Finally, while Mr. Edison was explaining some apparatus to his humbler visitor, the young man put out his hand and interrupting Mr. Edison's remarks said: "You must permit me, Mr. Edison, the great honor and privilege of shaking hands with you." Mr. Edison, with his back turned to the speaker, extended two fingers of one hand while he continued his talk with the farmer.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE PHONOGRAPH

MANY stories have been told of the discovery of the phonograph, some of them accurate in one or more details, but all of them untrue as regards the real facts of the origin of that invention, which are here presented for the first time. As is well known, at the time of its invention, in 1877, Mr. Edison and the group of young men who had allied their fortunes and future with his were in the depths of ill luck, and their funds were very low. In order to secure a little money one of Edison's young followers, Edward H. Johnson, undertook to make a tour of Northern and Central New York, lecturing on Edison's inventions. A short time before Mr. Johnson's departure Mr. Edison was working in his laboratory testing the diaphragm of a telephone. While working over the diaphragm Mr. Edison said suddenly: "If a needle were attached to this diaphragm it would prick my finger or would record on a sufficiently receptive material the number and character of the diaphragm vibrations." The two men discussed the likelihood of this, and Mr. Edison, carrying his thought to its conclusion, said, "If the record of these vibrations were retraced over the needle it would re-vibrate the diaphragm, and that, in turn, would operate another telephonic circuit and thus act as a telephonic repeater." Mr. Johnson was much interested as Mr. Edison described to him his ideas of the workings of such a machine, and said that he would incorporate the ideas into his lecture. Permission was given him and the affair passed from Mr. Edison's mind. When at Saratoga Mr. Johnson gave the first description of the conversation. The next lecture was at Buffalo, and there the description was repeated. A Buffalo paper of the following morning published in large headlines:

"EDISON'S LATEST MARVEL—A TALKING MACHINE

THE WONDER OF THE AGE

Described Last Night in Buffalo

By PROFESSOR EDWARD H. JOHNSON"

Mr. Johnson, on reading this, realized for the first time what Edison had invented, and canceling the dates for his remaining lectures hurried back to Menlo Park.

"Well, what brought you back so soon?" said Mr. Edison, looking at him in surprise.

"This," he said, pointing to the newspaper account.

"What's wrong with it?" asked Mr. Edison.

"Wrong with it? Nothing. It will make your fortune. See here!" handing to his amazed superior the newspaper.

"Do you see what this thing is? It's a talking machine, and we none of us realized it."

The development and perfection of the machine followed, its commercial placing coming later.

"A HEAVEN-KISSING HILL"

THE ROMANCE OF ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN NEW YORK SOCIAL LIFE

By Julia Magruder

[Author of "A Beautiful Alien," "The Child Amy," "The Princess Sonia," "The Violet," etc.]

PART I—CHAPTER I



FROM childhood Roger Gilbert had shown a decided talent for drawing, and his parents, who were practical people, had made an engineer of him. In doing so they believed that they had studied, to good effect, his natural bent, and they felt they might congratulate themselves that they had not coerced their son into any manner of life which might contradict the instincts of his nature.

True, tunnels and aqueducts were not the sort of drawing that the boy had been addicted to, but he would have his living to make, and it was not to be supposed that he could do this by drawing men and women, and skies! The Gilberts lived in a rural community, and of the emoluments of an artist's life they knew nothing; while Roger, for his part, knew as little as his parents.

The fact that he had his living to make was as evident to him as it was to them, and so, with rather a bad grace,

and had made few friends, and so it was to his mother alone that he showed the little drawings and water-color sketches which he had made during his rare leisure hours. She felt a deep interest in him, of course, but he could not feel that she had any real interest in his sketches. Yet the craving for sympathy was so strong that when, about a year after his removal to New York, his mother died, his sense of loss seemed to be keenest when he felt that no one else would ever care to look at his pictures.

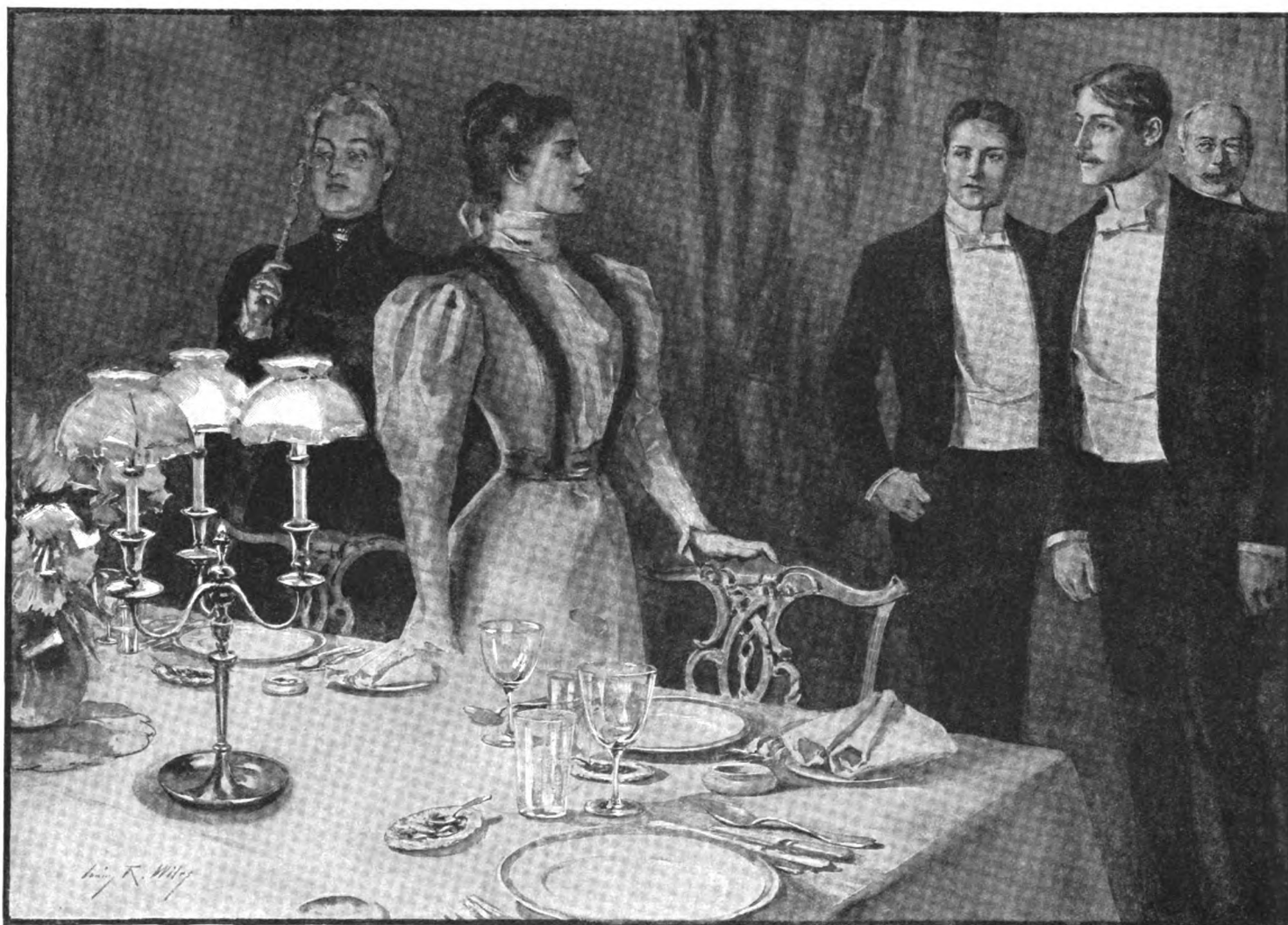
He was utterly alone in the world now, and the oppression of this fact weighed on him heavily. The men who worked with him in the railroad office were so frankly puzzled if he ever spoke to them of his passion for art, and he saw so plainly that any such expression made them regard him as eccentric, that he forced himself to be silent on the subject nearest his heart, and grew every day more restless, dissatisfied and sad.

Months passed in this way, and at last he had a slight increase of salary. He was congratulated on this by his superiors, and a certain rise in his profession was predicted

among the art students, who proved as congenial, as a class, as the other fellow-workers he had known had proved the contrary. He lived sparsely, of course, but his daily food and shelter, his class fees, materials, etc., cost a certain sum, which he saw no way of avoiding, and his little pile of savings shrank perceptibly. All of his friends were poor, however, and it did not seem to matter until he got so very near the end that he was forced to ask himself what was to become of him when his last cent should be gone!

He hated the thought of debt, and, besides, these impecunious art students did not find the opportunity of debt so easy. He could not bear the idea of borrowing from those who were, perhaps, as poor as he, and he began to stint himself more and more in his expenditures. It was no use, however; the little sum was dwindling, slowly, slowly, and at last he was compelled to sell some of his effects to get the positively needed ready money. He did not mind this, as privation and discomfort were indeed quite easy to him, but the limitation of this system was all too evident.

At last there came to him a daring thought. Why not try to sell his picture? He called it his picture, for it was the one supreme! He had painted a great many studies of various kinds during this time of feverishly active work, but there was one small canvas, the outcome of a passionate feeling in his heart, which was the only thing that he had ever done which he could call a picture. Whether it was that or anything to others he could not say, but to him it was the picture of the aspiration of his soul. He did not give it any name, except in his own heart, and there he called it "Listening to the Voices," as another picture, which he often went to worship before, was called. But



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES

"AND GILBERT FOUND HIMSELF FACE TO FACE WITH A BEAUTY"

he set himself, when the time came, to the acquirement of such knowledge as would avail him in the career of a practical engineer. He was naturally persevering, and he worked hard and stood well in his classes.

About the time he left school his father died, leaving his mother very poor, and Roger was glad to accept a position in a railroad office in New York City, where he had certain accounts to keep, and was given, besides, a good deal of very exact drawing and calculating to do. The salary was small, but he was able, by living very economically, to send his mother some money every week, and he saw so many men with qualifications as good as his own who could get nothing whatever to do that he tried to persuade himself that he was lucky.

This effort, however, was far from being successful. He had never wholly given up the other sort of drawing, which was as delightful to him as his cuts and embankments were irksome, and since coming to the great city to live he had seen the achievements of other men, and the glories and wonders of the Metropolitan Art Museum had stirred into new life the dormant power and enthusiasm for art which had been born in him.

The result was a feverish and rebellious state of mind, which made him look thin and careworn, and caused his mother much anxiety when he would go once a month to spend Sunday with her. He was a rather reserved fellow

for him. But the prospect failed to please him, and when he asked himself which was preferable, to go up higher, or to join the ranks of the lowest who had chosen art for their career, his answer decided his fate.

He had laid by a little money since the weekly remittances to his mother had ceased, and with his recent increase of salary he could now lay by more; so he took his resolution. He would work at the office one more year, putting by all that he could, and then he would gather his little savings and turn his back upon that uncongenial work, and become an art student—an artist he did not dare to call himself. In the year of waiting he found out the life-classes and other drawing-schools where he could work at night, and he delved away like a galley-slave. All this hard and sedentary work told on him, of course, but he was a powerful young fellow, and a little dumb-bell exercise held him up to his tasks, and the Sundays in the country seemed to repair the ravages of the past week and fortify him for the week to come.

In due course all his plans were carried out. One happy morning he turned his back upon the office forever, and having established himself in a little attic where he had good light for his work, he began, in the true and single sense, his art career. It was a glorious time to him, as every day and hour the possibilities of such a life were unfolded before him. He quickly made friends

this was a man's face. It was as unlike as possible to his own in feature, and far more beautiful, yet on that face he had managed to get more nearly than he could have believed it possible, the image of the thoughts which, in his divinest moments of aspiration, had animated his own soul—a longing to be free from the thralldom which hampered him in his strivings after the ideal, the great, the satisfying!—a passionate desire to follow the leading of the voices which summoned him to that blessed state!

He had been happy, almost to ecstasy, in doing that picture—an ecstasy which was turned into a rapt humility when he laid down his brushes and felt that he, even he, had created that materialized thought on the canvas yonder—which would be read, as easily as print, by one who understood its language! He knew that such a one might never chance to see the picture, and he shrank from showing it to the student friends who were in the habit of coming to his studio. No one had seen it, but he knew that it was a thing of worth, and it was certainly the only possession that he had which might yield him now the help he needed. He tried to make up his mind to offer it for sale, but could not bear the thought!

So days and weeks went by, and he got poorer and poorer. He was often hungry now and in want of the

materials for his work. This last was not to be endured. He swallowed his emotion with a gulp and stole secretly out of the house, one morning early, with his treasure wrapped in newspaper under his arm. He took it to a small shop where he often bought his paints, and asked permission to expose it in the window. He was blushing furiously, and his hands were trembling as he took the cover off, but the stolid shopkeeper saw none of these signs, as he looked with scant interest at the picture.

"Who is it?" he asked.
"Oh, it's no one in particular. It's an ideal head."
"You ain't apt to sell it at that," said the man.
"You'd better call it some name."

"I can't," answered Gilbert curtly. "I don't call it anything, and I want you to say so when you are asked."
"What'd you want for it?"

"What I can get," Gilbert answered, and walked away. For days afterward he haunted the shop, not openly and visibly, but in early morning or at nightfall, passing on the other side of the street, and glancing sidelong toward the window, where the quiet canvas seemed to reproach him. It was as if he had offered up for sale the most sacred and delicate emotions of his heart, and dared not look himself in the face! He longed to go and seize it and carry it off to the quiet seclusion of his own room, but that room was his no longer, except by the favor of the landlord, who had agreed to wait only so long as the end of this week before ejecting him for non-payment of rent. Then what place would he have even so far his own as to furnish a shelter for this picture?

The week was very near its end when he went one morning to find the picture gone! In the pang that wrenched his heart pain and pleasure were so mingled that he felt absolutely bewildered as he entered the shop. Perhaps it was not really sold! He glanced furtively around, divided between hope and dread of meeting the pictured eyes. But it was not to be seen.

"Your picture's sold," the shopkeeper said, as if conscious of a calm manner in stating an exciting fact.

"Who bought it?" said Gilbert breathlessly.

"You'd better ask how much it sold for," said the man, "though I don't know any more about one thing than the other—except that it was a lady that bought it, and that she was particular to seal the money up in this note. I hope it's a good sum. She had to go away to fetch it, and she took the picture with her. She said if you were not satisfied with the price you'd let her know."

Gilbert took the letter and walked toward the open door, feigning to need the light, as the shop was dark, but really to conceal the emotion in his face. There was a crisp banknote inclosed, and he saw at his first glance that it was a hundred-dollar bill. Hardly able to believe his senses he read the note, which ran:

"For certain reasons your picture appeals to me strongly. It has a meaning for me which you may or may not have intended. I know there are often misconceptions about these things, but I want to possess this picture because of what I see in it. Your dealer tells me you have put no price upon it. I asked him to suggest a price, and he made it so absurdly small that it was not to be thought of. If you think the inclosed too little write to me and state your price. I am willing to pay what you ask. The man says you are an art student who has never exhibited. Should you desire to exhibit this picture you can have it at any time for that purpose. You can hardly need my assurance that you have a great gift. I don't know what you may have meant by this picture, but I shall call it 'Listening to the Voices.'"

"Please address your reply to

"Miss VINTON, 138 Wellington Avenue."

This was all!

Gilbert felt himself so stirred that he waited a moment to collect himself, before turning back into the shop. Then he said:

"What price did you put on the picture?"

"Oh, I told her you'd take what you could get, and asked her if ten dollars was too much."

"What do you charge for your trouble?"

"Would a dollar be too—" the man began, in his usual formula, which Gilbert interrupted by laying a dollar on the counter, as he turned and left the shop.

It was the last that he had had in the world!

CHAPTER II

GILBERT walked homeward almost bewildered with joy. Outside his beloved art he had had a very colorful life, and this letter was the most delightful incident that had ever come to him. On entering his room he was surprised to see how the aspect of everything had changed, owing to the atmosphere of hope through which he saw all now.

He could not rest until he answered that letter, and hastily getting out materials he sat down to write.

There was no formal beginning to her letter, so he would make none. Dashing off the words with impetuous haste, he wrote as follows:

"In thanking you, madam, for your generous payment for my picture I wish to tell you that the money—much in excess of my expectations as it was—is not the greatest part of the obligation which I feel myself under to you. I had come to my last dollar, and my need of money was great, but I feel that an even greater need has been fulfilled by the words of your note. That another, besides myself, has understood the joy and the pain of listening to the voices outside and above ourselves—has heard their insistent cries and struggled to break through every shackle and follow them—and that that other has stretched forth a hand to loose my chains, this is even more to me than the deeply felt necessity of money.

"I am sure, madam, that if you knew both the physical and spiritual poverty which your generosity has relieved and your sympathy has enriched, your kind heart would be the lighter for this day's good deed. If you could realize what my struggles have been to follow the divine voice which has, from childhood, summoned my soul, you would have some conception of how eternally and entirely I am

"Your grateful and devoted servant,

"ROGER GILBERT."

When this letter had been sealed and directed the young fellow found that he would have to change his hundred-dollar bill to get a stamp for it.

It was a gracious and an easy task to do this. He felt like a new man when he went to the office of his somewhat surly landlord and presented the bill in payment of his rent, and as he gathered in the great handful of change he saw with keen enjoyment the sudden alteration of expression on his landlord's face. Followed by the latter's obsequious bows he went to the nearest drug store, where he bought a stamp, and posted the letter in the pillar-box on the corner. Thence he walked rapidly

toward home. On the way he saw a shop with artists' materials in the window, and it was with a feeling akin to bliss that he went in and bought himself a supply.

For some days he worked away with restless energy, particularly at the life-class. They were happy hours, for all the time there was that divine comfort in his heart which only the consciousness of sympathy can impart. He had had nothing like it before, for even his mother's sympathy had been without the quality of comprehendingness which he now enjoyed.

One evening, on entering his room, he found a letter on the floor. At sight of the handwriting his heart bounded. He had seen those small and rather cramped characters before. It looked like the writing of a woman no longer young. But with her age he had nothing whatever to do. It was her spirit, her consciousness that had spoken to him before, and that he longed to hold converse with again. The letter read:

"If I could realize! It is you, my friend, who are the unknowing one. Can I not realize those long struggles of yours, having gone through them myself? Who better? Let me tell you then, my friend and fellow-student, that that which has been so recently the painful striving of your life, has been, remotely, mine, as well—remotely as to time, I mean, for it is now a long time since I gave up—yielding to circumstances that were too strong for me. From childhood I, too, listened to the voices, but when I would have followed where they led I could not. The hands that restrained me were stronger than the voices that wooed. I had to give it up, and the divine dream is past, the voices speak to me no longer!

"It is for this, my friend, that I shall try, as best I may, to give you all the encouragement and aid within my power. Your picture is a great thing. I have it near me in my room, and even when in darkness its voice speaks to me. Let me counsel you a little. I have thought and seen much of this wonderful art that we both love. If, as you have hinted, your opportunities and experiences have been small, you are especially liable to the mistake of being too humble. Granting that one has the priceless gift of individuality, of inherent power, it is some artist whom you admire your danger is the greater. If you use his methods, without his spirit behind them, you cannot obtain his results, and your spirit, working according to his methods, must needs produce a less valuable result than if what you do as well as what you conceive, is your own. I beg you to consider what I say, while your hand is yet free, as I see it in this picture. There is no trace of any master's influence here, and for that I value it and you.

"I am anxious to see more of your work. I shall watch the window of the little shop for it. I do not ask you to show it to me first, because I wish you to have the advantage of having it seen by others who may recognize its merit as I have done. When the spring exhibitions come I am looking forward to hearing your strong, individual note among those voiceless ones, from whom I am obliged to turn away each year in disappointment.

"If you care to, you may write to me. It may be that, through your interpretation, I may catch again the faint and distant sound of the voices which speak to me no longer.

"Your friend,
MARGARET VINTON."

The effect of this letter upon Gilbert was as tremendous an influence as he had ever come under. The reason for this was plain. In the words before him he saw written the teaching of an inward voice that had long admonished him. Even while working under a master whom he half adored, he had, all along, a feeling that the best in him was hampered, rather than developed, and he realized that it was because he had blindly followed the impulse of his own soul, and taken counsel of himself alone, that that picture had been painted. He could not ignore the fact that he had done nothing else comparable to it, and he had long felt an insistent longing to paint as he pleased rather than as his teachers directed. And now he would do this! The hand of this unknown woman had struck from him his last shackle and he was free!

He wrote her a letter out of the fullness of his ardent heart and told her all this. Following her lead he called her his friend, and in the end he offered her all the fealty and devotion of which his heart was capable. It was an impetuous letter, and after it had gone he was a little anxious lest it might displease her, and he waited for her answer with a good deal of disquietude.

When it came, however, it was all generous, unquestioning sympathy. It seemed to be written from the standpoint of an older and more experienced mind, and it offered him the benefit of that experience to any extent to which he might choose to call upon it.

Then Gilbert wrote and asked that he might see her. To this she answered no so kindly in the following note that it was certainly the least repelling of refusals:

"You will like me better, perhaps, without seeing me. You have idealized me a good deal, I can see, and at my time of life to be idealized is too precious a thing to part with lightly. Besides, I can help you better as things are—when we are not personalities to each other, but simply one an artist, and the other a disappointed woman who would have been an artist, too, if fate had been more kind to her."

This was, of course, a source of regret to Gilbert, but he said no more. He had once or twice before receiving this letter, walked past 138 Wellington Avenue, and looked with interest at the house. It was a rather handsome one, and he got the impression that it was a somewhat high order of boarding-house. Of course, he could have found out, but after this letter he felt so convinced that his unknown friend wished to remain unknown in every sense self to conform absolutely to her wishes.

Under the impulse of his new resolution he worked with twice his former zeal and interest, and with results attendance at the great man's studio, but worked harder collected every day.

Among these men was a certain young fellow of whom Gilbert knew little except that his name was Guy Brevard. Unfamiliar as he was with the names in New York, this young fellow-student made no especial impression on him. He liked him personally, however, and the feeling appeared to be mutual. Often in the class, at which Brevard next to Gilbert's and work at his side.

One morning, while Gilbert was working, Brevard, who seemed to be bored with the model, said abruptly:

"It seems to make no difference to you what you've got to draw. To me a woman like that is impossible. Do you really take an interest in drawing her?"

"Yes," whispered Gilbert, "I do—but don't talk."

This induced only a very brief silence, which Brevard broke by saying again:

"I wish to goodness I were such a worker as you are." "Then you'd better try to become such—but don't talk," was the whispered answer.

"But suppose I want to talk," said Brevard. "I never get a chance at you. I don't see why you shouldn't come to see me—at my home, I mean. Will you?"

"Yes—but don't talk," said Gilbert again, and this time with sufficient effect to silence his companion until the end of the pose.

As they were leaving the studio the two men turned into the street together.

"Why can't you come and dine with me at home this evening?" he said. "I've been to your place often enough to have some of my visits returned. I happen to know there's nothing but a family dinner on for to-night. Come and join us. My people would be delighted. They are always asking me why I don't bring some of the fellows to dinner with me, instead of dining with them at restaurants! Will you come this evening at eight?"

"I don't know," said Gilbert. "I'm not much used to ladies, though I'm not aware that I'm afraid of them."

"Then will you come?"

Gilbert seemed to hesitate a moment; then, being at a loss for an excuse, said yes.

"It's an evening-dress affair, I'm sorry to say," said Brevard. "Have you got an evening coat? Most artists don't bother with them, I know."

"Yes, I chance to have such a possession—bought for a single great occasion that came in my way, and never worn since. It'll do it good to give it an airing. Thanks much. Good-by."

They had reached the corner where their ways divided, and with a parting gesture Gilbert left him.

Gilbert was, as he said, not conscious of being afraid of ladies, and he took some interest that evening in dressing in his unaccustomed garments, and walking to the house whose number had been given him. His way lay through such handsome streets, and he at last stopped before such an imposing residence, that, despite himself, he felt a little out of place. It was too late to retreat, however, so he rang the bell and was promptly admitted to a hall so rich and beautiful as to give, on the instant, a sense of delight and repose to the artist soul within him.

Every impression which Gilbert received, as he took in the details of the furnishing of the Brevard house, was satisfying to his artistic sense. It was so much more than merely handsome and rich that it gratified a certain feeling in him which had never been gratified before. To see so many objects of beauty collected in a place that was essentially a home was absolutely new in his experience, and a certain sense of unmistakable refinement and good taste was as all-pervasive as an atmosphere.

Guy came out of a room on the left of a hall and gave him a cheery greeting, taking him back to his room and introducing his father, a remarkably young-looking man, with whom he seemed to be on terms almost brotherly.

They were strikingly alike, the father and son, as they stood looking at him with the same kindly gaze, through polished eye-glasses. The older man was stout and bald, while the younger one had neatly parted black locks locks surmounting the slowness of his form.

It was a cold day, and a bright, open fire blazed in the grate, and drew from the freshly opened sheets of the evening paper, in Mr. Brevard's hand, the smell of printer's ink, which mingled with the odor of Russia leather from the bindings of the books, and a faint scent of cigar smoke which lingered in the air.

It soon appeared that a base-ball discussion had been in progress when Gilbert was announced, and he was now taken into it. Guy had once been on his college team, and spoke with a certain sense of superiority, but the older man was quite as eager and earnest, and showed quite as good a grasp of the subject theoretically.

To this discussion Gilbert could contribute little, so he was constituted audience, so to speak, and both men were appealing to him eagerly on the vexed point, when a manservant came to the doorway and announced dinner.

Still talking base-ball the three men passed into the dining-room, where two ladies were awaiting them. One, a tall, imposing and rather severe-looking personage, young Brevard introduced as "My mother." Then he said, in the same off-hand way, "My sister, Mr. Gilbert"—and Gilbert found himself face to face with a beauty.

Her manner, as she bowed to him, partook far more of the coldness and severity of her mother's bearing than of the ease and cordiality of her father's and brother's. She was very tall, so that her eyes were almost on a level with Gilbert's, and the slight bow with which she acknowledged the introduction scarcely lowered them. Their gaze was direct and proud, under their level brows, and it seemed to Gilbert that it took him in completely, as it rested just an instant on him and was turned away. She had the cold and somewhat supercilious air, which is the usual veneering of the New York fashionable girl, no matter what spirit may underlie it. This was the first of the class that Gilbert had ever encountered, and as he understood her manner it seemed to him to indicate a nature which he felt to be rather repelling.

When the party was seated at the table Gilbert looked at her again. His gaze this time lingered a little longer than the first, as he saw that it was not returned. Her white lids were lowered, as she looked down at her soup-plate, and he had an opportunity to see her more in detail.

Her thick, dark brown hair was arranged with the utmost simplicity, and there was not a curl, nor even a stray hair to break the severe line of her low, wide forehead. The coloring of her face was a uniform creamy white, except for the dark accentuation of the straight lines of her brows, and the curved lines of her lashes, and the deep pinkness of her lips. Her features were almost perfectly regular, as was, also, the contour of her head and chin.

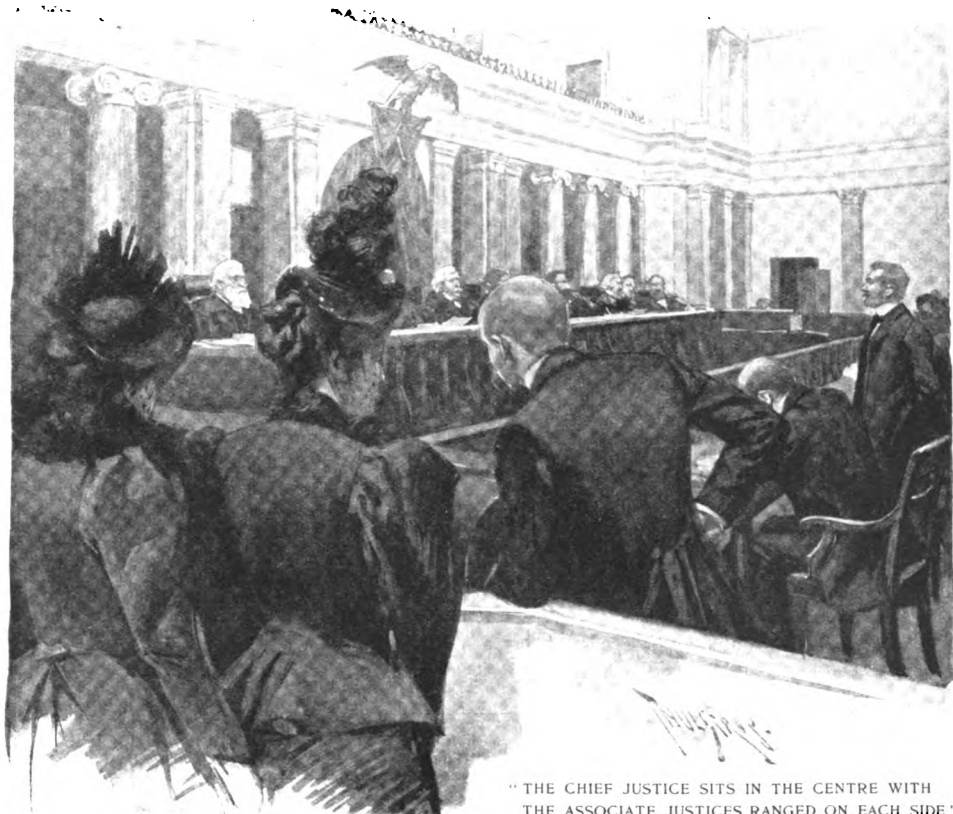
Gilbert forgot himself in this delight to his artistic sense, and his eyes were still fixed on her when she raised her own and met them. Then he quickly looked away, but not before he had perceived that those large and heavy-lidded eyes were of a clear, pure gray, which put the last touch to the exquisite color scheme of her face.

It seemed to Gilbert almost impossible to turn either his eyes or his thoughts away from this girl—the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. He felt himself coming under an influence which was to sway his life even more than his most delighted dreams could, at that moment, have convinced him was possible.

THE INNER EXPERIENCES OF A CABINET MEMBER'S WIFE

As She Writes Them to Her Sister at Home

[As these "letters" tell of the actual social and domestic life of a prominent Cabinet member's wife the name of the writer is, for obvious reasons, withheld, and no attempt at portraiture has been made in the illustrations]



"THE CHIEF JUSTICE SITS IN THE CENTRE WITH THE ASSOCIATE JUSTICES RANGED ON EACH SIDE"

THIRTEENTH LETTER

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 8, 189—

Dear Lyde:

I AM very much troubled about Henry, who has been at home several days this week suffering from what the doctor says is malaria. My own opinion is that he suffers more from anxiety than from anything else. It is the fashion to have malaria in Washington, but I hardly think the lazy Potomac can be responsible for all the ills this population is heir to. It is a case of when in doubt say—malaria. Henry is better to-day; he always is after spending a few days in idleness with me. The more I see of marital unhappiness in rich social life the more I am convinced that in order to love each other truly people must sacrifice together and suffer together.

The only quarrel we ever had was over the government of little Lucy, who died, and we can't recall what it was we came to words over. But the little thing sickened and died; then I nursed Henry through that long spell of typhoid fever just before Tim came, and as we struggled along together, frequently without even one servant, we learned by heart the rule of mutual forbearance.

Married people ought to close their eyes to each other's petty faults, which grow large with over-attention. This sounds as though I had taken to sermonizing in the modern "advanced" way, but I assure you I have escaped the fever—I am only sorry for the unhappy-looking people I see every day, when I know so well how much better off they might be if they would only work out the Golden Rule for themselves.

Even my beautiful Marion is showing a selfishness and lack of consideration such as I could not have believed her capable of previously. She finally came to see me and we had a long talk. Hers is the nature slow to anger, but plenteous in wrath when the time comes. I fear she is mulish. Her story is that the day before the Legation reception, where she had promised to meet Jack, Mrs. Deming's sister, the Army woman, went to see her, and with tears in her eyes told Marion that, having heard of her engagement to Mr. Garven her conscience compelled her to reveal some hidden things she knew about him, even at the expense of her own sister's reputation, rather than see

an innocent girl throw herself away on him. Marion said she tried to stop her, and she went on to relate that five years before he and Mrs. Deming had been deeply in love with each other while Marion was still in school.

Her sister had been very imprudent, to the sorrow of her own family and her husband, who discovered that his wife had been paying Mr. Garven's bills and gambling debts, giving him part of her allowance regularly, whereupon Mr. Deming created a scene and forbade him the house. Mr. Garven then tried to induce her sister to draw all of her available means, settled upon her by her father, and elope with him. She tried to do this for him, but her father and husband detained her as she was about to leave the house, forced a confession from her, and reported Mr. Garven to his superior officers, who were soon on the point of bringing him up before court-martial, but were bought off in some unknown way.

As Marion finished this interesting tale I asked, "And you believed that woman?" She replied, "Not until I went to one of the officers she mentioned and asked if Jack Garven had ever been up for court-martial. He replied to my question, 'He never was court-martialed, as you know.' But I finally got out of him that Jack had come near it at one time when he was very young. He would not tell what his misdemeanor was, so it must have been what she said. I could bear the idea of an attempted elopement better than the thought of my lover or husband having once lived on some woman's money. Horrible! I never want to see him again as long as I live."

"And this is what you call love, Marion Tyler?" I exclaimed. "Don't you think you might hear his side of the story? You knew beforehand, as does all Washington, of an early entanglement with that Mrs. Deming."

"I knew she had flirted with him as she has with dozens of others. But to take money from her! I can hardly bear to talk about such baseness. I thought I knew men well, and I never accused Jack Garven of being a saint, but I thought his vices were those of a gentleman."

"Marion, you are unreasonable. Give Jack a chance to defend himself against the lies of a stranger to you."

"Do you suppose any man would admit such a truth as that, Mrs. Cummings? He would have to lie."

"Marion Tyler, I cannot believe you are the girl I have known before! That woman, Mrs. Deming, has always been in love with Jack, and this lie is founded on her

jealousy. She would try to prevent his marriage by foul means if not by fair. Do you suppose I would believe such a thing about my husband, or would have before I married him, without better proof than you have?"

"Ah, you don't know men as I do, Mrs. Cummings. You believe in everybody."

"Well, I'm glad I don't know men as well as you do if such knowledge would affect me as it does you. I don't believe you ever loved him one bit." Then changing my tone, as I saw opposition was making her stubborn, I pleaded for Jack, begging her to see him. This she refused to do, and the only satisfaction I got from her was permission to talk the matter over with Jack myself.

As she rose to go she said, "I hope you will like Mr. Bynington, Mrs. Cummings. He is a clever man, bound to rise in the Diplomatic service. We intend to be married in the spring, when we will take a tour of the world."

"I shall always wish you well, Marion, but I can never feel the same toward a woman who could be so unjust to Jack Garven, who has become like my own boy to me. If I prove to you that the whole story was a lie will you break your engagement with the Englishman?"

"There is no such possibility—no woman would incriminate her sister in order to ruin a man's reputation, and the fact of the court-martial exists. He is the one man I trusted on earth and I can never trust another."

"And still you marry Mr. Bynington?" I asked.

"Oh, certainly. That will be a friendly arrangement. When romance dies, the real, practical things of life take its place. You have been very good to me, Mrs. Cummings. We will lock this episode up in my past and lose the key. You surely will not let this trouble rob me of your friendship. May I come as usual?"

"Certainly, Marion, although you will be liable to meet Mr. Garven here at any time. I must say honestly that I cannot feel just the same toward you, my dear, as you talk now, but I believe you will come to your senses."

"I am sorry. Good-by," she said as she went out with that cold, hard look I always dread so much to see on her face. I have not seen her since.

I am not clever enough to understand people's motives when they are absolutely different from my own. Is it that Marion's sense of honor is inordinately high, or that a wave of jealousy swept over her, utterly destroying her sense of justice toward the man she loved?

I sent for Jack and told him of the interview. As he listened the blood rushed to his face in waves several times but he said nothing. At the end he merely asked, "And Marion believes this lie, you say?"

"Yes, Jack; it seems impossible, but she believes it."

"And how about you, Mrs. Cummings? Do you also believe me a cur?"

"No, I don't, Jack. I know Mrs. Deming made up these lies purposely for her sister to repeat. Were you nearly court-martialed?"

"Yes; that is the one truth in the story. It's just my luck—Major Bronson started off on leave yesterday. He takes a cruise on a rich lumberman's freight-boat to South America and back. At my request he would tell Miss Tyler that five years ago I bid fair to become a drunkard. The taste was inherited and no corrective influence was ever thrown around me, and that is what nearly gained me a court-martial. Bad enough, I admit, but not as low as her accusation. Mrs. Deming used to get me pretty drunk



"GOOD-BY," SHE SAID AS SHE WENT OUT WITH THAT COLD, HARD LOOK ON HER FACE"



"I HAVE A GREAT SYMPATHY FOR THESE WOMEN SOCIETY REPORTERS"

in her eyes told Marion that, having heard of her engagement to Mr. Garven her conscience compelled her to reveal some hidden things she knew about him, even at the expense of her own sister's reputation, rather than see

Editor's Note—The fifth of the series of letters narrating "The Inner Experiences of a Cabinet Member's Wife." The first of these letters appeared in the December, 1897, issue of the Journal.

and do anything she wanted to with me until my narrow escape from court-martial sobered me. After I met Marion Tyler I never took any more liquor than you have seen me drink at dinner. It was hard work keeping myself straight at first, but I succeeded for Marion's sake—although she never knew about it. I have no proofs except the word of Major Bronson. All I can say is, that on the word of a gentleman and a soldier I never received even a five-cent-piece from Mrs. Deming, nor did I ever attempt to elope with her. I can only ask you to believe me as you would your own son, Mrs. Cummings. Do you think a woman with much heart would refuse to give a man a chance?"

"I told Marion just that thing, Jack, and begged her to see you, but she refused. What are you going to do about it, my poor boy?"

"Nothing. When Major Bronson comes back I will ask him to write out a statement of the truth about the

court-martial for your sake. I will call upon Mrs. Deming and ask her for an explanation of her sister's lie. They will rely upon my honor to shield them from publicity, I suppose. Then, too, any woman can take away a man's character if she is willing to lose her own at the same time. If Marion loved me she would give me a chance. She has shown us either that faith does not belong to the girl of the period, or that she wanted to shake me for Bynington in the easiest way to herself. Now, my mother-friend, we must try to forget her. They say I am only a dress-parade soldier because I have never seen any active service. Now is a chance to show my grit. I don't believe I'm all the way soft. Do you?" And Jack stood beside me the very ideal soldier in looks and expression. In his eyes was the look he wears when on duty, and the stern, beardless mouth and chin took on their most severe expression.

I liked Jack's display of mettle and told him I was proud to see him hold his own, but that we must hope for the best—that Marion would relent in a day or two.

"But I never shall. A woman has only to show that she despises me unfairly once—once is enough."

He left me wearing that proud look of defiance, but I know that Jack was cut to the quick, because, as he says, Marion had been the one ideal in his otherwise commonplace life, and besides, his pride was touched. I am helpless to do anything for these two misguided children now. They must fight out their troubles themselves. I simply cannot understand Marion, who up to this time has seemed so lovable and forgiving.

Because of Henry's illness and this unhappy love affair I have not had the heart to go anywhere this week. There have been no imperative social demands upon me, so I am resting by declining invitations because of Henry's condition. Dear fellow! I never bother him with these things I write to you. Writing them out helps me to see them more clearly.

Of course, my Wednesday had to be gone through with as usual. An old lady came in that afternoon, and fixing me with a look said, "Well, I declare! You do favor your Paw! Did you ever hear tell of the Jenkenses of Watertown? I was a neighbor to the Houghtons there an' knew your Paw when we's both in dresses. I ain't heard much concerning him of late years, but I says to my husband, when I read in the papers your maiden name, I reckon that's 'Lias Houghton's daughter. When I go to the Capital to visit Lucindy I intend to find out, and I knowd I ain't made a mistake." Any number of people have identified me wrongly. You might think I had been born in all the States of the Union.

Your distracted sister, EMMY.

FOURTEENTH LETTER
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 20, 189—

Dear Lyde:

HENRY is better, and consequently so am I. He was well enough to go with me this morning, at the invitation of the Attorney-General, to hear him argue a case before the Supreme Court, in which we were deeply interested. I confess that I was somewhat disappointed in the appearance of the Supreme bench, owing, I presume, to childish impressions gained through books of the bewigged, high-and-mighty dignity of the English Courts.

First of all the courtroom is not large nor impressive, as one would expect it to be. I looked forward to seeing a room about the size of the English House of Commons, judging its size by pictures I have seen, so it was something in the nature of a fall when we were taken into this rather dingy room, poorly lighted, and about as long as the lower floor of your house, by half that width.

We sat down and waited for the assembling of the bar, which means all the lawyers connected with the case or cases on hand. Before twelve o'clock three lawyers, beside the Attorney-General, had arrived and seated themselves at tables placed for them between the audience and the bench, the latter meaning the raised platform upon which the Justices sit in a row.

At precisely twelve o'clock the Marshal of the Court appeared at the north door of the courtroom immediately to the right of the bench. Seeing him the Court crier arose, and with his gavel rapped the desk three times, looking as important as a fashionable undertaker ushering in the family friends. Upon this rap of the gavel (it looks something like a croquet mallet with the handle cut off) the bar and audience (Mrs. Attorney-General and myself) arose and stood until the Chief Justice and the Associate Justices, following the Marshal in single file, came in, wearing black robes. Standing in front of their seats the Justices bowed gravely all at once to the bar, and the members of the bar bowed in return. Thereupon the Justices, bar and audience all sat down.

Then the crier's turn came again, and he made the best of his opportunity by calling out in stentorian tones a string of utterly incomprehensible words; at least they seemed so to me until the Attorney-General interpreted afterward. What the crier does cry is: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" All persons having business before the Supreme Court of the United States will draw near and give their attention, for the Court is now in session. God save the United States and this Honorable Court"—after which they proceeded to business. The Chief Justice sits in the centre, with the Associate Justices ranged on each side. No doubt "they constitute a very dignified body of men," the phrase generally used in regard to them, and there certainly is a quiet, solemn dignity about them, but having the white wigs and red robes in mind I was not fully satisfied with the wise face and iron-gray hair of the middle-sized Chief Justice, nor the portly frames and well-fed looks of the others. It was especially silly of me, because, having met all of these gentlemen socially, I knew what to expect in the way of appearances, but owing to my ignorance I had looked for some momentous change in their manner and bearing when actually seated on the bench. Perhaps if they had all been entire strangers to me personally I should have been very much more impressed with their dignity, for which, as it was, I was, perhaps, too fully prepared.

Having recently regaled you with Cousin Zeke and Poll, let me now, while I think of it, tell a relation story told me by the new Congressman from Ohio. This is his first term in Congress. When he and his wife came to Washington early in October they brought along an elderly aunt of his wife's for a visit before the season began, as she was too deaf to enjoy society. One day he took the old lady out to drive in a high, open vehicle,

called here a trap. His wife was unable to go at the last moment, so the aunt mounted behind, and he in front, as he drove himself. Being new to the place they had hardly any acquaintances. Greatly to his astonishment in a short time, as they drove along, people began to bow to him from every side. He said that for one short moment he saw himself a great man, but at the same time his surprise increased, until he turned around to express his astonishment to his Aunt Priscilla, even if he had to shout, and in turning, the mystery of the bows was solved—the old lady sat bolt upright, sound asleep with her head fallen forward. Every lurch of the vehicle bowed her head, and the people along the streets were only returning what they took to be her salutations. He spoke to her, but she could not hear, so he turned about and drove home. When he stopped in front of the house she wakened up, and was mortified to death.

So many people tell me of their blunders on first coming to Washington that I wonder why we have not made more. At one of the President's receptions we did step into the procession of Cabinet people, as we fell in behind the President and his wife, one couple ahead of our rank, but I was quick enough to see the mistake and pull Henry back into our proper place. But you see I have made as close a study of etiquette this winter as I did of botany in my youth, and people have been so kind to me in telling me things as though accidentally, when I knew they were instructing me. I was glad of the instruction given that way. Now that we are a settled element in the community and nation the reporters do not bother us about little things so much—our newness and interest having rubbed off together. I have great sympathy for these women society reporters, as I see more of them and their hard work, which must be distasteful to many of them. There is one girl who works up a society column every week, as the only means of providing bread and butter for an invalid mother and herself. She is ladylike and pleasant-looking, though not pretty, and I feel sure she dislikes to ask people questions more than they dislike to answer them—in fact, you would be surprised to see how some prominent people here toady to her for notices of their functions. I begin to understand what the phrase, "The power of the press," means.

How do you suppose that Mrs. Deming tried to get out of the tale her sister told? She declared that Marion had made up the falsehood herself, that her sister had never told anything of the kind, and called in Mrs. Grey, who backed her up in the statement. Jack came straight to me from her house and told me what they said.

"What are we to believe, Mrs. Cummings?" he asked with a puzzled look. "Marion was the most truthful woman I ever knew, while I have heard Estelle lie by the yard, but only in a small social way as the majority of people do. Nothing would have made me doubt Marion until she treated me so."

"Aren't you enough of a man of the world to know that white lies turn black in the mouth of a bad woman, Jack? I should say that a woman who would carry such a tale to Marion would be just the one to lie if caught in the act." Jack shook his head in silence as he sat looking his hat upside down between his knees and looking deep into the crown, as though in search of the truth.

Then he sighed and said, "Nobody knows, Mrs. Cummings, and nobody ever will. The real end of my life has come, no matter how long I live. Estelle tried her old tricks on me. I shouldn't wonder if I give in to her again. What difference does it make? If women like Marion are unfair and willing to sell themselves, women like Estelle will have their own way with us."

"Jack Garven!" I replied in considerable wrath. "Do you mean to say you would go back to that woman even if Marion does sell herself?"

"I don't know," he replied. "Oh, Jack! Jack! Aren't you a better man than that? Is there nothing to live for but women? Have you no ambition for your profession?" I almost cried. Then he looked up with some light in his eyes, saying:

"Now you've touched the spot. If I could be a real soldier I'd think life worth living, but here I have been stationed ever since I left West Point without more than a smell of powder. If I could fight, the women could take care of themselves as far as I'm concerned, or if I wasn't so poor and could knock about the world, I know traveling would just suit me. I'm often tempted to throw up my commission and try things with the English in Africa. I believe I'd do as a war correspondent."

"My advice to you, my boy, is to forget all about women for some time to come. They have not been a very good influence in your life so far. Why don't you improve your mind? Does a man know everything there is to know about soldiering when he leaves West Point?"

"Indeed he doesn't, but I've grown lazy in this life here. I expect you're right about the women. I suppose a man ought to make his own life, and not let them whittle him out. But there is one woman left to me, Mrs. Cummings—a woman who is trying to stand for my mother just now. I needn't cut her, need I?" and he looked at me with that smile in his eyes, to which every woman succumbs. I told him he need not cut me provided he did Mrs. Deming.

"Mrs. Deming is no longer in it, then," he said. "By the faith o' me sowl, by the Stars and Stripes, do the clainest shot o' me best rifle," as one of our old boys takes oath, I now do swear that Mrs. Cummings is my one love, the only woman on earth for me, and—"

At that moment Lem ushered Mrs. Deming into the parlor, where we were sitting. She hesitated in a most insinuating manner, stepped back and said, "Good-morning. I fear I am intruding. You must let me go away and come again. Mr. Garven told me he had found a mother-confessor. It would be too bad to interrupt him at his devotions." My anger brought me up (or down) to the occasion, and I replied: "No, indeed, Mrs. Deming, it is no interruption. Perhaps a little mother-confessing would do you no harm yourself. Take this seat. Mr. Garven was just saying that he intended, in the future, to seek out only the society of women who will do him some good."

"Ah, then you are leaving Washington, Mr. Garven?" she asked in a tone of insolence, enough to make one throw something at her.

"Yes, Mrs. Deming," Jack replied, looking straight at her. "I am leaving one part of Washington, and must leave you ladies now, as I have an engagement."

He beat a hasty retreat, in the cowardly way men have of leaving women to fight it out alone. After passing a few casual remarks Mrs. Deming began: "Mrs. Cummings, I have come to talk with you on a matter of importance. Mr. Garven tells me you have been informed by Miss Tyler that my sister told her some most impossible things about him in connection with me. Of course, my social position in Washington is too secure for me to concern myself about any gossip of Miss Tyler's manufacture; still, a woman does not care to have such things bandied about, and Mr. Garven's reputation might be seriously injured by falsehoods of that sort. I have come to ask you to use your influence in suppressing these tales, for his sake more than mine."

"Do I understand, Mrs. Deming, that you are accusing Miss Tyler of having invented what she says was told her by your sister?" I asked, trying to control my tongue.

"You do not suppose my sister would say such things, do you? If only for the sake of the family reputation she would hardly do such a thing."

"I admit that her doing so is inexplicable, Mrs. Deming, unless she has lost her mind, but that she did do so no one could doubt, having the faith in Marion Tyler's word that I have."

"You forget that Miss Tyler might have an object in repeating such a tale to Mr. Garven. Every one knows how careless she has been about showing her interest in him, and that she is not only jealous of his past, but of every time he speaks to me, too."

For a moment I was, as Tim says, "completely floored." I couldn't think of a thing to say until an old saying of father's, about paying the evil one with his own coin, flashed through my mind, and I threw out, "Ah, then I am to understand that jealousy instigated those falsehoods, no matter from what source they came?"

"I said nothing of the kind," she returned. "I merely suggested her jealousy of Mr. Garven as a cause."

"It is useless for us to enter into a discussion about this matter, Mrs. Deming; we could not agree. Are you going on to the Tylers' tea from here, or perhaps you have been?"

"I have not been and do not intend to go."

"I advise you to go and hear the announcement to be made of Marion's engagement to Mr. Bynington. They are to be married in June, which fact would hardly indicate a feeling for Mr. Garven leading to jealous fabrication of lies against him."

It took all of her self-control to hide her agitation at the announcement. She merely said, "Surprising, I thought she would have nothing to do with Bynington."

"There are a few affairs in Washington not public property, fortunately. Mr. Garven being an old friend of Marion's, and a very dear new friend of mine, she told us both your sister's tales in hopes of our preventing the circulation of such wicked untruths—whatever Mrs. Grey's object may have been. The stories will go no further, you may be sure, for Mr. Garven's sake. We all hope to find the cause of them some day."

She rose to go, with a singular look of triumph on her face I did not understand. "The cause is less important than the effect, in this case," she said. "I had no idea of going to the Tylers', but I must go on now to them and offer my congratulations. Are you not to be there?"

"I am not going out to-day," I answered, and after a stiff good-by from both of us she left, the very rustle of her silk-lined gown irritating me.

I am too much of a rustic to cope with such women, Lyde. This one is unscrupulous and determined, but I believe she has lost Jack even now, when she thinks she has gained him.

Mrs. Carrington and Rose come to us for a two weeks' visit next week. They will tell me exactly how you look, dear sister. I envy them the eyes that have looked upon you. With best love, I am as ever, EMMY.

Editor's Note—The unexpected happens in the "letters" of this series which will be printed in the May Journal. An accident happens to Mrs. Deming's sister, and "Mrs. Cummings" becomes her "good Samaritan," and through it learns the true tale of Mrs. Deming's duplicity with Miss Tyler. She finds the key to the whole situation in her hands. To Lieutenant Garven the unexpected also happens, although in another way. A delightful experience is told of a jaunt through the South with the President and his wife in a private car, where "Mrs. Cummings," according to her butler, "held her own with de furst lady ob de lan'."



By Edward W. Bok

THEY were a very happy couple. Everybody said so. They had been married just four years. Still, at the theatre they always had just as much to say to each other as five years before. At a dinner party loving glances would pass between them over the table. Their pleasure seemed so complete in each other.

They were so happy. Constantly they told each other this. And then when they looked at the soft and warm little part of their lives sleeping in its cradle, a tender light came into the eyes of both. It was so blissful to be together, their eyes told each other: just to live together each for the other.

Only at rare intervals the young husband would drop into moments of silent reverie and look at the fire. The young wife had just said that Jennie Tyler had lunched with her. She knew her husband liked Jennie. Both had known the vivacious girl before their marriage, and Jennie had continued the friendship, and they with her. When the baby was born Jennie seemed so glad. She looked so tenderly into the eyes of the young mother.

"I am so happy for you both," she said.

Then she looked at the young husband, too.

"Jennie was so warm in her pleasure, wasn't she, dear?" said the young wife afterward to her husband.

"Yes, dearest; none of our friends were more so, I think," and then he dropped into one of those brief moments of reverie which sometimes came upon him.

Only yesterday Jennie had taken his baby so tenderly in her arms.

And yet—these two were very happy. Both felt it and lived it. And when Jennie ran around from her own home in the evening to join the Ashcrofts, it seemed to them as if the circle were complete.

Husband and wife,
— and friend.



DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS

WHEN THE KING OF SPAIN LIVED ON THE BANKS OF THE SCHUYLKILL

By William Perrine



BONAPARTE'S PHILADELPHIA HOME ON SOUTH NINTH STREET (STILL STANDING)

IN THE summer of 1815, following the Battle of Waterloo, every ship with French colors that entered the harbor of New York or of Philadelphia was watched with lively interest. It had been rumored in the American ports that Napoleon Bonaparte had left France to seek refuge under the American flag, and English cruisers hovered around Sandy Hook to search any vessel that might have an Imperial exile in its cabins. One night in August the brig "Commerce" arrived from Bordeaux off the coast of Long Island. A

passenger known as M. Bouchard, a gentleman whose manner impressed Captain Messervey, begged leave to be put ashore. The captain assured him that the place was desolate, with no inhabitants save fishermen.

The next morning, as the "Commerce" was passing Sandy Hook, the English cruisers prepared to give her an overhauling. M. Bouchard was much agitated; he expressed to the only other passenger with whom he seemed to be intimate his apprehension that things might yet go wrong, and his regret that they had not been landed on the Long Island shore. At this moment a young American pilot came aboard. "Do you see those Englishmen trying to head us off? The wind is in our favor; crowd on all sail." They were soon flying along the Staten Island shore, and when the guns of Fort Lafayette came into sight Bouchard drew a sigh of relief. Before the day was over he was installed in a quiet little boarding-house in Park Place kept by a Mrs. Powell.

KNEELING TO THE EXILED KING ON BROADWAY, NEW YORK

IN THE meantime the honest captain of the "Commerce" was unable any longer to contain himself with a great secret. A distinguished passenger, he said, had been traveling incognito; his name was not Bouchard; it would do no harm now to tell New York that the illustrious General Carnot was in the city; and an evening newspaper, publishing the announcement, caused good Mrs. Powell's to be invaded at once by the Mayor and a lot of fellow-citizens. They were informed by the new guest that there had been a mistake, that he was not the great Carnot, but that he was a member of the Imperial household, who would like to have his incognito respected.

A few days afterward, with his companion of the voyage, he was walking on Broadway, when suddenly a man of military mien fell on his knees before him, exclaiming in

French, with tears of joy rolling from his eyes, his whole body convulsively shaking: "What! Your Majesty here? Ah, how happy I am to look again on Your Majesty!" and then began covering his hands with kisses. The gentleman who was the object of this extravagant homage tried in vain to restrain the enthusiasm of his admirer, who by this time had drawn quite a crowd of persons, who were astonished at hearing such terms as "King," and "Prince," and "Your Majesty" uttered on a Broadway sidewalk with all the fervor of Royal devotion. The other of the pair of strollers bent over the kneeling enthusiast and whispered a few words in his ear. The man arose, and all three sought refuge in a Broadway store. Next day it was known that not Carnot, but Joseph Bonaparte, the fugitive King of Spain, had given a sidewalk reception to a veteran of the Old Guard.

JOSEPH BONAPARTE'S UNWELCOME ADVENT INTO PHILADELPHIA

ONE day in September, 1815, a coach from the town of Amboy, New Jersey, drew up in front of the Mansion House, one of the fashionable hotels on Third Street in Philadelphia, which, as a dwelling, had not long before been the seat of the magnificent hospitality of the beautiful Ann Bingham. Commodore Lewis, who had induced the fallen monarch to tarry for a few days at his home at Amboy, where he would be unobserved, was his traveling companion. The betrayal of the King's identity on Broadway through the enthusiasm of the old soldier had disconcerted his plans. It was necessary for him now to take steps to prevent the United States from delivering him over to the English, and especially to make his peace with the administration of James Madison.

The feeling against the Bonapartes ran high throughout the country, and he knew that it had been the purpose of the allies to consign him to Russian exile. When he stepped into the Mansion House he was informed that there was no room vacant, although it was his purpose only to stop over night on his way to Washington. Henry Clay, then Speaker of the House, and recently back from Europe as one of the Commissioners of the Treaty of Ghent, at once insisted with all his chivalric grace that the ex-King should share his apartments. The "United States Gazette" was suspicious of these proceedings. It was displeased that Commodore Lewis should be found in the company of "the Corsican adventurer," and Alexander J. Dallas, of Philadelphia, who was then Secretary of the Treasury and visiting the city, promptly sent word to the White House of the intended coming of the illustrious but unwelcome visitor.

Another Philadelphian, Richard Rush, who was then Attorney-General, was instructed by the President to dissuade Bonaparte from his project. The always cautious Madison wrote to Dallas at Philadelphia as follows:

"I was informed through confidential channels several days ago that Joseph Bonaparte was about to visit me incog., to make a personal report of himself to this Government. I immediately wrote to Mr. Rush to have him diverted from his

"IT WAS A BRILLIANT AFTERNOON FÊTE; BONAPARTE STOOD ON HIS LAWN AND WELCOMED HIS GUESTS"

purpose on his arrival at Washington. Protection and hospitality do not depend on such a formality, and whatever sympathy may be due to fallen fortunes there is no claim of merit in that family on the American Nation, nor any reason why its Government should be embarrassed in any way on their account. In fulfilling what we owe to our own rights we shall do all that any of them ought to expect. I was the more surprised at the intended visit, as it was intended to make me a party to the concealment which the exile was said to study as necessary to prevent a more vigilant pursuit by British cruisers, by his friends and property following him."

THE GOVERNMENT FEARED HE WOULD BECOME A BURDEN

COMMODORE LEWIS was set down as having behaved with more politeness than prudence, and Joseph, before he reached Washington, deemed it wiser to turn back than incur the risk of receiving the cold shoulder or an official snub. Returning in his coach by way of Baltimore and Lancaster, he was again in Philadelphia at the end of the week, anxious if not dispirited, almost friendless, and regarded by the Government as one who might become a white elephant on its hands if he were not to hold a still tongue in his head and keep himself as much as possible out of the public gaze.

There were at least three and possibly four mansions in and about Philadelphia of which Joseph was an occupant in the first two years of his American exile. The only one still existing is a fine old house of three stories on the west side of Ninth Street, near Spruce, filled with spacious rooms, and built on an open lot by John Savage, a rich sea captain, when that part of the city was suburban and secluded. Joseph probably remained here a few months, and one of his sideboards, as well as the decorations of the apartments, still attest it as the abode of the banished King in what was probably the most lonely and doubtless the most unhappy period of his life.

THE ROYAL FUGITIVE LIVING IN TRULY REGAL STYLE

IT WAS at this time that he began to live regularly under the incognito of the Count de Survilliers, the name of a little village on his estate at Marlefontaine. Napoleon had advised him that he would do well to take up his place of abode between New York and Philadelphia, near enough to either city to know what was going on, and yet far enough distant to escape bores and tuft hunters. About four miles from Philadelphia, on the west shore of the Schuylkill, there was a magnificent mansion built after the Italian manner in the previous century by Governor John Penn, and known as Lansdowne House in honor of the Marquis of Lansdowne. Here Joseph established himself in rural ease until he had built his "palace" at Bordentown, and had obtained consent from New Jersey to own real estate. At Lansdowne the mansion, the grounds, the gardens and the drives had been laid out and adorned with a princely hand, but no trace of the abode remains. It was destroyed many years ago by a Fourth of July fire in Fairmount Park, and this site was afterward occupied by Horticultural Hall, one of the buildings of the Centennial Exhibition, which is still standing. Here it was that Joseph lived quietly, awaiting the lull of the anti-Napoleonic storm.

An honest farmer named Bones, Joseph Bonaparte's nearest neighbor, was much delighted at the easy and

simple manners of the King, who would occasionally drink Bones' cider, and listen with much amusement to Bones' intensely American discourses on the workings of a democratic government. The hospitable Samuel Breck, afterward a member of Congress, had his country-seat near by at Sweet Briar, and seems to have formed a favorable opinion of his Royal neighbor. On one occasion, toward the end of the summer of 1817, Joseph had a little dinner party at Lansdowne. Among the guests was Dr. Benjamin Rush's daughter, Julia, who was pleased with what she thought his fluent conversation, his urbane manner and his good looks, and who, perhaps, was somewhat inclined to sympathize with his complaint that Napoleon had not been at all disposed to let him have very much of his own way as either soldier or King.

A MEMORABLE LAWN FÊTE FOR HIS PHILADELPHIA FRIENDS

JOSEPH was then forty-seven years of age. His short stature, his inclination to embonpoint, his small hands, his clear and delicate complexion, the aquiline nose, the sensitive mouth, as well as the chin and forehead, gave him a striking likeness to Napoleon, but there was nothing of his great brother's vigor and force of expression in either his face or his manner. His face would sometimes light up with a quiet, kindly smile, and his manners were simple and unaffected. The strong-minded Fanny Wright, who was delighted at his courtesy in giving her a flower, doubtless described him closely when she said that he reminded her of "an English gentleman farmer," which, indeed, was a comparison often made in later years by Breck and other Philadelphians. His tastes ran a little to books and much to pictures; for some time he avoided social gaiety, and he usually resisted the attempts of the lion trappers to allure him into society. On one occasion only he gave a magnificent fête on the lawn of his princely estate, and all the beaux and belles of Philadelphia who had been invited dressed in their most picturesque summer gowns and made haste to attend. It was a brilliant afternoon fête, and Bonaparte was the centre of attraction as he stood on his lawn and welcomed his guests. But it is doubtful whether there were at any time more than half a dozen persons in Philadelphia, or for that matter in the whole country, to whom he bore anything like close and confidential relations. He liked little children, and they were sometimes in the habit of speaking of him as "the good Mr. Bonaparte." He occasionally wrote verses, and later "inspired" political articles in one or two French journals, although his capacity for politics seems to have been extremely limited.

TAKEN UNDER THE PROTECTING WING OF STEPHEN GIRARD

BONAPARTE early became enough of a good American to take part in celebrating the Fourth of July. It was heard, with pleasure, too, that he had preserved a flower from Washington's tomb at Mount Vernon. During his first summer in Philadelphia he began his annual visits to Saratoga, and every now and then he made trips to Norfolk, to Erie, or to a wild estate on the Black River country in Northern New York, where he had acquired fifty thousand acres of land, and where Lake Bonaparte to-day commemorates its former Royal owner.

In the winter of 1817 the ex-King occupied the mansion on the lot at the southeast corner of Twelfth and Market Streets, which had been built by Captain John Dunlap, and which in the years when Philadelphia was the National Capital had been occupied by Adet, Genet and other members of the French Legation. In this house he lived at intervals, usually in the winter—when he would come down from Bordentown, about thirty miles distant—during the next eight years. He early made the acquaintance of a Philadelphian of French birth—Stephen Girard—who could talk with him readily in his native tongue, and with whom he long continued close financial relations. The merchant-banker advised him to sell his European real estate, his pictures and his jewels.

"In the course of time," Girard said, "you will make a big fortune out of the rise in the value of city property, and I will help you to invest with judgment." But Joseph thought that events might compel his return to Europe.

"Ah, you deceive yourself, Count," replied the shrewd old millionaire, "it will be a long time before anything will occur there to your benefit; lay politics aside for a few years; instead of throwing away money as you are doing, you should accumulate a fortune which will be of service to you one of these days when you will need it."

THE SPANISH CROWN JEWELS BROUGHT TO PHILADELPHIA

IN 1817 Joseph's secretary, Maillard, left Philadelphia armed with letters which represented him to be a traveling agent for Girard's commercial house, and about to visit Girard's correspondents in Holland and Switzerland. His real destination was the Swiss chateau at Prangins, from which the King had fled two years before, and his real object to secure the treasure which had been buried in the ground of the estate on the eve of the King's flight. In this adventure Maillard encountered both perils and hardships. His ship was wrecked off the Irish coast; when he arrived on the Continent he had to avoid the vigilance of French spies; and in Switzerland he passed himself off as an English prospector who wanted to dig into the soil to see what it might be worth for mining. The ruse was successful; Maillard found the buried packets, and with them he would also have brought to Philadelphia Queen Julie if her physicians had not compelled her to renounce the project of joining her husband.

The jewels, which were valued at one million dollars, were stuffed into a belt, which Maillard wore on his person when returning across the Atlantic, and with which he was gladly received by his master in the Lansdowne house. It was about this time that wild rumors began to circulate in Philadelphia concerning the ex-King's riches and of the hoards of specie which he had deposited in the vault of Girard's bank. Mysterious heavy boxes, sealed with wax, were believed by Girard's clerks to contain the crown jewels of Spain and Naples. One or two old men in recent years, who were then among those clerks, have told how Joseph would sit in the bank talking with them fitfully while waiting for the great banker. The fallen monarch had a standing invitation from Girard to visit him at his house on Water Street. There, with other Frenchmen of his court, he would sometimes spend Sunday afternoons at Girard's table. The tokens of Joseph's appreciation of this hospitality may to-day be found in the famous Girard College in Philadelphia, where a fountain and a mechanical organ are preserved in honor of the Royal exile to his banker.

ANTICS OF THE EX-KING AND FALLEN HEROES AT A WEDDING

THE relations of the two men to each other had, indeed, become intimate, not simply through financial ties. Among the Frenchmen who followed Joseph to Philadelphia was the Baron Henri Dominique l'Allemand, who had been a General of artillery under Napoleon, and who was accompanied by his brother Charles. Girard, who was a widower and childless, had adopted three nieces into his household. It was supposed that they would be the heirs of his riches, for the great philanthropy which has made his name known throughout the English-speaking world was hardly even suspected until his will was produced at his death, or fifteen years after the Baron Henri l'Allemand began to make professions of love to Henrietta Girard. Within a little more than two years after the King had first set foot in Philadelphia the pair were married in the Roman Catholic Church of Saint Augustine, by the Rev. Doctor Carr, on the 28th of October, 1817. Near the couple stood the former King, together with Marshal Grouchy and other expatriated sons of the fallen Empire who were then walking about the streets of Philadelphia and New York.

It was possibly of this wedding that Fitz-Greene Halleck told a story of a *dîner de mariage* in a French restaurant, at which he was the only American present; if so, it well illustrates the temper in which Joseph and his countrymen met adversity. The poet had never seen conduct so extraordinary at the table. There was Grouchy singing, with the assistance of a vigorous chorus; General l'Allemand crawling on all fours with a child on his back; another General of Waterloo giving comic imitations; King Joseph rolling up a newspaper, converting it into a trumpet and blowing through it lustily, and the rest of these old or middle-aged Frenchmen behaving like boys, and making Halleck feel that he had passed one of the most amusing as well as one of the most remarkable evenings of his life.

HAD WORN TWO CROWNS AND DID NOT WANT A THIRD

FROM almost the very first day Joseph came to Philadelphia he was watched by the agents of the new French monarchy. Hyde de Neuville, the minister of Louis XVII, kept himself busy for some time reporting to Paris the doings of the King in Philadelphia and of the suspicious persons heard of at his houses. Grouchy, who lived on Lombard Street, in the lower part of the city, and General Vandamme, who had a pretty little house in the present West Philadelphia, were suspected of intrigue and conspiracy. There was considerable gossip when Joseph made his appearance in public with Grouchy at one of Gillies' fashionable concerts. Once in a while there would be a rumor that Napoleon had escaped from Saint Helena, that he had joined his brother at Philadelphia, and that mischief was on foot.

As a matter of fact, Joseph did little or nothing that could give just occasion for distrust. Frenchmen of more enterprising and restless temperament than his were sometimes impatient over his indifference. In 1818 it was rumored throughout the country that a Bonaparte invasion of Mexico was on foot. Some adventurers had appeared in Philadelphia to offer Joseph the Mexican crown; but he told them that he had been the wearer of two crowns and was not anxious to take steps for a third. Nevertheless, the scheme attracted the attention of the National Government, and John Quincy Adams, as Secretary of State, felt it necessary to write a letter to the United States Land Commissioner that there was a plot of Frenchmen at Galveston to seize Texas, which was then a part of Mexico, for Joseph Bonaparte.

JOINED BY HIS DAUGHTER, THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE

QUEEN JULIE never joined her husband in this country, but late in 1821 their daughter, the vivacious young Princess Charlotte, determined to console her father in his exile. She arrived at Philadelphia in the ship "Ruth and Mary," commanded by Captain Mickle, and was accompanied by the Doctor Stockoe, who, as surgeon of the "Bellerophon," had been a physician to her illustrious uncle at Saint Helena. The city was interested over the report that a Princess was coming up the Delaware. The ship's wharf was covered with a crowd anxious to see her pass along the carpeted walk that had been laid from the vessel to the carriage in waiting. Only nineteen years old, of highly animated temperament, and delighted at the ending of the forty days' voyage, the young girl was in an ecstasy of pleasure. She waved her fur bonnet at the persons on the wharf with such careless delight that it fell from her hands over the ship's rail and into the river. In her transport of enthusiasm she snatched Captain Mickle's hat from his head, gayly placed it on her own, saluted her admirers anew, and stepping into the carriage, was driven to the Washington House.

Joseph was highly pleased with Charlotte, whom he had not seen since she was thirteen, and tried to give her as much compensation as he could for the pleasures of the Continental life she had left behind. He took her to Long Branch and Saratoga, but he soon discovered that her chief taste was for painting. He seems to have encouraged her in this in order that the day might be put off as long as possible when marriage would take her from his side. At the old gallery of the Academy of Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, were exhibited several studies and landscapes from her brush, and later she published in Europe a collection of the American views she had drawn. Madame Toussard wrote of her that she was "very small and very ugly"; and, in truth, her features seem to have been irregular and her form thin, but in her eyes there was the lustre of passion, and in her manner something of the fascination of an artistic temperament. It was this charm that made Leopold Robert, the painter, take his life when he found that he could not love and possess her as the incarnation of his dream of art.

AN AMERICAN SUITOR FOR CHARLOTTE'S HAND

NOW, Madame Toussard's remark was a spiteful one, and was an outcome of the curious marital intrigues in Philadelphia and elsewhere that followed the death of Napoleon. The news that the great captive at Saint Helena had passed away reached Philadelphia in August, 1821, and was immediately carried to Joseph at Saratoga, whom it plunged into so profound a grief that his health was affected for the rest of the year. There is a curious letter which he sent to Judge Joseph Hopkinson, ascribing his brother's death to the villainy of his captors, and expressing the opinion that if he had come to this country he would have been as healthy as

himself. When Napoleon's will arrived it was found that he had indicated a desire that his nephews and nieces should marry among themselves. At this time Jerome Bonaparte, the fruit of the ill-starred marriage of Jerome Bonaparte, the brother whom Napoleon had propped up as King of Westphalia, to Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, was a lad of seventeen. The ambitious mother was anxious, notwithstanding the fact that she had been generally scorned by the Bonapartes, to have him marry the Princess Charlotte. Madame Toussard, in Philadelphia, who seems to have represented her interests in the matter, made it the subject of an active correspondence, and when she found that the Princess was to be sent back to Europe to become the wife of her cousin, Napoleon Louis, son of the former King of Holland, Madame Bonaparte wrote of her as that "hideous little creature"—a term for which the madame afterward atoned, when she eulogized Charlotte as a woman of "noble qualities."

BONAPARTE'S HEIR BORN AND BAPTIZED IN PHILADELPHIA

A FEW months before Charlotte's marriage Joseph became partly reconciled to the prospect of her departure by the arrival in 1823 of his other daughter, the Princess Xenaïde. She was accompanied by her young, intellectual and mature-minded husband, Charles Lucien, son of her uncle, Lucien Bonaparte, and known as the Prince of Canino. The couple lived at the house at Twelfth and Market Streets in the winter of 1824, and it was there that Joseph Lucien Charles Napoleon was born, who twenty years afterward became the heir of Joseph's property. He was the first of the thirteen children whom the Princess bore her husband, including the one famous at the Vatican in recent years as Cardinal Bonaparte. The baptism of Xenaïde's first-born was solemnized at the Roman Catholic Church of Saint John, on Thirteenth Street. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Conwell, and Joseph presented to the prelate a diamond ring, which, it was said, had been worn three centuries before by the renowned Cardinal Ximenes, of Spain. Prince Lucien bore much resemblance to Napoleon in face, but his tastes were scientific, and he was as fond of books as the Princess Xenaïde was of music. He became a member of several societies of learning, his ornithological works giving him much reputation, and it was impossible for Philadelphia society to allure him from his studies. Indeed, he disliked society, and he once wrote a letter from a hotel at Saratoga to Dr. Isaac Hays, in which he described the people in the ballroom dancing like fools. When the couple left for Europe in 1828, Joseph saw them off on the Delaware, and from that time his desire to return also began to grow strong.

WROTE TENDER VERSES TO A QUAKER CITY MAIDEN

THERE were several gentlemen in Philadelphia with whom Joseph established close friendship, and who were treated as if they were members of his own family. Judge Joseph Hopkinson, who had written "Hail, Columbia" twenty years before, became the staunchest of his early friends. Indeed, so fond was he of the Hopkinsons that when he could not resist the occasional fancy which came over him to write verses, he would select the Judge's daughter as the object of his divine afflatus, and address to her in a paternal way what he would call "French compliments." It was in this spirit of a privileged friend that he thus saluted Miss Elizabeth in gallant strains:

"Elizabeth, nouvelle Terpsichore,
Vous nous charmez par mille autres talens:
Mais l'amour seul de tous les sentiments
Oui, vous rendra bien plus amiable encore."

This verse may be freely rendered:

"Elizabeth, thou new Terpsichore,
Queen of the dance, with all good gifts endowed!
Yet one more blessing needs thy guerdon proud—
But Love can make thee all that thou shouldst be."

Joseph spoke English with difficulty and employed it only when he could not avoid it. His accomplishments as an English scholar may be inferred from this little note in his polite correspondence:

"Count de Surville's request the pleasure of Mr. and Miss Hopkinson's family and Miss Enery's (Henry) company to-morrow Friday, when he hopes they will spend the whole day with him."

THWARTED IN THE SUPREME AMBITION OF HIS LIFE

DR. NATHANIEL CHAPMAN, who was his physician; William Short, an old diplomatist, who had served with Jefferson in Paris and had been Minister to France; Charles J. Ingersoll, in whose judgment he had much confidence, and Peter S. Duponceau and General Thomas Cadwalader were among Joseph Bonaparte's chief companions and advisers. He appointed Judge Hopkinson executor of his will, but Joseph outlived him, and in that document the bequests of a bronze statuette of Napoleon at twenty-six to Ingersoll; of a marble bas-relief of the face of Napoleon to the Hopkinsons; of a bas-relief of his sister, Pauline, the Princess Borghese, to Short, and of the works of Voltaire to Doctor Chapman, testify to his regard for these men. It was with Ingersoll and Duponceau that he held the important midnight conference at the United States Hotel, in which, coming down from Bordentown, he finally made up his mind to play his rôle as head of the Bonaparte family in the events of the Revolution of 1830.

Joseph soon afterward began to make preparations for his return to Europe. He visited Washington, and the cordial reception which Jackson gave him in the White House was in marked contrast with the frigid conduct of Madison fifteen years before. On the 20th of July, 1832, taking with him a lot of his pictures, which he converted into cash in London, he sailed from Philadelphia on the ship "Alexander." General Cadwalader being a member of the party. Six years later Le Jambre, his confidential valet, received orders from him to fit up his villa at Bordentown. Soon he was seen again on the streets of Philadelphia. He had reached his threescore-and-ten; he was grave and taciturn; he had come back disappointed, and although he had brought nine servants with him from England it was remarked that they might, at least, have brushed his shabby hat. Two years later he made his final voyage to Europe; Louis Philippe was willing that he should live in Florence, and there he died in 1844, with reason to regret that he had not followed Judge Hopkinson's earnest counsel long before to live a tranquil old age on the banks of the Schuylkill.

WITH A PIXIE UNDER-GROUND

By Mrs. Mark Morrison

DRAWINGS BY REGINALD B. BIRCH

NUMBER VIII



IDA WAS always complaining because others were more beautiful or better loved than she. She was unhappy because she could not follow her own will in every particular. Her own mother was dead, and she refused to obey her stepmother. Indeed, her conduct toward her became so disagreeable that her father sent her to stay alone with a trusted nurse and the servants in an old country house. Here she was more unhappy than ever.

One morning Ida woke to hear the wind whistling drearily outside her window; there was a bright fire in her room, and as soon as she opened her eyes an old negress, who had been waiting for her to awake, hurried out of the room and returned with a cup of hot milk. Ida sat up in bed to drink the sweet, warm draught, but said, "Ough, how the wind blows! How lonesome it sounds! How unhappy I am!" "Law, honey, don't say dat," said the negress. "Tell me what else to say, then," said Ida sharply. "What can one talk or think about in this place?" "Look yere, honey," said the faithful servant, trying to think of something that would amuse and entertain



"IDA LONGED TO RUN IN, BUT THE PIXIE HURRIED HER ON"

her young mistress, "I foun' a mighty cur'us box in yo' mamma's ole desk what you tole me to rid up yistiddy." "Let me see the box," said Ida. The negress gave her a small red and white box which had on its lid these printed words: "To be opened only by Martha Denton, or her granddaughters." "Dat was yo' grandma, honey," said the negress; "she mighty queer ole 'oman; useter set half de night out by a tulip bed talkin' to fairies. Folks do say as them little folks called Pixies lived in her tulip beds."

IDA opened the box with great care for fear of breaking it, and found within a piece of paper yellow with age. The old paper contained these words: "TO MY GRANDDAUGHTERS:—This box is a fairy charm; it was given me by a family of Pixies who lived in my old tulip bed. If it is blown into three times a Pixie will appear and grant the wish of any granddaughter of the fairies' old friend, MARTHA DENTON."

Ida did not tell the negress what she had read, simply saying that it was "just an old paper." After eating the nicest of breakfasts in the warm dining-room she went into the library and locked the door. Going to a window she opened it a little way, and blew thrice into the fairy box. Three keen, shrill whistles came from it. The wind howled around the house with a wild shriek. The fire crackled as though water had been thrown on it. Ida walked up and down the room very excitedly. At last a sort of squeak came from the open window. Ida looked quickly and saw perched astride an autumn leaf on the window-sill a little brown Pixie with a green cap on top of his wild locks, and sharp-toed shoes on his small feet. "Good-morning," said he. "Are you a Pixie?" asked Ida. The queer little man smiled and nodded. "I want to make a wish," said Ida. "I want you to show me something I have never read nor heard of before. I am tired of all things on the surface of the earth. Oh, I know what I want. I want to go under the ground and see the centre of the earth." "All right," said the Pixie; "meet me at the Cave of the Winds at midnight, and to the centre of the earth you shall go." With a chuckle, he sped away.

Editor's Note—In Mrs. Morrison's dainty "Pixies and Elaines" series the following have appeared:
 I—"A Pixie Princess Visits the Elaines," September, 1897
 II—"The Elaines Choose a Queen," October, "
 III—"The Elaines' Picture of Heaven," November, "
 IV—"The Elaines' Christmas Visit," December, "
 V—"The Pixie Transforms an Elaine," January, 1898
 VI—"The Elaines and the Valentine," February, "
 VII—"The Elaines Build a Hyacinth Bridge," March, "
 VIII—"With a Pixie Under-Ground," April, "
 Other installments will follow in succeeding issues.

THE Cave of the Winds is a great cave in the side of a mountain which has never been explored by man. Ida knew that it was dangerous to go there, even by daylight, but after reading all the evening about the wonders beneath the earth's surface she determined to see them for herself, and stole out of her room at midnight, going alone across the dark country fields to this cave which was in the mountain. It looked very large and very black, but she could clearly see a tiny moving light inside.

"Come in," said the Pixie. Ida looked up at the stars. How familiar and kind they looked. She felt afraid to go away from them into the black cave, after all. "Are you quite sure that you are a real fairy?" she asked in a trembling voice. "If you are, let me taste of your taper; I know that fairies make their candles from wax from a bee's thigh, and they have a sweet taste." She bit carefully into the tiny taper. "Yes, it is sweet," said she. "What have you brought in that package?" "Fairy charms for you," said the Pixie; "without them you could not live a moment under-ground."

HE OPENED the package and took out a cloak and hood like a mass of cobwebs, with which he completely covered Ida from head to foot. Then he gave her a pair of slippers which shone with phosphorus. "The cloak will enable you to pass through the tiniest opening in the ground," said he, "and the slippers will make your feet light and enable you to walk across water or fire. This little box which I now give you contains air made into fairy cakes. Without them you could not breathe under-ground, and would die of the poisonous gases there in a few moments. Are you ready?" Ida put one of the air cakes in her mouth. It tasted strong and spicy, and gave her courage.

"Yes," she said, and rushed into the black hole of the cave. The Pixie almost immediately began to slowly lengthen himself in a way that was quite suggestive of that wonderful Arabian Nights genie who rose from a cave in the form of smoke. "What makes you do that?" asked Ida. "It is necessary. One needs to pull himself out thin to pass the places we shall find before we reach the end of our journey. Besides, I must be tall enough for you to see the light in my cap as we go down."

THE Pixie now lighted tapers on his head, shoulders and heels, which made a twinkling path of light as he ran forward. He did not go directly down into the earth, but followed the dry bed of an old river, and then the path of an earthquake which had torn the rocks apart many years before. They went very fast, for Ida's slippers were like wings, and she soon began to view marvelous scenes by the fairy lights of her little guide. Ida saw at the bottom of still lakes whole cities, with their old bridges and open windows. Farther on were marvelous old palaces, decorated with ivory and gold. These belonged to great cities which had been buried thousands of years under the lava from a volcano which covered all the valley about it. Within these houses were the shapes of children in their mothers' arms—mummies, who held what had once been bread in their hands; lovely vases, and dolls and toys, and even such familiar things as scissors and thimbles, and eyeglasses. Ida longed to run in and out of these old palaces, and sit on the beautiful furniture, but the Pixie hurried her on. Sometimes they came to waterfalls roaring down there in the darkness, as they fell into streams full of blind white

fish. She saw flames which had no heat, and fields of red-hot lava which could not blaze for want of air, and old ships standing with dead passengers petrified on their decks. The rocks and soil were so hot that she could not have endured it without her fairy cloak and air cakes. Yet once they came to a little lake and saw a tall iceberg. A little farther on they came to a field of electricity. It was as if countless flashes of lightning were ceaselessly chasing one another across a vast yellow plain. They were careful of the air cakes here lest one fall and start the flames, which would burn the whole world. Beyond this there were no more fossils and no more moisture.

Suddenly and abruptly the Pixie came to a halt. "Your wish is granted," he said, in a tone that was indeed almost solemn. "Here is the centre of the earth."

Ida crept out on the rock where he stood, and looked beyond and saw nothing!

The centre of the earth was hollow! It was one great, awful, empty hole. Ida thought that nothing could have seemed so terrible to her as this. It was icy cold. In spite of her fairy cloak her teeth chattered and her knees struck together. Then she thought of the kind, familiar stars, of her father's sorrowful eyes, of her stepmother's reproachful face. "Take me home," she panted, but her voice made not the slightest sound. There was utter silence here which nothing could break.



"IDA'S HANDS BEGAN TO BLEED, AND ONE OF HER SLIPPERS CAME OFF"

EVEN the Pixie wore a look of awe as he led her away. Ida now felt very wretched and frightened. She knew at last that she had never been really wretched and unhappy in all her life before. On, on they climbed, coming now through passageways of hard, hot earth. The hot air came into Ida's face through her torn hood and burned her cruelly. One taper fell from the Pixie's shoulder. From the hot earth they came to a white chalk wall very hard to climb. Ida's hands began to bleed, and one of her slippers came off. Then, at last, oh, happy, happy sight, she saw a ray of Heaven's own golden sunlight! Ida cried aloud with joy and ran to the mouth of the cave. Before her stretched the familiar fields and houses of her own home. On her forehead blew the sweet winds of early morning.

A bird was singing among the leaves of a maple tree. "Oh, beautiful world," cried Ida; "how happy am I to be allowed to stand upon you once more." Then, in her new spirit of gentleness, she turned to thank her Pixie guide, but he had vanished. There was nothing to remind her of her terrible journey save the new feeling in her heart of humility and thankfulness.

ACCOMPANIED by joyful Elaines Ida went swiftly across the long fields toward her own home. She thought she must have been away at least a year. She did not realize that she had been traveling in fairy slippers. It was very early yet. She could see that all the servants were still in the rear of the house. She went to her own room, and was surprised to find the window open, just as she had left it the night she ran away. She climbed over the low sill and found her pretty room quite unchanged, with the book called "Travels Under the Earth's Surface" lying open on the table, just as she had been reading it. Just as she stood looking in wonder and surprise at the unmade bed, the old negress entered.

"Law, honey," said the astonished servant, "you done up? I jus' come to light de fire." "I think I have been dreaming," said Ida; "I thought I had been away a long time." "You hain't been nowhars, honey; I thought I heard yo' window raised last night. Fairies been in yere. Yo' been dreamin'." Ida did not explain. "No one would believe me if I told them," she said to herself; but she never forgot her midnight journey, and its effect was so marked upon her that she became a most happy and cheerful girl. Her father and stepmother were so delighted with her changed conduct that they never again sent her away from them, but complained that she carried the sunshine of their home with her when she went to make the briefest of visits to her many young friends. "I wonder how you can always be so cheerful," her companion said to her one day. "I have learned that being on a pleasant earth, in the sweet air, is something worth being happy over," answered Ida. "And then I have a little motto. It is this: 'No matter how dark life may seem, keep climbing up; save your breath for the climbing, and don't waste it to complain with.'"



"ACCOMPANIED BY JOYFUL ELAINES IDA WENT SWIFTLY ACROSS THE LONG FIELDS"

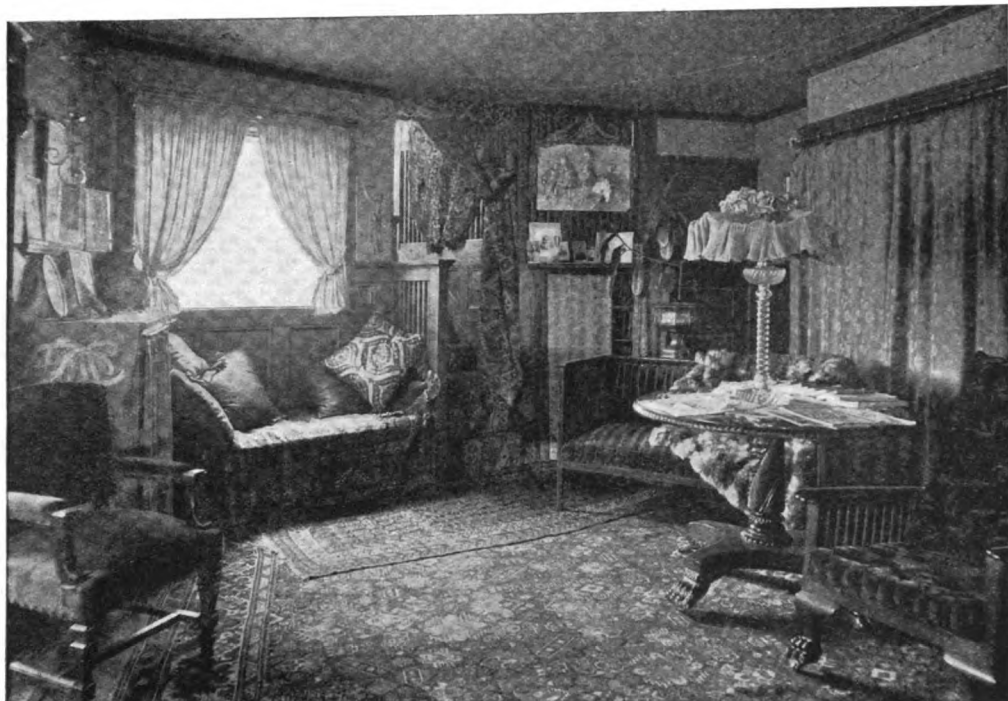
INSIDE OF A HUNDRED HOMES

SELECTED FROM A THOUSAND PICTURES TAKEN EXPRESSLY
FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL IN ALL PARTS
OF THE COUNTRY

FIFTH ARTICLE: The artistic development of the home in America is a sign of marked progress. Every woman wishes to know what others are doing toward the embellishment of the house—in the way of tasteful and practical ideas. These pictures show effects which may be copied in cheap materials for a moderate expenditure of money. Twenty more views in this series will be given in the May number of The Ladies' Home Journal.



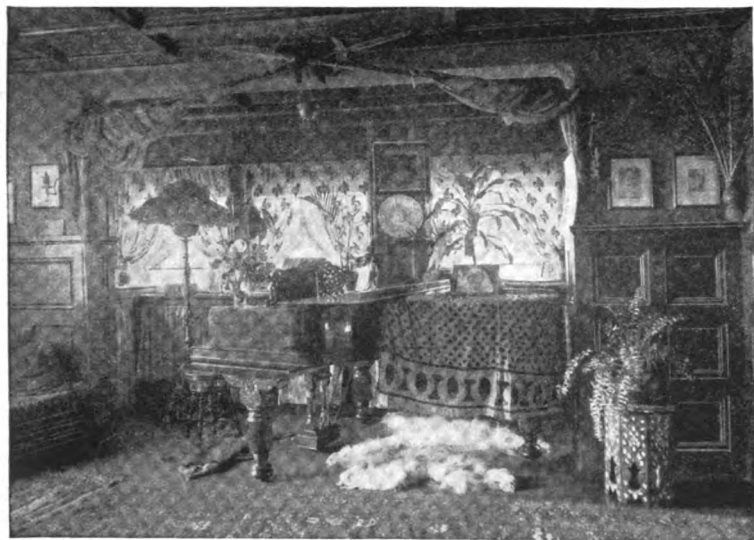
The Canopy Bed gives a sense of coziness. Many of these relics are being utilized in New England.



The Window-Seat and unobtrusive stairway in this Washington home make literally a living-room of the hall. Valuable space is thus utilized. The lines of the furniture are harmonious but not monotonous. Good taste and comfort are apparent in all the details. Simplicity without severity is the result of good judgment in arrangement.



Covering Wall Space with a dark fabric gives a homelike feeling, when done for a special effect, as in this Michigan room.



A Grand Piano has been so placed in this Washington house that it does not offend one's sense of proportion. The bearskin beneath is important, and the draping particularly good. The spears are well placed and break the lines of the arch.



Odd Window Shapes add much to the picturesqueness of this Ann Arbor apartment. Variety has been given to the walls by a large tapestry paper. The mantel, with the plates above, is agreeable in design, and is an important feature.



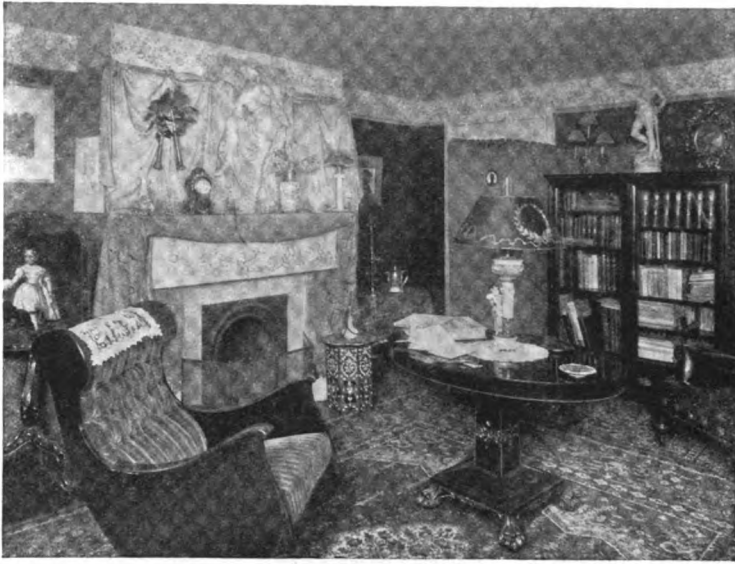
The Arrangement of Furniture is excellent in this Philadelphia room. Odd pieces are better than "sets." The cabinet for choice porcelain is prettily draped with pale blue embroidered denim.



Simplicity is Effective when its value is understood, as it is in this Southern home. The draperies at the window do not exclude light, and the seat beneath adds the note of comfort needed.



A Girls' Room in a Pennsylvania town shows the possibility of making an apartment attractive with portable knickknacks. The harp adds an important interest, and gives an indication of individuality.



The Chimney-Breast in this Philadelphia room is draped as a background for a plaster cast. A wreath of bay leaves and shepherd's pipes helps the scheme.



A Shallow Closet can be so draped that it will serve its original purpose and display one's choice tea service. The valance over the curtain poles is a good idea.



An Alcove has been utilized very nicely in this Hartford home. The embroidered emblems on the pillows make them more interesting than is usual.



A Bare Room can be made attractive by a corner seat. A simple white wainscot helps the appearance of this room in a New England farmhouse.



A Bay-Window Bookcase is worth noticing in this Connecticut dining-room. The top offers a broad shelf for plants. The cozy nook is very attractive.



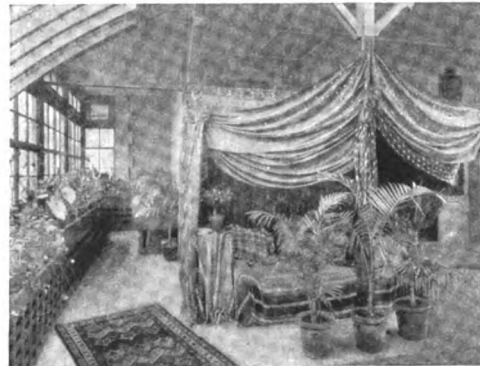
An Unused Doorway in this Massachusetts living-room offers a unique receptacle for bookshelves.



The Draping of a Window has been well managed in this Washington house. The sofa under the window, with plants on each side, furnishes the space, while it gives a point of vantage to a hostess when receiving guests.



The Sideboard under a window, and hinged lattices from which hang draperies, make this Bryn Mawr dining-room interesting.



A Divan could not be better placed than in a conservatory. Inexpensive, printed cottons in rich, deep colorings can be used for the draperies.



The Width of a Window will appear greater by hanging the curtains over the window-frames, as in this Philadelphia room. Dark walls help the effect.



THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

APRIL, 1898

THE FIRST FLOWERS

THE first place of worship in this world was a garden. It had a proprietor, but not a gardener, as we now know gardeners. It was only natural, perhaps, that Adam's knowledge of floriculture should have been limited. And yet, wherever he went he saw, already fashioned with exquisite care and perfection, almost every form and tint of flower and plant which we know to-day. There was apparently no particular reason why the earth, at the time of Adam, should have been literally strewn with blossoms. They were of no particular use: there was only one man to see them. But his heart the blossoms gladdened, and his eyes they delighted. And therein they fulfilled their first mission. And as he watched the growth of the flowers he realized that they received watchful care from some hand. The weed sprang up, but its life was short, while the plant next to it thrived and budded and blossomed. Yet no visible hand was there to see that the weed did not sap the life of the plant. The rains came and seemed to beat pitilessly upon the blossoms. There was no hand to tie them up after their fall, but somehow the plants after the rains seemed to be invigorated, and the earth seemed to be loosened around the roots so that the ground might not become incrustated and the growth retarded. After such rains the ground would part in places, and out of the black mould would peep forth the cleanest of green plants to give forth the purest of white blossoms. Not a speck of their bed of mire adhered to them. Calmly they made their way to the light as the soil parted for their birth, only to close again around the delicate roots so that they might have strength to grow. Like a mother tucking in her babe in its cradle at night, so carefully and silently was the opened earth closed and gently pressed around the little plants. Every leaf seemed to have a distinct pattern: each flower had its own shade and shape. No two were the same: each had a distinct conception. And so the creation of the flowers went on in that first garden. The marigold was yellow and the rose was white. The pansy came forth in the rich soil; the daisy pushed its way through the poorest soil. Seeds dropped at the first breath of autumn, and the next spring saw a multitude of beautiful blossoms where only a few months previous had been but a single flower. The flowers multiplied, and as they increased, each plant, each flower, brought with it a distinct lesson to the man in that garden, as it does to-day to the millions of men in the millions of gardens strewn over the carpet of the earth.

EVERY lesson in life is taught by the flowers: every message to the human heart is carried in them. The first flowers carried hope to Adam's heart in that first garden of the world. God creates a plant, but man must cultivate it. God creates the human being, but the seed of character must be developed by man. The envelope which incases the Easter lily is black: the only bed it knows is the blackest clay, and yet what potentiality of infinite purity is in the blossom. Sunshine and shadow are alike needed for the highest perfection of the flowers: so success and failure, happiness and misfortune are alike requisite for the highest development of a human being. The elements which will bring one flower to perfection will hinder another from reaching its perfection. I had a Japanese lily once, and with mistaken zeal kept it in a sunny room, which was heated artificially. The lily grew rapidly, flaunting forth a brave show of leaves, long and straggling. But never a flower appeared. All the beauty and fragrance that "might have been" were hindered by too much luxury. So with ourselves. It is not always propitious surroundings which are best to bring out the flowers of our nature: the strongest elements of our character. And character is to mortals what fragrance is to the flower. Some flowers grow best in shady places. They bloom away bravely and their fragrance is the only sign of their existence. Other flowers require the sunniest corners. We cannot all go singing through the world in the sparkling sunlight. But because the shade is deemed best for some of us, it does not follow that our characters when developed will be less strong, less beautiful, than those which have had the glow of the sun. The roots of flowers are made in the dark, and it is not until those roots are transplanted, sometimes to another scene and clime, that they bloom, in blossom and flower.

NOTHING teaches us so much in this world as flowers if we will only watch them, understand the messages they exhale, and profit by them. I wish everybody on this earth might love flowers. Flowers can do so much for a man or a woman. No one can raise flowers, live among them, love them, and not be better for their influence. By their birth they show us how, out of things hard, out of disappointment and failure, by the overcoming of obstacles and the bending to difficult tasks, creep forth the most beautiful results. By their cultivation they show how different natures need different treatments. By the manner in which they refuse to thrive near weeds they teach the clearest lesson of human association, and show that sin is an intrusion in this world. We learn the great lesson that while the most gorgeous flowers appeal to our admiration, we love the fragrant ones the best. Every lesson, every pleasure, we can learn and derive from these silent messengers of the earth. The flowers speak a universal language: they adapt themselves to

grave or gay. A flower is never misunderstood. We associate flowers with all the joyous seasons of our lives as well. Flowers often speak to us when our own words seem powerless to express what we really mean. They are the daintiest bits of God's handiwork. They call to us to care for them: to love them, rewarding us with prodigality when we respond to their beckoning. Their message is Divine. Like an April day, "shadow and sunshine is life." But so the flowers grow, and "we come to June by the way of March."



THE ANSWER OF A GIRL'S LIFE

THE charge is sometimes made against the American girl that she thinks lightly of the importance of her betrothal. She breaks off her engagement more easily and with less thought and feeling than does the girl of any other nation. This is hardly a fair criticism. The American girl is scarcely as light-headed as such a charge would imply. The very fact that she breaks her marriage engagement shows that she does realize its importance and its responsibilities; otherwise, why should she seek to release herself? But she realizes this after she has become engaged. The realization comes at the wrong time: after the engagement and not before. It is not that she fails to realize the importance of the betrothal itself once it is made. The trouble is she does not always clearly understand the true gravity of a promise of marriage before she makes it. It is at this point, not when she is engaged, that the trouble lies.



BECOMING engaged means too little to a great many girls. When our country was much younger, for a girl to become engaged to a man was almost akin to the actual marriage. It was a time for as great festivities as the marriage ceremony itself. The betrothal was proclaimed and "posted," just as engagements are to-day in the older European countries. It was as much a matter of record as the nuptials. The Jews still follow this custom, and in spirit it is an excellent one. They advertise their betrothals in the newspapers, and thereby declare a betrothal to be what it properly should be: a serious and definite obligation placed on public record. I do not point this out because I think it would be wise for those of another faith to follow this ancient custom. But the fact remains and is potent: that the Jewish girl, taking her as a whole, has a clearer idea of the importance and gravity of a matrimonial engagement, before she enters upon it, than has the average girl of Gentile faith and parentage. The great trouble is that gradually the notion has become too prevalent that an engagement of marriage is not an irrevocable condition: it is not exactly final. We have been slowly getting away from the old and true idea that a betrothal is as real and integral a part of marriage as the nuptials themselves. Here is where the mischief has been done. The growing prevalence of broken engagements has robbed, in a sense, the betrothal of its real importance and gravity. It is accepted too much as a condition apart from marriage; not as an actual part of it. Naturally a tendency in this direction means a lighter view of a betrothal. Our girls are thus getting a wrong notion of what they are entering into when they become betrothed. The girls are not to blame; neither can it be said that the fault lies altogether with their parents. The cause is more general, and for that reason more dangerous and more difficult to combat. It is due rather to the changing conditions of society: to the transitory stage which as a people we are passing through. We are progressing too fast: letting go of a great many lines of safety before we are in reach of others. We are too blind to the subtleties of life in our mad chase for the material elements. We like to say that our girls are self-reliant. And they are, undoubtedly. But is any girl of an impressionable age sufficiently self-reliant to take an altogether correct view of matters of the heart without the guidance of experience? The prevalent wrong idea of the betrothal state answers this question most forcibly.



A CLEARER knowledge of what it means for a girl to "get engaged" is vitally necessary. We must get back to the old-time interpretation and acceptance of betrothals. An engagement of marriage is not a conditional agreement. It is one of the most serious compacts in life: as definite an obligation as marriage, and a direct part of the ceremony itself. Few compacts in life are, in reality, more far-reaching in consequences. More important even is the betrothal than marriage itself, since nuptials are simply the seal placed upon the original agreement. The betrothal should be just as sacred as the marriage. It is the gravest of the two steps which bind two people together, because it is the initiative. There are, of course, exceptional cases where unforeseen conditions arise which make it both wise and best to have a betrothal come to an end. But only the most extraordinary circumstances justify such a course. Only one other agency in life—alcohol—is responsible for more broken hearts and wrecked lives than broken engagements.

I am inclined to lay special emphasis upon the girl's responsibility in this matter because, after all, the greatest power lies with her. It is for man to ask, but it is for woman to answer, and the reply is infinitely more important than the question. It is highly necessary that our girls should have a perfectly clear idea of what a betrothal means, or should mean, if it is a betrothal in the sight of God. A hasty impulse, the temporary swaying of a tumultuous youthful passion, the confusion of admiration for affection, the mistaking of respect for love: these are not safe grounds for betrothals. It is never to the credit of a girl, in the eyes of men, that she has been engaged two or three times. Girls should remember that. Too often they think that men feel otherwise, or, perhaps, do not care. But men do: that is, the men worth marrying. A man looks upon an oft-engaged girl as he does upon a peach with much of the bloom rubbed off. Girls are not always successful in getting men to acknowledge this fact. But men feel so, nevertheless, and feel more strongly on this point than most girls fancy. Besides, men generally conclude that there is something wrong with such a girl. Many a mature woman all over this land, some married, others unmarried, appreciates the point of truth there is in these words. A girl cannot be too careful of such a reputation. The right kind of a girl will betroth herself but once. An unhappy betrothal can be just as keen a sorrow as an unhappy marriage. It has darkened the life of more than one woman.

GIRLS will do well to think of these things at this season, when the fancies of the young—girls as well as young men—are apt to turn to thoughts of love, as well as during the summer before us. An engagement of marriage presupposes a marriage. A girl cannot, with any self-respect, disassociate the two. The one is part of the other. Consent to marry a man means that a girl is ready to prove her faith by her works. A promise is easily given: it is not always as easily fulfilled. To play fast and loose with the holiest state on earth, at the betrothal as well as at the altar, is the most fatal and dangerous game in which a girl can indulge. No self-respecting girl becomes a man's *fiancée* if she has the remotest idea or faintest suspicion that she cannot be his wife. Words of admonition equally forcible could be written to young men on this point. Often a young man's proposal of marriage is simply nothing more nor less than a travesty. But, after all that might be written to young men, the balance of power in this matter lies in the hands of the girl. She must answer. And that answer should be the answer of her life.



A SUCCESS WHICH GIVES PLEASURE

NO SUCCESS which this magazine has been privileged to achieve has brought more genuine pleasure than the universal reception accorded the series of "Inside of a Hundred Homes." It may be of interest to say in passing that nothing ever attempted by the JOURNAL has been received with such signal approval as this series of pictorial articles. Every issue of the magazine since the series was started has been exhausted, although 700,000 and more copies were printed of each number. With one more installment, in the May issue, the series will be complete. Naturally the work so enthusiastically received will not be permitted to end here. "Nothing succeeds like success," and such a success will not be allowed to be without its successors. The pleasure of this success, however, lies in the fact that the purpose of the idea, to show that the most comfortable homes are created and developed by taste, and not by money, was quickly grasped.



IF THERE is one thing we need in our homes to-day it is more self-assertion in their furnishing. A home is only a home when it expresses the tastes and minds of those who live in it. The thralldom under which we have been living—that it is not correct to do a thing because some one else does not do it—has been upon us too long. Just as a woman's dress expresses her character, so do the material things of her home point to her refinement and taste, or her lack of it. It is high time that our homes should be made more individual, and not mere reflections of the tastes and allurements of the furniture dealer or decorator. No woman is naturally more ingenious or fertile in her ideas than the American woman, and if she will only allow her natural taste to have fuller sway our homes will be far more beautiful and attractive. They will express more freedom and be infinitely more artistic.



THERE is no idea more wantonly erroneous than that it requires a liberal expenditure of money to have a comfortable and artistic home. The very essence of elegance lies in simplicity. It is not art to make a parlor the duplicate of an exhibition room in a furniture store. That simply calls for an outlay of money and a failure to exercise taste. There is no tone to such a room—no air of repose, no comfort, no individuality. It speaks for what it is: an exhibition. A room of that sort positively annoys just in the same way as does an ill-bred woman who cannot forget the gown she is wearing. Furniture has a voice just as well as clothes. True art in furnishing is found in allowing a home to slowly develop under the tastes of those who live in it—the adoption of an idea here, another there. The development of taste requires time and cultivation. No house worth living in can be complete at one time. A home of comfort unfolds itself, so to speak, and unfolds slowly. True improvement comes in this way, and only in this way. Young married people cannot bear this fact in mind too strongly when furnishing their homes. Everything about a home depends upon the way its possessors start. A beginning made without due thought given to what we are buying means waste; it means buying things which before long we are certain to find are not what we wanted, and of which we are sure to become tired. Buying in haste means repenting at leisure. Where the income is limited, there, particularly, must be exercised deliberation of choice. A young wife furnishing her first home must liberate herself from the idea that her home should be like that of Mrs. —, or as tasteful as that of Mrs. —. She must let her home speak her own likes and dislikes. She and her husband must live in the home: therefore, let it speak their tastes, their ideas, and not the tastes nor ideas of their neighbors or friends. What suits one house rarely is in place in another. Thus the starting-point means everything. Let that be made on a definite basis—a basis of self, of one's own originality, and not a dependence upon the ideas of either furniture people or neighbors. Let time be a factor in the development of the home. Do not get the mad desire to complete every room. A home finished for the mere idea of getting it finished always shows the earmarks of the effort.



PARENTS are very apt to make the mistake of offering to furnish, and sometimes, indeed, of insisting upon furnishing the houses of their newly married children. No kindness is more mistaken. A young couple should be allowed to furnish their own home. They must live in that home. If the tastes of the young are ever to be cultivated and developed, when is there a better time to start than when they set up their home? Where should their individuality begin to assert itself if not there? "But the mistakes," say the worried parents. Well, what of them? How can they learn better? Must we not all make mistakes? Did not our parents make them, and their parents before them? Mistakes bring experience, and the best of experience. Besides, what we deem mistakes in others are not necessarily mistakes. Temperament, a difference in individuality, different points of view—all these count for something, and make right to ourselves what seem mistakes to others. Expressiveness is what we need in our homes: that, individuality alone can give. And individuality means freedom.



LILIAN BELL SEES THE GERMANS

*The Seventh of Miss Bell's European Letters to the Journal



BERLIN. WHEN I decided to go to Russia I supposed, of course, I could induce the Jimmies to go with me, but to my consternation they gently, but firmly, expressed their determination to go to Egypt by way of Italy. Fortunately, my friend Mrs. G— wanted to go my way, so I have taken her for my traveling companion. She is a widow with reddish hair, which no amount of disorder can make otherwise than beautiful. The way in which she manages cross officials is something delightful to see—but stay, let me begin at the beginning.

I packed my trunks in my best style, only to have Mrs. Jimmie regard my work with a face full of disapproval.

She then proceeded to put "everything any mortal could possibly need" into one trunk, with what seemed to me marvelous skill, calmly sending the other two to be "stored at Monroe's."

Mrs. G— and I, with faultless feminine arithmetic, calculated our expenses and drew what we considered "plenty of French money" to get us to the German frontier.

Jimmie took Mrs. G—, and Mrs. Jimmie took me to the train. Their cab got there first, and when we drove up Jimmie was grinning, and Mrs. G— looked rather sheepish and uncomfortable.

"I didn't have enough money to pay for the extra luggage," whispered she.

"That's just like you," I said severely. "Now I drew more money than you did."

Just then Jimmie came up with my little account for extra luggage.

"Forty-nine francs for your extra luggage," he announced.

"What?" I gasped. "On one trunk?"

How grateful I was at that moment for the two stored at Monroe's.

"Oh, Jimmie," I cried, "you'll have to lend me twenty francs."

Mrs. G— smiled, and she has been almost impossible to travel with since then.

THE Jimmies had been so kind to us that we nearly choked over leaving them, but we consoled ourselves after the train left, and proceeded to draw the most invidious comparisons between French sleeping-cars and the richly upholstered palaces we are accustomed to at home.

Sleeping in one of them was like sleeping on a woodpile during a continuous earthquake. But that was nothing compared to the news broken to us about eleven o'clock that our luggage would have to be examined at the German frontier at five in the morning. That meant being awakened at half-past four. But it was quite unnecessary, for we were not asleep.

It was cold and raining. I got up and dressed for the day, but Mrs. G— put her sealskin on over her dressing-gown and perched her hat on top of that hair of hers, and looked ready to cope with Diana herself.

"You just keep still and let me manage things," she said.

Her cheeks were flushed and her gray eyes sparkled, even at that hour in the morning. She selected her victim and smiled on him most charmingly. He was tearing open the trunk of an American woman gotten up in gray flannel and curl papers. He dropped her tray and hurried up to Mrs. G—.

"Have you or your friend anything to declare, madame?" he asked.

"Tell him that you have 'absolutely nothing,'" she whispered to me.

I OBEYED, but he never took his eyes off Mrs. G—, who was tugging at the strap of her trunk in apparently wild eagerness to get it open. She frowned and panted a little just to show how hard it was, and he bounded forward to help her. Then she smiled at him, and he blinked his eyes and tucked the strap in, and chalked her trunk, with a shrug. He hadn't opened it. She kept her eye on him and pointed to my trunk, and he chalked that. Then she pointed to seven pieces of hand luggage, and he chalked them all. Then Mrs. G— smiled on him again, and I thanked him, but he didn't seem to hear me, and she nodded to him, and pulled me down a long stone corridor to the dining-room where we could get some coffee. At the door I looked back. The customs officer was still looking after Mrs. G—, but she never noticed it.

The dining-room was full of smoke, but the coffee and my first taste of zwieback were delicious. Then we went out through

a narrow doorway to the train. It was still dark and the rain was pattering down on the car roof, and, take it all in all, the situation was far from pleasant.

It was so stuffy in our compartment that I stood for a moment in the doorway near an open window. Mrs. G— was lying down in my berth. We still had nineteen hours of travel before us with no prospect of sleep, for sleep in those berths and over such a rough road was absolutely out of the question.

THE sun was just rising over the cathedral as we reached Cologne.

"Let's get out here and have our breakfast and see the cathedral, and take the next train to Berlin," I said to Mrs. G—.

A more lovely sight than the Cologne cathedral, with the rising sun just gilding its numerous pinnacles and spires, would be difficult to imagine. The narrow streets were still comparatively dark, and when we arrived we heard the majestic notes of the organ in a Bach fugue, and found ourselves at early mass, with rows of humble worshippers kneeling before the high altar, and the twinkle of many candles in the soft gloom. And as the priests intoned, and the fresh young voices of an invisible choir floated out, and the magnificent rumble of the organ shook the very foundations of the cathedral, we forgot that we were there to see Cologne, we forgot our night of discomfort, we forgot everything but the spirit of worship, and we came away without speaking.

From Cologne to Dresden is stupid. We went through a country punctuated with myriad rows of tall chimneys of factories.

WE ARRIVED at Dresden at five o'clock, and decided to stop there and go to the opera that night. The opera begins in Dresden at seven o'clock and closes at ten. The best seats are absurdly cheap, and whole families, whole schools, whole communities, I should say, go there together. Coming straight from Paris, from the theatrical, vivacious, enthusiastic French audiences, this first German audience seemed serious, thoughtful, appreciative, but unenthusiastic. They use more judgment about applause than the French. They never interrupt a scene, or even a musical phrase, with misplaced applause. Their appreciation is slow, but hearty, and always worthily disposed. The French are given to exaggerating an emotion and to applauding an eccentricity. Even their subtlety is overdone.

The German drama is cleaner, the family tie is made much of, sentiment is encouraged instead of being ridiculed as it too often is in America, but the German point of view of Americans is quite as much distorted as the French. That statement is severe, but true. It would be utterly impossible for the American girl to be more exquisitely misunderstood than by French and German men.

BERLIN is so full of electric cars that it seemed much more familiar at first sight than Paris. It is a lovely city.

The streets are filled with beautiful things, mostly German officers. The only trouble is that they themselves seem to know it only too well, and as they will not give us any of the sidewalk we are obliged to admire them from the gutters. The only way you can keep Germans from knocking you into the middle of the street is to walk sideways and pretend you are examining the shop windows. Paris seems a city of leisure; Berlin a city of war. The streets of Paris are quite as full of soldiers as Berlin, but French soldiers are not impressive. They are undersized and badly dressed and badly groomed. Their trousers are much too long. To me they seemed to need only a belt at the ankle to turn them into perfect Russian blouses. But English and German soldiers seem to be in perfect condition—as though they could go to war at a moment's notice.

BERLIN to me has always meant the tombs of the Kings and Queens at Charlottenburg. The dignity, the still, solemn beauty of those white, motionless, life-like figures lying there in eternal repose, filled my whole soul with a sense of the great majesty of death.

Before I came to Europe I had heard so much about Unter den Linden, that magnificent street of Berlin, that I expected to be very much impressed by its beauty. When I did see it I realized that a great many things in Europe are famous to Americans because they are not in America.

The day before Christmas Mrs. G— and I started out to amuse ourselves. We decided to go to the shops. Not that we needed anything, but, as Mrs. G— says, "When you have the blues, go shopping. It always cures you to spend money."

Berlin shop windows are more fascinating than those in Paris, because there are so many more things you can afford to buy.

AFTER our shopping expedition was over we decided to go at once to Potsdam. A most curious and interesting little old man, who had been a guide there for thirty years, showed us through the grounds where the King's greyhounds are buried, and where he pleaded to be buried with them. As he showed us the graves of the greyhounds which ate the poisoned food which had been prepared for the King he said:

"And they lie here. Not there with the other dogs, the favorites of the King, but here, alone, disgraced, without even a headstone. Without even their names, although they saved the great King from death and gave their lives for his."

Then he took us to the top of the terrace facing the palace, and pointing to the entrance he said:

"In the left wing were the chambers of the King's guests. In the right wing were his own. Therefore, he placed a comma between those two words, 'Sans' and 'Souci,' to indicate that those at the left were 'without' while with himself was 'care!'"

While we were there the Emperor drove by and spoke to our cabman, saying, "How is business?" Seeing how much pleasure it gave the poor fellow to repeat it we kept asking him to tell us what the Kaiser said to him. First Mrs. G— would say:

"When was it, and what did he say?"

Then, when he had finished, I would say:

"It wasn't the Emperor himself, was it? It must have been the coachman."

"No, ladies. It was the great Kaiser himself. He said to me—" And then we would get the whole thing over again.

WHEN we reached our hotel we found that the American mail had arrived, and there were all our Christmas letters.

Home letters! How they go to the heart when one is five thousand miles away.

Just then the proprietor came up to announce to us that there would be a Christmas Eve entertainment in the main dining-room that evening, and would the American ladies do him the honor to come down?

When we went down we found that the enormous dining-room was packed with people, all standing around a table which ran around two sides of the room. A row of Christmas trees occupied the middle of the room, and at one end was a large space reserved for the lady guests, and in each chair was a bouquet of violets and lilies.

This entertainment was for the servants of the hotel. First they sang a Lutheran hymn, very slowly, as if it were a dirge. Then there was a short sermon. Then another hymn. Then each servant presented a number, and received a present, and lo, it was all over—but so typical of the Fatherland!

PARTICIPATING in this simple festival brought a little Christmas feeling home to us and we were quite happy. We knew our presents would not be delivered until the next day, so we went up to our rooms to read our letters over again.

But before we had read them half through the second time the American Ambassador and Mrs. White called, with Lieutenant Allen, the military attaché, and invited us to dine with Mrs. Allen the next day.

We accepted with wild enthusiasm. A Christmas dinner in a foreign land, in the midst of the Diplomatic corps, is the most undiplomatic thing in the world, for that is the only time when you can cease to be diplomatic and dare to criticise the Government to your heart's content.

It was a beautiful dinner. And after it was over we were all invited to the children's entertainment at Mrs. Squires', who had gathered about fifty of the children of the American colony for Christmas carols and a tree. Immediately after the Ambassador arrived the children marched in and recited in chorus, "Now, in the days of Herod, the King." Then they sang their carols.

AFTER these exercises the doors were thrown open, and the most beautiful Christmas tree I ever beheld burst upon the view of those children, who went wild with delight. Then Mr. and Mrs. White took us home, and thus ended a perfect Christmas.

We entered the hotel "between rows of palms," Mrs. G— said, and they all seemed to be extended, and we dropped money into all of them.

People talk so much of the expense of travel in Europe, but to my mind the greatest expenditures are in the payment of extra luggage and fees. Otherwise, I fancy that travel is much the same, and in the long run would be about equal. But the annoyance of this continual habit of feeling makes life a burden. In Paris you see the woman who shows you to your seat at the theatre, you see the woman who opens the door, and the woman who takes your wraps.

German servants seem to have more self-respect, for while they expect a fee quite as much, they smile and thank you, and never look at the coin before your eyes.

However, you see most unmercifully in Germany, too. You see the man at the bank who cashes your checks, you see the street-car conductor who takes your fare, you see everybody who wears a uniform.

The only person whom I have neglected to see so far is the Ambassador.

But then he does not wear a uniform.

1898 KODAKS

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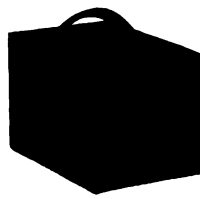
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*The seventh of a series of letters written by Miss Lilian Bell for the Journal. The letters already published are:
 "Going Abroad," October, 1897
 "First Days in London," November, "
 "Among the English," December, "
 "First Days in Paris," January, 1898
 "Among the Parisians," February, "
 "On the English Channel," March, "
 "Seeing the Germans," April, "

THE MENDING-BASKET

By Robert F. Burdette

ONE of the pictures of my childhood which Memory, the celebrated fresco painter, has limned for me, is a night scene in my old home in Peoria. The family is clustered around the "centre-table." A big astral lamp for grandeur; several small camphene lamps for light and peril. We children, about as numerous and as restless as barn swallows, making believe to study the morrow's lessons. The Patriarch reading, and at intervals vainly pleading for "a little less silence." And mother sitting beside a great "mending-basket," piled high with all manner of raiment showing the ravages made by the original summer toboggan-chute, the snag of the projecting nail, the jagged tear which told how the wearer scaled the picket fence—a score of misshapen mouths crying, in all the clamorous eloquence of speechless need, for "a stitch in time."

Now I could say to that most conscientious artist, like the man in the "Order for a Picture":

"High as the heavens your name I'd shout,
If you'd paint me the scene with that basket out."

It mars the picture. It tells of much work and little rest, but such is the lot of woman.

But the most pathetic thing about the "mending-basket" is itself. A picture of the most disagreeable work in all this world of toil and weariness. Mending old things. Repairing broken things. Fixing up worn-out, tumble-down things. It makes my heart ache to look at a mending-basket. It depresses me more to look in at the dingy window of a cobbler's shop than it does to meet a funeral. I think it a great pleasure to make new things of new material. That is work that has a heart of joy in it. But I do hate to make anything over; to patch up something I had thought quite finished; to take hold of something that is worn out and try to patch it up so that "it will do."

WHEN I CARRY SHOES TO THE COBBLER

TO THIS day I dislike to ask even the people who make a business of repairing, to mend things for me—especially shoes. When I have to carry a pair of old shoes to the shop myself I sneak down a side street and go into the basement shop of Kosciusko Czariakczco, and apologetically tell him to throw them away if he doesn't think they are worth mending. A new shoe is never an inspiration to me. An old shoe is a synonym for utter worthlessness. I know there are men who worship a slipper, and write poems to it. But they are young men. To men of my years the white satin slipper of my lady, the sandal shoon of the pilgrim, and the ploughing boots of my grandfather, are merely old shoes. The wrinkled shapelessness of a baby's shoe, creased into numberless dimples by the restless little foot, is the only thing in footwear that is sweeter and dearer for being worn. How grateful am I that Providence, in dealing out our several tasks, did not give me a cobbler's assignment. How I would have hated to mend old shoes. I would not like to put new thongs in Gabriel's sandals. I am not worthy to do this, I know. That's the reason why I would not like to do it.

THE MYSTERY CONNECTED WITH RENTS

AMONG other peculiarities of the mending-basket which you cannot fail to have observed, is a certain mystery about the rents and fractures in the garments under repair. Before the invention, or rather the revival, of knickerbockers, holes in the knees of a boy's pantaloons were a matter of course. No boy knew better than his mother the very day that "marble time" opened. She made him knee-pads, but he never knelt on them. He lost them, or in the excitement of the game he forgot them, or the other boys laughed at them and he threw them away. The most successful gamblers of the school-yard—the fellows who went about like birds of prey, their pockets bulging with plunder won from good boys, who came to school with new marbles, bought at the store, and went home at night with empty pockets and overflowing hearts—these wolves sometimes knelt on a chip which was much dirtier than the ground.

But, aside from these regular features of ordinary wear and tear, the rents in the family raiment were considered as rather mysterious happenings. "How ever did you tear your jacket in such a place as this?" the distracted mother would exclaim as she wondered how she could get at the ragged tear to mend it. "You must have taken it off and done it purposely." And the hole was always the strangest ever seen, so oddly irregular in shape. Surely there was not another boy in the world who could tear his jacket in such fashion. But when Jack's pantaloons were held up, Bob's jacket was forgotten. The entire family—especially the sisters—agreed that Jack must have studied over the matter in school, and then when he got out, tried to see what a complex tear he could make when he gave his whole mind to it. It was a complicated success.

HE NEVER KNEW HOW IT HAPPENED

AH ME, how many times have I heard the patient, grave and reverend doctors, who mend the lives and ways of men, ask the same question of the same boy after he grew to be a man. "How did it happen?" they ask, unconsciously repeating the mother's question. "You must have done this thing deliberately." And the big bad boy can only open his eyes, much as he did when he was a small bad boy, and in like manner inwardly wonder while he stares. It is all so simple, so plain to the boy. In the rush of play, in the wild excitement of the game, in the racing chase across the country, a dash through a hedge, a breathless scramble over a stone wall, a flying leap over a leaning fence of splintered rails, a climb up a rough and gnarly tree—"r-r-rip—r-r-rip—split!"—it was done in a second—in a flash—and done so easily! The boy cannot see anything so very wonderful or remarkable about a tear like that. Lots of other boys whom he knows have even worse ones, and nobody growls or makes a fuss.

THERE NEVER WAS SUCH A TEAR BEFORE

"I NEVER saw a tear like it before," said his mother years ago. "Most peculiar case I ever met with," says his pastor, shaking his head over his tattered life to-day. The boy inwardly wonders. For he has seen just such rents in the jackets of the other boys—scores of them. Plenty of 'em at school, torn in precisely the same way. Nay, one day the big bad boy's best friend, after reading him such a long lecture as made him almost wish that he had never been bad, overhauled an old lumber chest in a garret called Yesterday, to show how careful he was of his clothes when he was a boy. And lo, the first jacket he pulled out had just exactly such a tear—right in the middle of the back, a most curious and inaccessible place. The best friend blushed a little at first, and stammered, but recovered at once, and went on quickly to explain that "that was different, altogether different; that was an accident." And the big bad boy said, "Oh! was it?"

Then, not only are the rents made in mysterious ways, but it is always hard to find good patching material. I don't know whether this prosperous generation, which waxes fat and kicks, keeps such a plebeian thing as a rag-bag. But its grandmother did—a right corpulent rag-bag, filled with all sorts and conditions of rags, scraps and patches. Yet have I seen it turned inside out more than many times, in careful rummaging for a patch that would match.

HARD TO FIND GOOD PATCHING MATERIAL

SOMETIMES a fragment of the original cloth would be discovered, and behold, it was the worst thing in color and texture that could be used. Its untarnished splendor only emphasized most cruelly the faded degeneration of jacket or frock. The colors had not only washed out and faded out, but they had sunburned into a weatherbeaten change of shadeless tints—colorless shades that mocked the imitation of the dyer. What had once been "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue" was a nondescript gray, unlike anything in the heavens above.

It is always hard to find good patching material of any sort. You have noticed, in the yard of some great machine shop, the rusty mountain of everything, called "the scrap-heap." I have seen a mechanic come out of the shop and prowl about the scrap-heap for half an hour, pulling and poking over a quarter of an acre of all manner of broken engines, wheels, chains, pulleys, rods, plates, bars, springs, bolts, nuts—a little of everything, it seemed to me, that ever pertained to every possible sort of machinery—and at last throw down the last thing he picked up and go back to his bench without finding anything he could use.

TRYING TO PATCH UP ONE'S OWN LIFE

IT IS a hard matter to patch up one's life with old scraps of other men's lives, even with the worn-out fragments of one's own life of yesterday. Purer, and sweeter, and better days than the wreck of to-day, those yesterdays were, certainly. But somehow they belong to the scrap-heap and they don't fit. Because, you see, to-day must be made so much stronger than was yesterday. It has its own temptations to meet, its own difficulties to overcome, its own enemies to subdue. And you can not make a good, strong, virile to-day out of the bits and scraps of a broken-up yesterday. An engine is not condemned to the scrap-heap until it is found to be good for nothing else. And yet men do try this very sort of thing. They, too, have their "mending baskets," and they learn as they patch, and tinker, and cobbler at their broken fortunes and sadly abused lives, that it is much easier to mangle than it is to mend, to tear than it is to patch, to break than it is to put together, and that it costs a great deal more, in time, in pains, and in money, to patch up than it does to rebuild altogether.

LET HIM BEGIN ALL OVER AGAIN

EVERYBODY who has ever tried to make a new house from an old one knows how reluctant the builder is to allow a dollar for the old material. He does not want to use it under any consideration. Nothing in the old lumber is of the right size or shape. Everything is warped, and strained, and set out of shape by years of compression and settling. Oh, the old inspirations, the old strength, the old ambitions and hopes belong to the younger years—to the old, old days, when the world was new. The old battles can not be fought over again; the grass grows on their trodden fields, the ashes of their camp-fires are beaten hard with winter rains. Marengo, Rivoli, Arcole, Leipsic—of what avail are they at Waterloo? If a man has made wreck of all the glory and brightness of his past, let him not try to use it again for the upbuilding of to-day. Let him write "Ichabod" over it all, and build anew with what new material he can gather. But let him keep away from the scrap-heap, and let him remember that the "mending-basket" is certain to be a weariness to the flesh and a disappointment to the spirit.

THE MENDING HABIT GROWS UPON US ALL

LET a man once fall into the habit of pottering, of tinkering at his house, his body, his character, and always there is danger that he will become a confirmed cobbler. Where he should rip off a rotting roof from ridge to cornice, he will stick in a shingle, a piece of slate, a scrap of tin, amid ever-increasing leaks, dry rot and general decay. He braces, and bolsters, and patches walls and fences until his farm looks as though it had a combination of Saint Vitus' dance and delirium tremens. He tinkers at his poor, perishing frame with cure-alls and lotions, pills and plasters. He braces up his decaying virtues with good resolutions, and poultices his vices with good intentions. He fences his follies with certain—or rather, uncertain—limitations. And, after all, he is the same old man—decayed and decaying, weak here and warped there; out of plumb, disjointed and covered with patches that do not renew him nor mend him at all, but merely emphasize his degeneration.

A VISIT WHICH I PAID TO A JUNK SHOP

DID you ever find anything in a junk shop that you could use? I never did. Once upon a time I lost a key to a padlock which secured the stable door. It was a good "five-tumbler padlock," the man said, whatever that is. A new key would cost me fifty cents. But I did remember a junk-shop man, in the dusty windows of whose shop, hung keys—rings, and strings, and festoons of keys. We spent the greater part of the afternoon trying keys, and found one at last which the junker said would do. It kicked a little, but he said it would work all right in a day or two. I paid five cents—and half a day—for it. It worked all right all the way home, for I kept trying it all the time. That night, after I sprang the padlock on the stable door, some fiend prompted me to try the key once more. It stuck fast in the padlock. It would not turn either way, nor would it come out. I wrangled with it half an hour, and left it sticking in the padlock all night. Next morning I tried it again, and lost one of the best tempers that ever curdled human blood. Then I sent for a mechanic, who managed to break the key off in the lock, while a starving horse in that stable wept for victuals and drink, and as our voices maddened him, kicked out the side of his stall. I did not know whether to send to the city for a locksmith to come out, or move the barn in to the locksmith. The expense would be about the same, but it would be more trouble to move the barn. At last we filed off the staple, threw away the padlock, and I bought a new one.

YOU CAN'T RENEW A SERMON WITH PATCHES

ONCE heard a good man in the pulpit preach a sermon he had put together out of the rag-bag. It was a good sermon the first time he preached it—bright, sparkling, vigorous, strong—but it kind of wore out. Fashions changed. Men changed. Times changed. And he tried to change that sermon to make it match the ever-changing times. He patched one knee with a piece of blue diagonal/worsted; patched the other with a square of cheviot plaid. Took the grease-spots out with benzine. Inked the well-worn seams. Roughened the shiny elbows with ammonia. Sewed one horn and two cloth buttons on the front of the coat, and six new, fancy ones on the vest. Thought the buttons on the tail of the coat did not show anyhow, so he left it without any. Hung the suit up on a chair in a shady corner of his room, and was proud of it. "There," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction, "it's as good as new." Then he took that sermon of shreds and patches to church, and preached it. And on his way home he sighed to think that men were "Gospel-hardened"; he wept when he remembered how effective that sermon used to be, twenty-five years ago. Alas, when anything wears out you cannot renew it at the rag bag. It can be made wholly new only by putting it in the fire. Well said the great Teacher: "No man also seweth a piece of new cloth on an old garment: else the new piece that filled it up, taketh away from the old, and the rent is made worse."



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ENCOURAGING THE BIRDS TO COME

By Olive Thorne Miller

DESIGNS FOR NESTING PLACES BY FRANK S. GUILD

THE bird lover may easily induce the birds to come about the house, for they readily respond to friendly advances. In spring and summer the attractions to be offered, in addition to protection, are a never-failing supply of water, and conveniences for nesting. No food should be provided from the house, for their natural supplies—insects and various seeds—are everywhere plentiful.

First arrange a place for drinking and bathing. A shallow dish (earthen preferred)



THE CAMP KETTLE

with never more than two or two and a half inches of fresh water, renewed at regular intervals during the day, is the greatest of all drawing cards for the feathered world.

FOR nesting places nothing is better for small birds than a tangle of bushes against a tight fence—blackberry and raspberry, for example, very close and thick. A wild corner where grass and weeds are allowed to grow, and the lawn-mower is unknown; trees, with boxes of different sizes and kinds nailed up among the branches, some with entrance barely an inch in diameter, to keep out English sparrows and admit wrens, are also desirable. Nesting boxes may be of various kinds, from a section of a hollow branch with a roof over the top, to a tin can with jagged edges removed. It is said that a box hung from a branch by a short chain, that will swing in the wind, will



MADE FROM A KEG AND FLOWER POTS

never be taken by an English sparrow; also, that one without a perch close by the door does not meet their requirements.

VERY welcome to small birds are certain wild fruits, which they prefer to the cultivated, and which, therefore, serve as protection to the fruits in the garden. A few of these are wild cherry, choke cherry, June or shad berry, wild raspberry, blackberry or huckleberry, mountain ash, red cedar, black elder, Russian mulberry, Virginia creeper, bittersweet, poke berry, sumac, etc.

The species one may expect to see depends upon the locality and the season. In New England I should look in winter for nut-hatches, chickadees, a woodpecker or two, cross-bills, pine grosbeaks and some sparrows; in Southern New York and about that latitude, at the same season, one might find the above, excepting the pine grosbeaks, and in addition, goldfinches and kinglets; a little farther south the chickadees and nut-hatches might be wanting, and the party be increased by bluebirds, robins and blue jays.

NOT only will the species differ with the season and the latitude, but with the neighborhood. Sometimes one will find the birds of a vicinity largely fly-catchers, for example, and at a distance of a few miles or even less, birds of other species may prevail. Suitable food and nesting places, altitudes and other conditions undoubtedly cause these diversities, but the laws that govern them are not commonly understood.

Having secured the guests, the next thing is to enjoy them, and the way to do that is, first, to learn who they are by means of some of the modern manuals, which identify by color, and then to watch them.

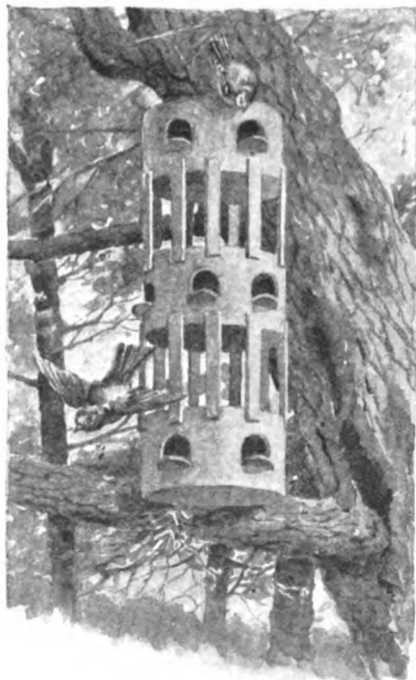
It will be found that their ways differ as much as the ways of people, that they are individual, each having his own likes and dislikes, his own attitudes and movements, his own songs, calls and other utterances. That is what makes the study of birds an ever-fresh delight. There is always something new to see and something new to learn.

NOR is it so difficult to find time to pursue this study as a busy house-mother or an invalid may imagine. One of the hardest-worked women I know makes constant observations from her window without leaving



HOOPS AND LATHS

her chair. Though living in the heart of the city, with only a small city yard, and providing no food, only a quiet retreat with trees and shrubs they like, she told me not long ago that she had this season seen forty-four species of birds in her yard, and she was absent during the spring migration when they are most plentiful. Her way is simple. She is a literary worker, always writing or studying. She has her desk placed beside her window, on the sill of which stands her opera-glass already focused. While busy over book or paper any movement in the yard at once attracts her attention. She takes her glass and looks out. If it is an interesting visitor she watches him, writes in her note-book anything she may have observed, and then resumes her work.



MADE FROM THREE CHEESE BOXES



FROM TWO CHEESE-BOX LIDS

IN WINTER the attractions to be provided are somewhat different, being shelter and food, in addition to water and protection. Shelter from storm and cold is best secured by a close-set clump of thick-growing evergreen trees, such as spruce and cedar, if possible shielded from north winds by a building, wall or tight fence.

To attract by food means daily attention through the season when food is scarce or absent. The first thing to do is to fix upon a place for the daily breakfast-table. It may be a piazza roof, a board or boxes fastened up in low trees. A box lacking only the cover may—as Miss Florence Merriam suggests—be fastened in a tree on its side with the open side toward the window, thus forming a protection from wind and snow.

NOT only should the place remain the same, but the hour should be regular, and soon the feathered guests will begin to assemble before the time, in expectation of their breakfast. In the selected spot should be placed various sorts of food.

These may be table scraps of meat and vegetables chopped fine, bread and fruit, or several kinds of grain, such as corn (broken up for small birds), wheat, barley and some seeds, as hemp, squash and pumpkin, of which some birds are very fond. Breadcrumbs alone will attract very few visitors. Above all, and welcome to all, whether seed or meat eaters, is suet, chopped fine or fastened securely, so that it may be pecked at but not displaced. The worse the storm of wind or snow, the more bountiful should be the



FROM A CHEESE BOX



MADE FROM A FIRKIN LID AND SPICE BOX

provision for the little family, lest hunger be added to their unavoidable suffering. This course, faithfully followed, will in almost any region in the Northern States, keep about one a delightful group all winter.

NO ONE should establish friendly relations with the feathered tribe during the months when their natural food is scarce, unless he is prepared to be faithful. Having taught them to depend upon one for food and shelter, it is far more than cruel to fail them.

It is well to accustom the birds to one's presence at the window. In the early days, by sitting perfectly still, and then gradually moving about, without violent motions, perhaps talking to them, but never making an attempt to touch one, they will learn not to be afraid. A pleasant thing is to teach them to come at a call, adopting some peculiar whistle, and always uttering it as a sort of "breakfast is served." When they have learned this they will sometimes come at unusual hours, but to make it effective they should always find some treat prepared for them. If greater familiarity be desired one may offer some special tidbit from the hand.

BAKING POWDERS

THE best baking powders are made of cream of tartar and soda.

Cream of tartar, or argol, is a hard crystal which forms on the inside of wine vats. The supply comes from Europe. It is the same crystal sometimes noticed in grape preserves.

Soda contains carbonic acid gas, the gas of soda water. When the soda is wet and comes in contact with an acid, such as sour milk or cream of tartar, the gas it contains is set free. The gas spreads through the dough and raises it, making it light and digestible.

CLEVELAND'S BAKING POWDER contains only cream of tartar and soda, with the exception of the small amount of flour necessary to preserve it. The cream of tartar is refined in the Company's own works—the largest in the world—and is the purest cream of tartar made.

Low-priced baking powders contain alum or ammonia as substitutes for cream of tartar. These are objectionable from the standpoint of health and also because alum gives a bitter taste to the biscuit and cake, and ammonia causes them to dry quickly.

Thousands of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL readers use Cleveland's Baking Powder. They have learned by experience that there is nothing to equal it.

Cleveland's Baking Powder

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In cans ready for use. If your grocer has not received this, our latest fancy product, send 18 cents in stamps for sample half-pound can.



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THE BACHELOR GIRL

By Ruth Ashmore



YOU hear of her everywhere, and the very name seems to describe her. You think of her as bright, industrious, neat, quick to speak, equally quick to act, and quite old enough to have decided what she wishes to make of her life. Sometimes she is overflowing with vitality, so that she wears you, and you find yourself wishing unconsciously that she

were more feminine and less like a bachelor. Sometimes you wonder, as you hear her talk, what is going to be the result of this independence of hers, and then you find yourself in a questioning state. She is determined, is the bachelor girl, that her life shall be a happy one, and yet she has made up her mind that she will neither allow herself to fall in love nor marry. She does not doubt that love is very well worth the having, but she is going to live her life without it. Indeed, she is going to blot it out of her life if she can, and when she says that, or without telling me in words, when she impresses that upon me, I am forced to wonder with all seriousness, and with all respect to her, whether, after all, the bachelor girl is the best successor of the unmarried woman or not.

HOW SHE DIFFERS FROM THE OLD MAID

SHE took the name "bachelor girl" because it seemed an honorable one, and to it there was no jeer attached as there was to the name of old maid; but the old maid as you and I knew her—kindly, loving, tender, with a halo of a romance about her—was very different from the bachelor girl. She was more dependent. She was not so well educated. She had greater respect for mankind, and somehow, I think, that though we admire the bachelor girl, we give our sincerest love to the old maid. She had, perhaps, no special home of her own, but she was a power in many homes. She was a mother to the orphans, a nurse to the sick, and a tender friend to whoever was in affliction. She always had plenty of time to be loving and kind, and yet I must confess she had weaknesses that sometimes made her seem ridiculous, and these weaknesses do not appear in her successor. Therefore, when I look at the bachelor girl I long to say to her, "Study the spinster maiden of long ago; copy her virtues, imitate her graces, and then, with all that is best in yourself, be the finest development of woman that can be shown, and when you have achieved the best a finer name than any yet discovered will be yours."

WHAT A BACHELOR GIRL WROTE TO ME

SHE claimed to be a bachelor girl herself, therefore what she said had weight with me. In her clear, bold handwriting she inquired, "Is it not a fact that we American girls are growing day by day more masculine in our games, attire and amusements? And do we command the same respect from the opposite sex that was given to the unmarried woman in the days of our forefathers? Are not we as a race growing toward things that tend to blunt our feminine nature and cause us to lose that pure, simple religious feeling that a womanly woman should have? It seems to me that the bachelor girls take too much interest, first of all in business, then in base-ball and foot-ball games, yachting, bicycling and lawn tennis, and have not enough interest in the home. Men used to think us more divine and saintlier beings than themselves. Let us try to make them return to that belief."

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION

I WISH I knew how to tell you just how to give that impression; how to make a man conscious of the goodness, sweetness and tender womanliness that is the keynote to your real character, for, after all, I am forced to believe that the bachelor girl will grow wiser day by day, and shed her imperfections like a badly fitting coat-of-mail, allowing all that is best to come to the surface. Take your handwriting as a copy. You use good black ink, and a broad pen that makes clear characters because it is firmly held and carefully guided. You use your blotter with discretion, and the result is that it absorbs the surplus of ink, but does not lessen the beauty of your writing. That is what you want to do with the gentleness, sweetness and tenderness of your nature. Each of these feminine virtues must be positively yours, and yet when they meet the blotter of masculine assumption only enough of them is given to grade them evenly, and to convince the recipient of the sweetness and strength of womanly graces. Not the sweetness and weakness that was too often said of the gentle spinster, but the sweetness and strength. If you have any doubt of the strength to be found in sweetness read what Saint Francis de Sales said of the influence of sugar.

WHAT IS LACKING IN THE BACHELOR GIRL

SHE is wise in one respect, is this bachelor girl. She has learned the art of gathering years gracefully. She appreciates, as she loses her youth, that she must pay more regard to her appearance, and that in life's picture she must always be a figure that looks well. Here the bachelor girl rises superior to the old maid, for with all the old maid's gentleness she was a bit inclined toward dowdiness. Pauline, who is a bachelor girl, impresses you, when you meet her, with her naturalness. Perhaps, as you grow to know her well, you may wish that her natural manner did not tend toward brusqueness; but at least Pauline is truthful. She is a woman of business, and she is gradually learning that to succeed, alike in business and in society, she must follow the example of her brother and not carry her workaday worries or joys into her social life. She must learn the art of being a grub or a butterfly as time and place demand. She is fond of pleasure, and being healthy and happy she is kind and charitable.

SHE SEES NO REASON FOR SENTIMENT

PAULINE is apt to be a little severe in her judgments, for, being a strong-minded young person, her temptations have been few. With great cheerfulness she does her share in taking care of those who must be taken care of, and yet with all her virtues what is there that is lacking in her?

She finds little use and sees no reason for the existence of the tender feelings of life. She has never met a man whom she could love, as Pauline could love, and she is rather inclined to scoff and make little of that strong emotion which, after all, has made women capable of great actions and men live wonderful lives. Pauline will not confess to herself that the ideal state for a woman is that of wife and mother. She will grow wiser in time. It is true that she may never marry; but having failed to gain the greatest blessings that can come to a woman gives Pauline no reason for undervaluing them. My dear girl, it is right and proper for you to hope to be some good man's wife and the happy mother of some dear little children. If you go through the years of your life and these blessings never come to you, you will have missed much. How much I cannot explain to you. Therefore, while you need not make yourself sour and discontented because you lack those good gifts, still you must not go to the other extreme and make yourself hard and cold through counting them of little worth. I can understand how often Pauline retreats like a snail into her shell at the approach of pleasant men, because ignorant, ill-natured gossips take it for granted that the bachelor girl is like a lion, "seeking whom she may devour" in the shape of unmarried men. For that reason she feels that her natural modesty has been insulted and that her one safety lies in flight; and yet she enjoys talking to these men—they are interesting and interested in the topics that are timely and of particular interest to her.

THE BACHELOR GIRL'S IDEA OF MARRIAGE

WHAT shall she do? She does not want to appear stiff and formal in her manner, and yet the world has not learned that the bachelor girl's idea of marriage, when she thinks of it at all, is an honest, pure one. If you ask her if she means to marry she will tell you never, unless she meets her ideal man and gets from him such love as she will give him. There she is right, for a marriage made on any other terms is not a marriage, but a slavery, and she would better remain a bachelor girl all her life unless she feels not only the strongest love but the deepest respect for the man whose name she is to assume. The world every day grows more liberal, and every day it is more gracious in its demeanor toward the bachelor girl. It makes friendship between her and the unmarried man possible, and it enables them to meet socially without the idle gossip that has heretofore prevented the existence of honest friendships between men and women. Pauline's cousin Cynthia is quite different. The one girl in a family of boys, she finds herself quite at ease when in the company of men, and self-consciousness, that bane of the bachelor girl, is to her an unknown horror. She says to Pauline, "Be yourself—talk as you talk to me—and don't for a minute allow yourself to grow stiff and look frightened. Men like to hear women talk about anything—indeed, they do—as long as the chatter is in a womanly way. Nonsense! A man is as much interested in the little things of life as you are, as I am, and he does not long to be treated as some animal to be feared and dreaded. He is a very gentle animal—liking fun and laughter and natural people. That's what you know you well you are your own sweet self, but the minute a strange man appears you grow awkward and self-conscious. You must determine to overcome this feeling."

ANOTHER BACHELOR GIRL'S COMPLAINT

SHE was a friend of Pauline's, and yet lacked her spirit of independence. Being supersensitive she was being continually hurt. She said, "My motives are sometimes so misconstrued that I am unable to decide how to deport myself, and in consequence I appear extremely reserved and stiff in manner. This is nearly always the case when I meet unmarried men, whose attentions the village gossips declare I am only too ready to accept, and I am aware that every action and every change of expression are keenly noted as food for further comment. Some of the gentlemen I meet socially are, perhaps, most ungenial, while there are others of refinement and culture whose society I could enjoy in a friendly way, but who are kept at a distance or repulsed altogether by me. Nervous and constrained in manner, when my natural vivacity would assert itself I am checked by the thought that somebody will say I wish to appear girlish. And for the same reason I dress myself in sombre colors when brighter hues or delicate tints are in reality more becoming. In short, I make myself miserable thinking about what the world thinks and says. You cannot know one-half of the real suffering single women of uncertain age endure."

The only remedy, my friend, for this state of mind is a determined cultivation of the spirit of frankness and truthfulness: the being yourself, and the having no fear to do that which is natural and which it seems right to do. A woman may be merry at forty without being silly or undignified.

IT ALL DEPENDS UPON THE GIRL HERSELF

THE day of the extremely young girl has gone by, and she who is feminine, who is entertaining, who can make others share her happiness with her, can gather friends of both sexes as she would beautiful flowers and make of them a fragrant memory that will be a delight to her all her life long. To be happy or unhappy lies with yourself. If you live a lonely life—I mean if you remain a bachelor girl all your life—you will, of course, miss much that comes to other women, but remember the overwhelming generosity of the gentle old maid, and imitate her in dispensing loving kindness. It is possible that, as the years go by, you may meet your ideal man, and if everything points to a married life as the proper state for you two, enter it with a heart full of love and lips wreathed with prayers and smiles. I have known so many happy marriages where both bride and bridegroom had long passed early youth: where very often the bride had gone through days of sorrow and tribulation, and then late in life love had come to her.

A GIRL IS NEVER TOO OLD TO LOVE

SOMETIMES the bachelor girl, thinking how many her years number, will hesitate as to entering the new state of matrimony, but the very fact that she has had much experience, has shown much patience, and that there have been many hours of loneliness, will tend to make her a more desirable and a more appreciative companion. Do not throw away the blessings that come, nor think that you are ever too old to love well. The happiest woman I know was married two years ago. She had passed her fortieth birthday. She had had a sorrowful life, but a good one, for she had given her time and her love to caring for a family of orphans. These boys and girls stood around her as she took her marital vow, and there was not one of them as young at heart as the woman who had really been their mother. She has made a beautiful home—a home where love is omnipotent, and in which every visitor is made conscious of the fact that to be happy is, at least, his duty while he is there, and that his hostess means to make him so. The bachelor girl is growing, I fear, a little too independent. Therefore she needs to be reminded continually of the fact that she is a woman, and that she has a right, because she is a woman, to the joys of life.

AND SHE WILL MAKE A "HOME BEAUTIFUL"

I HAD intended to tell the bachelor girl of very many things, and yet this little article to her has become a plea for matrimony, but it seems right that it shall stand. She is witty and wise, is the bachelor girl, and a little bit inclined to scoff at love and beauty and the ideals of life. You see, she has seen much of the stern realities, and now I want her to let her imagination get the better of her once in a while, and mounting the wings of fancy to create for herself an ideal life. If she lives it, even in her imagination, she will achieve it in time in reality, and I see her grown handsome, grown wise, grown loving and tender, standing beside a man who is as manly as she is womanly, and these two will make for themselves a "Home Beautiful." Ah, my friend, this is possible, and more possible because you are not a young, foolish child of seventeen, but the woman who has endured, and has suffered. I love you so well that I want you to be called, not a "bachelor girl," but a "true woman," like that one of whom it was said:

"In whose wake the beaten tracks appear,
A little greener where her feet have trod."

Editor's Note—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks of the Journal," will be found on page 41 of this issue.

"When you wish the latest styles write to us."

Tailor-Made Suits, \$5.

We have recently made some exquisite Easter and Summer costumes for leading New York society ladies and prominent actresses who are famed for the good taste which they display in the selection of their toilettes. Photographs of these ladies and the garments which we made for them are shown in our new catalogue, which is now ready.

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We have supplied many bicycle clubs with fashionable suits and skirts. May we not make your wheeling costume?

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We introduce for Summer wear the new Marseilles suits, and shall be pleased to forward samples of this fashionable fabric on request. Marseilles is an extremely popular fabric in Paris this season, and we are the only American house carrying a line of the goods.

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THE NEW SUMMER BODICES

By Isabel A. Mallon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE LATEST DESIGNS

THE separate bodice, to the delight of all women, not only maintains its sway, but has grown more elegant and, consequently, more feminine-looking. While the skirt worn with it should not match it, care should be taken not to make the contrast too great.

The wash materials, especially piqué, silk, linen lawn and dotted muslin, continue in vogue, but these are apt either to be made very simply, or else they are decorated with narrow frills of lace.

For the more elaborate bodice for summer wear, which appears in every woman's wardrobe, the changeable taffetas and the figured silks are given the preference; plain satin, Liberty silk and satin, foulard, and all the fine, soft woolen materials are also used.

A VISIT paid by a clever designer to the Louvre Museum has resulted in the creation of a most artistic white pongee blouse, shown in illustration, which not only deserves the commendation given it, but the adjective prefixed to it—"classic." It is intended for house wear. The material is drawn into folds in front, and draped, as it were, around a square buckle glittering with Rhinestones. The neck, which is slightly open, shows a chemisette of white guipure.



A CLASSIC BLOUSE OF PONGEE

The close-fitting sleeves are of the pongee, finished with turn-back cuffs of the guipure. The belt is a draped one of nasturtium velvet, the color which is, just now, very popular.

THE white satin bodice pictured on this page is trimmed with black *mousseline de soie*. The bodice proper is laid in graceful plaits, and has a lace-over bodice which is divided into three parts, as shown in the picture, each of which is edged by favored ruche or "puckering" of the black *mousseline de soie*. The fitted sleeves of white satin are overlaid with the lace and edged with frills of the black *mousseline*. The collar is a smooth one of white satin with a high frill of the black stuff coming above it, while the folded belt is of black velvet.

THE simple, but particularly stylish shirt-waist of plain yellow taffeta, shown in illustration, is made with cross-wise plaits about one inch apart, with a broad, flat plait just in front, in which are set three pearl studs. The sleeves are plain and fitted to the arm, and have narrow turn-back cuffs faced with the same material. The double stock and belt, each of which is tied in the most stylish way, are of broad white ribbon striped with black. The hat is of black trimmed with yellow and white flowers.



OF WHITE SATIN AND BLACK

THE bodice of white Liberty satin, shown in illustration, is intended for wear at the seaside, at an afternoon tea, or at one of the summer watering-places. The white Liberty satin is entirely overlaid, but not too thickly, with white silk muslin. The whole surface, including the sleeves, is trimmed with puckerings of mauve silk muslin about one-eighth of an inch wide, which cross each other at right angles, producing the quadrille effect. Down the front is a strip of white guipure through which the satin shimmers, and this is decorated with four bows of black velvet.



SHIRT-WAIST OF TAFFETA



OF WHITE LIBERTY SATIN

each having in the centre an ornament. The belt is of black velvet, and the sleeves, which fit very closely at the wrists, are strapped with bands of black velvet that terminate under bows of black velvet.

THE shirred taffeta bodice in illustration shows an arrangement of the new ready-made shirred silks which are dyed so that one of the selvages is very pale; gradually the silk darkens and the other selvedge, when reached, is almost black. The bodice itself is made of the shaded taffeta, and the ruffles around the yellowish guipure yoke are so arranged that the lightest is the upper and the darkest is the lower one. The sleeves are of the guipure and have shaded frills to cap them, while a narrow flounce of the faintest shade is the finish at each wrist. The standing collar is of the guipure with frills of the dark taffeta flaring beyond it. The tiny basque is of the dark taffeta, and is separated from the bodice by a crush belt of olive velvet.



SHIRRED TAFFETA BODICE

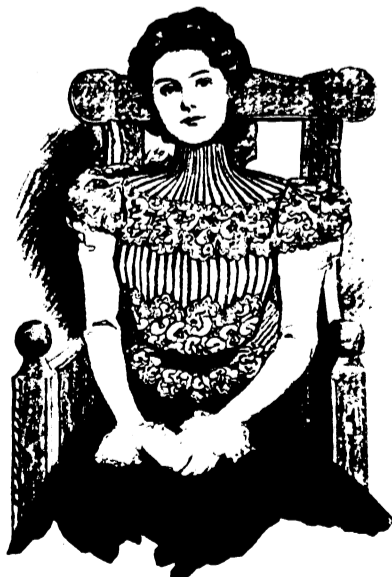
THE newest decoration for these summer bodices is a great quantity of lace frills or ruches of silk muslin, each about one-sixth of an inch in width, outlining the design and sometimes arranged to cover the entire bodice. Guipure, both cream-colored and white, is given special prominence. Crush belts of velvet, silk or ribbon, with a few beautiful ornaments, are worn. Almost everything that is dainty in the way of embroidery, passementerie, lace or braid is adapted to the separate bodice, giving it an air of style and a special individuality which it has never possessed before.

WHAT is known as the sleeveless bodice is given much vogue. It is an arrangement of lace, passementerie, ribbon, cord or whatever may be used in that way, slipped over the regular bodice foundation, with which it contrasts. This effect is shown in the changeable blue and black taffeta bodice in illustration. Over this bodice is "adapted" a blouse of interwoven white silk edged with black silk braid work, having insertions of black guipure squares in the open spaces. This covers all the bodice, including its flaring basque, except that portion where a plaited yoke of the silk is shown. The sleeves are of the changeable silk.



THE SLEEVELESS BODICE

THE white surah silk bodice, shown in illustration, is quite elaborate. The bodice proper is laid in vertical plaits about one-third of an inch apart and covered with a corset and front strap of



BODICE OF WHITE SURAH

coarse white embroidery. The sleeves are of surah, and the shoulder caps, and long, flaring cuffs, coming far down over the hands, are of the embroidery. The high collar is of the silk, laid in folds, while above it, at each side, are plaits of lavender velvet which flare far out. The belt is a folded one of the lavender velvet, and below it is a short basque finish of the embroidery.

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THE STOREKEEPER IN THE VALLEY

By Mrs. Lyman Abbott

PEACEFUL VALLEY PAPERS: NUMBER SIX

IN SUCH a community as Peaceful Valley there is sure to be a good deal of connection between the various industries, and Edward Williams could not carry out his ideas of improved farming without affecting his cousin, George Williams, the principal storekeeper. Mrs. George Williams was a cheery young person, but inclined to be contented with things as they are, rather than enterprising in the effort to make them better. The long hours which her husband thought he must spend at his store had given her a good many lonely days and evenings, and she had been glad enough, when the way was opened for her, to take a part in the founding of the library and the general improvement of the village. She had accomplished, too, a little something in the way of stirring her husband up to make his store look a little less dingy. But he had not realized that any very radical change could be made. His cousin's new method on the farm, however, started him to thinking, and the need of some radical repairs in the building he occupied gave him an opportunity to make a new beginning. Instead, therefore, of trying to get along in the old place while the repairs were in progress, he moved temporarily to a less convenient shop, and thus allowed a free range for the improvements which he was beginning to see were necessary if he desired to make a living for himself.

THE FIRST STEPS TOWARD THE NEW PLAN

THE time-honored objection, "it won't pay," came up with every suggestion of a change, and had it not been for Mr. and Mrs. Edward Williams, and his own persuasive wife, the objection, I am afraid, would have conquered. Of course, there was a "clearing-out sale," and a great deal of old stock, which would have remained to be a prey to moth and rust if there had not been something to bring the long-hidden goods out from their hiding-places, was disposed of in a very summary fashion.

There were four or five storekeepers in the town, each of them feeling it necessary to keep everything from drugs to plows. One of the first steps in changing the order of things was brought about by the ingenuity of Mrs. George Williams, who invited all the storekeepers of the village and their wives to tea, and after the supper there was a general consultation regarding the business in the village. All of them agreed that it was just as bad as it could be. People all went away to the nearest city to buy their goods whenever they could. Each of the storekeepers complained that his store was filled with long accumulations of unsalable goods. And they discussed, with more or less real interest, the reasons for it and the possibility of improving things generally. It was a sort of board-of-trade meeting.

KEEPING A LESS VARIED STOCK

AT THE end of the evening Mr. Williams said, "I have decided to limit my stock to certain kinds of goods. I think it right to let you all know of my intention, and I wish we might agree altogether in such a way that each one of us might concentrate our attention upon a less varied stock. I intend to keep no more so-called dry goods. If the women want thread and cloth, and all that sort of thing, they will have to go elsewhere. I am not going to keep my store open in the evening, and I do not intend to open it so early in the morning as I have been in the habit of doing. If I can find a trusty young man I am going to send him out through all the neighborhood to collect orders for goods, and to deliver the goods properly and expeditiously. I am going to do more sleeping at home hereafter, and less at my store. I have dozed a good many hours, waiting for the customers to come in. Now they must come when I am fairly wide awake or I will go out after them."

One or two of the other storekeepers agreed with Mr. Williams that the hours had been unnecessarily long, and that a sleepy way of doing business had come upon them, which they must shake off.

NEW METHODS FOR MEETING NEW PROBLEMS

NO ONE is more set in his ways than the man who has never tried to find out, nor been forced to find out, the ways of other men, and the ignorance of apathy has no more fruitful soil than the mind of a country "trader." If his circumstances are not exceptional he naturally does this year exactly what he did ten years ago. He rebels against change. So in spite of Mrs. Williams' very good supper, which might have had some persuasive effect, and Mr. Williams' very straightforward and sensible words, two or three very stiff-necked individuals went home expressing to their wives utter disapproval of the "whole idea."

But one new, clean, well-arranged shop in a village is like one of Pharaoh's "fat kine": it eats up the "lean." Gradually the poorer must give way to the better. A trusty young man was found, and twice a week at first, and afterward oftener, a well-groomed horse, drawing a new wagon, attracted the attention of the out-of-the-village people to the fact that Mr. George Williams would "supply the best of groceries and meats at reasonable prices." The young man with his order book called from door to door, and found that he could reach by this means, and greatly accommodate, the farmers living eight and ten miles out of town. Better and fresher goods could be secured thus without trouble than could be had with a great deal of trouble under the former method. On certain days "perishable goods" arrived by express, and fresh fruits began to replace the pie, which, although it may not in all cases be the deadly thing it is sometimes described to be, has its limitations, and the household, if not the family digestion, is the better off for its occasional omission. There is a close connection between the physical and the moral life, and who can tell how much the moral as well as the physical condition of Peaceful Valley was improved by Mr. Williams' new methods.

MAKING DAINTY COVERS FOR THE BOOKS

THE public library, by its very supply of a need, created new needs, and instead of a few volumes tucked away in a dusty corner in a general store, there came to be a little book shop kept by Miss Parker's friend, Miss Cook, a teacher whose voice had given out in her arduous work in a large public school. Here, with growing plants in the windows, were books, magazines and stationery, sheet music, and some photographic supplies.

The Valleyites began not only to read books, but to want to own them. Whether in general it is an advantage or a disadvantage that we have such very cheap editions of standard books may be doubtful, but in that locality there is no question that it was an advantage. Miss Cook kept a good stock of paper-covered editions of the best books, and the taste which the library cultivated, if it did not plant, often sent a young man or young woman to Miss Cook for the book which had grown to be too much a friend not to be kept in closer companionship than the library could afford. But the paper covers grew dog-eared and shabby, and Miss Cook's orderly soul was troubled by their untidiness even while they waited for customers on her neatly arranged shelves. So in her leisure moments she contrived cheap but substantial covers for such as she herself desired to own, and if, in their improved dress, they were not wanted by others, she transferred them to her own sitting-room.

COVERING BOOKS WAS PLEASANT WORK

COVERING books—it did not have so pretentious a name as book-binding—came to be a favorite fancy-work, and one in which the young men could have a share. Little groups met together for book-covering, and in these parties there was a pleasant emulation which resulted in very pretty designs. "Piece bags" were ransacked for old bits of figured cotton goods, and even silk pieces found their use, or were laid away till the worthy book should be found for them. So a bit of grandmother's brocade wedding dress covered a volume of favorite poems, and grandfather's flowered waistcoat made an appropriate cover for "Hiawatha." One of the young girls took up the work a little more seriously than her companions, and she found that book-binding was an industry very well suited to a young woman's ability; an annex to Miss Cook's little shop was soon provided with a few simple implements, and the village book-binder regularly installed.

CREATING A DEMAND FOR BOOKCASES

IT FOLLOWED that there must be book-cases and bookshelves of various sizes to hold these new household goods, and the amateur carpenters, as well as the professional ones, found occupation for their tools, and much demand upon their ingenuity for hanging shelves, corner-cases, and every form of inexpensive receptacle for the books.

Fathers and mothers, too, became interested, and in a half-apologetic way talked of the books they read and studied in their youth. More than one child listened with surprise, and confided to his intimate friend that he "didn't know father and mother knew so much!" Bits of "Paradise Lost" long forgotten were repeated, and there began to be table talk about "scansion and declension" where there had been silence, or even bickering. A new interest is a moral tonic, and Miss Cook's shop, with its attractive little annex, became one of the strongest of Peaceful Valley's moral influences.

SOON AN INTEREST IN ART WAS DEVELOPED

AN ACQUAINTANCE with classical literature is naturally followed by an interest in art, for from poetry and history the painters and sculptors have drawn their most inspiring themes, so Miss Cook's well-selected collection of unmounted photographs afforded an opportunity for young readers to illustrate their own books. Then followed the purchase of larger copies of noble paintings and sculptures for mounting and framing. Ingenuity was taxed to make frames substantial and worthy, in their simplicity, of the paintings they were to preserve. The young people began to be interested in the varieties of woods, and they sought for the prettiest grains, and discovered in lichen-covered bark and moss-stained boards material for beautiful work.

And here let me turn aside to speak of something which was possibly suggested by the young people's use of natural woods in their framing, and which grew to be a philanthropic industry. Through Miss Cook the children of the village became interested in making collections of natural objects to send to the city, where they were used as object-lessons in public schools. As one expressed it, "They added to the library, which is now considered a necessary adjunct to every public school, some leaves from Nature's book." There was an association in the city which undertook the distribution of such specimens as the country children sent in.

TWO OTHER PEOPLE MADE NEW DEPARTURES

ONE young man in Peaceful Valley, who had always been interested in hammer and nails, secured some capital and opened a hardware store. He paid a visit to the city, and with a portion of the capital which he had secured, and the knowledge of the needs of a small community, he selected an assortment which he felt would be adequate. With this stock he made a very neat display on the shelves of his new store, arranging and labeling everything as far as possible, so that it might be easy of access. With the small amount of mechanical genius which he possessed he found himself well equipped to solve the problems of his customers as to which particular screw or nail would be best adapted to their particular needs.

A young girl, who had been compelled to give up her position in the neighboring city because of the need for her at home, opened a small fancy-goods store in her own house. She carefully selected a stock of thread, needles, embroidery designs and silks, embroidery scissors and needles, working, darning and crochet cottons, and sent a card to each household in Peaceful Valley, acquainting them with her purpose and her desire to serve them. She assured them she should keep only articles of good quality, and she kept her promise. She announced that she was prepared to give lessons in fancy-work, having provided for this contingency by taking some lessons in the newest stitches while in the city selecting her small stock.

PRESERVING THE HONOR OF THE VALLEY

AND so one branch of trade after another adopted the new ways, and if Peaceful Valley lost the picturesqueness of languid disorder, it gained better food, better clothes, better furniture, and best of all, better manhood and womanhood. There was not the restless haste of the city, but there was a wholesome energy which betokened health. Ambition was aroused, and the boys and girls began to think that home was not the dull place they had thought it.

Building lots were asked for, and it began to be whispered about that a "Land Company" was considering the possibility of "booming" the place. Fortunately, that calamity was averted. The Village Improvement Society secured from all the large landholders an agreement that no sale should be made to any one not a member of the society, without giving the society an opportunity to buy at the same price. The history of some unfortunate towns, on which speculators had laid their hand, was freely given, with the result that one man in the town, who was suspected of planning to fill his own pocket by a combination with outside speculators, concluded to change his place of residence. The better and wiser element in the community had become strong enough to make its influence felt, and there was a spirit of unity.



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Editor's Note—Of Mrs. Abbott's "Peaceful Valley" papers, showing the aspects of life in an ideal village, the following have been presented:
I—First View of Peaceful Valley, October, 1897
II—The Village Library, November, "
III—Schooling in Peaceful Valley, December, "
IV—The Social Life of the Valley, January, 1898
V—The Farmer and His Wife, February, "
VI—The Storekeeper in the Valley, April, "

BABY'S FAIRYLAND

LULLABY BY RUDOLPH LIEBICH

(TO THIS COMPOSITION WAS AWARDED THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL'S PRIZE OF TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS FOR THE MOST SUITABLE LULLABY)

Andantino. *semplice.*

1. Dain - ty, dim - pled, smil - - ing, in a down - y bow'r;
2. Now that sun - down comes, a - gain, — gold - en how it gleams! —

mp
Con Pedale.

cres.

Pink and cream - y ros - - es, pret - tier hour by hour. Lit - tle arms and ti - ny hands, ba - by fin - gers dear,
Glide to Ba - by's fai - ry - land, to the land of dreams. Rich with flow'r and toy and song thou shalt wan - der there.

mf e poco riten. *meno rit.* *a tempo.* *poco rall.*

Heav - en in her love - ly eyes, deep, and soft, and clear; Kiss - ing, laugh - ing, coo - ing light, then lul - la - by, good - night.
Heav'n it - self is hold - ing thee in its lov - ing care, While the air a - far, a - round, is fill'd with fai - ry sound.

poco riten. *meno rit.* *a tempo.* *poco rall.*

con tenerezza.

Sleep, dar - ling, sleep, Soft - ly rest, An - gels bless'd..... Send

una corda.
con Ped.

rall. *piu rall. e dim.*

slum - ber deep, Pret - ty eyes close, Soft re - pose.....

rall. *piu rall. e calando.* *p a tempo.* *pp*

The King's Daughters



MRS. ADELINE T. TOWNSEND
THE FOUNDER OF THE TOWNSEND COTTAGE

LEAD AS WE GO

[The official verses of The King's Daughters. Published by the Central Council]

Words by Mary Lowe Dickinson—Music: "Nearer, My God, to Thee"

LEAD now, as forth we go,
Master divine;
On paths of joy or woe
Let Thy face shine.
Where winds of trouble blow,
Where tides of sorrow flow,
Fearless our steps shall go,
Close after Thine.

Ours be the willing hand,
Thy work to share;
Ours be the loving heart,
Thy cross to bear;
True Daughters of The King,
New songs our lips shall sing,
Faint hearts and sorrowing,
These are our care.

Lowly our tasks or grand,
Serve we the same;
Bring by Thine own right hand
Praise from our shame.
If but some soul in pain
Look up and smile again,
No deed can be in vain,
Wrought "IN HIS NAME."

Drawn by Thy Spirit now,
Ourselves we bring;
On prayer, and song, and vow,
Our souls take wing.
Forth from this blessed place
Lead us to show Thy grace;
Write on each lifted face,
"Child of a King."



HEART TO HEART TALKS



AS YOU come in sight of Bellevue Hospital, in New York City, you see the motto of our Order—"In His Name"—deeply cut in the brown stone of the annex called "The Townsend Cottage"—the gift of Mrs. Adeline T.

Townsend, one of the most earnest Daughters during the first years of our organization. But the story of the Circles which she formed and the work which she did on her journeys around the world, as she visited the Mission Stations in all the principal countries, has never been written. She spoke to me of her thought of building this annex at Bellevue when I was visiting her one day after she had passed through a painful ordeal, and had had her beautiful home made into a hospital. As we looked at the flowers her friends had sent her, making the room seem like a conservatory, she said, "My first work, when I recover, will be to take steps to make as beautiful a room for poor women who have to pass the way I have passed"; and she did.



BISHOP POTTER LAID THE CORNER-STONE

IT SEEMED such a short time from the day when she told me she would do all this to the day when I stood near Bishop Potter as he held the trowel tied with the purple ribbon, the color of our Order, and laid the corner-stone of what was afterward called "The Townsend Cottage."

Oh, what memories throng as those beautiful rooms come up before me; where, from different parts of the Union, our Daughters have come to pass, as she passed, through that "sorrowful way." In His Name they passed while our Daughters brought flowers, and every delicacy for the sick was taken to the sufferers by the hands of Mrs. Townsend or by members of her Circle. Afterward, when Mrs. Townsend had to go through the same ordeal again, she said, "I will go to my own cottage at Bellevue, so that the women can see I am with them"—and again life was given back, and then "In His Name" she built the chapel—that she herself named, "The Chapel of Christ the Consoler."

I love to think of the many who have been, and who will be, consoled in that chapel, for still the Master moves among the poor and suffering. He has not changed. I love to think of the latter part of Mrs. Townsend's life. She had found out the sweetness there is in giving, so that self-denial became a joy to her—her gifts of consolation brought consolation to her. Christ's words, "Give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven," she had obeyed; now she knows what "treasure in Heaven" really means.

ALL THAT WAS DONE "IN HIS NAME"

THE beautiful font in that chapel was given by a mother bearing one of the honored names of New York, in memory of her daughter—one of the most beautiful girls I have ever met—a devoted Daughter in our Order, and one of the Circle that took as their work the visiting of the sick at Bellevue.

We who attended the memorial services at "The Chapel of Christ the Consoler" will never forget the flowers of affection that so many of the clergy laid on Mrs. Townsend's grave. Bishop Potter said most truly, "Her beautiful devotion to the cause of Christ and His poor, and her constant and munificent illustrations of thoughtfulness and tenderness for all who were sick and sorrowful, will make her memory one of the most precious in our common heritage"; and he added, "May God raise up many like her to take up the work which she has laid down." And He is doing it all over this vast continent. Wherever a need is felt the Daughters form their Circles and go to work to meet the need. Mrs. Townsend has never really left New York City—though she has joined the "choir invisible" of those immortal dead who live again

"In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity."

Her bright face, her cheery ways, we have never ceased to miss, and yet her inspiration for good is ever present with us.



THE WORK WHICH SHE DID LIVED AFTER HER

AS THE years pass on, it is wonderful how the memory of Mrs. Townsend continues with us. She was a well-known society woman, and she loved society, but it is not as a society woman I speak of her; if she had only been that she would have been forgotten long ago. Oh, no, one must be Christlike in action to be remembered long. There is a tremendous truth in the little line—"Only remembered by what I have done." If I had the space I could give you the most touching memorials of the work she did in distant lands as well as in New York City. How sorry I am for the women who are spending their lives merely for themselves and their own families. In the coming years they will never be to their own children what they would have been if they had left them the memory of an unselfish, loving mother.

I wish all professing Christians would buy the little book called "In His steps," and ask the question for themselves: What would Jesus do?

Before we can have much influence with the world we shall have to live up to our convictions, and that is no little thing to do. We profess to be Christians. That ought to mean followers of Christ. He was brave and true. He said: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."

CHRIST IS THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVE

THE things we thirst for are varied. One thirsts for wealth, another for knowledge, another for love, but whatever we thirst for, if we can see deeply enough, that for which we thirst is in Christ for us. He is unspeakable riches. In Him are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. If we seek love He is the fountain of love. He is the love of the universe. "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink." In Christ dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. We have a person to go to, and the human need is for a person. There is a lack felt in most Christians. They themselves feel it, and others feel it—a lack of fullness. They are not filled with God. I do not say there is nothing of God in them. I only say that they are not filled, and many look hungry and thirsty, and so many "strive with earthly toys to fill an empty mind"; and especially is this thirst felt on the line of love. So few people are filled with love, the love that passeth all understanding.



THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE

NOW, let us look at one form or kind of thirst. Of course, it is only another word for love. The thirst for companionship—perfect companionship. God only knows that thirst, and no need does Christ more emphatically promise to meet.

I believe the need of the human heart is all contained in the two little words "mine and thine," but the fullness of these words, the utterness, the abandonment there is in them is what we want; then we have what we call a full salvation. Then we know the meaning of what we sing:

"As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed."



CHRIST CAN FILL YOUR SOUL'S LONGING

THERE is no sadder cry than "My sister hath left me to serve alone"; serving the Christ as Martha was serving Him when she was actually serving His physical needs, and yet missing His companionship. Mary had it, but Martha had not. She had not even Mary with her. Ah, we complain because the Marys are not with us, but we may each now have the Christ, as Mary had, and as Saint John had Him.

Well, there is the place for each of us; for there is a whole Christ for each one now. "Christ is all and in all"; now, let me ask you if you ever really tested whether He could fill the longing of your soul. Make it definite to yourself. If the need with you has been a satisfactory love, hear Him say: "Try Me and prove Me." Did you ever ask Him if He could meet the want of your nature—not your sinful nature, but your real nature; the nature He made; the nature that wants some one that can understand it; that it can please, and know that it gives satisfaction; that it is loved perfectly as well as loves perfectly? Now your sense of justification and sanctification, and your future glorification, depend upon your having this experience. It is the answer to the cry:

"Give me Thyself, from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in Thee be lost,
But give Thyself to me."



CHRIST IS ALWAYS THE SAME

I SUPPOSE one would have to have an experience, and a painful experience, of changeableness in themselves or in some one else, to appreciate the comfort contained in those few words, "Thou art the same." Some people have not to go any farther than themselves to have this painful experience of changeableness. I have no doubt some people are more changeable than others, but sooner or later, in one way or other, there will come infinite rest in the thought, "Thou art the same"; and the soul says, "Can it be that you love me when I am unloving? Can it be that when I am so stupid and cold I am just as dear to you?" Yes, He has not changed. "Thou art the same."

I met a Daughter once in a Circle, and she was the only one without the cross. I said, "I miss your cross!" She answered sadly, "Yes, I have taken it off." "Taken it off!" I said, "what for?" She hesitated a moment, and then with tears in her eyes she answered, "I have spells once in a while." "Spells?" I inquired, "what kind of spells?" "Well, I get angry and I am hateful, and then my mother says, 'You are a pretty King's Daughter'; and she continued, 'I had one of those spells this week, and so I took the cross off.' A real feeling of pity swept over me as I looked at the dear girl. I said very gently to her, 'I want you to put on the cross again, and when you have one of those spells (though I do not think you will have any more) I want you to look at the cross, and believe that there is One who loves you, who has infinite patience. And when you believe that, the spell will not come again.' Only through wearing the cross and doing everything 'In His Name' can you conquer your impatience and learn to be really a daughter of The King.

Margaret Botthome



Corticelli

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THE WASHSTAND AS A THING OF BEAUTY

By Frank S. Guild

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE illustrations on this page show a variety of designs for washstands, all of which may be made with very little expense. It is best to employ the services of a carpenter in setting up the necessary woodwork, but the draping may be managed successfully with one's own hands. Illustrations No. 3 and No. 6 show a treatment for the old-fashioned, ugly set bowls that exist in many houses, and are published in response to a request. In No. 3 a light framework is carried up to a height of about seven feet at the front of the stand and then back to the wall. This is covered on the sides with a draping material, which is also put on the wall at the back coming down to meet the top of the stand. A curtain-pole is used at the front and draped to one's individual taste. On each side of the stand is a cushioned seat. These are made of boxes with covers hinged at the back and draped on the front and ends.

IN ILLUSTRATION No. 6 is shown a set stand placed in the corner of the room. A rope grille in two equal divisions is hinged to the wall so that in swinging forward it just clears the ceiling. Curtain draperies with plenty of fullness are

THE drapery is pulled on to these hoops for a splasher. Drapery is tacked tightly around the back of the stand from top to lower shelf, and a curtain of the same hangs in front from a light brass rod. The posts are finished with brass or wooden knobs. No exact dimensions are given for these stands as there will be a diversity in individual needs.



ILLUSTRATION No. 1



ILLUSTRATION No. 2

attached to the grille by screw-eyes. The curtains may be drawn together when the stand is not in use.

ILLUSTRATION No. 1 shows a stand of simple construction for the corner of a room. Two semi-circular pieces of wood form the top and the lower shelf, through which three poles are run, one at each side and one at the back, constituting the framework of this stand. The poles are carried up above the table top to a height of two feet, and two hoops are carried around from post to post.



ILLUSTRATION No. 4

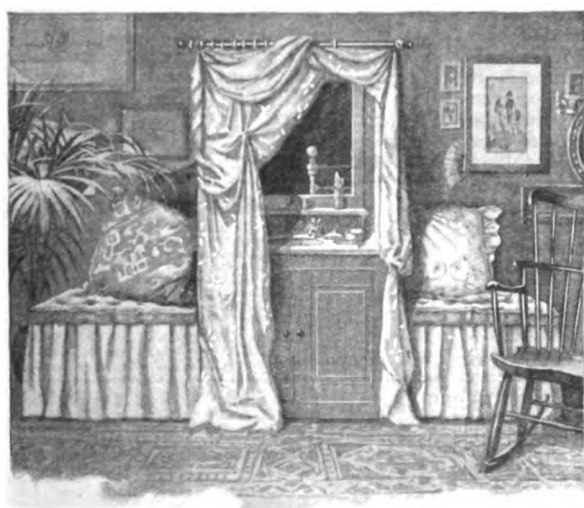


ILLUSTRATION No. 3

this so that its edge comes flush with the edge of the table top. A cleat is nailed to the table top underneath the outer edge all around. On this the drapery is tacked, brought down and tacked to the edge of the lower shelf both at the back and on each end. The semi-circular opening in front is produced by a hoop which springs from each side and is fastened into a slot cut in the lower shelf at both ends.

THE drapery is cut to fit this opening, and a curtain which parts in the centre hangs from a concealed wire. Two posts rise from the back of the top to a height of two feet, and are connected by a curtain pole, from which drapery falls.

ILLUSTRATION No. 8 shows a design made of one of the old-fashioned square washstands such as are stowed away in many attics. The woodwork is treated to several coats of olive-green paint, and a brass draw-pull substituted for the usual wooden knob. At the back of the top a hoop is usually fastened and covered with cretonne. Cretonne is also tacked on from the top to edge of shelf on both sides and at the back. Curtains of the same material hang in front from a brass rod.



ILLUSTRATION No. 6

AN OLD table is utilized in Illustration No. 5. A lower shelf the exact size of the table top is put in about six inches from the floor. The legs pass through when not in use are pushed back against the wall. A corner shelf for medicines, comb and brush, and shaving materials, is fastened to the wall above the set bowl. This is quite simple in construction. It has a curtain which protects its contents from dust.

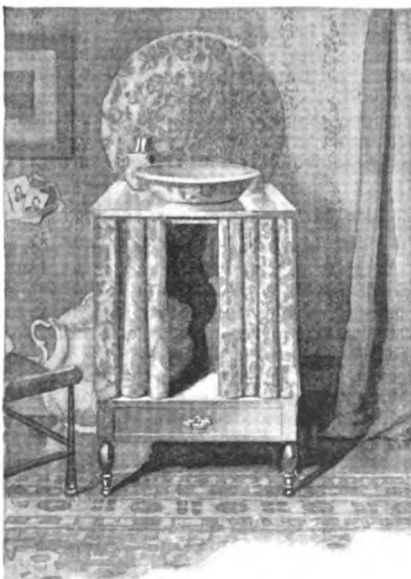


ILLUSTRATION No. 8

ILLUSTRATION No. 2 shows a design which may be made of a packing case of proper size set up on short legs and draped as indicated. Sliding curtains are also used in this one. A light framework is con-

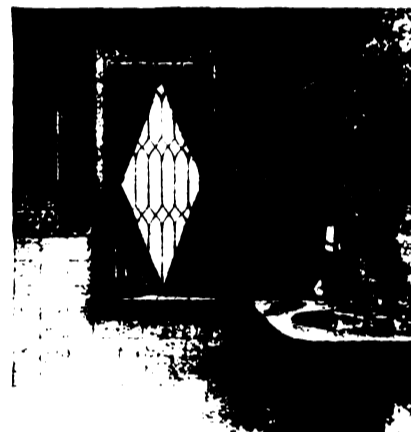


ILLUSTRATION No. 7

structed at the top. In this holes are bored at equal distances and a small rope is drawn through them. This washstand top is draped by running the material in and out around the rope.

IN ILLUSTRATION No. 4 is shown an arrangement by which the toilet articles may be concealed from view and yet be convenient for immediate use.

In Illustration No. 7 is shown a bathroom corner and window. The feature of this is the attachment of two mirrors to the window frame; these both swing forward on hinges, and



ILLUSTRATION No. 5



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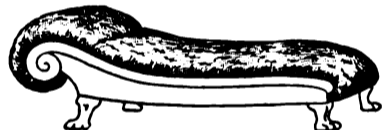
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BUYING A HOUSE WITHOUT CASH

By Barton Cheyney

IT IS possible nowadays—quite easy, indeed—for the industrious wage-earner, or person with small means or income, to own his home. And he can do this either with a very small sum of money in hand or by some plans without ready cash. By these plans a home is purchased outright, and cleared of debt in a comparatively short term of years, the purchaser paying a sum equivalent to a fair rent for the property. There are a number of methods by which such purchases may be made, and some of the most popular of them are outlined to show the course to follow in order to become a home owner for the same expenditure as is required to rent a house.

HOW THOUSANDS HAVE BOUGHT HOMES

BUILDING and Loan Associations are the medium through which thousands of persons have become home owners. The methods by which these associations are conducted are exceedingly simple, all being in the main alike. For the information of those wanting to build or purchase a home, without the payment of much money down, I will show from its books how such a transaction is consummated through a Building and Loan Association doing business in one of the Eastern States.

I will consider, by way of illustration, that a man (or woman) wants to buy or build a house for, say eleven hundred dollars, but is without the money to make the first payment. The initial step in such a case will be to apply to a Building and Loan Association for five shares of stock, on which must be paid one dollar per share monthly dues for forty months, when he will have paid in two hundred dollars. By taking more shares, or buying shares of some member of the association, this preliminary part of the transaction can be arranged in as much shorter time as the requisite two hundred dollars can be paid in to the association.

WHAT THE BORROWER PAYS FOR THE LOAN

THE shares, representing two hundred dollars paid in, having been secured by one of the methods described, the association will loan on first mortgage, at six per cent., nine hundred dollars to complete the payment on the eleven-hundred-dollar-home. The purchaser is then in possession of the house, having but two hundred dollars of his own money invested therein. Now for the repayment of his loan. On five shares of stock he pays one dollar per share monthly dues (five dollars per month or sixty dollars per year) and the interest on his mortgage (four dollars and a half per month or fifty-four dollars per year), or one hundred and fourteen dollars per year for eleven years. At the end of the eleven years his mortgage is paid in full, and he is the literal owner of the property and has it clear of debt.

During the eleven years the borrower has paid to the association one thousand two hundred and fifty-four dollars, the sum loaned on mortgage, and interest thereon. It can be easily computed by these figures, that through one of these associations, the purchaser of an eleven-hundred-dollar-house pays nine dollars and a half per month and the water rent and taxes, about the rental value of the property for eleven years, when the property is his clear of all indebtedness.

LOW INTEREST RATE AND SMALL SECURITY

THE Building and Loan Associations emphasize their advantages over the usual money lender to be in loaning money on less security, thus making it possible for the man of small means to build or buy a home, and in loaning money at a cheaper rate of interest. To borrow nine hundred dollars through the usual channels, were it possible to do so, on an eleven-hundred-dollar property for eleven years, at six per cent., would, if the mortgage were not reduced in that time, require an outlay of one thousand four hundred and ninety-four dollars including interest and repayment of the principal.

Smaller or larger amounts than the sum I have used in illustrating the operations of the Building and Loan Associations can be secured on loans at the same ratio of security as given above. The shares of the associations have always a fixed market value, and one can withdraw his money at any time. It is necessary for one to become a member of the association in order to avail himself of these and its other benefits, and he can do so by becoming a shareholder.

A HOME WITHOUT CASH PAYMENT

IT IS possible to build or buy a house without any money—that is, without money in hand at the start. Real estate operators who offer such an opportunity probably are not numerous, but the popularity and success of the plan may, however, very soon bring it into more general use. Such transactions are conducted with satisfactory profit to the dealer, and I am assured that purchasers regard the arrangement as being advantageous to them. Therefore, I give it in brief:

We will consider that a man purchases a lot for fifteen hundred dollars of a real estate operator, and upon it builds a house costing three thousand dollars. He having no money, negotiates to the best advantage a first mortgage of thirty-five hundred dollars, at six per cent., on the property. The operator, or original owner, takes an installment mortgage of one thousand dollars at six per cent., the latter making possible the whole transaction. On the two mortgages the purchaser pays at most two hundred and seventy dollars per year, which, with taxes and water rent, is the annual expense of occupying the house, which would rent at from thirty to thirty-five dollars per month.

A PROFITABLE, SATISFACTORY METHOD

THE second mortgage may be canceled by the purchaser paying to the mortgagee about the difference between his monthly interest account and the actual rental value of the property, ten dollars per month, or it can be paid in whole or in part at any time. The same arrangements practically will dispose of the first mortgage, and thus by paying a fair rent for a term of years the property is free of incumbrances.

The operator whose method I have briefly given has not lost a cent in his transactions which cover a number of years. He takes the precaution of inquiring into the habits of the people seeking to avail themselves of his plan. Good habits he regards as good security, while the improvements to property increase the value of his adjacent land and that of all in the immediate vicinity. I am unable to quote figures for cheaper houses, as the ones I have given are the minimum. The plan has proven successful, and it can be applied to larger or smaller operations.

A NEWER METHOD OF BORROWING MONEY

ONE of the newer of the approved methods of borrowing money on real estate is through a form of endowment insurance, the face value of the policy being paid to the insured as soon as the policy is issued. There are companies doing this line of business in various parts of the country, and to outline their operations I will quote some figures and statements made by the president of one of the most prominent concerns of the kind. As the methods of all these companies are practically the same, in the essential features, I can cite the plan of one to show the operations of all.

We will consider, for illustration, that a man (or woman) of twenty-five wants to buy or build a house costing one thousand three hundred and fifty dollars, and is compelled to borrow a greater part of the money. Through one of these companies, after passing the usual medical examination, he can take out an endowment policy for seventy-five per cent. of the value of the projected house. He must, if he borrows one thousand dollars, have about three hundred and fifty dollars invested in the property, the probable value of the lot, or have that much cash to invest therein. The policy is issued, say for a fifteen-year term, and upon the first payment—monthly, quarterly or yearly, as may be arranged—the one thousand dollars is loaned on the property, the company taking a first mortgage, which is non-interest bearing.

HOW THE LOAN IS PLACED, AND ITS COST

IF THE loan is made on a house the mortgage is placed in the usual way, but if upon a building in course of construction the money is paid to the builder in installments as the work progresses, or in any way agreed upon between the company and the contractor, and the mortgage placed on the property. If the amount borrowed is one thousand dollars for a term of fifteen years, and the age of the insured is twenty-five, the cost will be ten dollars and twenty-seven cents per month, or one hundred and twenty-three dollars and twenty-four cents per year, which, with the taxes and water rent, is the total cost of owning and occupying the house. These payments being continued the mortgage is canceled at the end of fifteen years, and the property is free of debt.

REPAYING THE LOAN IN A TERM OF YEARS

IF THE insured person should die at any time after the insurance policy is in force—after the first payment—the mortgage is at once canceled, payments on the policy cease, and the property reverts to the estate of the decedent free of incumbrances.

In the fifteen years the insured will have paid one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight dollars on a one-thousand-dollar policy. For the expenditure he has also had his life insured, as stated. At the same ratio larger or smaller sums can be obtained in the same way, the cost, however, varying a trifle with the age of the applicant, as is the case in all insurance. For a ten-year term policy the monthly payments per thousand would naturally be larger, and for a twenty-year term they would be less than those I quote, which are for a fifteen-year term. The company provides for the payment of the mortgage, or part of it, at any time after five years, and also for the protection of its policy holders in the event of foreclosure proceedings being instituted.

HOMES FOR A VERY SMALL CASH PAYMENT

IT IS possible, in many cities and some of the towns, to purchase a ready-built house, valued at from one thousand to three thousand dollars, on payment of one hundred dollars in cash. This opportunity is at the present time presented chiefly to dwellers in the larger cities where extensive building operations are being conducted, but it is gradually offering itself to residents of smaller communities. Capitalists have found the investment a profitable one, and the business is rapidly expanding and extending to every section of the country.

The applicant who seeks to avail himself of this plan must be of good character and industrious, and he is usually expected to have the commendation of his employer. These requirements being met, the payment of one hundred dollars in cash is made on, we will say, a twelve-hundred-dollar house. A first mortgage of eight hundred dollars at six per cent. is easily placed, while the original owner takes a second mortgage of three hundred dollars, bearing six per cent. interest. Monthly payments of five dollars and fifty cents meet the total interest accounts, which, with the taxes and water rent, will bring the cost of occupying the house to within a fraction of eight dollars per month.

REPAYING THE LOAN IN EASY INSTALLMENTS

THE second mortgage can be paid in installments of five or ten dollars per month and is soon wiped out, while similar arrangements can be made for disposing of the first. In a comparatively short term of years the house becomes the actual property of the purchaser, who has simply paid for it about the equivalent of a small rent. The plan, as may be inferred, is an exceedingly popular one in many of the larger cities, and such operations must gradually extend, under the whip of sharp business competition, to the small communities in all sections of our country. It is, I think, even possible for people who are known to pay their debts promptly, to purchase a home of builders conducting such operations, without the payment of a dollar down. Larger or smaller transactions, as may be desired, can be conducted on these lines, though the medium-priced houses are the ones usually offered.

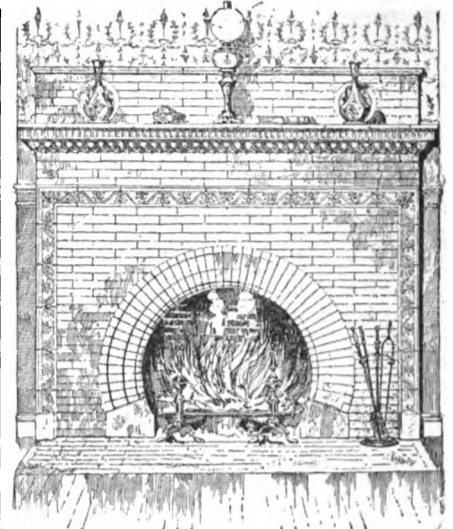
Operators in this particular line contend that they, building a number of houses at the same time, and purchasing material and supplies in large quantities, can build as good a house for much less money than would be required to construct a single one.

THE INDIVIDUAL MONEY LENDER

OF THE many sources of borrowing money to pay for a home, I think it may be said that the Building and Loan Associations are, in many respects, to be preferred by the borrower; perhaps not to the private individual—much, however, depends on the individual. As a rule, one can, I believe, borrow money much more advantageously on a mortgage from an individual than from almost any other source. This is especially the case where the applicant for a loan is known to be of correct habits and industrious.

The installment mortgage, to which I have referred several times, is a great incentive to saving, and a very popular method of borrowing money. As it is paid off in installments it is possible to secure through it nearly the face value of the property, or even the full value. On an installment mortgage for one thousand dollars the borrower pays six per cent. interest, and repays ten dollars of the principal every month for one hundred months, when the loan is all repaid. Interest ceases at once on that part of the principal paid back monthly, consequently the interest account decreases at the rate of five cents per month.

By a proper proportionate reduction or increase, as the case may be, of the figures given in outlining the plans of home buying, the illustrations can be made to apply to any community. It may make the matter clearer to state that the values, etc., quoted in the foregoing are those which obtain in one of the large cities. It should also be noted that the interest is all computed at six per cent., though it is possible to secure money on good first mortgages at a less rate—in the majority of cases at five per cent. or less.



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SPRING FROCKS FOR YOUNG GIRLS

By Isabel A. Mallon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE LATEST DESIGNS

FOR girls from eight to twelve years the skirts usually fall half way between the ankle and knee, and are gradually lowered until girls are old enough to wear frocks of the length called "grown-up." In the materials fancied there are smooth cloths, cashmeres and alpacas, while small checks, small-figured materials, and cottons displaying small designs are shown. Indeed, an expert says that most of the fabrics in vogue for ladies' wear may be utilized for children, since none of them are extreme. All of the coarse laces are liked on cotton frocks, but too much cannot be said against elaborately trimmed gowns.



A PINK CAMBRIC FROCK

with *entredeux* of coarse white lace set down the front of the skirt, which is finished with a flounce of cambric overlaid with lace. The blouse is laid in narrow plaits, and the round neck is finished with a short collar of the lace, while two strips of it are down the front. The tight-fitting sleeves have jockey tabs of the lace, and ruffles of it come over the hands. The belt is formed of the broad insertion. The hat is a large one of pink cambric, shirred and decorated with high loops of wide pink ribbon. This dress could be developed for a somewhat older girl in a more expensive material, and for wear at a child's party, silk and Valenciennes lace could be used, or if a very best dress for outdoor wear were desired it could be made of bengaline, and trimmed with a coarse lace.

THE pretty blue serge frock intended for a girl ten years old, and shown in illustration, has a plain skirt fitting the figure neatly, and is trimmed with a frill of changeable taffeta silk showing blue and red, and achieving a pointed outline. The blouse bodice closes on the left side and shows a chemisette of coarse white lace over a white wool foundation. All the outlines of the bodice are edged with a narrow frill of taffeta. The high collar is of white wool overlaid with white guipure lace. The sleeves fit closely and have a slight fullness at the top, where they have square caps of the same material, and are finished at the wrists with pipings of the white wool. In making the trimming of taffeta it must be remembered that the silk is folded and doubled, because it is so thin that it would not have body enough to remain in place unless this were done. Care must be taken to gather the frills very evenly. The taffeta ruffles are greatly liked for trimming children's dresses, because they are not only easily made and inexpensive, but quite effective.



FROCK OF BLUE SERGE

body enough to remain in place unless this were done. Care must be taken to gather the frills very evenly. The taffeta ruffles are greatly liked for trimming children's dresses, because they are not only easily made and inexpensive, but quite effective.

NARROW braids and small buttons are liked in combination on wool suits, but simplicity invariably marks the gown of the young girl. An extremely pretty frock for a child is the one of pink cambric that is shown in illustration,



MADE OF GRAY SUITING

A LITTLE frock that is distinctively suggestive of street wear and made of tan-colored suiting is shown in illustration. The skirt is finished with three narrow ruffles of the same, and the bodice is semi-loose with a plastron of whiter serge overlaid with mode-colored braid; two undulated revers of the white edged with the braid and fastened at one side near the waist-line under a small jeweled button, give a berth effect. The sleeves are close-fitting and finished with white pipings, while the collar is a crush one of blue velvet. The big hat is of tan-colored straw trimmed with high loops of blue ribbon and having a rosette of the ribbon under the brim on the left side. The design for this frock is particularly becoming to a girl of ten years who is tall and slender.



TAN-COLORED FROCK

A TOILET for the twelve-year-old girl to wear when she goes to church or out walking with her mamma, and made of gray suiting, is shown in illustration. The skirt is quite plain; on each side near the waist-line there is a flap which closes with three handsome pearl buttons, and gives to the little dress a tailor-made air. The blouse bodice has a yoke of plaid taffeta, showing blue and yellow and white, outlined with turrets of the silk. The high collar is of the silk, with a frill of white silk muslin outlining it. The very close-fitting sleeves are of the silk, and the crush belt is of the same material. The hat is a yellow straw, trimmed on both sides with bows of ribbon and wings.



SIMPLE CLOTH FROCK

say half an inch in width, I mean the double width—that is, the single inch strip loosely folded, and shirred, and sewed into place by the edge, so that the loose folded part shows only the softened effect of the shirrings. The large buttons down the left side of the bodice are of white pearl. The sleeves are perfectly plain and finished with frills of white muslin, their caps coming out over the shoulders from the bodice proper. Frills of chiffon are at the wrists. The belt is a soft one of white silk, and the hat is one of the large shapes, and is of mode straw trimmed with frills of white chiffon and black wings.

HER intimate friend, who is in her fifteenth year, will, when they go out to walk, wear the tailor-made costume of red-brown alpaca shown in illustration. It is made with a perfectly plain skirt, and a jacket with a collar and small square revers faced with silk a shade lighter, and outlined by a broad black silk stitch that is almost like a braid. The jacket is straight in front and is slightly curved at the sides and in the back. The lower edge is slashed, and stitched in the heavy fashion that is now favored. The buttons are of braid matching the material. The *gilet* that shows is of soft silk muslin, as is the toby frill about the neck. The coat sleeves are perfectly plain, their stitching being their only decoration. Red straw forms the big hat, which is trimmed with black ribbon and black osprey feathers. This style of coat is admirably adapted to a girlish figure.



OF RED-BROWN ALPACA

WISE mothers note that Dame Fashion's orders, as girls grow older, are that their gowns must be simpler—simpler not only in style of making, but in fabric and color. Soft cashmeres, alpacas and wool suitings, in beige, gray, golden brown, fawn, gray-blue and black, are dedicated to the maid of sixteen. A famous dressmaker recently made for the sixteen-year-old daughter of a multi-millionaire for her best gown one of gray cashmere; the skirt was quite plain, though very carefully fitted, sufficient fullness being in the back to conceal the angles of the unformed figure. This is the art in making a costume for a young girl; the slenderness must be shown, but ugly corners and pronounced points must be deftly concealed. The bodice of the dress referred to was smooth in the back, slightly pouched in front, and fastened on the left side by pearl buttons. The outlines were defined by frills of changeable taffeta silk showing pink and gray. Over this was intended to be worn a double cape of the cashmere trimmed with frills of the taffeta, and having a high, full collar, and lining of the changeable silk. The hat was a large one of gray rafia decorated with pink roses and large, gray ribbon bows. The gloves, always so well cared for, were of gray undressed kid.

The wise mother is that one who realizes how gowns of her own may be ripped apart carefully, freshened, and then with new trimmings adapted to her daughter.

IT IS possible that the gown gotten for the young girl of fourteen years has worn so well that she will only need for the spring a new jacket. To her two pretty ones are offered from which to choose. The one of light covert cloth shown in illustration has the back slightly full and confined by a belt of the same material, which passes through two slits at the sides and fastens under the jacket in front. The front hangs straight, although at the top, on each side, it is divided by three darts that form three straps, each being fastened in place by a pearl button. The high collar is finished with a three-quarter frill of white *mousseline de soie*. The sleeves are close-fitting with the usual slight fullness on the shoulders, their edges, like all the jacket outlines, being finished with a heavy silk stitching. The hat worn with this jacket is of the same color with a soft crown of straw, the trimming of large roses being under the brim at the back. Under this coat it would be in good taste to wear a shirt-waist of cotton, cashmere, silk or wool, preferably all white in color.



COVERT CLOTH JACKET

THE scarlet cloth jacket shown in illustration is more elaborate in appearance, although it is not more troublesome to make. The broad revers are faced with white cloth and heavily embroidered with black braid. The sleeves have a double set of cuffs, one being white and matching the revers in their decoration. The jacket itself hangs perfectly straight, and shows a shirt-front of white silk or white cambric. This little jacket is especially commended for



SCARLET CLOTH JACKET

summer wear, as it is so easily put on over any bodice. If one does not care for the scarlet this jacket may be developed in blue, trimmed with white, or it may be of any color, trimmed, of course, with braid.

Remember that, while simplicity must mark the toilet of the young girl, simplicity and dowdiness are very different things.



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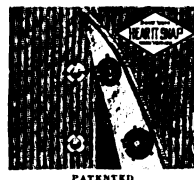
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THE BEST FOOD FOR A GROWING CHILD

By Mrs. S. T. Rorer

DOMESTIC LESSONS: NUMBER FOUR



A CHILD building the mother or caretaker should be perfectly familiar with what constitutes perfect health. Successful feeding is based upon the recognition of certain chemical elements, each portion to play a certain part in the building. The body of man performs various actions, many of which are easily seen; others require most careful observation. For instance, the pulsation of the heart, the change of the eye as it looks to the far-off object or the one near by, and of the pupil under different colors and lights. The air coming out of the body is hotter and damper than that going in. All this shows that there is a tremendous amount of internal laboring, which must be taken into account and added to the labor which is so easily seen.

FOODS WHICH CONTAIN THE PROPER ELEMENTS

IN STUDYING the making of the flesh and blood, much theory is necessary. I may compare the building of the man to that of the locomotive, as I did in a former article. The iron used for the structure of the latter I will compare to the lean flesh of the man—protein matter for flesh building, mineral matter for the bones, nails, teeth and hair; fats and carbohydrates for heat and force, and water as a conveyor of all. Study the child for a moment and observe how his body is proportioned, and then select such foods as contain the proper elements in the proportion of Nature's requirements. Of the carbohydrates and heat producers he certainly must have a greater proportion than of the proteins or constructive materials, as the heat is constantly being thrown off, and motion is the result of the fire. After a house is built a few feet of lumber will keep it in good repair. In building the house, however, as in building the child, a large quantity of first material is necessary.

The simple food names of the proteins or nitrogenous group are lean meats, eggs, milk, cheese (its product), the gluten of wheat and other cereals, fungi, and the legumen of the pulse family—peas, beans and lentils. The carbohydrates are sugars and starches. The fats rank first in heat and force producing, consequently are of great importance. Butter, taken at the temperature of the stomach, is one excellent form; also cream, providing the cows from which the milk was taken were in a healthy condition, and it has been given good care. Of all the food products milk is capable of the greatest contamination from surrounding conditions of any sort or kind.

FRIED FOODS AND COOKED FATS

OLIVE oil, made as it is from the fruit of a tree, is free from contaminating germs. Its sweet, nutty flavor makes it the most attractive of all fatty foods. Use in building your child as much of the vegetable world as possible, being most careful of the flesh of animals. The fat of meat, which is usually overcooked, is robbed of its best use, as during the cooking it has been decomposed, and is to a greater or less extent robbed of its digestibility. Heat produces fatty irritant acids. The fat of poultry is also difficult of digestion. As the depth of lean meat is not great on the average chicken, a large portion becomes saturated with this overheated fat and renders the whole objectionable. This is especially true of turkey. For children and invalids the fat should be carefully removed from all meat, and the cooking quickly and carefully done. The smaller the bird the greater the necessity for care. In consequence of these conditions the wild game which Nature provides is much more easily digested than the tame barnyard fowls. Water birds are less digestible than land birds on account of their over-flesh-feeding. Fried foods should not enter into the dietary of children.

Slow cooking in hot, not boiling, water softens the fibre of both meats and vegetables, and renders them easy of digestion. In this way fat meats are not overheated and may be used sparingly. Sauces are objectionable, and highly seasoned food must not be given to children under any consideration. The simpler the child's diet the better.

Editor's Note—Mrs. Rorer's Domestic Lessons began in the January issue of the Journal, and will continue throughout the year. The lessons which have been given thus far are: Do We Eat Too Much Meat? January What Indigestion Really Means. February What to Eat When You Have Indigestion. March The Best Food for a Growing Child. April One lesson will be given in each issue. In the next (the May) issue Mrs. Rorer will tell what to do "When Unexpected Company Arrives."

BREADS WHICH A CHILD MAY EAT

ALL kinds of bread, especially those made with yeast, must be used with care. They ferment easily unless thoroughly baked. The centre of a large loaf, no matter how hot the oven, frequently bakes at a temperature below that of boiling water. This may or may not be sufficient heat to kill the yeast plant. If not, it enters the stomach, which is warm and moist—a place most suited for its rapid growth. The food already in the stomach becomes involved, and the whole is lost to the individual. White bread is deficient in mineral matter, so necessary to the framework and teeth of the child. Whole wheat bread, well baked in small loaves, is the best form to be used. One pound of whole wheat flour contains double the amount of gluten, and nearly three times as much mineral matter, as a pound of white flour. The use of a white bread diet makes flesh food a necessity. We must eat animal food to get back that which has been taken from us in the bolting of the flour. Such neglect of oversight in child feeding soon makes the child's life a burden.

Bread containing all the properties of the wheat is truly the "staff of life," and a most important food for the nervous, anæmic child, as well as in all conditions involving imperfect nutrition of the bones and teeth.

THE SWEET AND THE STARCHY FOODS

THE first is found in Nature's storehouse in a much better condition than in the manufactory. The cane sugar of commerce, so condensed, must be used in small quantities. Nature blends her sugar with other materials. The sugar needed for the building of the healthy child is found in the fruits, cereals and vegetables. Starch is converted into sugar in the process of digestion. Cane sugar spread over bread and butter or oatmeal adds only to their complexity and makes their perfect digestion almost impossible. The starches are found in rice and grains, such as the cereals, cornmeal, wheat flour, and in many vegetables, especially potatoes. The bone-making materials are again found in vegetables and grains, wheat heading the list. The proteins commonly used are of the animal kingdom—not from necessity, but from lack of knowledge.

BEEF HEADS THE LIST OF MEATS

AWEAK stomach will digest beef with greater ease than other meats, assuming the cooking to be properly done. All methods of cooking requiring great heat, such as roasting, baking, broiling or frying, are apt to produce the fatty acids on the surface, so the outside portions should not be used. The inside is easy of digestion, consequently of greater food value. Mutton is next in order, then carefully fed and well-killed poultry, and fresh, white-fleshed fish. Eggs and milk are admirable forms of animal food for the growing child. Veal and lamb are less nutritious and digestible than the flesh of the fully grown animal, and should not be given to children. Veal frequently produces an acute attack of indigestion, and is really a poison. Lamb is preferable to veal, as it is not so indigestible, but is not very nutritious, consequently the work of digestion is performed without reward. What is said of veal applies equally to pork, only that the latter contains more fat, making it even more indigestible and objectionable, if that is possible. All forms of pork should be strictly avoided in the child's dietary.

VENISON AND GAME MAY BE USED

WILD meats, as venison and birds, may, as a rule, be used freely; in fact, all wild meats are far less liable to contamination than meat from animals under the care of man. Man, in his desire to increase the weight of the animal, resorts to inordinate over-feeding, which produces disease. Rabbits stand alone. The fibre of a rabbit is hard, dense and difficult of digestion. The cooking, however, determines its food value. A slow, moist heat renders the fibre soft. Stewing and braising are the best methods. Intense heat renders it entirely unfit for food to any save the outdoor laborer. From necessity our grandmothers used wild meats much more frequently than we. The old-fashioned way was to "jug" the rabbit—that is, they put it into a jar or jug, covered it with water, and cooked it in the oven for two or three hours until it was soft and tender. Shellfish and the crustacea do not belong to the child's dietary. Sweetbreads are the only internal organs of animals which should be used as food for the growing child, and these should be carefully cooked.

Cheese is a very concentrated, highly nitrogenous material, difficult of digestion, and cannot be used in the diet of a young child, yet it is palatable to those who know how to cook and eat it. A growing boy or girl, say from twelve years upward, can use to good advantage a small quantity of well-cooked cheese once or twice a week. It must be well-made cheese, not artificially fattened, and must be carefully cooked. Even at best, cheese requires at least three hours for perfect digestion, but after the work has been completed one has full value for the energy expended.

New dense cheese, such as one frequently sees throughout the country, is almost incapable of solution in the gastric secretions. One ounce of such cheese given to a young child would probably throw it into convulsions unless Nature came quickly to its relief.

THE VALUE OF VEGETABLES AND FRUITS

IHAVE gone carefully over the flesh and bone making foods, and considered those which produce heat and force, and now I come to the great mass of bulk foods, just as necessary in their way, as they keep all the excretory organs in a good, healthy condition and contain the necessary acids and alkalies for the blood. The green, succulent vegetables and fruits must be added to every complete diet list. Three-quarters of the weight of the body should be water. A large proportion of this is derived from fruits and succulent vegetables. Children, in eating fruit, should be taught to discard the seeds, skins and the seed pits, the cores or seed cells of such fruits as pears and apples, and the segments of oranges. The oleaginous nuts may be used in moderation, but must in every instance be reduced to pulp before swallowing. The starchy nuts, of which chestnuts are our principal example, cannot be digested unless they are thoroughly cooked.

AN ENTIRE DAY'S MENU FOR A CHILD

ACHILD must have in its active life at least two-thirds carbonaceous foods and one-third nitrogenous or flesh-building foods. For breakfast he may have first a well-baked or steamed apple, a little apple sauce, a ripe peach or some grapes, followed by a well-cooked cereal with milk, after which a soft-boiled egg, a small bit of broiled white fish, a little broiled sweetbread, a piece of broiled chicken, or he may take simply a bowl of oatmeal or other grain preparation, and a slice of well-toasted whole wheat bread. For dinner a clear soup, followed by a red meat, either beef or mutton, broiled, boiled or roasted, or any of the wild meats, with one starchy vegetable, such as rice, potato or stewed macaroni, and one green vegetable simply cooked, such as spinach, cauliflower, asparagus, lettuce, cress, celery, well-cooked cucumber, carefully stewed turnip or well-boiled radish, over which is poured a little cream sauce, giving the required fatty matter. The better method, however, is to give the succulent vegetable, carefully and simply cooked, followed by a little shredded lettuce mixed with a teaspoonful of olive oil and a drop or two of lemon juice.

Next comes the dessert—a thing to be most carefully considered. Cake, of course, should never be given; even an adult should look upon cake and pastry as an evil. Such things as rice pudding, cup custard, caramel custard, mock charlotte, floating island, rice dumplings, boiled rice and milk, and moulded rice with whipped cream may be used. Water not iced should be the accompanying beverage.

Supper may consist of bread, thoroughly baked, with either butter or milk, or cornmeal mush and milk, mush bread, bread sticks and chicken broth. Milk is the best liquid food for the child's night meal.

THREE MENUS FOR THE GROWING CHILD

BREAKFAST	
Wheatlet	Milk
Whole Wheat Bread	Baked Apple
DINNER	
Clear Soup	
Broiled Steak	Baked Potato
	Lettuce Salad
	Rice Pudding
SUPPER	
Toasted Whole Wheat Bread	Milk

BREAKFAST	
Oatmeal	Milk
Toasted Bread	Stewed Prunes
DINNER	
Clear Soup	
Boiled Mutton	Boiled Rice
	Cream Sauce
Very Tender Celery cut fine	Whipped Cream
SUPPER	
Cornmeal Mush and Milk	
Whole Wheat Bread	

BREAKFAST	
Wheatlet	Milk
Stewed Dates	Whole Wheat Bread
DINNER	
Mutton Broth	
Roasted Beef	Mashed Potatoes
	Baked Spinach
	Boiled Rice and Milk
SUPPER	
Toasted Whole Wheat Bread	Milk

Editor's Note—Mrs. Rorer's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Mrs. Rorer's Answers," will be found on page 48 of this issue of the Journal.

ESKAY'S Albumenized FOOD

Is a food within itself," says America's most prominent food authority, "and aids the digestibility of the milk to which it is added. I recommend it to mothers as an admirable food for babies. In the wasting diseases of children it is retained and readily assimilated, and the gain in health and flesh is rapid. It is especially valuable in cholera infantum and the summer complaints of children."

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This letter, from a Lowell, Mass., mother, tells its own story:

"I obtained a sample of ESKAY'S FOOD, although we had small hopes of saving baby's life, as our physician told us she could live only a few days, perhaps hours, at the most. The result from the Food was wonderful—she retained it from the very first feeding, and the first night slept all night for the first time in weeks. She has been gaining steadily ever since, and now, at the end of six weeks, she weighs 10½ pounds, and is as well and lively as a cricket. She also had running sores on her ear; these are now entirely healed. We feel sure had it not been for your ESKAY'S FOOD our baby would not now be with us."

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Who have no appetite and do not relish their food, ESKAY'S FOOD is without an equal.

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Suffering from a "run down" and impaired system there is new strength and vitality in every package of ESKAY'S FOOD.

The following is not an exceptional case:

"I am long past the prime of life, and for the last five years have been losing strength and flesh for want of proper nourishment. My attention was called to ESKAY'S FOOD, and I reasoned if it is of such merit for poorly-nourished infants why should it not be good for older folks who suffer from the same cause? Acting upon this thought I commenced to use the Food, and have steadily gained in strength and general health until, at the present time, I feel like a new man."



The mother of this baby writes:

"Baby Madeleine commenced to use your ESKAY'S FOOD when ten months old. She is now 18 months old and as healthy a baby as ever was seen. She began to gain at the rate of a pound a week, and to-day is just what you see her in the picture."

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PROPER COOKING FOR THE NURSERY

By Mrs. S. T. Rorer

NEW COOKING LESSONS: NUMBER THREE



I HAVE already strongly urged that the early food of a young infant should be the breast milk of its own mother. Where this cannot be, a modified milk may be used. But when possible the child should for the first seven months be nursed regularly by its mother at intervals of two to three hours.

Where artificial feeding becomes necessary no farinaceous substances whatever, no thickening of any kind, should enter into the composition of the food, as the infant is wholly unprovided with the secretions necessary for the digestion of starchy foods.

A NATURAL FOOD FOR INFANTS

COW'S milk contains more casein, more saline matter, and a little less water, and less sugar than human milk. The curd or casein is that part which so quickly upsets the digestion of the infant. It should, then, be removed. First pasteurize two quarts of milk. To do this dissolve two junket tablets in a tablespoonful of warm water; add to the milk. Allow this to stand for ten minutes, then with a fork stir gently that the curd may be easily separated from the whey; strain. You will then have a whey containing the sugar of milk, a goodly portion of the fatty matter, and nearly all the saline matter. Add to this a pint of water, half an ounce of sugar of milk, three ounces of cream and four ounces of white of egg. The white of egg must be shaken with a small quantity of the whey, and then mixed with the whole. Stand at once in a cool place. Heat it to blood heat, and give it from a bottle.

As the child grows older, diluted cow's milk in the proportion of two-thirds milk and one-third barley water, may be given by means of a feeding-bottle, which should be kept scrupulously clean. Each time the nipple is taken off it should be carefully examined to see if it draws easily, the bottle be rinsed out, and both placed in a vessel of clean, cold water, to which has been added a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda.

If constipation begins with feeding milk to the child, add cream in the proportion of a tablespoonful to each pint of milk.

SOME FOODS TO USE FOR THE CHILD

THE first starch feeding will take place after the child has cut at least four or eight teeth; and then one of the nicest of all the preparations is German flour gruel. To make this, take a double square of cheesecloth, put into the centre half a pint of flour; fold the cloth around, press it closely to form a ball; pack and tie tightly. Throw this into a kettle of boiling water and boil continuously for five hours. Take it out, remove the cloth, peel off the moist outside covering, and grate the hard, dry portion into a baking-pan lined with perfectly clean white paper. Stand this in a moderate oven until the flour becomes slightly brown and perfectly dry. When cool, put it in a glass jar, and it is ready to use. To make the gruel, moisten two teaspoonfuls in a little cold water, stir it into one pint of boiling water, and cook slowly for eight minutes; dilute with milk.

ARROWROOT AND CORNMEAL GRUEL

FREQUENTLY a child fed upon cow's milk will immediately become constipated. A mixing of barley water, or rice water, or arrowroot gruel, with the milk will correct the condition almost immediately. Use one-third of the starch waters to two-thirds milk.

Corn flour also makes a nice gruel, but must be cooked at least fifteen minutes and well strained. The fluffy dinner biscuits, which are thoroughly baked until yellow to the very centre, may be grated, boiled in water, and used as a gruel with milk for food of a child from eighteen months to two years old, before the time for more solid foods. The biscuits are made without yeast or baking powders. Bread food, or coarse cereals containing bran, if given in too great quantities, provoke diarrhoea, the intestines being irritated by the starch and bran.

The flour or German gruel and barley water are not altogether starchy foods; they contain a considerable proportion of the nitrogenous principles, besides the earthy phosphates, which are of high value.

Editor's Note—Mrs. Rorer's new series of Cooking Lessons, which began in the Journal of February last, will continue throughout the year. The lessons which have been given thus far are: The Apple in Thirty-Five Ways, February; Cooking for the Sick and Convalescent, March; Proper Cooking for the Nursery, April. The subject of Mrs. Rorer's next (May) lesson will be "Strawberries in Thirty Ways."

PEA GRUEL, BEAN GRUEL AND LENTIL GRUEL
FOR children of from three to four years of age, where there is a tendency to constipation, any one of the above gruels may be used. Soak two ounces of peas, beans or lentils over night. Next day wash them well; cover with boiling water, boil five or ten minutes; strain, throwing the water away. Now cover these with a quart of water and cook continuously for two hours; press through a very fine sieve; return the gruel to the fire, cook for ten or fifteen minutes, and dilute with milk. This may be used as a luncheon soup, and will give a perfect meal if eaten with toasted bread. It must be remembered that bread or crackers should not be broken into any form of liquid or semi-liquid foods given to a child.

THE PREPARATION OF CEREALS FOR CHILDREN

AS THE child grows older we come to the cooking of cereal foods. Few materials are more irritating than cereals improperly cooked. While the Scotch build their muscles and the great frame underneath from oatmeal, they are careful to have it always well cooked. If you can use Scotch, Irish or the American steel-cut oats, cooking it ten hours, or over night, you have an admirable food for the growing child. Where this cannot be done the lighter wheat foods are to be preferred.

Meats used in the nursery must be lightly broiled, roasted or boiled, never fried, even for grown people, much less for children. Eggs should be lightly cooked so that the whites will be creamy and not congealed.

CREAM SOUPS FOR SMALL CHILDREN

MANY of the cream soups are admirably adapted to children from the age of three or three and a half to twelve. Cream of celery soup is one of the nicest. Take three heads of celery, remove the outside portions, save the white inner part for table use. Cut these outside pieces into bits, cover with a pint of cold water and bring slowly to a boil, and continue the boiling for thirty minutes. Press through a colander. Add one pint of milk; return the mixture to the fire in a double boiler. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour; add to the hot soup; stir until boiling; add a teaspoonful of celery salt, and use.

CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP

TO MAKE cream of spinach soup, pick the leaves from the stems of two quarts of spinach, wash through several cold waters, shake lightly to free from sand, and throw them into a warm kettle; there will be sufficient water remaining on the leaves to create steam for the cooking. Shake and toss for about five minutes. Drain the spinach; chop it very fine, and then press it through a sieve. Add gradually, stirring all the while, one quart of cold milk. This should have the consistency of thin cream, and be of a bright green color. Put in a double boiler, moisten a teaspoonful of arrowroot or half a teaspoonful of cornstarch with a little cold milk; add to the soup; stir until boiling, strain through a sieve; add half a teaspoonful of salt, and just as you turn it into the tureen add a tablespoonful of butter broken into bits.

CREAM OF PEA SOUP AND SOUP SOUBISE

FOR cream of pea soup use fresh green peas. Shell them and wash the shells. Put the shells with one quart of water into a kettle, boil for fifteen minutes; drain, saving the water, into which you will turn the uncooked peas; cover, cook rapidly for twenty minutes, press through a colander and then through a sieve. Return the mixture to the fire and cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Heat in a double boiler one pint of milk; moisten a tablespoonful of cornstarch in a little cold milk; add it to the milk in the boiler; cook until smooth. Turn this into the pea mixture; add a tablespoonful of butter cut into bits, and half a teaspoonful of salt, and use at once. Young lima beans may be used in the same way.

Where there is an inclination to constipation, soup soubise is exceedingly valuable, but should not be given to a child under six years of age. Take one good-sized white onion, peel, cut it into slices; cover with a quart of boiling water, boil rapidly for five minutes; drain, cover again with boiling water and boil five minutes; drain. Cover the onions now with one pint of boiling water and cook slowly for half an hour; press through a sieve. Add one pint of milk thickened as in preceding receipt, and half a teaspoonful of salt, and it is ready to use.

THE BREAD WHICH A CHILD NEEDS

UNDER this heading one would include all forms of twice-baked bread—zwiebach, the ordinary rusk, the pulled bread, the toasted water crackers and ordinary dry toast—the object being to render them more digestible by allowing the heat in the second baking to convert a portion of the starch into sugar. A plain rusk may be made by adding just a little sugar to the bread dough; instead of making it into loaves make it into small biscuits, and when it is very light bake carefully for thirty minutes. Take from the oven, and when cool pull them carefully into halves. Line a baking-pan with brown paper, put in the halves, crust side down; put into a very moderate oven, that the moisture may be driven out, then close the door and brown the rusk slowly to the very centre, being careful not to burn. These may be put into clean cheesecloth bags and hung up in a dry, cool closet. They may be served plain or may be covered with hot milk, or may be covered with hot water, and a little cream added at serving time.

Mush bread forms one of the best breakfast foods for growing children. Stir carefully into one pint of hot milk in a double boiler two-thirds of a cup of coarse cornmeal. Cook and stir five minutes. Take from the fire, and when cool—not cold—add the yolks of four eggs. Then carefully fold in the well-beaten whites. Turn this into a baking-dish and bake thirty minutes in a quick oven.

THE COOKING OF FRUIT FOR CHILDREN

BAKED apples may be used where they agree; a raw, scraped apple may be given; bananas should always be cooked, unless they are very ripe and the skins quite black. To bake bananas nicely you should have a porcelain or granite baking-dish. Strip the skins from the bananas, place them in a dish, sprinkle over a tablespoonful of sugar; add four or five tablespoonfuls of water, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes, basting once or twice. Serve warm. Blackberry jam, if properly made, is quite an important nursery food.

DESSERTS FOR THE LITTLE ONES

OLD-FASHIONED rice pudding, cup custard, floating island and brown betty with milk and whipped cream are simple desserts, and are really the only ones that are advisable to give to children.

Rice pudding is made by washing two tablespoonfuls of rice and adding it to one quart of cold milk; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and twelve good-sized raisins, seeded. Put this in a baking-dish in a moderate oven; cook slowly, stirring down the crust as fast as it forms, for one hour; then allow the crust to remain until it is a golden brown.

To make velvet cream, cover a quarter of a box of gelatine with four tablespoonfuls of water, and let it soak for fifteen minutes. Whip one pint of cream; turn it into a pan, stand it in another of cracked ice, sprinkle over four tablespoonfuls of sugar; add a teaspoonful of vanilla. Add to the gelatine four tablespoonfuls of milk; stand it over the tackette until the gelatine is dissolved. Strain this into the cream, and stir at once and continuously until you have a smooth, light, slightly thickened mass. Turn into a dainty mould or cup and stand away to cool.

For floating island, put one pint of milk into a double boiler. Separate three eggs, beat the whites to a stiff froth, drop them by spoonfuls over the top of the milk, allow them to remain for just a moment, then lift carefully. Beat the yolks of the eggs with two tablespoonfuls of sugar; add them to the hot milk, cook until the mixture slightly thickens—be very careful that it does not curdle; take from the fire; add a teaspoonful of vanilla and turn into the dish in which it is to be served. Heap the whites of the eggs over the top and serve cold.

To make cup custard, beat two eggs without separating until well mixed; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one pint of milk; add a grating of nutmeg, and pour into four custard-cups. Stand these in a baking-pan half filled with boiling water, and cook in a slow oven until they are set in the centre. We have here an infallible rule for trying: Run a spoon-handle down in the centre of the custard; if it comes out perfectly clean they are done, if milky, they must be cooked longer. Serve cold.

SALADS SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

SALADS are as necessary for children as they are for adults, but they must be of a very delicate nature. Celery dressed with oil and a few drops of lemon juice is very nice, providing the celery is young, white, tender and chopped very fine. If lettuce is used it should be the very tender young pieces, from the centre of the head, cut just at serving time into very fine shreds, dressed with oil and a few drops of lemon juice. Mayonnaise dressing should never be used. Carefully cooked spinach, chopped very fine, may be served also with a French dressing. Endive should be cut into thin strips and dressed. Outside of the greens mentioned there are very few others that are advisable to give to children.

An Alaska Jewel.



Alice Van Doren

Juneau, Alaska

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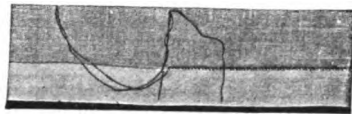
HOW TO LEARN PLAIN SEWING

THE LAST OF THE EASY LESSONS IN SEWING

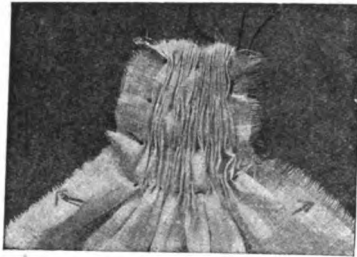
By Emma M. Hooper



AN OCCASIONAL BACKSTITCH



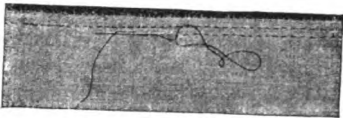
A FRENCH HEM



SHIRRING



HE dainty finish of fine hand sewing on a garment marks its owner as a person of refinement. All cannot learn to sew equally well; all may learn if they have the will to do. Have a work-basket, no matter how plain it may be, as a receptacle for spools of thread and silk, thimble, large cutting scissors, and a small, pointed pair for ripping; a measuring tape, piece of bees-wax, needles of various sizes, a well-filled pincushion, emery, tape, needle, a little muslin bag for buttons, and a second one for hooks and eyes off of

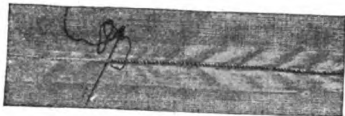


RUNNING

the cards. Linen, cotton and silk threads all have their use; so do twist and the cheap basting cotton which need never be very coarse. For sewing on buttons, hooks and eyes, etc., twenty to forty thread is generally used, while fifty to eighty are the most used numbers on sewing machines.

WHAT IS DONE FIRST IN PLAIN SEWING

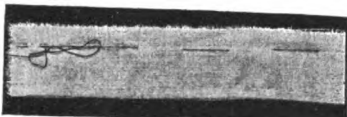
SELECT a needle according to the fabric to be sewed, and err on the side of fineness. Thread the needle with the end of the cotton or silk coming first from the spool. Make a small knot at the end of the thread which should be about a yard in length. Sewing a



OVERCASTING A SEAM

seam is the first thing taught and requires backstitching, running or overcasting. The latter is used with two selvedge edges, which should be basted evenly, using inch-long stitches with an equal space between. Then hold the work with the left hand and oversew the edges, going but two or three threads below the edge and inserting the needle diagonally, pointing to the left, with the stitches close, but not touching over the top. Backstitching is one stitch forward and the next one back so as to form a continual row of neat and even stitches.

Running is done evenly by counting the threads, as a stitch of five over the needle,

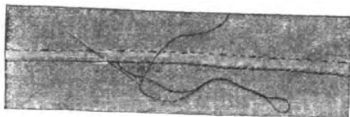


BASTING

then five under, and so on, with an occasional backstitch to keep the seam firmly in place.

FELLING, BINDING AND FACING

FELLING is hemming down an edge after seaming two edges together, leaving one above the other; turn this down narrowly, pressing it with the fingers, and then give a second turning, which should be basted down. Finish by hemming the edge. Facing is done by sewing a strip along an edge, turning it up and hemming down the remaining edge. To bind with a braid the two edges of the latter are placed one on either



FELLING A SEAM

side of the article to be bound, basted and then backstitched carefully in position.

Editor's Note—In these "Easy Lessons in Sewing" the following have appeared:

- I—How to Make a Dress, August, 1897
- II—The Sleeves and Trimming, October, "
- III—Making a Petticoat, December, "
- IV—Making a Wedding Outfit, March, 1898
- V—How to Learn Plain Sewing, April, "

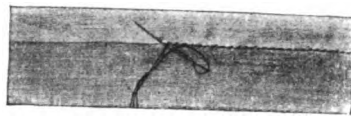
Miss Hooper will shortly begin a new series of articles on renovating, showing how fabrics and trimmings of all kinds can, with little or no skill, be made over to look as new.

HEMMING OF VARIOUS KINDS

TO MAKE a hem necessitates two turnings as a raw edge is not hemmed. To measure a hem or tuck, take a piece of cardboard and mark off the correct width; by placing this against the material and marking the latter with a pin the correct turning is easily given. When the hem is basted place the needle in the single fabric at the doubled edge so that it takes a diagonal slant to the left and upward, coming out just above the doubled edge; then repeat, putting the needle a trifle in advance and beneath where it came out, thus leaving diagonal stitches on each side of the sewing. A French hem is done by turning and basting the entire hem as usual, and then turning back this hem to the right side of the work and hemming as usual.

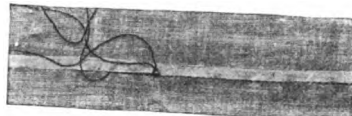
A ROLLED HEM, AND GATHERS

A ROLLED hem is usually found on ruffles. The edge is rolled between the left thumb and forefinger until the raw edge is completely hidden, and then hemmed.



A PLAIN HEM

Even gathers show a running stitch of the same size on both sides of the work as for narrow ruffling; the back of a skirt, though, will be gathered with the upper stitch twice or three times as long as the under stitch. All gathers should have two rows of gathering threads, as this makes them set more evenly whether they are an inch or a sixteenth of an inch apart; in each row the stitches must be the same in position and size. To gauge or stroke gathers pull all of the fabric gathered up on the thread in a small space, and fasten the thread over a pin; hold these firmly with the left hand and stroke down lightly the material beneath each stitch with a needle; this gives

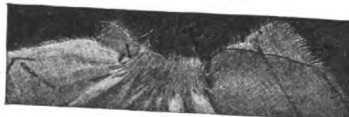


BLIND STITCHING

a beautiful evenness as each stitch is stroked and moved along until done, when the thread is loosened and the gathers stitched in place.

Shirring is simply several rows of gathering which are confined to a narrow space.

Puffing is formed by gathering and then sewing the lower row close up to the upper one so as to form a puff between. In puffs and gathered ruffles made of thin materials a length once and a half as long as the space to be covered is allowed, while for silk or a heavier fabric once and a third is sufficient. Both of these quantities may be applied to lace, and it is commonly known that a bias-cut



GATHERING

ruffle, puff or flounce of any kind sets better when gathered than a straight one, neither does it take as much material.

LITTLE THINGS ALL DO NOT KNOW

TO WHIP on lace, basting is not necessary, as it will be well to have the slight fullness arising from holding the lace toward you. The whipping is simply overcasting the edge of the hem and the lace together.

Cording is a bias strip with a soft cord along the centre held by basting stitches until applied as a finish, when the close stitching is done close up to the cord. Piping is done in the same way, leaving the cord out.



SEWING ON GATHERS

CUTTING AND WORKING A BUTTONHOLE

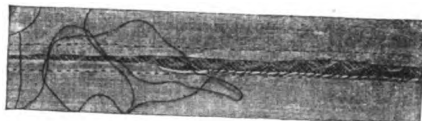
ON WOOLEN goods use letter D silk twist for working buttonholes, and numbers forty or fifty thread on muslin, and sixty or even finer on thin cotton materials. Do not cut a buttonhole close to the edge; between a quarter and an eighth of an inch is the usual allowance of material between the end of the buttonhole and the edge of the fabric. Unless you are a practiced cutter you can hardly make a hole straight without the regu-



A BIAS PIPING

lar buttonhole scissors. Cut a hole that is a tight fit for the button, as working enlarges it. After cutting run a fine cotton thread all around the hole to keep it in shape, and in working take the stitches from you. Commence at one end, let each stitch touch. Put the needle in the wrong side, and bring it out on the right side a sixteenth of an inch below the edge of the hole; as the thread is drawn up put the needle back in the loop which gives the buttonhole edge a durable and ornamental finish. As the ends are rounded spread the stitches a trifle, and when done rub with a thimble on the wrong side to flatten the work.

Eyelets are worked in shirts, shirt-waists, evening bodices when laced in the back, etc.,



INSERTING LACE

and are made like a buttonhole, except that they are round. Any one able to embroider should make nice, even buttonholes, yet few women turn out really perfect examples. Experience and patience will accomplish much, and I advise working one each day until a perfect buttonhole is made.

FANCY STITCHES IN SEWING

THE stitches variously known as herring-bone, feather, rail, cat and coral, are all first cousins, and are generally used on infants' wear, lingerie, children's guimpes, etc. These are commonly understood.

Smocking is beautiful hand work for yokes on children's frocks, blouses, dressing-sacques and tea-gowns, and is easy to accomplish. Smocking consists of laying small plaits by careful measurement, and then catching the edge of every two together with three over-



A BUTTONHOLE

stitches forming a tiny knot; then passing to the third plait which is caught to the second one of the first two, leaving long, loose threads of silk beneath to secure the elastic appearance. The next row of knots or catches fastens every alternate plait, thus forming a kind of a honeycomb cell. The knots are often of a contrasting color of silk.

SEWING ON BUTTONS OF ALL KINDS

IF A BUTTON has a metal shank a hole must be pierced in the goods in which to insert the shank; run a cord through and sew both cord and shank in place.

If the button has holes to be sewed through remember that the thread must not be pulled so tightly that the goods will be puckered beneath. Cross the threads as they come through the holes so that they form an X on the outside of the button, using heavy thread like linen twist or silk twist. On a properly made coat or jacket the buttons are sewed on before the lining is hemmed down. Small, braid-covered buttons require short stitches loosely drawn, and tightly fastened.



SMOCKING

Summer Corsets Warner's '98 Models



K-K-K—A refreshing garment, light as a feather, 13 inches long in front; white only. Sold everywhere for \$1.00 a pair. Ask for it—Style K-K-K.

What are they?

Light, cool, refreshing corsets, made of fabrics intended to promote comfort, with an assurance of service and added grace.

Summer Corsets '98 Models

Are designed primarily to fit the average American woman's figure after the correct corset fashion. That they are right is amply demonstrated by the great number sold—the all-the-year sort. The summer models are the same shapes, varying only in the materials, which are batiste and nettings of various weaves—strong, flexible, well sustained, but light as corset can be—weighing not much more than the clasp. Warner's Summer Corsets have always been excellent; this season the '98 models excel in excellence. The reason is not difficult to explain: special emphasis was laid on summer corsets, the models were the first consideration, then the materials were most cautiously tested—they are proof against the hardest wear, they should not be compared to any other summer corset, they are absolutely rust proof—which no other summer corset is—rust proof, remember, makes them valuable beyond comparison as a summer corset. This is an argument why you should wear them. Over a million women buy only this brand. Isn't it proper to assume that there must be something about them not found in any other?



WARNER'S 66

66—Made of fancy netting, 10½ inches in length, trimmed at the upper and lower edges with lace woven ribbon. "The curved hip," medium low bust, with long waist effect, white only. Sold everywhere, \$1.00 per pair. Ask for it—Style 66.

Ask at your store for a pair of Warner's '98 Models—summer sort. If they haven't the style best suited to you insist on their getting it. When you have the right '98 model—Warner's—you will learn what it is to be corseted properly. There will be more summer enjoyment in corset wearing.

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FOUR SPECIAL PAGES

DEVOTED TO FLOWERS AND HOME GARDENING FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT

THE REVIVAL OF THE OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS

By Eben E. Rexford



HE lover of old-fashioned flowers sees with the keenest pleasure the revival of interest in the old-time favorites. The aromatic Nasturtium has always been a favorite with persons who have artistic temperaments as well as with the persons who have not, because of the deep, rich tones

of color characteristic of some varieties of it and its adaptability for cut-flower use.

Half a dozen flowers, with as many of the pale green leaves, in a tall vase or a bowl of old china of some harmonious color, is a charming decoration for the table or the mantel. Some varieties are dwarf and compact, others are rampant growers and can be made useful in covering walls and screens. Do not give this plant a very rich soil or you will encourage the development of many branches at the expense of flowers. The dark, rich scarlets and maroons, shading to orange and vermilion, are most popular, but the delicate yellows and pale sulphur-pink varieties should always have a place in the garden because they heighten the beauty of the darker sorts by strong contrast. Nasturtium seed, being large, should be covered to the depth of an inch. This plant does best in a soil only moderately rich, as a very rich soil produces a rank growth of branches and few and unsatisfactory flowers.



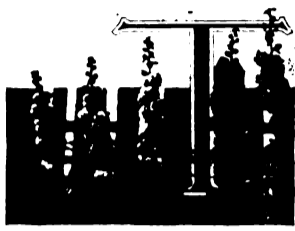
HE Marigold has not yet won a position for itself, but its turn is surely coming. While I would not care to use the great double yellow ones in a bouquet for personal adornment, I cannot deny them a place among cut flowers for room decoration, for their rich color brings out, like sunshine, the beauty of other

colors to a wonderful degree. The value of yellow among cut flowers and in garden arrangements is not yet fully understood. When it is we shall see more yellow flowers grown. A touch of it seems to lighten everything with which it comes in contact, and has the power of drawing out depths and subtleties of hue and tint that no other color can. The African, or Velvet, Marigold is a flower deserving much more attention than nine-tenths of the flowers usually grown. It is of a wonderfully deep, intense tone, and its petals seem cut from velvet, so rich are they in texture. It is an excellent flower for cutting as it lasts a long time and combines well with many other blossoms.



NE of the first flowers to come into possession of its old-time popularity is the Sweet Pea. It deserves all the attention that is given it to-day. It is beautiful, free flowering, deliciously fragrant, and easy of cultivation. To grow the Sweet Pea successfully, dig little trenches five or six inches deep as soon as the ground can be worked in spring, and sow the seed, covering it lightly. When germination takes place and the plant has reached a height of two or three inches, draw in the soil about it, and continue to do this from time to time until all the soil taken from the trench has been returned to it. Early sowing gives the plants a start while the ground is moist and cool, and the filling in gets the roots far enough under the surface to keep them moist after the dry weather sets in. Give the vines a coarse-meshed wire netting to cling to, and

cut off all flowers as fast as they fade. This is important, as if allowed to perfect seed the plants will throw all their energies into the process and you will get but few flowers after the first crop. Do this systematically and your plants will continue to bloom until cold weather comes. The more flowers you cut the more there will be to cut. There is no better nor more attractive flower among the annuals for general home decoration than the Sweet Pea, and none that meets with readier or steadier sale in the market.



HE Hollyhock has held to a certain amount of popularity, but this has been because of the introduction of the double varieties, which had the attraction of a "novelty" to a great extent. But the old single varieties were quite ignored. Now, however, when better sense prevails, and people begin to see that it is not absolutely necessary that

a flower should be double in order to be desirable, the old sorts are again in demand, and professional as well as amateur gardeners are making use of them with striking results in the decoration of places where strong growth as well as a rich show of color is wanted. Group half a dozen or a dozen single Hollyhocks in a prominent place on the lawn, or in the back row of the border, and you will be charmed with the effect. The tall stalks, clothed half their length with flowers ranging from white to maroon so dark as to seem really black when seen in the shadow, will give a grand impression of dignity combined with grace and beauty such as few other plants are capable of producing. If you want flowers from this plant this season it will be necessary for you to buy young plants, as it is a perennial, and does not bloom until the second year from sowing. I would, however, advise you to get a package of the Hollyhock seed and sow in June or July to furnish plants for next season. In the fall cover the seedlings with leaves, over which lay evergreen branches to prevent their being blown away.



HE Poppy has been almost wholly lost sight of for a time, but the younger generation is beginning to find out its merits. For giving a brilliant show in the garden there is nothing that equals the crimson and scarlet varieties; their silken petals glow like fire in the sun. The white and pale yellow are equally beautiful, and heighten by contrast the vivid effect of the darker sorts. The tall-growing kinds, large as Dahlias and round as balls, with fringed petals, are stately ornaments for garden beds and borders, especially the sorts showing contrasting colors on their petal tips. Their culture is that of the ordinary annual. The Poppy is very useful for cutting for home use, but it does not stand shipping well because of the delicate texture of its petals. Poppy seed, being very small, should be scattered over the soil, after which it should be pressed down firmly by the hand or a smooth board.



HE Morning-glory was considered "too common" a few years ago, precisely as the Geranium is at present. But the Morning-glory is one of the popular flowers of today, and I venture the prediction that five years from now the Geranium will have a popularity equal to that of any other plant on the list, because it has merit, and merit will win in the long run. Who cares how "common" a flower is if it is beautiful? The Morning-glory has a field almost to itself; it grows rapidly and rampantly, and is one of the best vines we have for covering screen, porches and summer-houses, and for training up about doors and windows. Give it a good soil to grow in and a string to climb by and it will peer into the second-story window by August, and will make a veritable glory every morning, with its countless flowers of pure white, carmine, purple black and turquoise blue, some of them white-throated, and all of them banded with velvety rays of the prevailing color of the blossom or in strongly contrasting colors. If ever a flower was appropriately named it is this one.



HE Aster has never been quite consigned to the background, but it has been sadly neglected. Now it occupies a prominent position again, and bids fair to become among annuals what the Chrysanthemum is among greenhouse plants. It is really one of the best flowers

for general cultivation that we have ever had. It is beautiful in form and color, is very floriferous, of the easiest culture, and blooms at a season when there are few other flowers to dispute supremacy with it. There are many varieties, and all of them are good, but

ple, pale yellow and pure white. Only the double varieties are worth growing. The seedlings showing single flowers should be pulled up as soon as their character can be determined. The flowers are borne on long stalks, resembling somewhat in form and arrangement the double Hyacinth, though much more graceful because less prim and formal. One great merit of this plant is that it is a late bloomer. It is generally at its best when frosty weather comes, and keeps on blooming bravely until snow falls. Sow the seed in pots in March or April and transplant in May. You cannot afford to be without the Ten-Week Stock if you want to have late flowers in your garden.



NOTHER old-time flower that has been almost wholly lost sight of is the Clove Pink, a member of the great Carnation family. Last season it was in perfection from June until September, and all who saw it were delighted with it. It is a modest little flower of pale pink, with a feathering of maroon on each fringed petal, and sweet as nothing but a Carnation can be. It is a most desirable plant for the front rows of the border or for edging permanent beds. It is entirely hardy, daintily pretty and deliciously sweet. This year I notice that two or three of the florists list the Clove Pink as among desirable hardy plants, and it is rapidly becoming a popular flower again.

Editor's Note—Mr. Rexford's answers to his correspondents, under the title of "Floral Helps and Hints," will be found on pages 38 and 39 of this issue of the Journal.

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UNIQUE FLOWER STANDS AND POTS

By Mrs. Hamilton Mott

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK S. GUILD

THE ordinary flower-pot has been taken so much as a matter of course that few persons think of using any other receptacles for the plant growths with which they adorn their homes. Yet it is possible to utilize various articles common to most households and at the same time produce something appropriate to the flowers or plants that are put in them.

These holders, which are easy of construction, may, to a certain extent, take the place of the jardinière that is now so common.

THE Japanese have devoted much time and shown great skill in the arrangement of plants and flowers. They offer good examples of what may be done with a single plant or a few flowers. The results they obtain are artistic and compel admiration. It is often desirable to move plants from one room to another, or to use a single plant for a decoration; the various devices shown in the drawings (with one exception) may be very easily moved.

AHANGING arrangement for flowers is shown in Illustration No. 1. It is odd and effective, and well worth the slight trouble and expense incurred in constructing it. A carpenter's assistance may be needed for this, and for some of the other designs, but all may be made at a trifling cost.

A child's hoop is used for the handle. It passes through two pieces of three-quarter-inch stuff cut two inches wide, that are in turn nailed to two wooden towel rings, one above the other, eight inches apart. A circular piece of wood is fitted into the lower ring, and light strips of wood are tacked on, the whole forming a basket in which the pot is placed. Vines are planted and trained up and around the hoops.

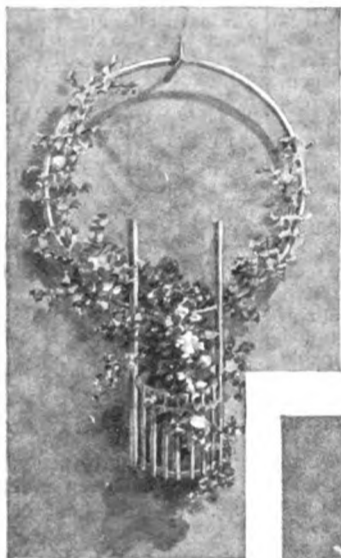


ILLUSTRATION No. 1



ILLUSTRATION No. 2

ILLUSTRATION No. 2 is intended as a substitute for the fern dishes of silver that grace the dinner-table. This is the ordinary round wooden spice box known to many housekeepers. It is painted a pale cream tint, and when filled with growing ferns is quite as good in effect as the silver dishes, which, to my mind, always seem a trifle cold and metallic for flowers and plants. A Japanese stand gives style to this arrangement, which might otherwise be deemed quite commonplace.

This stand may be stained a dark sienna or ebonyed. It should not be over three inches in height, as the plant must not be allowed to interfere with the view of one's neighbor across the table and thus form a decided hindrance to sociability.



ILLUSTRATION No. 4

ILLUSTRATION No. 4 is designed as a receptacle for cut flowers rather than for growing plants. It consists simply of an ordinary tin biscuit-can, cut as indicated and painted. It may be partially filled with earth, or weighted in any other way to insure its stability. When in use it may stand on a tile or mirror.

It is Japanese in form, and if care is used in the arrangement of the flowers a rather

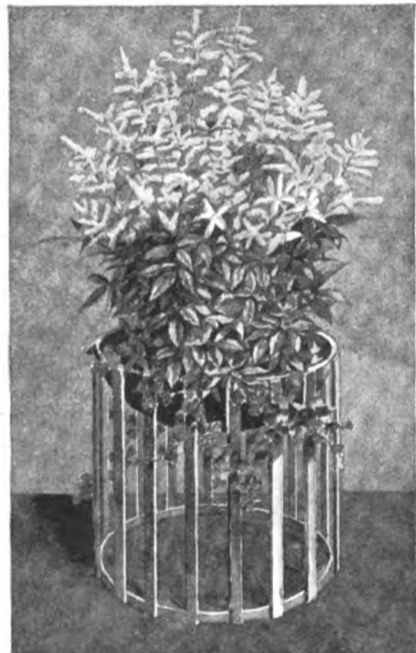


ILLUSTRATION No. 3

THE design in Illustration No. 3 is easily constructed and is unique in effect. It consists of a deep wooden bowl, supported by a stand built of laths nailed to a hoop of the same circumference as the rim of the bowl. It is about two feet in height. A vine is allowed to fall over and twine in this frame, breaking somewhat the rigidity of its lines.

This idea may be used also for potted plants, which could then be removed at will. In constructing it for this purpose omit the wooden bowl and simply use a hoop at the top like the one at the base, having it of a diameter a trifle less than that of the pot so that when placed in it the rim of the pot will project a trifle above it.

Another plan would be to again dispense with the bowl, and use a round, flat top of wood for the plants, thus producing a very convenient little low table which would prove especially attractive for the porch. It must, of course, be neatly finished and painted.



ILLUSTRATION No. 5

THE design shown in Illustration No. 5 is intended to be bracketed against the wall. Two semi-circular pieces of wood, half an inch thick and fourteen inches on the diameter, are fastened together twelve inches apart by thin strips of wood woven in and out in basket effect. A circle is cut in the upper piece, allowing a flower-pot with growing plant to be set in.

Through these two pieces, on each side, are run fruit-pickers, used by farmers for gathering fruits. The handles are cut to the proper length. The wire cup is used to clasp a goblet from which the stem has been broken. A small flower-pot may be used if preferred. From these cups vines may be trained.

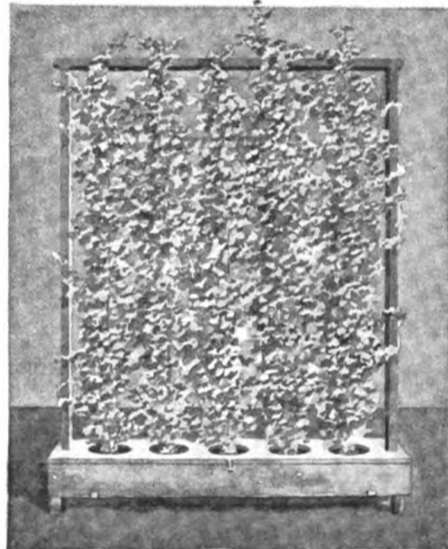


ILLUSTRATION No. 6

THE screen in Illustration No. 6 stands three feet six inches high and is three feet wide. The box in which the pots are placed measures eight inches from front to back and seven inches in depth. It stands on short legs, or it may be put upon casters for convenience in moving around. The front of the box opens on a hinge at the base, allowing for the removal of the plants when desired. Wires are stretched from top to bottom for the vines to twine upon. This screen has a very charming effect. It stands firmly, as all the weight is at its base. It may be easily moved, thus allowing it to be used as a background for brilliant blossoms. Several of these screens placed side by side would be very effective in banking up the side of the room when special floral decorations were needed for any festive occasion.

Of course it is not necessary to adhere strictly to the lines and dimensions of the screen illustrated. Several other forms less severe in outline suggest themselves. A curved top may easily be produced by carrying up a hoop from the top at either side. A hoop also may be hung inside of the frame with good effect, allowing the vines to climb around it. If one objects to the boxed-up pots at the base this objection may be easily overcome by substituting a board and cutting round holes in it a trifle less in diameter than the diameter of the pots. The board should be set on a frame sufficiently high to allow the pots to clear the floor.



ILLUSTRATION No. 7

quaint effect is produced. It is well to use sand at the bottom of the vase for inserting the stems of the flowers, as this will assist materially in arranging them. Such blossoms as the aster, daisy or chrysanthemum may thus be used.

IN ILLUSTRATION No. 7 is shown a simple fruit-basket smoothed up and treated to several coats of paint. A hoop of appropriate size is nailed securely to its rim. This is so bent as to harmonize with the lines of the basket, and besides affording a decorative feature, is useful as a means of lifting the plant. In painting these holders select such colors as will not offend good taste. Warm tints are the best, as they afford a pleasing contrast to the foliage of the plant. Rich dark browns, dull reds, or pale cream tints are good and effective, yet quiet and restful to the eye. The basket is set on a light stand of polished wood, quite Japanese in design. Though very simple in construction, it gives distinction to the plant, and is a protection to the carpet or table on which it rests.



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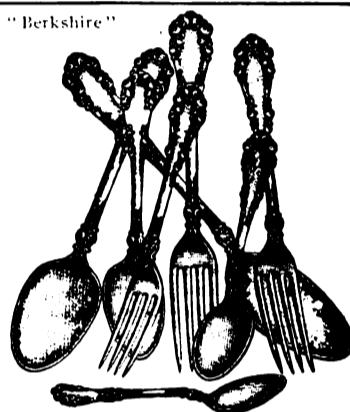
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SHADY NOOKS FOR SUMMER DAYS

By Eben E. Rexford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK S. GUILD

ANYTHING which adds to one's comfort during the warm weather is welcome, and as the life in our climate during the summer months is largely an outdoor one, any bit of shade which Nature or art may provide to temper the rays of the sun is welcomed. The ideas illustrated on this page may all be carried out at slight expense.

THE illustrations for crows' nests suggest places where one may retire with a favorite volume. If the climb into these retreats is too venturesome for the older members of the household they will afford



A LOFTY CROWS' NEST

much enjoyment for the younger ones. Of course, the proper trees are necessary, and as no two are alike the carpenter will have to adapt his construction to the enforced requirements of size and growth.

IN THE arrangement for the shady seat at the tennis court rough cedar posts are planted firmly about eight feet apart, three feet below and seven feet above ground, and a framework is built across at the top, and a double seat with back constructed between. The framework at the top should come forward four and a half feet from the end parts on each side, making the top nine feet wide over all. A series of hoops is carried along one foot apart, giving a curved top. The brackets for this top and the arms and legs of the seat may be made from rough limbs with the bark left on. The same material is used for braces. If gnarled limbs can be obtained for these

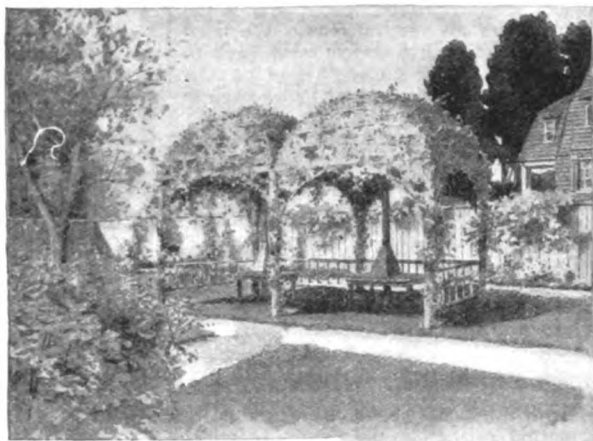
OFTEN shade is needed at some special point on the lawn, and the illustration given of a summer-house with a double-domed roof and two circular seats offers suggestions for that purpose.

In the arrangement for this summer-house six corner posts are planted. Of course,



A SHADY RETREAT

the size of these bowers must vary according to individual needs, but they must not rise too high above ground. They will be useless for shade if carried up more than eight feet. Centre posts rise to a height of eleven feet, and long hoops are carried diagonally from corner to corner. These are firmly nailed to the centre posts, on which they cross. Straight pieces are carried around horizontally from post to post; these are supported by brackets. The hoops may also be connected by light stuff. A seat is constructed around each centre post, and a light railing runs around these sides.

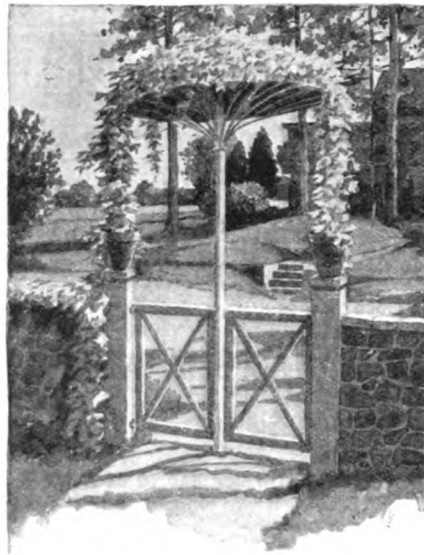


A DOUBLE-DOME EFFECT

At the base the entrance is generally left free of adornment of any sort.

MANY vines which flower lovers would like to use are worthless for the purpose of shade. The Sweet Pea would be a general favorite if it grew to a sufficient height, but it does not. The Morning-glory and the Wild Cucumber are both desirable. The former will grow to a height of twenty feet in a season.

The Wild Cucumber also has a rapid growth, and its flowers when seen in masses are very effective; it is to summer plants what the native Clematis is to our perennial vines. Some of the ornamental Gourds are available for covering summer-houses, their large leaves overlap and afford a dense shade, which is, of course, indispensable in a summer-house. The variegated Japan Hop will answer for the purpose of shade; it has a rapid growth and an attractive foliage.



A SHADED TURNSTILE

AN ILLUSTRATION which needs little description is the one in which an old sketching umbrella frame is utilized for the canopy at the top of the centre post, or constructed of a large wooden hoop supported on wire properly bent. A pot is set on or in the post on each side, and a ladder-like framework of light sticks connects them with the canopy. If desired, wooden boxes may be built in place of the pots. In fact, it would doubtless be a wiser plan to use boxes as they may be nailed securely to the posts. The centre post must be carried up to a height of seven feet so that it may be passed

brushing the hat of one's tallest guest. Paint in harmony with the house. Nothing will be so pretty or so attractive to plant about this gate as Nasturtiums.



A CANOPY FRAME

glowing blossoms fairly burning against the dark green of the Grape-vine's broad foliage. When constructing the simpler one bring the brackets down toward the base of the doorposts. The doorway may be flanked with Cacti or other plants of a decorative character. For planting a door having a canopy I would advise *Celastrus scandens* or *Ampelopsis*. The native Grape may also be used. All three of the above are attractive and nearly always prove satisfactory.



A SHADED DOORWAY



A SHADY SEAT AT THE TENNIS COURT

all the better, but the framework is of secondary importance as it will be covered with vines by the middle of the summer. A more simple mode of construction would be to make the top flat. For this use straight pieces in place of the hoops. The effect will be less picturesque, but when covered with vines it will make but little difference. If possible face the seats north and south, as more shade will be obtained from the ends when the sun is low in the afternoon.

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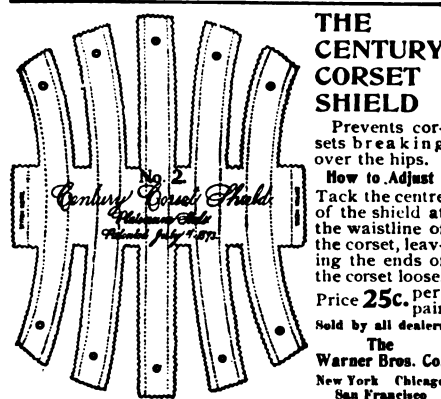
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OUR GREENHOUSES AND COLD FRAMES

VIOLET-GROWING AS A WOMAN'S TRADE

By Helen C. Candee



OUR means being limited my cousin and I were obliged to begin on a small scale. The time was the end of April, the best month of all the year for starting this work. The price being low that year we paid only four cents each for our plants. These we planted about eight inches apart in a moist, half-shaded portion of the garden—the sort of place where Violets would naturally choose to live if they were growing wild. The ground was slightly fertilized in advance, and all through the summer all weeds were conscientiously plucked from the Violet patch. Air-slacked lime was lightly sprinkled over the earth.

Preparation for shelter was made during the month of August. We had our choice between two kinds—the cold frame or the hothouse. We were handicapped with small capital, and decided in favor of the cold frame, built in form more like the usual hothouse, to make it easily convertible into one should the cold temperature bring failure.

GROUND PLAN OF OUR ENTRANCE HOUSE

IN DIAGRAM No. 1 is shown the ground plan of the cold frame and entrance house before we put in the stove and pipes for heating them. A, A are the Violet beds at

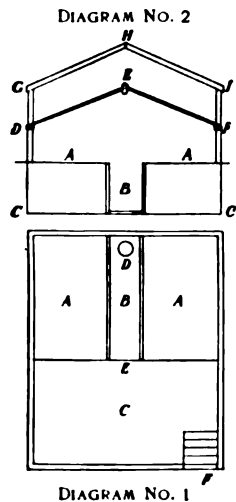


DIAGRAM NO. 1

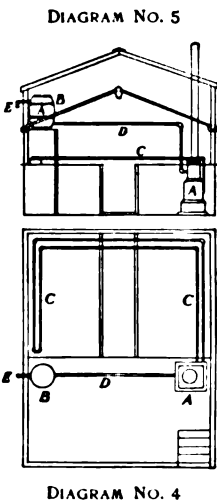


DIAGRAM NO. 2

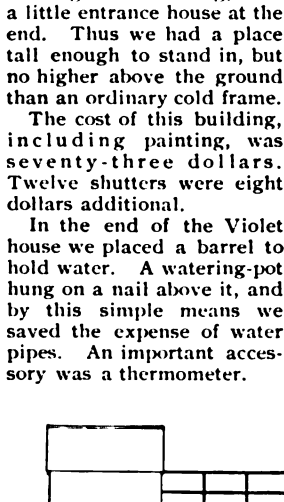


DIAGRAM NO. 3

ground level, B the sunken path, C the entrance house with floor three feet below the ground level and on a level with the path. There is a door at E, and cask of water (D) at end of path. Entrance is at F down four steps.

Diagram No. 2 is an end view of same. A, A are the Violet beds on a level with the ground, B is the sunken path, C, C the floor level of the entrance house. D, E, F shows the roof of the cold frame, and G, H, I the roof of entrance house above it. No. 3 is a side elevation of same. A is entrance house, B cold frame with six sashes in roof, C, C is ground surface, and D, D is level of sunken path and floor of entrance house. No. 4 is the same plan as No. 1 with the addition of the heating apparatus. A is the stove from which the hot-water pipes, C, C, run around the house and return. B is the tank which feeds the pipes, C, C, through the pipe D. There is an overflow pipe in tank at E. No. 5 is an end view of same



THE LITTLE HOUSE IN WHICH WE STARTED

showing tank B at sufficient height to obtain a flow of water and enable one to pass under pipe D when desirous of entering the cold-frame house for any purpose.

PRECAUTIONS WHICH HAD TO BE TAKEN

THERE are but two objections to the cold frame, one of which is the difficulty of maintaining the proper heat, and the other simply a remediable fault in the usual mode of construction. Violets require a low temperature, and will draw sufficient heat from the sun by day if well covered at night, but the covering is an arduous process and requires expensive paraphernalia. When the sun has gone in the short, winter days shutters must be put all over the glass, and mats as well.

We had been told that it would be impossible to fill florists' orders on regular days from cold frames, because if the weather were unsuitable our plants would freeze in opening the frames for the picking of the Violets, but that difficulty was soon overcome.

HOW OUR CARPENTER EVOLVED A PLAN

OUR carpenter, who built our house and who seemed interested in our venture, conquered this difficulty. He started operations by digging a trench, which was to be a path, two feet wide and three feet deep in the earth. This was lined with planking, and on each side of it were made two Violet beds five feet in width. Over all was fitted a pointed glass roof with six sashes on each side, giving us a greenhouse about twelve feet wide and eighteen feet long, with a little entrance house at the end. Thus we had a place tall enough to stand in, but no higher above the ground than an ordinary cold frame.

The cost of this building, including painting, was seventy-three dollars. Twelve shutters were eight dollars additional.

In the end of the Violet house we placed a barrel to hold water. A watering-pot hung on a nail above it, and by this simple means we saved the expense of water pipes. An important accessory was a thermometer.

In green-houses where the beds are not made on the bosom of Mother Earth, but in raised boxes such as those in which florists bed their cuttings, the earth is baked before using. This is an interesting and valuable process, but unfortunately it is only for those who have hot-water pipes at their disposal. Its effect is to rid the earth of eel worms, which infinitesimal creatures rob the earth of its blossoming powers and make tubers on the roots of the plants.

WHEN TRANSPLANTING THE VIOLETS

LATER, when our "plant" had grown to its present large proportions, we introduced this earth-baking with great satisfaction. Water pipes are attached to the furnace of the hothouse, and these are run through small earthen drain pipes, over which the earth is heaped. In about two hours it is extremely hot, too hot to touch, and all animal life existing within it is destroyed. This earth is then mixed with a fertilizer in the proportion of two to one, taken from both cow stable and horse stable, and the beds are filled. The mixture used is the same whether the earth is baked or not.

On the first of September we began transplanting our Violets from the garden into the greenhouse, planting them as before in even rows with eight inches between each plant. Then we watched more carefully than ever for blight, green fly, red spider, or any other enemy. The plants were all treated to a bath of Bordeaux mixture, which is composed of four pounds of lime, six pounds of sulphate of copper, and forty-five gallons of water. Watering, while the weather is warm enough to keep the sashes off during the greater part of the day, should be done twice a week. In the winter, when the houses are kept closed, once a week is often enough. To keep them moist and sweet a sprinkling of air-slacked lime is lightly dusted over the beds between the plants.

THE TEMPERATURE FOR VIOLETS

THE temperature at night may be allowed to fall as low as forty-five or even forty degrees. In the daytime the plants need to have a much higher temperature—as high as fifty or sixty degrees.

The runners which the Violets put out are their means of propagation. During the summer, while our plants were out-of-doors, these were picked off to conserve the energy for the plant proper. This practice was continued after the plants were in the greenhouse and had grown to be beautiful bunches of green luxurians. By this time the blossoms had attained great perfection.

When blight first seized our Violets we felt helpless. It evinced itself in pale, yellow-brown spots on the leaves, each one with a puncture in the centre. Wherever it appeared the leaf was instantly plucked from the plant.

We have found but one absolutely satisfactory way of preventing it—by renewing the woodwork which surrounds the beds. This is a heroic measure but the best in the end.

As a matter of course, the earth in all Violet-beds must be renewed each year.



INTERIOR OF THE VIOLET HOUSE

Six weeks after planting, the Violets began to bloom in sufficient quantities to pick. The first Violets we offered for sale, although fresh and fragrant, were small, and the price received was discouragingly low—only a dollar a hundred. This price, however, increased, advancing as our flowers improved, until now we receive three dollars a hundred during the season for our choicest blossoms. From November to April our Violets were satisfactory and the plants prolific.

PACKING AND SENDING THE VIOLETS

THE bunches must be packed in boxes, surrounded with paraffine paper, and rushed to market as soon as possible. Where it can be done they should be picked the day they are sold, and as florists like to receive their wares in the morning this necessitates extremely early rising the day of picking.

In soliciting the custom of florists it is necessary for the Violet grower to take with her specimens of her production; otherwise the florist cannot know the quality of her plants. We found the Marie Louise Violet the most suitable for market culture. Its color is good, it is a prolific bearer, and is the hardiest of all the varieties. We tried other varieties, but always came back to the Marie Louise on account of its reliability, and we have never had reason to regret our selection.

Two or three years ago there was a sudden interest in the California Violets, and we stocked one house with these. They are the single blossoms with long stems, resembling the ordinary Wood Violets, but, unlike them, having a delicious fragrance. But they can never compete with the Marie Louise as they droop so quickly. In setting them out the plants grow irregularly together, and do not require careful separation.

WHAT WE MADE OVER ALL EXPENSES

THE little house with which we originally started netted us one hundred dollars over all expenses the first season, which we regarded as a demonstration of success. We picked twice a week, bunching in fifties as we gathered, and arranging the blossoms as nearly as possible in umbrella shape, with a little circle of fresh green leaves around each bunch, and tying with violet-colored twine. In the spring, which is the time for separating the runners from the old plants to make new ones, we sold four hundred plants to another grower, and have been able to do this every spring since, but the nights of apprehension, and the days of labor we spent in variable winter weather were enough to make us resolve to put heat in the Violet house. When the wind howled in the winter nights, and we wakened in the dark with the bitter cold blowing in our window, we actually felt physical pain at the thought of the possible suffering of our Violets. The worry incited us to put in a small stove and piping around the Violet house, which we accomplished at the modest expense of forty-two dollars; this included an overflow tank.

The first winter of Violet culture was our kindergarten; the second winter we raised capital enough to enlarge our house room, to put in a small stove and piping around the Violet house, also an overflow tank, and we have gone on from one success to another, until now we have eight greenhouses and six long cold frames, with my cousin and I as head gardeners, and two boys as assistants. Better than all we have always been glad that we decided to attempt the raising of Violets.

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The "Marlowe" is the handsomest shirt waist of 1898. Made of fine percale and zephyr gingham in stripes and plaids in all the new swell colorings—full front over inside yoke, with one-pointed yoke in back—a dashing and altogether unmatchable waist at . . . 95c.
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On the contrary, it is manufactured in light, clean workrooms, where the division of labor among skilled operatives working with modern machinery, and economy in the use of materials (only possible where large quantities are made), accounts for our ability to sell a dress like this.
Of soft nainsook—gathered from neck with ruffle of embroidery—sleeves trimmed with same. Very full skirt—deep hem—neatly finished every way. Sizes, 6 mos. to 2 yrs., for 50c. By mail, postage paid, 5 cents extra.
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Dress Skirt \$2.50 Express Prepaid
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EDITED BY EDWARD BOK

The Gossip of the Editors

THE BEST ONE-DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR

IN ORDER to create a greater interest in "the little dinner," and simplicity in serving, Mrs. Rorer will award five prizes for the best-arranged and most wholesome dinner menu for a family of four persons. The dinner must not exceed one dollar in cost.

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THE BEST PACIFIC COAST DINNER: Ten dollars for the best dinner for four which may be served in the Pacific Coast States for one dollar.

This competition is strictly confined to housekeepers and non-professional cooks. Each manuscript must distinctly indicate the prize for which it is intended: "For the First Prize Dinner"; "For the Best Interior-West Dinner"; "For the Best Southern Dinner"; "For the Best Northern and Eastern Dinner"; "For the Best Pacific Coast Dinner."

Each manuscript must give: First, the menu for the dinner; second, the cost of each article; third, a receipt for each article. All manuscripts must be in Mrs. Rorer's hands by May 1 next, and contain stamp for return. As soon after May 1 as possible the prizes will be awarded, and the names of the prize winners and dinner menus printed in the JOURNAL. Address all letters, containing contributions for these prizes, marking on outside of envelopes, "For Prize Dinners," to Mrs. S. T. Rorer, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

SPECIAL TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS

SO GREAT is the demand for the JOURNAL at the present time that all the back numbers have been exhausted. In one month we were compelled to disappoint twenty-five thousand of our subscribers who had delayed to renew their subscriptions. A postal card was sent to each, but naturally considerable disappointment ensued, as each subscriber was compelled to miss from one to two numbers. Since January 1 over fifty thousand subscribers have thus been disappointed. Our readers should remember that this is not our fault. We have said over and over again, and we now reiterate it: the JOURNAL presses are printing all the copies they are capable of printing, i. e., seven hundred and fifty thousand copies each month. Within a fortnight of each publication day the edition is exhausted. Our subscribers are always notified in advance of the expiration of their subscriptions. If they will attend to the matter when such notice comes we can guarantee them that they will not miss a copy. But if they delay we cannot do this.

Let us say once more, therefore, that the only sure way of getting the JOURNAL, especially during this coming summer, will be to subscribe for it, or to immediately renew subscriptions when they expire. A dollar now sent will insure the magazine for a year. But, otherwise, the risk of not getting it is great, and this risk will not be lessened with the numbers we have in view. From present indications, future editions are likely to go out of print almost immediately upon publication. We want our readers to have the JOURNAL, but the matter really rests with them more than it does with us.

NEARLY five hundred scholarships have been given to girls and young men—absolutely free. This has been done by the JOURNAL. They were given to young people who wanted an education, but who could not pay for it. The JOURNAL could, and did. Tuition, table-board, room-rent and laundry work were included. All the bills were paid by the JOURNAL—the students paid nothing. There are other scholarships awaiting young people who will agree to make the best use of the opportunity offered them. The JOURNAL's Educational Bureau will be glad to correspond with any one interested.

SUMMER vacations, unique, restful and joyous, which may be attained at small cost, will be described in the four special pages of the JOURNAL next month. How three girls went to Europe for ten weeks at a cost of twenty dollars a week will be told; how to live in the woods in comfort in tent and cabin will be shown by the JOURNAL's architect. He will also show the construction of a house-boat, and how a delightful vacation may be spent by a jolly party in our inland waters. For people who live in suburban places a whole summer's pleasure will be outlined. The pages will be illustrated with pictures and plans.



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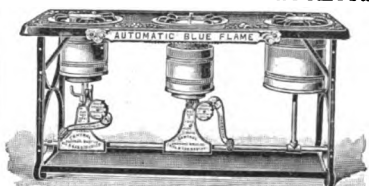
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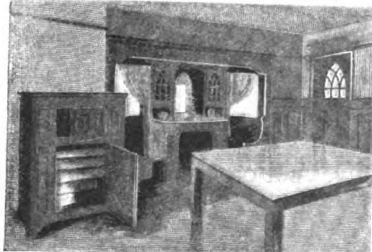
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- 1—That only selected material is used, and 50 years' experience guides the manufacture.
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- 4—That no rollers are the genuine Hartshorn without the following autograph on the label:

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With seed of these new Roses, plants may be had in bloom in 60 days from time of sowing. Plant at any time. They grow quickly, and flowers appear in large clusters and in such quantity that a plant looks like a bouquet. Perfectly hardy in the garden, where they bloom all summer. In pots they bloom both summer and winter. From a packet of seed one will get Roses of various colors—white, pink, crimson, etc.—no two alike, and mostly perfectly double and very sweet. Greatest of novelties. Seed 20c. per pkt., 3 pkts. for 50c.—or for 40c. we will send

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Advertisement for 'NEW WEEPING LANTANA' by Mrs. McKinley. Includes a small illustration of the plant and text describing its qualities and price.

Advertisement for 'The California Poppy' featuring an illustration of the flower and text describing it as the 'golden radiance of all the flowers native of California'.

Advertisement for 'GROW APPLES in Your Parlor' from Manhattan Nursery Company, featuring text about imported apple trees.

Advertisement for 'Start your garden right' from The American Jadoo Co., featuring 'Jadoo Fibre' and 'Jadoo Liquid'.

Advertisement for 'LOVERS OF FLOWERS' from The American Jadoo Co., featuring 'Beautiful Blossoms' and 'Elastic Food'.

Advertisement for 'WEDDING Invitations and Announcements' from The Walker Fertilizer Co., featuring 'Wedding Invitations' and 'Wedding Announcements'.

FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS BY EBEN E. REXFORD

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

Spider Lilies. These plants are not hardy. They must be grown in warm greenhouses.

Lawns. Give a good top dressing with manure early in spring. If barnyard manure is not easily obtainable apply bonemeal or a chemical fertilizer.

Remedy for Grub Worms. Put broken corn-cobs in the hill when planting Squash and Cucumber seeds; the worms and grubs will work on them and not injure the vines.

Roses for Middle Ohio. General Jacqueminot ought to be hardy in this section if covered well in fall. One of the freest-blooming hybrid perpetual Roses is Mrs. Charles Wood. Mrs. John Laing is also a free-blooming sort.

Palms in Jardinières. While it is well to make use of jardinières when plants are used temporarily for room decorations it is not well to keep plants in them all the time. Never keep any plant away from the light long at a time. It is a good plan to have several plants of a kind and let them take their turn in decorating the room.

Geraniums from Cuttings. Not one cutting in fifty need be lost if they are inserted in clear sand, which should be kept moist—not wet. Pinch the sand firmly about the base of them, and set the pan or pot containing them in a moderately warm place. They should form roots in ten days, but they ought not to be removed in less than three weeks.

Mildew on Roses. A sort of white fungus on Rose bushes, especially on the young leaves, indicates mildew. Sometimes this comes from dampness and lack of free circulation of air; sometimes from sudden changes from heat to cold. Flour of sulphur dusted over the affected parts when damp is as good as anything I know of to remove it. If it comes from conditions growing out of the location of the plant application of this kind will not be of much benefit. Conditions will have to be changed.

Hedges. Arbor Vitæ is the best plant for a general-purpose hedge. It should be set close and sheared annually, after it becomes well established. The Osage Orange is largely used for hedge-making in the West, but it is more difficult to get started well than the Arbor Vitæ, and does not make as fine an appearance. Small hedges on the lawn are sometimes made from the Japan Quince (Cydonia). A hedge of this kind is extremely ornamental when the plants are covered with their fiery scarlet flowers.

Daphne. This plant is sometimes called the "Garland Flower." It is a small, low-growing shrub with evergreen foliage. Its flowers are a bright pink, small individually, but borne in clusters at the ends of the branches. They are not only beautiful, but exquisitely fragrant. For front rows among the shrubs this plant, which is not as well known as it ought to be, will be found extremely useful, especially if several plants are set close together in order to form a larger mass of branches than one plant alone is likely to give.

Sword Fern. This Fern should be given a soil composed largely of leaf-mould. If this is not obtainable use turf matter cut from the lower side of sods, with all the fine grass roots left in. Give it a rather shaded place. Keep the soil moist, but not wet, and shower the plant two or three times a week. To increase it divide the roots. This is one of the best plants we have for a north window, and really one of the best of all plants for general home use. The Sword Fern is most effective when given a place on a bracket, so that its fronds can droop without interference from other plants.

Tea Roses. Young plants, such as the florists send out by mail in the spring, will begin to bloom soon after being set out in the garden, and continue to give flowers until cold weather comes, if kept growing. The treatment required is this: Keep the soil very rich. Cut back each branch as soon as the flowers borne on it have faded, thus encouraging the production of new branches, on which other flowers will be borne. As flowers are only borne on new growth the importance of keeping the plants growing will be readily understood. If the season should be a dry one it is well to mulch the beds with grass clippings at least twice a week.

Buds Blasting. Several complaints come in about the blasting of buds on Geraniums and other plants. In most instances the writers speak of furnace heat. This explains the cause of the trouble. It is almost impossible to have flowers in rooms heated by hot air. All the vitality is burned out of the air, and the plants are robbed of one important element of successful growth. All that can be done to remedy the difficulty is to make the air as moist as possible by keeping water evaporating on the registers and daily sprinkling, and the admission of fresh air daily in pleasant weather. Such treatment, persisted in, does much to counteract the unfavorable conditions which prevail, but it is impossible to wholly overcome them.

Lice on Pansies. I have never had any on my plants, but were I to find them, I would try the kerosene emulsion. I would apply it with a hose, so that the under side of the leaves could be saturated; it would do but little good to shower the upper part of the leaves. This failing, I would apply a solution of Paris green, putting it on in the manner advised for kerosene emulsion. If one lives in the vicinity of a tobacco-curtain, and can procure the stems and refuse from a cigar-making, it would be well to scatter a liberal quantity among the plants. Most varieties of the aphid are driven away by Tobacco in any form. If one cannot apply an insecticide with a hose it will be necessary to turn the plant over with the hand, reversing as many of its leaves as possible, and putting on whatever is used in such a manner—with sprinkler, brush or donche—to reach the greatest possible amount of under surface.

Roses. The best time to set out Roses is spring. This is also the best time to divide old plants. If June Roses are wanted—by this term is meant those flowering but once a year, in June and July—the following will be found among the best: Provence or Caligula, large, bright pink; very sweet; Harrison's yellow, to golden yellow, very free flowering, but not fragrant; George the Fourth, dark crimson, very double; and the Moss section, of which Comtesse de Mervanais, pure white, and Glory of Mosses, carmine, are the best for general cultivation. The hybrid perpetuals deserve a place in all collections, but require special treatment. They must be given a very rich soil, and after each blooming period the branches must be cut back sharply. This is to encourage the production of new branches, on which the flowers are borne. Their treatment in this respect is identical with that advised for Tea Roses. Among the best of this class for amateur use will be found General Jacqueminot, dark crimson; Princess Rothschild, bright rose; Captain Christy, pale pink; Portion des Blancs, pure white; Magna Charta, carmine; Paul Neyron, dark pink; and Ulrich-Brunner, rich scarlet. The Rose likes a rather heavy soil. One of loam and clay suits it well. It must be rich. You cannot grow fine Roses in a poor soil.

Large advertisement for 'This is Our New Short Corset, No. 397' by THE R & G COMPANY. Includes an illustration of a woman in a corset and detailed text about its features and availability.

Advertisement for '10 LOVELY TEA ROSES 25 cts.' by THE GREAT WESTERN PLANT COMPANY. Includes a list of various rose varieties and their prices.

Advertisement for '2 NEW ROSES' by McGREGOR BROTHERS. Features 'The New Yellow Hardy Climbing Rose' and 'The New Pink Hardy Climbing Rose'.

Advertisement for 'SIX LOVELY ROSES' by THE GEO. H. MELLECOFF CO. Includes a list of six different rose varieties and their prices.

Advertisement for 'OUR PATENTED SEAMLESS HEEL ELASTIC STOCKINGS' by CURTIS & SPINDELL CO., featuring an illustration of a leg in a stocking.

Advertisement for 'DO YOU STAMMER?' by THE LEM SCHOOL FOR STAMMERS, featuring an illustration of a man's head.

A Woman Florist

5

EVER-BLOOMING
ROSES

Red, White, Pink, Yellow and Blush

For 10 cts.

ALL WILL BLOOM THIS SUMMER

Send 10 cents for the above five colors of Roses. I want to show you samples of the Roses I grow, hence this offer. My great Magazine, "How to Grow Flowers," three months FREE with every order.

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- 3 Hibiscus, 1 Palm, 1 Jasmine 25 cts.
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It removes INK, TAR, GREASE, PAINT, IRON STAINS, and, in fact, everything foreign to the color of the skin, simply by using with soap and water. It never becomes foul or carries any contagion, and will not injure the most delicate skin, as is done by the use of pumice stone, bristle brushes, etc.

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- One Pkt. of each of the following:
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As a special inducement to try Nutwood Seeds, I offer this new and exclusive collection.

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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

Gas Among Plants. Some plants cannot be grown in rooms where gas is used.

Chinese Lilies. The old bulbs are comparatively worthless after having given one season of flowers. They may sometimes give a second crop of flowers, but they cannot be depended on to do so.

Cactus in Cans. It is not advisable to attempt to grow the Cactus in a can, as there is no chance that free evaporation of moisture from soil which takes place in porous pots, and this plant is never tolerant of retained moisture at its root.

Hyacinths in Water. One does not have to procure any particular variety of Hyacinth for blooming in glasses of water. They should be set away, with the base of the bulb just touching the water, in a dark place, and left there for roots to form, the same as if potted in soil. Supply fresh water as evaporation takes place. It is much more satisfactory to grow these plants in pots. Their flowers are finer when grown in this way, and last much longer.

Cyclamens. These plants if to be taken through the summer for another winter's flowering, should be put out-of-doors as soon as warm weather comes, in a partially shaded place, and kept just moist enough to prevent the bulbs from shriveling. This will keep them dormant. In September report, using small pots; begin to give more water, and in a short time they will make a fresh start. As a general thing young plants are better than old ones.

Annuals Among Bulbs. It is not necessary to take up the bulbs from the beds where you desire to grow annuals this summer. You can stir the soil sufficiently to meet the requirements of the annuals without going deep enough to touch the bulbs. It would not be advisable to lift the bulbs as soon as they have done flowering, because they will not have completed their annual growth by that time. They should not be removed until their leaves turn yellow. That shows that growth is completed.

Callas. These favorite plants do best—with me, at least—when grown in ornamental pots. I give them excellent drainage to begin with, and a rich soil made up of loam and muck with a dash of sand in it. I allow all the offsets to grow, as a plant must have a good deal of foliage to be attractive. I water regularly and freely, but never use hot water. Once a week use fertilizer. The result of such treatment is: fine plants having leaves three feet high and dozens of them; and one plant in a twelve-inch pot has at this time three blossoms.

Seedlings in the House. In starting plants in the house from seed great care must be taken to prevent them from becoming weak and spindling. Unless a plant is strong and healthy when put in the ground it has a difficult time in getting established, and gets all cramped and stunted growing from seed sown directly in the open ground. To grow seedlings satisfactorily it is absolutely necessary to give them plenty of fresh air daily, only a moderate amount of water and heat, and not a very rich soil. Unless this treatment can be carried out it is not advisable to sow seed in the house.

Lilies. These should be planted in fall—in September, if you can procure the bulbs that early in the season, though they can be put out as late as November, and do very well in very cold climates, if covered deeply enough to prevent the soil from freezing and heaving. Spring is not a good time to plant them because bulbs available in spring have been kept out of the ground so long that they have parted with a large share of their vitality. Plant deep—at least eight inches. Many Lily bulbs are injured by the heaving action of frost, which breaks or loosens their roots. It is well to cover each plant with leaves or litter to the depth of a foot or more each fall. This prevents the disintegrating effect of frost on the soil to a great extent.

Rooting Cuttings of the Rubber Plant. While it is possible to root cuttings of this plant it is not an easy thing to do outside the greenhouse. Bottom layer is necessary, or something that takes up water. If you have no greenhouse facilities, and have cuttings you would like to make use of, insert them in shallow pans of sand, which should be kept moist and warm. In greenhouses Sphagnum Moss is used. You might try this plan: Make a cut about two-thirds through the branch just where you want to root and bind a bunch of Moss about it. Keep it wet at all times. Possibly roots may form, but in order to make reasonably sure of it it will be necessary for you to see that the Moss never gets dry. It is much better to buy young plants, however, as with these you will certainly have no difficulty.

Fuchsias. The Fuchsia is not a winter bloomer, as many seem to think. The space occupied in the window gardens by large plants might better be given up to other plants from which flowers may be expected. The best place for the Fuchsia after the end of the flowering season is in the cellar, where it should be kept very dry—so dry, in fact, that the old leaves fall off, the same as on all deciduous plants out-of-doors. In March bring the plants to the light, give water freely, and in a short time they will begin to "break"—that is, new branches will start on the old wood. Then they should be cut back at least two-thirds. It is well to report them as soon as they begin to grow, as this work done later might interfere with the development of the plants, which ought to go forward steadily. Anything that checks it temporarily is sure to injure them. Shower the plants freely, daily, and as soon as they begin to bloom give a weekly application of some good fertilizer. Be sure to water regularly. Never allow the soil in the pots to dry out. If it does the plants will be likely to drop their buds and often their leaves.

Plants for the Schoolroom should not be put in the ground in the summer, but kept in pots all the season. At the close of the school term cut them back severely. In fact, leave but little of the old plants. Have them kept in moist loam through the summer to prevent them from drying up. In fall remove as much of the old soil as you can without disturbing the roots, and give more water, and they will soon start into growth. In this way you avoid the usual discouragements against which plants that have been turned out of their pots have to struggle when it comes time to report them. If there are worms in the soil apply lime-water, using a piece of perfectly fresh lime as large as a teacup to a pailful of water. When the lime has dissolved pour off the clear water and apply enough of it to each plant to thoroughly saturate all the soil. Repeat if necessary. Shower the plants all over daily, if possible, and keep water constantly evaporating all about the rooms in which your plants are kept. Do not use any fertilizer until the plants begin to bloom, then apply once a week. A good vine for schoolroom purposes is Senecio Marcovianus, sometimes called German Ivy. It is not an Ivy, but gets its popular name because it has Ivy-shaped leaves. It is a vine of very rapid growth. Some good plants for the schoolroom windows are Aspidistra Variegata, Geraniums in variety, Abutilons, Cacti and—before much fire heat is used—Chrysanthemums.

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here only mentioned, but all fully described in our Manual of "Everything for the Garden" for 1898, which is sent free to all purchasers from this advertisement, whether they buy one packet of seeds or one plant, or whether they take advantage of our Grand Combination Offer (price \$2.50), which gives them one hundred and fifty-six opportunities to secure a part at least of over \$1000.00.

To all others this Manual, which costs us 30 cents to place in your hands, will be mailed free on receipt of 10 cents (in stamps) to cover postage, to which will be added our beautiful "Souvenir" Seed Collection, free, provided you state you saw our advertisement in this magazine.

\$1000.00 in Cash Premiums will be paid by Peter Henderson & Co. for best names for numbered novelties in Vegetable Seeds, Flower Seeds and Plants given on this page. For convenience, and to bring this novel feature more prominently before our patrons, we have detailed below such novelties as this season we send out under numbers. Full descriptions will be found of each in their proper departments in Manual mentioned above. It will be seen that we offer 156 premiums, which we consider a decided improvement over previous plans, for, if our customers wish, they now have an opportunity to contest (by buying the whole collection) for 156 premiums instead of one, as in the case of our already well-known Ponderosa Tomato and Prosperity Pea.

The 12 Numbered Novelties for which we will pay		For BEST NAME	For 12 Next Best	Total Amount
Bean No. 1.	Described on p. 18 of Manual, per packet,	25c.	\$25 00	\$5-\$60 \$85 00
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CONDITIONS:
The purchaser is entitled to suggest one name for each and every packet of seed or plant of the above nameless numbered novelties bought (except in the case of the Strawberry, where one coupon is sent with 3 plants). Each packet of seed will be sent out by us in a coupon envelope, and on each plant will be attached a similar coupon, on which the buyers are to write their post-office addresses and the name suggested for the novelty, and return to us not later than October 1, 1898. The money will be awarded in December, 1898, and the names of successful competitors will be published in our Manual for 1899. In event of two or more persons sending in the same winning name, the one received by us first will receive the money. All names sent in are to be our property, and will undoubtedly be used in naming other things in future years. The best way to remit is by Express Money Order, P. O. Money Order or Bank Draft. When more convenient, postage stamps or silver will be accepted.

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PROBLEMS OF YOUNG MEN

BY EDWARD W. BOK

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

How to Enter the Army. and all necessary details regarding it, will be treated in a special article in this department in an early issue of the JOURNAL.

The Ages of Husband and Wife. It is always better that the husband should be older than the wife, and up to a difference of fifteen years the seniority is none too great.

The Time in London, as compared with New York City, differs about five hours—that is, when it is noon in New York, it is within a few minutes of five o'clock in the afternoon in London.

Electrical Engineering, medicine, law and university professorships are all remunerative; no comparison as to the most remunerative can be given, since everything depends upon the man.

A Man's Working Years. A young man ought to be in his life trade or profession at his thirtieth year, and have secured some recognition in it. A man is said to have twenty years of actual working time: between his thirtieth and fiftieth years.

Politics and Business rarely, one night almost say never, go together. The one invariably interferes with the other. Eminent statesmen have repeatedly said that if they were given their lives to live over again they would attend strictly to their business, and let politics, as they are at present, alone.

The Salaries of Librarians vary according to the importance of the libraries and the qualifications of the librarian. The Librarian of Congress, for example, receives \$5000 per year; the librarian of the average-sized city library about \$1500 to \$2000 per year. Naturally, a thorough knowledge of books is a necessary qualification for a librarian.

Baggy Trousers may be prevented by frequent pressing, which you can do at home. Brush the trousers carefully first; lay them stretched at full length on an ironing-board, dampen with sprinkling of water or moist sponge, and iron them over a regular ironing-cloth. Always lay your trousers out at full length when you take them off; do not hang them unless you have stretchers.

Before Success is Possible a young man must accurately find out for himself for what trade or profession his special qualifications fit him best. Too many young men fail to do this, and you seem to be among this number. If your ambition is to be an orator, to fit yourself for a military life, or to become a good machinist, decide which of the three you actually want to be. Each will require special and separate abilities. At twenty you have ample time to consider exactly what you are best fitted for.

Constant Change is not a good thing for a young man: he is too apt to fit the appellation of "a rolling stone." According to your statements you have held six positions in different lines of business within five years. It seems to me that now you should know yourself well enough to fix upon some one profession or trade, and bend your energies to it, if you are ever to attain success. Concentration is a very great factor in success—one of the greatest, in fact—and it would seem to me that the cultivation of that element is what you need most just at this time.

The "Scorcher" Posture on the Wheel is conceded by all physicians to be extremely injurious. The chest is contracted by it, the lungs squeezed into a smaller space than they require, and as the air cannot properly dilate them consumptive tendencies are very much favored. Curvature of the spine is also invited by the bent-over position, which hardens what is called the cartilage. Not only is scorching against the law, but there is no position possible on the bicycle more conducive to spinal and lung troubles than the one assumed when "scorching."

A Proofreader's Duties consist in reading the printed proof, and seeing that the printed proof corresponds with the written manuscript. His chief requisites, therefore, are accuracy, a knowledge of typography and a quick eye to discover errors. In cases of incorrect grammar, or wrong construction, his duty is to question and call the writer's attention to them. For this reason he must be a good grammarian. A good education is absolutely necessary, since a proofreader's knowledge must, of necessity, be varied, considering the different subjects which his work touches upon.

Bookkeepers in Banks generally begin as what are known as "runners" in the office of a banker or broker. Their duties are to collect bills, drafts and checks. When competence at this is acquired, then is given some simple work in the bank. From that point a young man's success lies with himself to acquire experience to become assistant clerk, and so graduate through the various branches of clerical service in the bookkeeping department until he reaches the position of assistant or senior bookkeeper. Salaries in these positions vary with the importance of the banks.

Chances on the Klondike depend, as everything else does, on the young man who takes them. So far as the life is concerned, it has been clearly settled, I think, that it is one of hardship and deprivation. On general principles, however, it is safest to avoid the craze for what is called "getting rich fast." Men have, as it is termed, "struck it rich" in the Klondike gold fields, and there will be others, no doubt. But we hear of the fortunates only; the unfortunates are greater in number, and this truth must be borne in mind in a determination to seek a fortune in Alaska this spring.

Assaying is Learned at such a school of mines as is, for example, connected with Columbia University, in New York City. The instruction in assaying there is given during the first term, from October to February. The fee is fifty dollars, and there is an additional expense of about forty dollars for apparatus and supplies. Assayers usually commence after graduation at a salary of from forty to sixty dollars per month, in connection with some mine or works. Applications are generally made by such establishments to the officers of a school of mines, or to the editors of scientific papers, and any young man desirous of securing such a position should leave his address and his references at a school of mines, or with the editors of such journals.

A Young Man's Greatest Help. You tell me that many intellectual men around you believe that there is no God. That is no reason why you should get that notion. The man who says there is no God is either one of two things: a knave or a fool. Prove God to yourself. How? Make of Him a real being, a father, a personal God. Let Him come right into your very life, into your every day. Make Him an actual part of your every action, of your every thought. Feel that He is your God; just yours. That He knows, as He does and as He will soon make evident to you, every wish, every desire of your heart, every thought that comes to you. Go to Him as you would to a living father; talk to Him in quiet; tell Him your worries, your troubles, your aims, your hopes, your desires. Come close to Him. Before long, after He has shown you light a few times, after He has told you what to do when you did not know yourself, then you will find out for yourself whether there is a God or not. You will have no doubt of Him. He will be to you, as He is to thousands, a living Being, an actuality—One that you know almost as you do your own father, who lives his life before you.

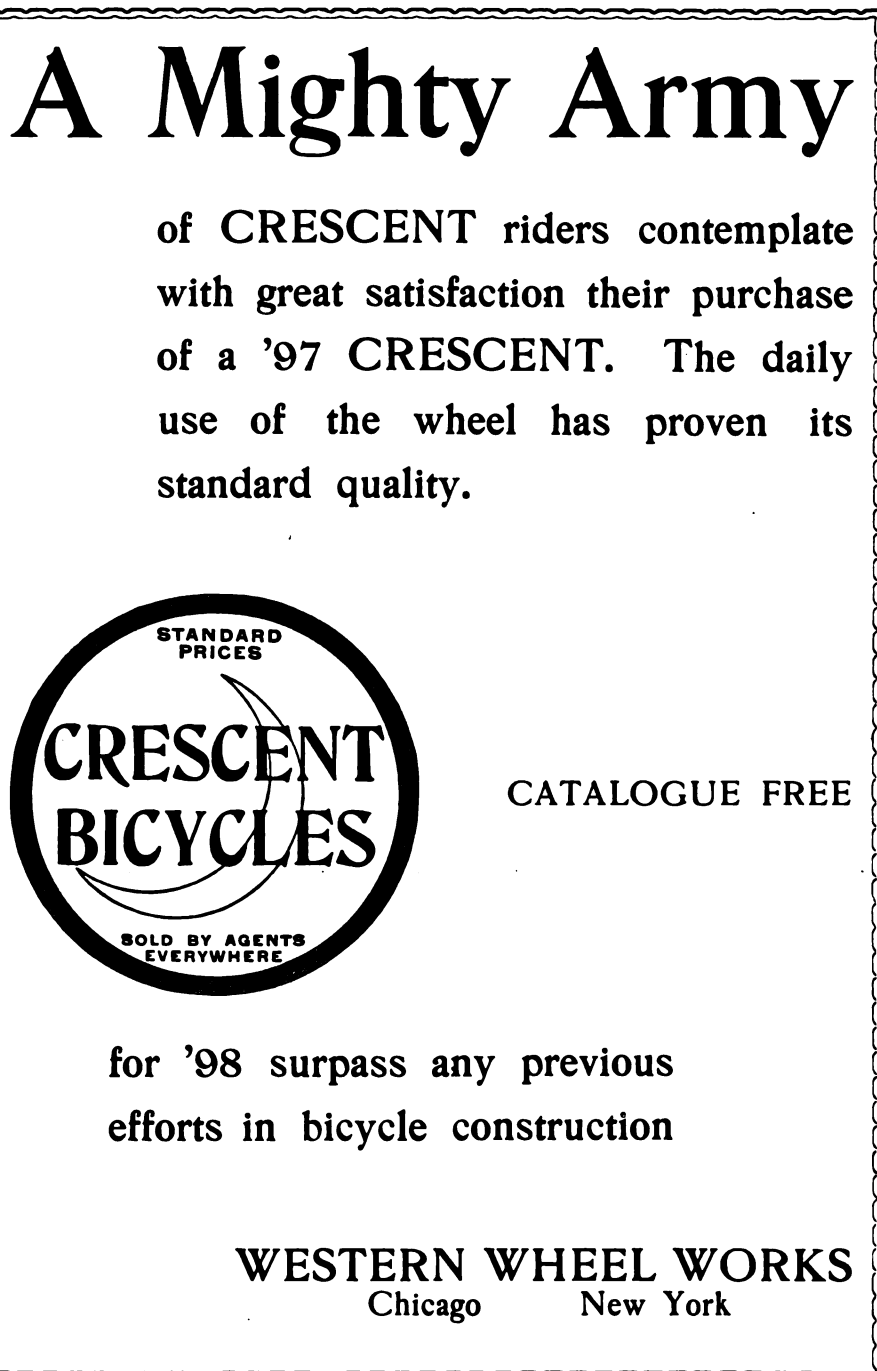
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SIDE-TALKS WITH GIRLS BY RUTH ASHMORE

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope, to Ruth Ashmore, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, will be answered by mail.

Linen Bedspreads, heavily embroidered and trimmed with fringe or coarse lace, are much used.

A Box of Bonbons. If a man caller brings you such a gift it is only necessary for you to thank him for them, and it is quite unnecessary for you to open the box while he remains.

A Good Furniture Polish is made of equal proportions of linseed oil and turpentine. Rub on with a flannel cloth and polish with a silk one, remembering to use plenty of elbow grease.

Addressing Young Men. It is always proper to address the men employed in the same office with you by the prefix "Mr." If you call one of them by his Christian name you give him the same privilege as far as you are concerned.

The Wedding Gown. If the afternoon wedding reception to which you have been invited is a full-dress one, you may with perfect propriety wear your wedding gown, provided it is high-necked, and that any flowers with which it was trimmed on your wedding day have been removed.

Questions of Etiquette. In any public hall, or church, or place of amusement, a gentleman takes the aisle seat and the lady is seated on the inside. It is not in good taste for a young woman to go sleighing, skating, or to any place of amusement with a gentleman who is only a slight acquaintance.

Colors for Elderly Ladies. In the years gone by all the dull colors were dedicated to elderly ladies, but we have changed all that nowadays, and if you find pale blue and white becoming to you there is no reason why you should not wear these lovely colors. The prettiest woman I know is a grandmother, and in the house she never wears anything but white.

Dinner Invitations. If invited to a six o'clock dinner, arrange to arrive at the home of your hostess at five minutes before six. Five minutes before the hour is proper when you are asked to a luncheon, dinner or any sit-down meal. The appearance of a guest a long time before the appointed time is an unwarranted intrusion on the time of the hostess.

Increasing One's Weight. It is said that "bones and a sweet temper never dwell under the same roof." Therefore, we must be amiable always if we wish to grow fat. Exercise regularly, but not too much. Eat plenty of good food, but do not overeat. It is most important that you should have plenty of bread, soup, tapioca, sago, rice, and all vegetables in which sugar and starch appear; while coffee, chocolate and milk must be taken as your digestion permits. I do not advise the eating of oatmeal, as it is very apt to make the complexion coarse.

Sunday Visits. No young man has any right to spend the entire afternoon and evening every Sunday at one special house to the annoyance of an entire family, who do not like to make him conscious of the fact that they consider him a bore, because he always behaves as though his society was a great pleasure. I should feel strongly tempted, if in your place, to have the ladies of the house, extended to him the next time he appears, for it is just as well for him to know that he has no right to wear out the patience and take up the time of people who are not interested in him nor his conversation.

In Engaging a Housekeeper most people choose a woman older than twenty-three years. A housekeeper is supposed to take all responsibilities from her mistress. She consults with her every morning in regard to the affairs of the house, does the buying, and once a week hands over her accounts in proper order for her mistress to see. She engages and discharges the servants, pays them their wages, and must see that each one does his or her work properly. Her duties are many, her responsibilities heavy. She is expected to know how to make the household go on oiled wheels, so that no one will be ever for a moment conscious of the intricate machinery underlying the good effect produced.

Care of the Complexion. One article on the care of the skin will, as you say, recommend hot water and soap; another will be horrified at the idea of soap, and discourage the use of anything but the coldest of water. The truth is that the skin must be catered to individually, and the special thought that is conceded to any other part of the body must be given to it. The treatment which is poison to one skin may be salvation to another. If hot water causes the face to flush and the skin to feel drawn, evidently water that barely has the chill taken off will be best suited to you. A good soap will not injure the most delicate skin, but a coarse soap will cut the skin, roughen it, and cause it, when it is very sensitive, to break out in objectionable red spots.

The Afternoon Tea. You can arrange to have your afternoon at home and to serve tea at a very slight expense. The simplest tea service only is necessary, care being taken, however, that the china is immaculate, that the glass glitters, and that the silver is bright. You will be saved much trouble if you ask a girl friend to preside at the table for you. Make it a special point to have the very best tea. Nowadays most people prefer for the afternoon either the fragrant Ceylon or a fine quality of India tea, English breakfast tea being considered rather heavy and the other teas affecting the nerves. With this, offer to your visitors thin sandwiches, having minced or potted meat spread between the carefully buttered bread, thin wafers, rich plum cake; or everything but the tea may be omitted if you choose to serve it regularly at five o'clock. When people discover that they can drop in on a certain day, or every day at a certain hour, and get a charming welcome and have a pleasant chat, they will soon speak of your house as the most delightful in town.

At Receptions or Teas it would be in better taste to call upon the ladies whom you wish to have receive with you rather than to write a formal note asking this favor, because during your visit you may explain just how large the reception will be, how elaborate your own costume, and whether one of the ladies will be expected to officiate at the tea-table or not. The guest of honor receives an invitation like that of any other guest when a tea, luncheon or dinner is given specially to her. The guest of honor at a tea would arrive a little earlier than the other visitors and remain somewhat later, but at a luncheon or dinner she would appear at the regulation time—that is, just a few minutes before the hour set. One would remove one's gloves at a luncheon, but the retaining of the hat is entirely a matter of personal taste. The usual form of invitation to a luncheon is:

MRS. JAMES BROWN requests the pleasure of your company at luncheon on Wednesday, April the sixth at one o'clock

Below this, to the right, would be the address and the date on which the invitation is written. Of course, a more informal affair would only call for a note written in the first person. It is not customary to give presents to the ladies who assist the hostess in receiving at an afternoon reception, but it is always a pretty courtesy to give flowers.

A Pleasant Sachet Powder is made of orris-root. I cannot answer questions on this page in regard to depilatories or hair dyes.

For a Bride who does not wish to carry a bouquet of flowers I would suggest in its place a white ivory prayer-book with a tiny cluster of orange blossoms tied on its upper side.

An Invitation to a Luncheon, issued some days before, makes it sufficiently formal to demand an after-call. After an "At Home" the hostess owes a visit to each lady who called upon her.

To Succeed as an Author you must send your story or book to a publisher, and get his opinion regarding it. The price paid a beginner for a story is usually small, and until some reputation is made very little money need be expected for literary work.

Portières of Silk Rags may have either a linen or silk warp, and be woven by almost any good carpet weaver. In cutting the strips the silk should be cut half an inch wide, and scraps of velvet, if used, should be cut a quarter of an inch wide.

At a Home Wedding the bride would enter the room on the arm of her father. With a short dress she would not wear a veil. The wearing of gloves at an informal wedding is entirely a matter of taste. Recently at several large weddings they were omitted by the entire bridal party.

During an Engagement it is not supposed that a young girl should refuse all courtesies from gentlemen, or that she should immerse herself like a nun; but she is expected to show proper respect to the wishes of her betrothed, and not to make herself conspicuous by being seen alone in public with other men.

A Widow wears deep mourning for one year. At the end of that time she shortens her veil and wears it for six months longer, and then she puts on a net veil trimmed with crape. After two years have elapsed she lays aside crape and assumes plain black; after that she may wear colors if she wishes.

For Brittle Nails I would suggest that you apply, every night before going to bed, a good cold cream, rubbing it well into the nails so that it is absorbed. Then for a month visit a manure once a week, going to some one who thoroughly understands the treatment necessary for nails in the brittle condition that yours are. Extreme brittleness sometimes comes from washing the hands too often, and it would be well for you to consider if this is the cause of the present condition of your nails.

For Ordinary Correspondence note paper having the address neatly stamped at the top of the first page is the most desirable, because sometimes in these days of hurried writing, people forget to put the address clearly, therefore to have it at the top of the page is much to be preferred to the monogram or crest for ordinary note paper. A delicate shade of blue or a pale gray note paper is permissible, but one should never make the mistake of choosing plain white unruled paper for general correspondence.

A Question of Taste. Personally, I prefer "mother" and "father" to "mamma" and "papa," but if you think that they sound harsh from the lips of the young child, and wish your little daughter to say "mamma" and "papa," at least teach her to pronounce the words properly, even if you should dread being called affected; and do not let her say "momma" and "poppa." I would not advise simply teaching the child to say "yes" and "no," for it is most courteous for her to say: "Yes, mother" and "No, Mr. Brown."

When a Governess is simply engaged to teach, of course her duties are simple, but in most instances she is expected not only to teach her pupils, but to be with them and act as their companion at all hours. If they have masters from outside who teach them music, drawing, etc., the governess remains in the room while the lessons are going on, acting as chaperon and seeing that due respect is shown to the teacher. She criticises the behavior of her pupils at the table, corrects their improper methods of speaking, and shows the younger ones how to manage their knives and forks. Her duties are many and onerous, and her pay seldom large. The outdoor teacher has fewer responsibilities and is much more independent than the governess.

Dinner Invitations. When a very large dinner party is to be given the invitations should be issued at least two weeks in advance, and if some very celebrated people are to be invited twenty-one days should elapse between sending out the invitations and the day of the function. For a small affair ten days' notice is sufficient. Invitations to large teas should be sent out fourteen days in advance, but for small ones a week's notice is sufficient. A good hostess remembers always that her husband must take out to dinner that lady who is most important, or to whom she wishes to show greatest honor. A lady takes a gentleman's right arm in going to the table and sits on his right. It is said if gentlemen will look at their host, and ladies at their hostess upon entering the dining-room and watch their eyes there will never be any doubt as to where they are to sit at the table.

Care of the Teeth. I would advise your using warm water for cleansing your teeth and rinsing your mouth, as cold water is apt to shock the teeth and injure the enamel. Two or three times a week it is well to brush the teeth with soap—this, of course, not interfering with the daily cleansing. Be sure to use a pure soap. Do not brush your teeth for too long a time, and be careful that you brush them inside as well as outside. A powder recommended for soft gums is the following: Peruvian bark, fifteen grammes; powdered ratanhia, six grammes; chlorate of potassium, five grammes. Mix these powders well so that they form one, and rub the gums with it three or four times daily. Lemon juice is said to be good for soft gums where there is ulceration, but in applying this be careful not to get it on the teeth. Be careful not to drink anything very cold after drinking or eating anything very hot, and never, under any circumstances, touch your teeth with a pin or any metallic instrument. A preparation recommended by a well-known dentist is composed of thymol, twenty centigrammes; benzoic acid, two grammes, fifty centigrammes; tincture of eucalyptus, three grammes; water, three hundred and fifty grammes; shake the bottle well, and just before going to bed rinse the mouth thoroughly with this. There is no doubt about it that nothing will whiten the teeth so thoroughly and give such a delightful taste in the mouth as a fresh strawberry, and from the time they appear in the spring until they have said their good-by every woman should use one instead of, or in connection with, her favorite dentifrice. The strawberry is rubbed over the teeth until it is entirely crushed, and then the mouth is rinsed with tepid water so that none of the tiny seeds get between the teeth. For an invalid there is absolutely nothing more refreshing than this strawberry mouth-wash. In buying a toothbrush, do not choose one which is too large, and which will not get into every part of the mouth and permit you to brush your teeth up, down and around. Brushes are now cut in such a way that they reach to all parts of the teeth; the old-fashioned straight-cut bristles are comparatively little used.

A Generous Offer TO THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union and its Friends

Organization details for the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, including officers like Frances E. Willard and Helen M. Barker, and the date Feb. 14, 1898.

TO OUR FRIENDS: We have accepted the very generous proposition, made by the Rumford Chemical Works, for adding to the revenue of the W. C. T. U. by increasing the sale of the Rumford Baking Powder, as described below: For every label from the cover of the above baking powder cans, of the half-pound size and larger, that we return to the Works through this office during the year ending February 4, 1899, they will pay us at the rate of five (5) cents per pound of powder represented by the labels.

The following letter from a prominent physician and a friend of the W. C. T. U. explains itself: Chicago, February 7, 1898. Mrs. Helen M. Barker, Treas. W. C. T. U. The Temple, Chicago. Dear Madam:—Knowing of your plan of raising money for the W. C. T. U. in a thoroughly business way, without resorting to the usual method of begging, I desire to show my appreciation of that plan, and at the same time help increase your receipts, by donating \$105, subject to your order and demand, to be distributed in the following manner: To the lady sending you the largest number of Rumford's Baking Powder labels during 1898 I will give \$50 in gold; to the second largest number, \$25; to the third, \$15; to the fourth, \$10; and to the fifth, \$5. Wishing you the greatest success in this new undertaking, I am Very truly yours, Dr. Paul E. Fountain.

A prominent business man, hearing of the above offer, has placed in my hands another \$105, to be distributed as follows: to the local Union whose members send in the largest number of labels, \$50 in gold; to the second largest number, \$25; to the third, \$15; to the fourth, \$10; and to the fifth, \$5. Labels from ladies competing for the prizes in first offer will not be included in the second. I have these two checks in my possession to fulfill the above promises, and I will see that these premiums are paid in gold. Many other prominent business and professional men have expressed their hearty approval of this plan.

Open the can as usual, using a sharp-pointed knife for cutting the label to avoid tearing. Send only that portion of the label that is around the cover on which is printed "Half-pound," "One pound," "Three pounds" or "Five pounds." Insert the knife under the label, cutting it once, and peel the label from the cover. If the label is not easily removed, place the cover in boiling water a few minutes to loosen the label. Be very careful to wipe the cover perfectly dry before replacing it on the can, as moisture will spoil any baking powder. Send all labels to me. Enclose with each package of labels a slip giving name and address of sender so that proper credit may be given to each local Union and to those who compete for prizes.

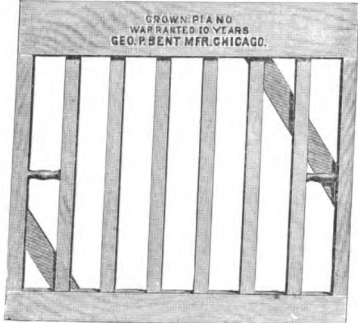
Handwritten signatures of Helen M. Barker, Treasurer, and Katharine L. Stevenson, Cor. Sec'y, The Temple, Chicago.

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MUSICAL HELPS AND HINTS

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

Giroffé-Giroffa should be pronounced Zhir-oh-flay, Zhir-oh-flah, not with the G hard.

Tchaikowsky, the Russian composer, died on November 7, 1893, at Saint Petersburg.

The Funeral March in Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony is written in the key of C minor.

Piano Pedals. If your piano pedals squeak you should consult a piano repairer or tuner at once.

Study with a Competent Teacher is the only way by which one can strengthen and develop the singing voice. Other means must work harm.

Simple Sonatas. Beethoven wrote three very simple sonatas—one in C major, one in G major, and the third in F major, which beginners for the piano might profitably study.

Emanuel Chabrier, whose "España" rhapsody for orchestra received public performance in America during the winter of 1897, died in Paris on September 16, 1894, aged fifty-three years.

Piano Instruction Books. Kohler's books, Opus 190 and Opus 288, and Czerny's "One Hundred Progressive Studies" and his Opus 453 book are excellent first books of instruction for piano students.

Simple Violin Solos. The following are simple violin solos with piano accompaniment: "March," "Romance" and "Rondo"—Gottz; "Chansonnette Tyrolienne"—Mazos; "Reverie"—Schumann.

David Bispham made his London debut as a member of the Royal English Opera Company on November 3, 1893, in Messiaen's "La Rossette," in which he took the part of the Duc de Longueville.

The Kneisel Quartette is composed of Franz Kneisel, first violin; Otto Roth, second violin; Louis Svecensky, viola; and Alwin Schraeder, cello. The name Kneisel is pronounced with the "K" sounded.

Musical Terms. *Velocé* means "rapid, swift." *Una corda* means "with the soft pedal." *Leggiero*, "light, easy." *Scherzo*, the movement of a sonata which is of a playful, sportive character; it is usually in the form of a minuet and trio.

Male Quartettes. When playing the voice parts of a male quartette the two upper parts should be played an octave lower than written (when these are written in the treble) in order to secure an effect similar to that produced by the quartette of male voices.

Harmony.—There are many excellent works on harmony. One of the simplest and best is "Harmony," by Hugh A. Clarke. "Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians," although an expensive book, is one of the most complete and accurate works of the kind published.

For Cello and Organ. "Arioso," by C. Hullweck, and "Devotion," by G. Werkel, are two compositions written for cello and organ. It should be possible to change the piano accompaniment of some of the well-known cello solos to an organ accompaniment, and thus secure a list from which to select.

Mandolin Selections. The following are pleasing and popular: Perent—"American Club Footstep"; Hague—"Fin de Siècle Dance" and "Nonpareil Waltz"; Eno—"Torador Dance"; Harris—"Ideal March"; Weaver—"Ghost's Patrol," and "La Mandolin Schottische," by the same composer.

"Tannhauser" Overture. It was François Joseph Fetis, the French musical critic, who said of the "Tannhauser" overture when that opera was first produced, "Beyond a poor, ill-harmonized choral tune, the object of which is to recall the style of the thirteenth century, there is not a single spark of melody in the whole composition."

An Ordinary Tenor Voice ranges from about A natural in the bass clef to the A or B above middle C. The word is derived from the Latin *tenor*, hold, the tenor being the voice that in early times was given the melody to hold or sustain against the accompaniment of other voices. A tenor is judged more by the quality than the range of his voice.

Piano Compositions. The following is a list of piano compositions of medium ease about third grade: "Minuet—A l'Antique"—Pazurwski; "Bourrée Moderne"—Tours; "Second Mazurka"—Opus 54—Godard; "Bat Waltz"—Stamat; "Dance by Lesson"—Sternberg; "Dialogue"—Tschaiikowsky; "Airs de Ballet"—No. 1 and No. 5—Chaminade.

"The Rakoczy March" is the most famous of the Hungarian National airs. Its public performance has often been forbidden in the Austrian Empire because of its revolutionary associations, it being supposed that it was written by Rakoczy Ferencz, a Transylvania Prince who made an unsuccessful attempt to withstand the power of Austria about the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The Third Pedal, usually placed in grand pianos, is a pedal for prolonging the tone. Its object is to permit certain selected notes to vibrate while the rest are immediately damped. It was first invented at London in 1862, and was invented by Nortal, a blind French piano-maker. He invented also a pedal of expression, which diminishes the range of the hammers instead of shifting them. This pedal is also used by some makers.

Diet for Singers. The basis of all the remarks on what constitutes a proper diet for singers is that such things only shall be eaten as will not interfere with digestion, and in that way affect the voice. Many sore throats are traceable to a disordered digestion, so close is the relation between stomach and throat. Therefore the common-sense diet of a singer consists of such foods as will agree with him or her. On general principles all ices and fried foods should be avoided.

Age for Piano Study. The earliest age, after five or six years, at which one can commence the study of any musical instrument, piano or otherwise, is the best age, as the muscles of the hands and arms are then more pliable and more easily directed. But one may commence the study of any instrument. But any age, and, given the will to succeed, application, practice, intelligence, and a good instructor, much may be accomplished. Unless a pupil possessed unusual ability she would not be able to play solos with any skill at the end of one year's study.

Obtaining a Position as Teacher in a musical conservatory would depend upon two things: the rank and standard of the institution, and the position applied for. A teacher of piano, violin, voice culture, etc., would be required to give satisfactory evidence of her complete knowledge of the rudiments and technique of the subject she proposes to teach, and should have, also, some knowledge of harmony, thorough-bass, counterpoint and composition. She should be able to answer intelligently any reasonable questions on the above subjects or in the special line of work she desires to undertake.

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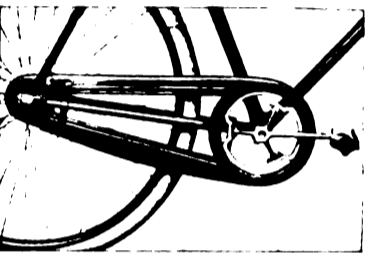
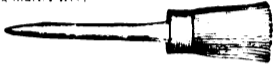
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ART HELPS FOR ART WORKERS

BY EMMA HAYWOOD

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

China-Painting handbooks are of little use unless one has some practical knowledge of the art.

White Crayons should be bought of a reliable maker, otherwise they are apt to change color.

Colored Studies, suitable for art students to copy, can be rented by the week at most of the leading stores for artists' materials.

Gas Kilns for firing china are largely advertised. Write to the different firms for a prospectus, then choose the one best suited to your needs.

Body Color in water-color is composed of Chinese white mixed with or laid under it; this makes the color opaque. Wash drawings are usually transparent, but sometimes in the half tones body color is introduced with good effect.

To Prime Canvas. This should not be attempted by an amateur; it is scarcely worth while in any case to attempt it, for canvas either half or fully primed can be bought at any store where artists' materials are sold, to suit any kind of work.

To Paint Oranges in oils set your palette with raw umber, raw sienna, burnt sienna, pale lemon yellow, orange and light cadmium, rose madder and ivory black. With these colors rich, clear tones are obtainable for oranges of all varieties.

Packing Oil Paintings is a simple process. Place at the corners pieces of cork secured by needle points, then pack as you would any other picture. When pictures are very valuable they should be trusted only to an experienced packer.

Blenders for Oils should be used sparingly; they are useful for softening the hard edges of objects into the background, but the constant use of a blender is apt to muddle up the tints, spoiling the crispness necessary to really artistic work.

Perspective. Any book on the subject will give the recognized rules, with examples for working them out, but the best method of learning is from practical lessons, being careful to master each one thoroughly by means of constant practice.

Gilt Frames that are soiled with fly spots should not be washed with soap and water unless the gilding has been varnished, which is seldom the case; even then it is better to omit the soap. Regilding is the only remedy for soiled frames, gilded in the legitimate way with gold leaf.

Illustrations drawn in pen and ink are always better for reproduction by being made larger than the intended size of the plate. There is no arbitrary rule as to the exact relative proportions, but when the work is to be greatly reduced care must be taken to keep the shading lines very open.

To Remove Paint that has dried on the canvas, scraping will avail where the pigment is laid on thickly. Sometimes to make corrections it is a good plan first to scrape down the paint. It does not answer to paint a new picture over an old one, for in the attempt to be economical both texture and transparency are sacrificed.

Sepia Studies in water-color are wash drawings made with sepia and water only. Ask for warm sepia; it gives the reddish tone generally preferred. For all wash drawings it is essential to paint with a full brush; otherwise, it is impossible to secure transparent shadows. Never put on a second wash until the first is thoroughly dry.

China for Table. It is not necessary to keep to one flower, or even to one color, in painting a set of china for the table; on the contrary, variety is more pleasing. All single flowers come out well, more especially the wild rose, violet, apple blossom, forget-me-not, pansy and others of a similar character. The more simple the design, the better.

Paste for Photographs need not be an expensive item, for nothing answers the purpose better than ordinary starch paste. This should be mixed with cold water; then, after adding boiling water, it should be allowed to boil up for two or three minutes, stirring all the time. When cold it is ready for use. It should be made as thick as a soft jelly.

Gold for China is prepared in powder, also on glass slabs ready for use. With the addition of a little fat oil and turpentine it is mixed to the consistency of cream, and applied with a camel-hair brush as evenly as possible, so long as the white china is hidden. That is all that is necessary to success. If put on too thickly the gold will blister in the firing, and peel off.

Miniatures on ivory are invariably executed in water-colors. A very little gum water made from the best gum-arabic is occasionally added to the color in use, especially to give depth to the shadows, but an excessive use of it will cause the paint to crack and peel off. The ivory should be cut out to the shape required, and laid down on thin cardboard before beginning the work.

A Palette for Lilacs in oils may be set as follows: Antwerp blue, crimson lake, flake white, ivory black and raw umber. By mixing the three first-named colors in different proportions any shade of light or deep mauve or violet can be obtained. The raw umber is needed to emphasize the shadows; the ivory black is useful as a glaze in parts where a lower tone is so often called for.

Firing China may be done at home only by the aid of a properly made kiln. Gas kilns are the most popular because they give the least trouble. They are made in several sizes. The price, which is not at all exorbitant, varies according to the size. China can only be fired properly at white heat; nothing less will fuse the glaze so that it will absorb the color permanently and thoroughly.

Raised Gold. The paste for this purpose usually comes in powder. It should be mixed with fat oil and spirits of turpentine to the consistency of cream. It has to be remixed at short intervals, as the moisture evaporates quickly. It is laid on with a fine tracing-brush, and requires practice to keep the raised outlines even on the china. The paste must in all cases be fired before the gold is applied.

In China Painting it is better not to mix the colors much on the palette. A beginner should use as few colors as possible. The paint must be laid on thinly, and as evenly as possible. It should not be retouched until thoroughly dry. For lilacs take dark and light violet of gold, add to each a very little deep blue green; this mixture will serve equally well for violets, pansies or any other purple flower. Purple No. 2 and ultramarine blue mixed will also produce good shades of violet.

Royal Worcester tint is frequently designated as "vellum." It is prepared sometimes in a moist state, and is, perhaps, easier to manage in this form than in powder, but even so it will need grinding down with a little more tinting oil to thin it sufficiently for use. Turpentine, fat oil and balsam copaiba mixed make a good medium. The tint is applied with a broad, flat brush, then evened with a pouncer made of cottonwood, tied up somewhat loosely in a piece of fine old linen or silk.



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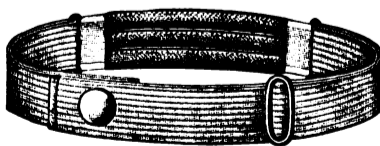


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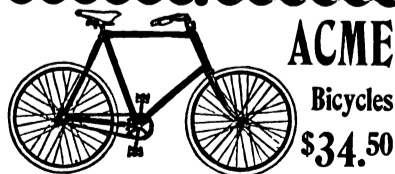
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For men and women, retains its elasticity; absolutely sustains the stocking; is adjustable, and don't bind the leg. Of dealers, or by mail on receipt of price.

SILK (black, blue, orange, pink, scarlet and tan), 35 cts. COTTON (black only), 25 cts.

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ACME Bicycles \$34.50

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Same grade as agents sell for \$75. We have no agents, but sell direct to the rider at manufacturers' prices, saving agents' profits. Eight elegant models. Best quality material, superbly finished, your choice of equipment. Every Acme guaranteed against accidents as well as defects.

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afford all the pleasure and exercise of bicycling without the nervous strain and danger. You cannot fall, and you stop when you want to. No instruction necessary. Our '98 Model weighs only 32 pounds.

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This fine gown, made of first-rate cotton, which will launder and do up well. Trimmed with fine cambric embroidery. Semi-Empire front. Extra full and long. Good enough for any one. Money refunded if not as represented.

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Delivered to any address. We could not afford to make this price if we did not expect this garment would make many permanent customers for the "CHIC" Muslin Underwear.

We issue a very artistic catalogue and price list of the "CHIC" underwear, profusely illustrated with half-tone pictures. We don't want to force it on any one—but will gladly send it to any one sufficiently interested to send a 2-cent stamp for postage. Ask your dealer to show you the "CHIC" brand.

WHITALL MFG. COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

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Who desires to dress well at a moderate cost should have our beautifully illustrated Spring and Summer Fashion Catalogue No. 27. It is the most artistic catalogue ever issued, and is FREE FOR THE ASKING. Everything new in Ladies' Street and Bicycle Suits, Walking Skirts, Silk Waists, Capes and Millinery is shown therein.

Send us \$1.00 and we will forward one of these beautiful Silk Skirts for examination. If the garment is satisfactory and the greatest value ever offered, pay the express agent \$3.75 and the charges and it is yours. When ordering give waist measure and length in back and front.

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all patterns used. Sent for price. Full directions and facts stated. A baby-stocking pattern sent with each set.

COMBINATION PATTERN CO., 14 Poulitney, Vt.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

Corsets. A person with a twenty-four-inch waist would wear a twenty-one-inch corset.

Piqué and Linen Skirts should have a mohair dress braid run along the under side so that the edge will project below the skirt.

A White Cashmere Frock may be remade with collar and belt of colored velvet, or ribbon and yoke of white chiffon shirred above the low-cut neck.

Wrinkled Shoulder Seams come from several causes. In basting the shoulder seams, hold the back to you and stretch the front seam as you go along, always basting smoothly.

Bridal Costumes. When a traveling costume is worn by a bride, the bridesmaids should wear street gowns of wool. White organdy gowns may be worn when the bride wears a white toilet.

A Widow's Veil is worn over the face for six months, and may then be thrown back and a Brussels net veil edged with crape worn over the face, while the long one is pinned back in folds.

Frocks for Children, made of China silk or taffeta, if simply made, are permissible. Lace and ribbons are the trimmings used, and the little dresses are worn to weddings, home entertainments, etc.

The New Collar is merely a plain band sloped down on the lower edge of the centre front. Some are trimmed with revers turned over the top, others have a small lace frill across the back, but this is much narrower than it has been.

The New Sleeves have a slight puff at the top which is cut in one piece with the remainder of the sleeve; they are decidedly snug in fit. The epaulette effect is going out of fashion; the wrists are still finished with the becoming frill of lace.

Startling Changes never occur in a day, and you do wrong to worry over the dresses you are now making. This season there are several minor changes in the fashions, but they have not jumped to tight sleeves and bell skirts, nor will they.

Skirt Quantities. These differ according to the style, width, and wearer's height. The ordinary spring skirt of five gores, four yards wide and forty inches long, requires in twenty-inch goods seven yards, and five yards of forty-inch, as the length must be had even though many pieces are left.

Elderly Ladies wear all of the prevailing dark colors and many not so sombre, as bright purple and brown, all grays, black and white, deep red, and navy blue. With a full chin you naturally object to tying your bonnet strings in a bow; why not loosely lap them together and fasten them with a tiny pin?

Kid Gloves come in white, pearl, mode, gray, tan and brown shades. The extreme novelties are green and purple. Those of glacé or dressed kid are preferred with hooks, large pearl buttons or snap fastenings. You can tighten or loosen the hooks according to the size of the wrist. A heavier glove is the piqué for wearing with tailor-made gowns.

Plaid Goods for the Spring are chiefly restricted to silk waists, gingham gowns and waists, and may be made up straight or bias; in either case the lines must be matched. Some of the prettiest waists have a straight yoke back and front, and the sleeves and loose fronts cut on the bias; others have the yoke and centre box-pleat bias and the rest straight.

A Riding Habit to wear in the country requires a material that will shed the dust and clean easily; therefore I can only recommend a medium weight of nun's serge in black. With it should be worn a derby hat. A park habit is entirely out of place in a mountainous country. Six yards of material fifty-four inches wide will make a riding habit of three pieces.

Stiff Skirt Facings must be turned up on the lower edge with the outside and lining fabrics. After the bias velveteen is stitched on, baste this extra length up and press it with a warm iron; baste the velveteen binding twice, as it must set perfectly smooth and just show beneath the skirt edge; hem it down with long stitches under and short ones over, and do not catch any material but the lining.

Silk Dresses. Wrinkled silk is difficult to handle. Dyers will remove the wrinkles by redressing the material, but this cannot be done at home. Ashes of roses silk may be combined with white chiffon for a vest, with white lace for collar and wrists, green velvet for a high collar, broad, folded belt and tiny jacket fronts. Then of the silk make coat sleeves with a short shoulder puff, round waist, and a six-gored skirt four yards and a half wide.

Shirt-Waists made of wash silk, taffeta or foulard wear well, and are quite cool if lined with grass linen. With the small sleeves now in vogue four yards of goods from twenty-two to thirty inches in width will be sufficient, but this presupposes careful cutting. A shirt-waist made of cashmere is very useful for spring wear. Two yards of material are required. Select red, navy, violet, Russian green, golden brown or black, and trim with gilt buttons in the centre plait and on the cuffs.

Making Cotton Gowns. The new gingham gowns are made with shirt-waists and gored skirts; pique and duck call for a jacket and skirt or blouse. Dotted swiss and organdy are made to be worn over a colored lawn or silk lining, a high-necked, long-sleeved princess slip, and also have a gored skirt and round waist. The Spanish flounce effect, with lace inserting above the hem, is suitable for these materials. Long ribbon sashes will be worn from a buckle, rosette, or short, square bow and belt. All transparent effects are popular.

The Blouse Bodice is a prominent style for the spring, but it has changed from the baggy affair first introduced. Now the back is close-fitting, having a centre seam, and the fronts, though without darts, have a few gathers at each side and do not hang over the belt. The upper part is trimmed with a yoke opened to admit of contrasting V, or the fullness is lapped in supple style, with collar and yoke of a second material. If there is a basque piece it is either put on flat or with only a slight fullness. The lining is seamed and bound as usual with the blouse.

Large Women should not select the bavardère gowns in broad stripes, but, instead, the fine poplin weaves in dark or neutral shades and trimmed in lengthwise effects. Stout women should have the front seams of their dresses outlined with narrow silk cord passementerie, and their skirts cut with seven gores. A waist made with a fitted back, loose, but not baggy, front, and plainly fitted basque piece under a narrow belt of folded black satin, collar of the satin to match the trimming, small yoke of white satin covered with lace and continuing down the centre front as a narrow vest; four pointed tabs of black satin turned back from each front edge and held by a steel button will be suitable for a large woman. Black and white combinations are always becoming to unusual figures.



SWIFT AND COMPANY, of Chicago, have solved the problem of raising money for the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Every woman in America who has at heart the interests of this Union can help, yet serve herself even better than she serves the Union.

Swift and Company—the makers of Wool Soap—have promised to pay to the Treasurer of the National W. C. T. U. one cent for every Wool Soap wrapper returned to them before January 1, 1899.

That means that if each member of this Union used but one bar per week, the Union would receive \$2000 weekly. If each member induced one friend to use it, and secured the wrappers, it would bring the Union \$2000 more per week.

The possibilities of the offer are unlimited. The revenue is sure. A united interest, and a slight individual effort, can raise for this grand organization \$150,000.

This is what the National Treasurer writes to you:

For God and Home and Every Land. NATIONAL Woman's Christian Temperance Union. PRESIDENT FRANCES E. WILLARD. VICE-PRESIDENT AT LARGE LILLIAN M. STEVENS. CORRESPONDING SECRETARY KATHARINE LESTER STEVENSON. RECORDING SECRETARY CLARA C. HOFFMAN. ASSISTANT RECORDING SECRETARY FRANCES E. BEAUCHAMP. TREASURER HELEN M. BARKER. CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A., Dec. 1, 1897.

Dear Sister:

We have made arrangements with Swift and Company for the sale of Wool Soap, and if we can enlist our women and their friends to buy this soap during the next year, and send the wrappers to us, we can gather in many dollars for our work.

1st. The soap is an excellent article, and every woman will be benefited by using it.

2nd. Swift and Company are a perfectly reliable firm, and will keep all their promises.

3rd. Here is a simple way in which every woman can strengthen the State and National without any financial loss to herself. Please bring this matter before your local Union, and ask every member to buy this soap and enlist every other woman to do the same. Appoint some faithful, earnest woman to look after the matter, and gather up the wrappers and send monthly to me.

To the woman sending in the largest number of wrappers during the year we will give, as a prize, Miss Willard's "Glimpses"; to the one sending the next largest number, "A Great Mother"; to the one sending the largest number from EACH STATE, we will give a badge or button with a beautiful portrait of Miss Willard. May we count upon your doing this work thoroughly and systematically?

This firm will give the National one cent for each wrapper. These are all to be sent to Mrs. Helen M. Barker, The Temple, Chicago. An account will be strictly kept with each State, and 30 per cent. of all receipts will be sent by the National Treasurer back to the State Treasurer. If the grocers of your town do not now keep this excellent soap, go to them and tell them that nearly all the women are going to want this soap, and ask them to order it at once from their jobber.

The General Officers and nearly every State President heartily endorse the plan, your own State President among the number. The success of this plan will depend upon the earnestness with which you take it up, and talk it up, and follow it up, and keep it up.

Money is needed by State and National for literature, for organization, for pushing the work. Thousands of dollars will come into our treasuries, my sisters, if we will all say a good word for Wool Soap, and keep saying it. Be careful not to forget to save and send the wrappers. Go to work at once. Send a slip giving name and address in full, of sender, with each package of wrappers, so that proper credit may be given to each State and to those who compete for prizes.

Looking for the welcome packages of wrappers, I am, Yours for Wool Soap that will cleanse our ways and make the wheels run smoothly.

Helen M. Barker, Treasurer.

P. S.—If your dealer refuses to put Wool Soap in stock, please send his name and address to Swift and Company, Chicago, Illinois, and we will arrange to have you supplied.

Not Alone For Wool

Wool Soap is the only soap that will not shrink wool. It made its fame as a wool soap, and thousands of homes use it only for woollens. That is a mistake. They get but a tenth of its value.

For woollens you must use it, else spoil your garment. But in washing the skin, or dainty fabrics, you need it even more.

Wool Soap is not a peculiar soap. It is a white, floating soap, resembling all white soaps. But test it and you note the difference. Wool Soap won't shrink wool. That shows its absolute purity—its absolute freedom from alkali.

Don't use in your toilet and bath what you dare not use on wool.

These Babies

Are on every wrapper of genuine Wool Soap. Save them.

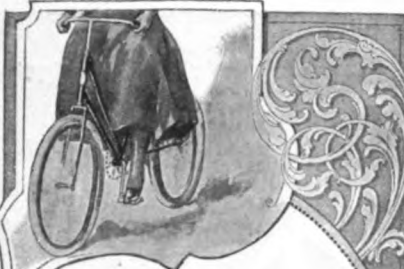
Use the soap, and you'll find it a luxury that you will never again go without.

Send the wrappers to the Treasurer of the National W. C. T. U., and each will bring a cent to the Union that stands "For God and home and every land."

WOOL SOAP IT SWIMS



My MAMA USED WOOL SOAP I WISH MINE HAD



The Daintiest Maid

that ever rode a wheel need not fear to use Dixon's Graphitoleo. It isn't a grease; doesn't hold dirt, and it takes so little to lubricate the chain, soiled clothing will not result from its use.

DIXON'S GRAPHITOLEO is put up in tubes (handy for tool bags) and is the most effective lubricant it's possible to make. Not only lubricates the chain but also the pivots and pins. Every crevice is reached with Graphitoleo. Sample tube mailed for 15 cents. Dixon's Cycle Graphite No. 691 in sticks, 15 cents per stick.

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Jersey City, N. J.



THE Chicago Waist

Has a new feature. It will make it still more popular among American women. This new feature is a hose-supporter attachment as shown in cut. It will be appreciated by every woman who is tired of pinning and unpinning hose supporters.

The Most Popular Corset in America

Made from fine sateen, fast black, white or drab; clasp or button front, sizes 18 to 30 waist measure. Ask your dealer for the G-D CHICAGO WAIST. If he hasn't it, send \$1.00, mentioning color and size desired, and we will send you one prepaid.

GAGE-DOWNS COMPANY
CHICAGO, ILL.

Price \$1.00

NO COTTON FILLING IN CORD, SOLID MOHAIR



Texola

Woven Cable Edge SKIRT BINDING

(United States and Foreign Patents)



Texola is an Edging that is Ornamental, Clean and Durable. TRY IT. At all Dry Goods Stores, or write to

SCHAEFER & SCHLEGEL
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



"A cent spent in answering an advertisement is frequently an investment leading to great benefit."

"It Cannot Break at the Waist"

CRESCO

Disconnected in front at Waist Line and with Hip Lacing

which combined make it fit any figure perfectly with entire comfort, and render the usual breaking at the waist line and hip impossible.

There is nothing in Corsetdom to compare with it

Ask your dealer for a Cresco, or we will send a long, short or medium waist as desired in white or drab, on receipt of price, \$1, postpaid.

MICHIGAN CORSET CO., Jackson, Mich.

OH! ILLUSTRATED Circular FREE, descriptive of the best LADIES' TAILORING SYSTEM on earth. Rood Magic Scale Co., Chicago, Ill.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

BY EMMA M. HOOPER

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

Small Pattern Silks may be worn by large women provided the skirts are made without trimming of any sort.

Baby Girls of three years wear white cambric dresses through the winter, with amply warm flannels and very heavy outdoor coats.

Shaped Facings of haircloth, cut exactly after the patterns of the bottom of the skirt, set better than those simply cut crosswise of the goods.

Ribbon Garnitures are very stylish, and one of the latest ideas is a belt and collar of striped or checked black and white ribbon having a red, green, pink or blue satin border.

Black Satin Skirts, made from satin costing a dollar and fifty cents a yard, are in good style for dress skirts. For a person of ordinary height eight yards of the satin would be required.

Military Suits are for boys of four to twelve years. They are of dark blue or bluish-gray cloth, or lighter blue doeskin, with brass buttons and braided ornaments such as an officer wears.

The Fashionable Colors are all shades of red, browns, blues, greens and blacks. The colors preferred for evening wear are geranium and rose pink, light yellow, mauve, violet and cream, also white, which is more popular than ever.

Maternity Gowns have a drawing-string at the back to the middle of the first side gore; the front gore is cut twenty-two inches wide at the lower edge and ten at the upper, and then scantily gathered to within a space of eight inches.

The Chiffon Frills worn in the collars and wrists of silk and woolen gowns are accordion-plaited rather than gathered, and sewed in very full. The collar frills begin narrow on the sides, and increase in fullness and depth across the back.

Cleaning White Satin Ribbon in a bath of naphtha and allowing it to dry in the open air will remove its soiled appearance, but will most certainly flatten the pile of the satin. As naphtha is explosive when exposed to fire or gaslight great care must be taken when using it.

Grease Spots may be removed from any delicate color with French chalk, which is sold by all druggists. Scrape this on the spots and rub it in somewhat; then allow it to remain for twenty-four hours, brush off lightly, and if the grease has not entirely disappeared repeat the rubbing in of the chalk.

Skirt Linings are of plain, changeable or striped taffeta, plain or watered percaline, or one of the fancy percalines imitating silk, silesia or undressed cambric. The latter may be bought from five cents a yard up, and the silk up to a dollar and twenty-five cents, so your lining may be gauged by your purse.

White Silk Handkerchiefs will not yellow if they are washed in soapsuds without rubbing soap on them, dried quickly, and ironed with a moderately warm iron, having an old muslin cloth between the silk and iron. A white silk dress should be put away with blue tissue paper between every fold and then sewed up in an old sheet.

Linen Collars will be worn on all odd waists except very dressy ones. If a wide collar of dead white is not becoming, try a colored silk stock having a tie of the same in front with the narrow turn-over linen band for the top. These stocks hook at the back and are stiffly interlined; ready-made, they sell, in satin, moiré and silk, for a dollar and fifty cents, including one linen band.

Washing a Red Woolen Dress is not a difficult task. You simply need warm soapsuds with a teaspoonful of beef's gall to keep the color. The white braid with which it is trimmed must be removed, washed separately and ironed. Use warm rinsing water for the dress, and rinse as quickly as possible; dry in the shade, and iron on the wrong side. By following these directions exactly your dress will look almost as well as it did when it was new.

Silk Fabrics having what dressmakers call an up and down pattern are not an economical purchase, and with ten yards of this description you cannot get out the simplest of gowns, but you can have a handsome black skirt out of the satin, and two extra waists—one of black mousseline over satin, made for evening with a square neck, short sleeves and touch of jet; the second one of taffeta silk in the new Roman stripes or a French plaid, which will answer for afternoon and theatre wear as well.

Smooth-Finished Goods are the favored ones now, and all gowns are elaborately trimmed with piece or ribbon velvet, satin, lace, braid, silk cord or bead passermenterie. Ornamental buttons and buckles are ranked among dress trimmings, and many yards of the narrowest satin ribbon are used to finish ruffles of the dress material. Steel is the most fashionable metal, with jet following, and a touch of gilt is never amiss. The new dress skirts are all very much trimmed with flounces, ruffles or folds.

Ornamental Buttons are worn on woolen dresses, down the opening if on the side, or on either side of a centre opening, holding tabs of satin ribbon or braid. They also centre bows, finish off belts, trim the front edges of jackets and the centre of box-plaits on round waists. There is apparently a reason for their being placed where they are, though as genuine fasteners they are not yet in vogue. They are of steel, silver and gilt. Others have enameled and jeweled effects. Pearl designs in gray and white tints are also used.

Evening Toilets of silk or transparent chiffon, gauze or mousseline over silk will first be selected in ivory-white, then cream, and down the following list: Rose, camelia, trémère, Bengale; princesse for the pink shades; paille, cytis, tournesol and Rayon d'or for yellow; turquoise and azurine for greenish blue; ciel and perenne for light blue. Violet shades for evening are mirage, lilas, Long-champs and Auteuil. In green there are two light yellowish tints, muguet and verdoyant, with Nile and Palmyre of a more grassy shade. Pearl and silver gray promise a run of favor with black in all the transparent materials.

Silk Linings to skirts do not require a second lining of percaline or silesia. You can seam your lining and outside material together, then press open and bind the edges; or make the lining separate, place with the raw edges of the seams next to those of the outside, tacking each here and there and sewing in the same belt; the two materials are also held together by the bias velvet binding on the lower edge. Another plan followed by first-class dress-makers is more difficult to accomplish. This has the silk lining made entirely separate, except at the belt, with a narrow stiff interlining, facing also of silk, and the outside finished with a facing of the dress goods. In the August, 1897, issue of the JOURNAL, a series of "Easy Lessons in Sewing" began with "How to Make a Dress"; this will assist you, as the process of skirt making was then fully explained.



NUBIAN

Fast Black Linings

WILL NOT CROCK

Required for the finest costumes, both Waist and Skirt. Percaline, Silesia, Sateen, etc. *Positively unchangeable.* Will not discolor underclothing. Superior quality, yet inexpensive. At all Dealers. Name on Selvedge.

"Nearsilk" closely resembles the best quality lining silks. Recommended by dressmakers. Especially good for foundation to grenadines and thin summer dresses.

Fashionable Colors

Genuine Nearsilk has tag on each piece



NEARSILK

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

A Woman's Ideal

of absolute comfort; a modist's ideal of symmetrical beauty; a physician's ideal of womanly health, have been brought to perfection in

FERRIS' GOOD SENSE

CORSET WAIST

New style 240. Soft and yielding—has patent watch pocket—removable bones—washed without injury.

Made for Ladies and Misses, with high and low bust, long and short waist, to suit all figures. Ladies', \$1.00 to \$3.00. Misses', 50 cents to \$1.00. Children's, 25 cents to 50 cents. Always superior in quality and workmanship.



LADIES' STRAW SAILORS

1898 SHAPES READY

Knox Hats

All Mail Orders promptly executed. Send for 1898 Catalogue.

Knox Hatter

194 Fifth Avenue
Fifth Avenue Hotel
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Rough Straw, \$4.00



Smooth Straw, \$5.00

Nazareth

Comfort for Corset weary Women

Worn by thousands of women who want a waist that's comfortable and shapely. Knitted (like a ribbed vest), boned with a non-rusting, unbreakable stay. Rigid at the waist and elastic over bust and hips. It's just the thing for Spring and Summer wear.

Regular Sizes: 18 to 28 inch waist, **\$1.00**
Extra Sizes: 30 to 34 inch waist, **\$1.25**

Ask at your retailer's, or send to
Nazareth Mfg. Co.
Dept. M
Nazareth, Pa.

The most delightful **Waist** a Woman ever wore

GENUINE WITHOUT THE TRADE-MARK



SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

Children's Pinafores. The JOURNAL will shortly publish an article on the subject of pinafores. Both useful and ornamental ones will be described.

Baby's Bonnets. The spring bonnets and hats for both girl and boy babies are very large, and made so that they will afford shade on sunny days—something which is all important.

A Parlor Wagon to push the baby about in is a useful invention. It is a wicker body, with handle like that of a perambulator, mounted on a low truck with four small wheels and a guiding wheel.

Black Lace may be much improved by washing it in milk, and when nearly dry, pulling it gently into shape. For your girl of fifteen make a Russian blouse from the crepon skirt, and edge the opening with a frill of the black lace.

Wrappers. Eiderdown cloth is good material for a child's wrapper to be put on over the nightdress. The chinchilla and crepon eiderdown are newer than the plain. They are a yard in width and cost from sixty-two to seventy-five cents a yard. About four yards would be required to make a wrapper for a girl ten years old.

Sanitary Cotton, which is absorbent, can be purchased at many of the large dry goods stores for twenty cents a roll. It is much superior to the ordinary cotton wool for the use of both mother and child, its absorbent properties being far greater. The cheesecloth used in covering pads should be washed and boiled before being used.

Bib-Holder. A pretty Easter gift for a child a year old is a bib or napkin holder. Two prettily ornamented silver clasps catch the bib on each side, and are connected by a silver chain about eleven inches long, which passes around the neck. One with blue enamel fleur-de-lis on a silver ground costs seventy-five cents.

Baby Sweaters buttoned on each shoulder, with rolling collars, can be purchased for one dollar and sixty-five cents. They are made in pink, white, baby blue, navy blue and cardinal. They are easily slipped on and off, and are serviceable for wearing when the heavy winter cloak is left off in the early spring.

Little Girls' Frocks. Simplicity is the keynote for children's spring and summer frocks. The white guimpe worn with colored skirt and low-necked waist is much liked. Gingham and percale in small patterns and solid colors constitute the latter. White frocks are also made with the guimpe, so that on very warm days the little frock may become a low-necked one, at least during the heated part of the day.

A Silver Chatelaine to be worn at the waist is an acceptable gift for a girl of seventeen. A small one with five chains can be procured for four dollars. Many pretty trifles are provided to be attached to it, as tablets, pencils, pinchions, court-plaster cases, vinaigrettes, bonbon boxes, glove hooks and files, tiny mirrors, purses with meshes of silver chain, needle-cases, scissors, thimble-cases, dime-boxes and so on, almost indefinitely.

Disinfectants. One of the cheapest and most effective disinfectants is sulphate of iron, or copperas, as it is commonly called. Dissolve one pound in four quarts of water and pour it down the pipes three times a week. A stationary washstand in a nursery is a source of danger. It should be kept daintily clean and disinfected with copperas solution every other day. If this is poured into the opening at the bottom of the basin through a small funnel the bowl will not be stained.

High Kitchen Chair. There is much work usually done while standing that could as well be performed sitting. No one who has not tried it knows how much sitting lessens the fatigue of the daily labor, particularly when the back is not strong. Have the legs of an ordinary kitchen chair lengthened until the top of the seat is twenty-two inches from the ground. A footstool can be used if necessary. At this height it is possible to iron with ease while sitting, and it gives full command of anything on the table.

Evening Dress for Boys. An Eton suit looks well for a boy of twelve to wear in the evening. It may be made with a short jacket, reaching just to the waist-line, with lapels turning over for about three-quarters the length of the front. The vest is buttoned rather higher and has small lapels. Long trousers should be worn. The Tuxedo suit has a coat with a rolling collar; a very low cut waistcoat also with rolling collar, and short trousers. The collar is of silk and the coat lined with the same material. With it is worn a white shirt with regulation collar.

"The Plant World" is a reading book of botany that no child would find "dry"; it is beautifully illustrated and by no means an expensive book. "In Brook and Bayou, or Life in Still Waters," by Clara Kern Bayliss introduces children to some of the most interesting inhabitants of the wonderful world revealed by the microscope; it is as fascinating as any story of the imagination, and has many engravings and four colored plates. "Curious Homes and Their Tenants," by James Carter Beard, takes the children into many strange places, and reveals to them what may be seen by observant eyes.

Knitted Cover for Baby's Bottle. If the bottle is provided with a knitted cover the contents will be kept at nearly the same heat while the baby is taking its meal. It is best knitted on four needles, but may be done on two and sewed up afterward. Set up a sufficient number of stitches, according to the size of the bottle, to slip over it easily. The number must be a multiple of three. Knit once around plain; for the second round put the thread before the needle, slip one stitch, knit two together, repeat until the round is finished, and continue knitting until the cover is a little longer than the bottle. Bind it off, gather the bottom to a point, and run a string in the top by which it may be fastened around the neck of the bottle.

Baby Ribbon. A pretty little box to hold the tiny ribbon which is so much used in the baby's belongings may be made from a pasteboard box, the desired size, covered with pale blue China silk, on one side of which is embroidered a spray of lilies-of-the-valley. In the cover, which is made to match the box, make two holes large enough to admit the ribbon, place two pieces of ribbon in the box, put on the cover, and draw the ends of the ribbon through the holes, attach to each end as pretty and as fine an ivory bodkin as you can find and slip through two little casings of silk ribbon, placed half way in the centre of the cover.

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SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

All inquiries must give full name and address of the writer. Correspondents inclosing stamp or addressed stamped envelope will be answered by mail. The titles of the answers will in future obviate the need of initials or pen-names in this column.

A Patent Ironing Board mounted on a stand makes easy the ironing of babies' gimpes, yokes and sleeves, which is a difficult matter without it. The tiny article is slipped over the end of the board and turned as is necessary.

Boot Button Sewer. Long, stout black cords with metal tips may be purchased to sew on boot buttons. The sharp-pointed tip serves instead of a needle and cannot come unthreaded; it is strong enough to penetrate leather easily.

Asbestos Mats. Stand the saucepan containing oatmeal on an asbestos mat and the contents will not burn while you are absent from the kitchen. They are very inexpensive, and may easily be replaced when they burn out, as they will after a time.

Stockinet Crib Sheets a yard long by thirty-inches wide may be procured for one dollar and fifty cents each; they are waterproof and odorless, and will wash perfectly. A smaller size is made for a cradle at one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Chicken-Pox. A child who has not shown symptoms of chicken-pox within eighteen days after exposure to the disease may be considered safe from infection. The disease may be communicated from one child to another until the scabs that form as the vesicles dry have all dropped off; they seldom remain longer than three weeks. The eruption usually appears first on the upper part of the chest or back, though sometimes it is first seen on the face.

Drying Frames on which to stretch children's worsted shirts and stockings when wet, to prevent them from shrinking when drying, may be procured for from forty cents to sixty-five cents for shirt frames, according to the size, and twenty-five cents per pair for stocking frames.

Natural History. The only difficulty is to choose between the many admirable books intended to arouse the interest of children in different branches of natural history. "Citizen Bird," by Mabel Osgood Wright, contains scenes from bird life, told in plain language for beginners.

Doll-House Dolls. Dolls of a size suitable for doll-houses may be purchased ready dressed—mothers of families, men in evening dress or morning clothes, children in all stages, from infants in arms upward, nurses, housekeepers, waitresses, cooks, coachmen, etc., all in appropriate costumes.

Food for Infant. Six ounces every three hours is a sufficient allowance of food for the average baby five months old. A child with a large appetite may take a little more, or an exceptionally small one a little less. If six bottles are given in the twenty-four hours the child will have taken one quart and a quarter of a pint of food in that time.

Temskicus was a favorite dish with our grandmothers. The following receipt is copied from a manuscript receipt book written in 1813. It is a palatable way of serving rice, which though good for children is not always liked by them: "Mince cold beef or mutton, the latter is preferable, mix with it half the quantity of well-washed rice; have ready as many cabbage leaves as are required; place in each three or four tablespoonfuls of the mixture and tie it up like a dumpling, leaving room for the rice to steam. Stew in gravy until tender, and then thicken the gravy and pour over them to serve."

Electrical Toys. Railway cars with electricity as a motive power may be obtained at various prices. A car seven inches long, and a track on which it runs forming a circle three feet in diameter, costs three dollars and fifty cents. A coal-mining locomotive train, representing those used in large coal mines, is five dollars. An inclined plane railway, one car going up the incline automatically while the other descends, costs four dollars. These railways represent those used in canyons having high hills, or on coal inclines on the banks of rivers. The electricity is generated by dissolving in water a compound called chromite.

Phthisis is a communicable disease—that is, it may be conveyed from one person to another. The expectation of the patient is one of the most important sources of infection. In all cases, and even more particularly when there are children in the house, the greatest care should be observed in disposing of this matter. Several folds of paper should be placed in the bottom of the vessel in which it is received, and these should be burned and replaced by fresh ones frequently. Children should not kiss the invalid, nor come into closer contact than is necessary with any person suffering from any form of this disease. The word phthisis is derived from a Greek word meaning to consume, and consumption from the Latin *consumo*, which has the same meaning.

Sloyd is the system of manual training for children, originated in Sweden, which has spread from there through Europe and is advancing in America. The object is not to teach a trade, but to train the children through eye and hand, and to educate them by teaching them to do. They are taught to weave, to spin, to sew and to cook, to work in paper, wood, metal and textile materials, and much of the labor produces results not unworthy to be compared with the work of skilled artisans. Teachers are trained at the Naas Normal College, near the city of Gothenburg, and a number of students from the United States have studied there. This college was founded by a wealthy man on his own estate and is the most important Sloyd training school in the world. No charge whatever is made for instruction.

Action Plays. Children are usually very fond of dressing up and acting. With little trouble you can get up some pretty action plays on the nursery rhymes, which do not require parts to be learned.

One very effective one is—
"The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts all on a summer day,
The Knave of Hearts he stole the tarts and took them quite away."

A little girl dressed as the Queen, with a crown, long train and regal mantle falling from her shoulders, rolls out the stage and the Queen puts them to cool; while she and the King are engaged on another part of the stage the Knave of Hearts steals them. He is captured outside by the cook, who brings him before the Royal couple. The King makes signs that his head shall be cut off, but the Queen shakes him, boxes his ears, and consigns him to the cook again as the curtain falls.

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Mothers, between their sixth and twelfth years is decided the future of your children's teeth. If they are kept scrupulously clean before and during this period, the blessing of permanent, sound teeth awaits them.

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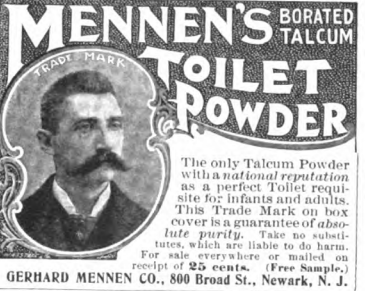
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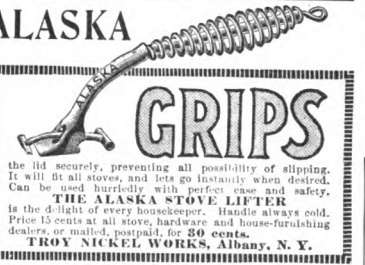
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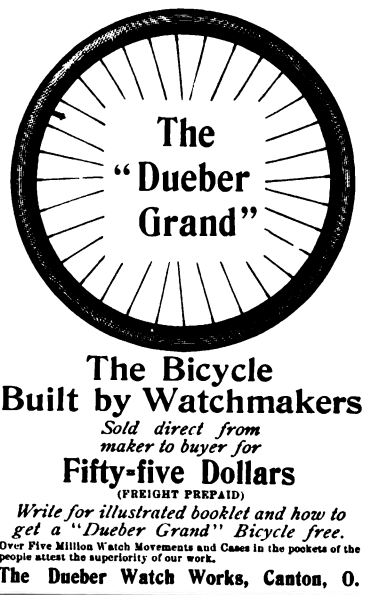
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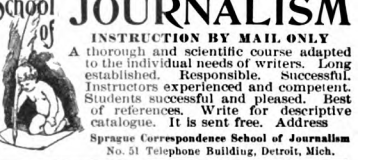
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