

# THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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ENTERED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER

Vol. X, No. 6

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1893

Yearly Subscriptions, One Dollar  
Single Copies, Ten Cents

## THE NEW WORLD'S QUEEN

BY EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

SWIFT to the Queen, St. Angel came,  
Resolute, fearless, his heart aflame;  
Swift to the Queen, by Granada's gate,  
Lest tidings should fall too late, too late:  
"Columbus is parting for France! alas,  
If he and his wondrous purpose pass  
From Spain forever! for sure am I  
He will sail and find where the Indies lie;  
And renown and splendor that might be yours  
As long as the land or the sea endures,  
And gain to the church of realms unknown  
Will all, alas! to the winds be thrown!  
Oh, Sovereign Lady! call him back  
As north he speeds on his weary track,  
For, over the vast, mysterious seas,  
Glory will sail with the Genoese!"



Coifed and kerchiefed with Flanders lace,  
Isabel sat in her royal place;  
Her robe, of velvet, with broidered hems;  
On her bosom a cross whose priceless gems  
Flashed from the burnished bars to tell  
Of the holy faith she loved so well;—  
Sat, and listened, and thought of him  
Who had waited and prayed till hope grew dim;  
And a new light beamed from her eyes of blue,  
And the world spread wide to her spirit's view.  
Ferdinand, King, turned cold away  
From the suppliant fleeing to France that day;

Castile's rich coffers by wars were drained;  
But her jewels, her jewels at least remained!—  
And, rising, regally calm and fair,  
Ready the boldest quest to dare:  
"For my crown of Castile I will undertake  
The enterprise, and my jewels stake  
To pay the cost of the voyage!" she said.  
With a blessing St. Angel bowed his head,  
And a courier spurred from the Queen to stay  
Columbus, leagues on his lonely way.  
'Twas an April morn; but when the sheaves  
Were ripe, and Granada's yellowing leaves

To earth by the autumn blasts were whirled,  
He had sought and found the great New World!  
Aye! over the vast, mysterious seas,  
Glory had sailed with the Genoese.  
Let us rear, of his helper, a statue rare  
To shine in the heart of the proudest square—  
With her brow so pure and smile so sweet  
The noblest joyfully knelt at her feet—  
With coif and kerchief and regal fold  
As she stood when she pledged her gems for gold—  
And, beneath, on the marble's spotless sheen,  
Write: Isabella, the New World's Queen!

## UNDER WHICH NAME?

*A Compilation of Interesting Opinions*

From MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE  
MRS. BURTON HARRISON  
MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT  
MRS. AMELIA E. BARR  
MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD  
MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT  
MRS. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD  
MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER  
MRS. ELLA WHEELER WILCOX  
MRS. REBECCA HARDING DAVIS  
MRS. ROSE HARTWICK THORPE



THE query whether a married woman who has won a certain amount of fame in a career entirely independent from that as her husband's wife, shall be known in her professional and social life as Mrs. Susan Smith, or as Mrs. John Smith, has been on so many occasions productive of lengthy and interested discussion, that it has seemed that a collection of opinions upon this subject, from clever and famous women, might prove of interest and value. With this object in view the question was broadened into "Should a married woman be known as Mrs. John Brown or as Mrs. Mary Brown?" and "Under what circumstances is either appellation correct?" and in this form submitted to many of the cleverest of the famous women of America.

The opinions, as expressed in the replies which are given below, were as various as the writers, and ran the gamut between what Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett cleverly calls "brutal crimes" and "shining virtues," and when reduced to a plain statement are, in the majority of cases, to the effect that, in all domestic and social business and in correspondence, the wife shall be known as Mrs. John Brown, while in her independent career she shall win and use her own name, as Susan or Mrs. Susan Brown. This, as most correct opinions are, is the practice which obtains generally throughout the social and literary world of clever and well-bred women.

THE question seems to me a matter of very simple solution. Looking on it as custom founded on reasons of propriety, convenience and natural sentiment have already settled it. A man marries a woman to give her, upon her own consent, the place and title of "Mistress," of all of which he is "Master," his honor, his home, his family and his name. The two become one, and one name is therefore becoming for the two. Upon this theory of things long established, the custom founds itself and is perpetuated; the man's name is the wife's name, as it is to be his children's, and it is that by which, in all their joint life and interest, domestic and social, they are known and recognized as a pair. Neither relinquishes individuality; each has a personal name still. Mary Brown is not John Brown, but "Mistress," for and with John Brown, of all that concerns them together. If he is Doctor Brown she is not "Mistress Doctor," but still simply Mrs. Brown. This is also the case if he is Reverend, Right Reverend or His Excellency.

If Mrs. John Brown transacts business, signs a deed, makes a will; if she keeps a shop or a school, or is herself professional; if she should become known as an artist, musician, author—she does all these things personally as Mary Brown; "Mrs." only because of her married estate and surname; and it is needless that her personal signature shall be used and shall represent her. Mr. John Brown is not herein responsible.

I think a true wife will like best to be known, to her life's end, by the name she would wish most of all to honor. If she become a widow she will prefer to keep it, as in memory and faith; only waiving it, perhaps, when a son's wife comes to bear, in her turn, the very same. Then the elder wife and mother may retire, in a modest dignity, upon her own personality. It used to be a beautiful courtesy, in such cases, for the world outside to distinguish her as "Madam" Brown.

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY.

I FEAR that I have not any definite opinion on the subject. My own reason for using Mrs. Hodgson Burnett on my cards was a very simple one, indeed. There were several Mrs. Burnetts in Washington during my first winter here, and as one or two had initials similar to Dr. Burnett's, confusion arose on one or two occasions. A number of my friends suggested that if my card bore my name, as Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, they would know who had called at such times as they were absent from home, and they had only the card to refer to. My first name is never used, except by newspapers. I blush to discover that I am never of the slightest use in a discussion, my one ruling opinion being that everything which is not a brutal crime or a shining virtue is, more or less, a matter of taste; and as my own taste is to leave to every one else the entire right of decision in matters pertaining to theirs, I must, perforce, wear at times an air of being indefinite, even on such stray occasions as when I am not.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

ALL that I can say on the subject is that, personally, I prefer to see a married woman keep her own name—as Mrs. Sarah Smith, instead of Mrs. John Smith—but that I recognize perfectly the social needs which arise to make it more convenient that the name of the husband be used in family designation.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

I CONFESS to entire ignorance as to the most acceptable manner of addressing a married woman, nor do I know that there is any recognized code or rule applied to this question; therefore, I can only give my preferences and opinions. I do not like to see a letter addressed to a married woman by her own first name. The husband's full name, not his initials, in my judgment, should always be used. This is more dignified for the wife, more respectful to the husband, and certainly more convenient for all business purposes. One thing is certain: personally, I always prefer to have letters addressed to me as

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I DO not know that I recognize any code in this matter, because a woman who has given her name to the public while unmarried cannot expect that public to observe a strict social code when she marries. At the same time, I like to have my social letters, and all home and domestic correspondence, addressed to Mrs. Robert M. Wilcox, as it is to my husband that I owe my home, and the social position of a respected and protected wife.

I do not expect editors and publishers to take this matter into consideration, however, as it is my work, and not my personality, which has made me known to them. I expect them to address me by the name which has made me of interest to them as a correspondent.

But there is always a greater pleasure to me in seeing a letter bearing my husband's name than those which come simply addressed to

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

AS it is the name of John Doe which appears in a town directory, and in tradesmen's books, and not that of his wife before her marriage, I should think that her letters, purchases, and inquiring friends would reach her more certainly if directed to Mrs. John Doe than to her maiden name.

I do not see any room in the matter for either logic or sentiment; or, indeed, for anything but expediency.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

IT seems preferable to use the appellation Mrs. John Brown, rather than Mrs. Mary Brown, when, because of the husband's prominence, explanations and misunderstandings may be avoided.

Not many decades ago it was woman's highest ambition to become a wife, and she who had reached the age of thirty without having attained this result became an object of pity and reproach. Many a girl has given her hand in marriage, unaccompanied by her heart, rather than incur the unpleasantness of advanced maidenhood. To be an "old maid," in that earlier day, was to invite criticism and derision. At one time woman was a helpless creature dependent upon the strength and chivalry of man. She not only bestowed her hand and heart upon her home-giver, but her very identity was sacrificed upon the marriage altar. There are many Hannah Janes who, like the heroine of Locke's pathetic story, learned too late that the "rubbing out" of self brought unhappiness to the one they hoped to benefit. It was very appropriate at that time, when woman was known only as the wife of her husband, that her identity become merged in his. Mrs. Dr. Jones was never suspected of being a practicing physician; she was only the wife of one.

Higher education for woman, resulting in a broader field of usefulness, is gradually changing many long-established customs. The wife now recognizes the fact that for the security of home happiness she must not only be the moral leader of husband and sons, but intellectual companion as well. In the larger development of her mental and physical powers she naturally desires to set aside the props and shields of former ages, and to bear the responsibility of her opinions in her own name.

I would advocate that woman retain her maiden name through life, and at marriage annex the name of her husband. Why should Mary Clark become lost to the friends of her youth, except to the few who are acquainted with the fact of her marriage with James Howard, when Mary Clark Howard would convey her girlhood's identity as well as that of her married life?

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

I SHOULD say that the general usage in this matter, somewhat modified by the various clubs and other associations among women, would be sufficiently correct. In formal society a lady may, perhaps, be more conveniently identified by her husband's name, as Mrs. John Smith.

In literary life, however, and in associations, the woman should be known by her own baptismal name, which is that naturally and necessarily used in her correspondence.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

A MARRIED woman should always be addressed, unless she prefers it otherwise, by her husband's name. I do not know of any hard and fast rule in this matter; it is a question of accepted form in America. In England the husband's given name is generally omitted where the address is clearly understood.

CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

MY own preference is to be addressed Mrs. Lyman Abbott whenever it is in any sense public, and always on the back of a letter. I took my husband's name when I married, and I prefer to be sheltered under the whole of it so far as I can be. Of course, in signing my name, I ordinarily use my legal signature.

A. F. H. ABBOTT.

ACCURATELY speaking, I know little of the subject of marriage titles. In England a married woman is always called by her husband's name, whether her husband be alive or dead. For instance, if I were living in England or Scotland, I would be addressed as Mrs. Robert Barr as long as I remained unmarried a second time. Mr. Beecher and Mr. Miriam told me that in America a widow resumed her Christian name, and acting on their advice I signed myself Mrs. Amelia E. Barr. But if the custom of the country permitted, I should infinitely prefer to be called by my husband's name because, if I am no longer his wife, I am at least his widow. I think affectionate remembrance would desire to keep the husband's name. I know I would gladly have done so.

AMELIA E. BARR.

WHENEVER the conventionalities of society are concerned I think the husband's name should be used, and whenever it is a personal or business matter the wife's Christian name. In the case of a widow she has a right, in my opinion, to wear her husband's name when there is no son bearing the same name.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

## IDENTIFICATION OF SIGNATURE

BY FRANCES E. LANIGAN

IN these days of multitudinous correspondence the necessity for some way of showing in a woman's signature whether she be maid, wife or widow, whether she be of the married or unmarried estate, is realized as never before.

The mystery of the usual feminine signature when it is attached to a business letter, leads almost invariably to embarrassment on the part of the answered. No woman likes to be addressed with the Quakerish simplicity of "Mary Brown" whether she be matron or maid, nor if she be the former does she wish to be addressed as the latter.

In proceeding to some opinion as to the best course to be adopted, the thing which must not be done should first be thoroughly understood. The vulgarity of the titular signature "Mrs. Mary Brown," or "Miss Susan Smith," affixed after a "yours very truly" can only be excused by its evident intent to be one of the solutions of the problem. This form is the one to be avoided. A fashion recommended by common sense, simplicity and good taste, is that of placing "Miss," in brackets, a little to the left of the name, as:

Yours very truly,  
[Miss] Mary Smith.

Its equivalent for the married woman is found by writing below her signature, "Address Mrs. John Smith," as:

Yours very truly,  
Mary Smith.

Address Mrs. John Smith. The value of concerted action is unquestioned, and the necessity for it in the accomplishment of any given purpose quite as evident, therefore, if this problem of identification of signature is ever to be solved, it can only be by united agreement on the part of women to adopt for all time some such form as the above in their business correspondence.

The growing fashion of giving girl children but one name, as "Helen" or "Katherine," so that when, if they marry, they may retain, with their new signature, their full maiden name, is part of this subject of identification of signature. "Mollie Irene Brown" is not as euphonious nor as sensible as "Mollie Garfield Brown" or "Nellie Grant Sartoris." This custom has the further advantage of securing the woman's immediate recognition not only as her husband's wife but also as her father's daughter. Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Sartoris signifies but little, but Mrs. Garfield Brown or Mrs. Grant Sartoris tells its own story.

## THE ART OF LETTER-WRITING

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL



PEECH is easy to us all, and as writing is its substitute it does not seem as if it should be a difficult accomplishment. Yet any one who has a large correspondence knows that it is the exception, not the rule, to receive a clear, concise and well-expressed letter.

In certain old-fashioned schools it used to be the custom to teach the pupils the art of letter-writing. Pupils were shown the proper form of beginning and ending a letter, and initiated into the mysteries of preserving the same person throughout the composition, an achievement which seems impossible to many ambitious letter-writers, who will begin an epistle in the third person and finish it in the first, without compunction.

When beginning a letter write the address and date plainly at the top of the page. The first sometimes seems a waste of time when the correspondent already knows it perfectly well, but if, by any accident, the letter is not delivered, and gets into the dead-letter office, it insures its being returned to the sender. The whole address should be written together, not the city at the top of the sheet, and the street at the bottom, as is sometimes done. Be particular in writing the name of the State. When initials are used let them be very legible.

The date should follow the address. It is important to form the habit of dating a letter, because sometimes a trivial note may form a link in a chain of evidence, and the time when it was written be a point of vital interest. In any case it saves annoyance and possible misunderstanding. It is provoking to receive an undated note, saying, for instance, "I leave home to-morrow. Can you come in before I go?" leaving one in doubt whether the day on which the missive arrives is the day fixed for the journey or not.

Letters for publication should be written on one side of the paper only. This is necessary for the convenience of the printer.

Private letters should be written straight forward, from page to page, like the leaves of a book. It is distracting, when one is in the middle of an interesting piece of news, and turns the leaf to finish it, to find oneself in the midst of another subject, and have to turn and twist the paper upside down, and inside out, to discover where the original sentence is concluded. There is no object in making it as difficult to read a letter as to thread a labyrinth. If more than two sheets are used they should be numbered.

It is well always to sign the name plainly at the end of the letter, although between near relatives and intimate friends the surname is often omitted. If the address is properly written the Christian name alone will probably find the sender, if the letter is returned through the post-office.

Business letters should be short and to the point. In ordering articles state as nearly as possible exactly what is wanted. If the price is known mention it, and write the amount required clearly. It is trying to receive a gross when one intended to purchase a single thing, or vice versa.

Friendly letters should be full of details, telling all the interesting little facts one friend would ask another if they could sit down, side by side, to talk. Bits of news that seem very trivial to the sender are often welcomed with joy by the recipient. Do not grudge a little time and pains to keep those nearest and dearest to you in touch with your daily life, even though you are widely separated.

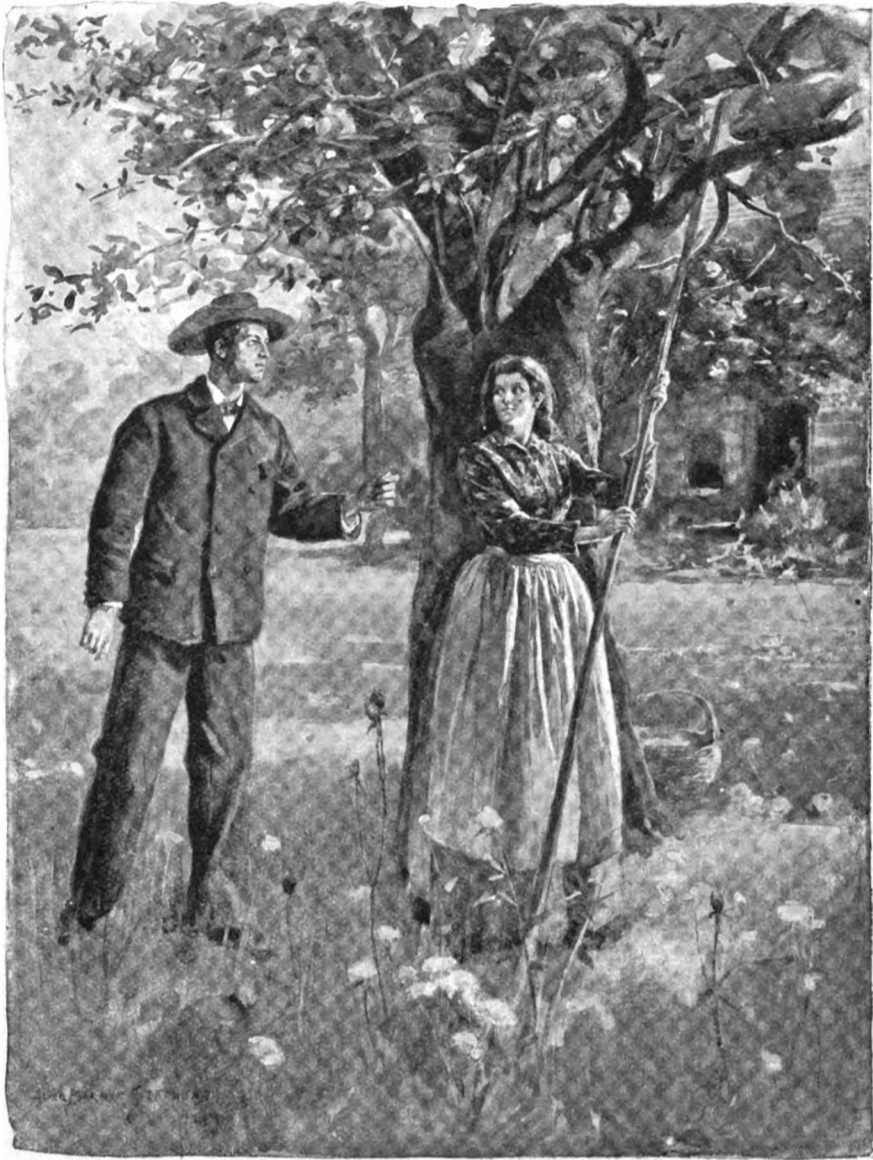
Children scarcely realize, when they are away from home, what a comfort it is to their parents to hear frequently from them. They should be trained to consider writing home as a duty of paramount importance, and when the habit is formed they will not wish to omit it.

Formal notes that have to be written in the third person are a stumbling-block to the unaccustomed pen. A note that begins in the name of the sender must continue in the third person throughout, and not lapse into the second, the familiar "you," or degenerate into the first by signing the name at the end.

"Mrs. Carter has much pleasure in accepting Mrs. Hall's kind invitation for Tuesday evening at eight o'clock" is all that is necessary to convey the fact that Mrs. Carter intends to accept her friend's hospitality. The date is added at the end, and the address, if it is not stamped on the note paper. It is incorrect to say "will accept," because the invitation is accepted at the time, whether the invited guest is able to take advantage of it, and go to the entertainment, or not.

It is well to remember that there is a certain indestructibility about letters. They may remain as a witness against one, and be brought up at a very awkward moment. It is best, therefore, to be careful what one puts in them. Often they fall into hands for which they were not intended.

Never send an angry letter the day it is written. Sometimes "the night brings counsel," and in the sober after-thought of the next day the hasty expressions may be modified.



"I did not want to skeer you, Marthy."

BEFORE TWO ALTARS

By Will N. Harben



A YOUNG girl stood in the door of a cabin on the gradual slope of a mountain-side. Although her dress was coarse and ill-fitting, her face and form would have attracted attention in a multitude. Her dark, lustrous eyes, beneath long lashes, were exceedingly expressive and full of thought; her hair was light brown, and lay about her shapely shoulders in rich waves that shone in the sunlight.

In the cabin sat an old woman paring apples. Now and then she would raise her eyes from the tubs of fruit and glance stealthily at the girl, a blended expression of tenderness and anxiety deepening the wrinkles of her face. Presently she wiped her stained hands on her apron, and leaned back as if to rest.

"I'm afeerd you hain't as well as common, Marthy," she said softly. "You hain't acted nat'ral sence—sence Dick Blumer went away. Sometimes I have half a mind that you had a leetle hankerin' after 'im, an' that yore father's continual beggin' of you to marry Jake Wilbers is goin' ag'in' yore feelin's, an'—an' yore health, as fur that matter."

The girl turned around quickly; a red flush struggled through the pallor of her face. She stood looking wistfully at her mother for a moment, her lower lip quivering.

"I can't bear the sight o' Jake Wilbers," she said spiritedly. "I hate 'im! Ef he keeps on comin' heer I'll go away fur good—som'ers, I don't keer whar; I can't stand it, night after night, an' folks p'intin' us out, an' makin' all sorts o' comments."

"What about Dick?" The old woman leaned over a tub and took up an apple and began to cut into it noiselessly. The girl was silent for a moment; then she picked up a pan of the pared fruit and moved slowly to the door.

"Dick"—and the name was scarcely articulated—"Dick never bothered hisse'f about me. He went away 'thout even tellin' me good-by."

Mrs. Black shrugged her shoulders significantly, and stopped her work to watch the girl as she walked out and spread the fruit on the drying-boards in the sun. "I wonder ef I ought to tell 'er that Dick's come back," she mused; "er father cautioned me not to let on. Looks like Dick 'ud 'a' come heer the very fust thing from the way he always used to hang around."

Her thoughts were interrupted by Martha's return. "I'll go git you some more apples, mother," said the girl, and picking up a basket, she went down to the little orchard near the road, and with a long pole began to knock down the fruit.

Along the winding road, hidden from view by a riotous growth of elder and mountain ash, came a young man. He was tall and handsome, and wore a neat-fitting suit of brown, and a broad-brimmed slouch hat. The falling apples attracted his attention, and he paused to look through the foliage. He seemed greatly agitated at seeing her, for he turned quite pale. For several minutes he stood and watched her, unobserved. Then, seeing that she was reaching some of the apples with difficulty, he climbed over the fence and ploughed his way through the tangled growth of ferns, aster and goldenrod to her. She heard his step and suddenly facing him, screamed a little, and then stood looking at him helplessly.

"I did not want to skeer you, Marthy," he apologized humbly. "I wuz passing an' saw you couldn't reach some o' the best apples, an' jest had to come over to help you, but I'll go on ef you'd ruther I would."

"I had no idee you wuz back," she faltered, a lambent light of irrepressible gladness in her eyes. Nothing occurred to him to say, so with quivering hands he took the pole from her and began

to knock the apples down. His face was rigid from restrained emotions.

"I 'lowed I might as well come back home," he said presently, as if confessing to a weakness, and he leaned on the pole and looked up at the brown and gray peaks of the mountain. "It's the only country on earth that I could be contented in, an' a feller can't count on his endurance when he gits as fur from home as I wuz. I've seed the time that I'd 'a' give my right arm to see that old mountain yander, whar you an' me used to git rhododendron an' ferns for the meetin'-house. I hain't a sign of a' excuse, 'cept mortal weakness, nuther; I jest couldn't keep my promise."

She was searching his earnest face with wide, wondering eyes. "What promise?" she asked under her breath.

"The promise I made never to come back heer—in the note I sent you the night before I left—the note that told you how I felt about you, an' how I had heerd you an' Jake wuz to git married, an'—ef it wuz so, that I'd go away."

"I didn't git no note, Dick."

He gazed at her steadily, as if doubting that he had heard aright. "I give it to Tobe Lash. He promised to hand it to you, sure."

"Tobe wuz arrested for 'stillin' liquor the day you left; he must 'a' forgot it."

Dick Blumer could formulate no reply. He stood awkwardly breaking the pods of a wild touch-me-not in his trembling fingers, his blue eyes searching hers eagerly. A light broke upon him.

"You didn't git it? Why—"

"No, an' I 'lowed you might 'a' told me good-by, at least; I never could make it out. I—"

She could go no farther; she was almost crying. He started to speak, but his voice failed him. He pulled off a handful of huckleberries from a bush at his side and crushed them in his hand. He stepped nearer to her, but she had lowered her head and her face was hidden beneath her wide straw hat.

"I wuz a fool, Marthy," he said, finally. "I heerd so much talk at meetin' one day about you an' Jake that it run me 'most wild. Some said you liked 'im an' would be foolish to refuse sech a good chance, when he wuz so well off. I couldn't git up the courage to speak out like a man, an' so—so I writ you the best I knew how about my feelin's, an' axed you ef you keered fur me to meet me at the spring early the next mornin', an' that ef you didn't come I wuz to know you intended to take Jake. I waited thar in the laurels till mighty nigh dinner-time, hopin' you'd change yore mind. When I went away from thar I wuz the nighest crazy ever a man wuz."

"Dick, I never got no note, an' I 'lowed you didn't keer fur me ur my feelin's." She burst into tears, and he took her in his arms and held her to him.

The young couple were married. Assisted by his friends, Dick built a comfortable log cabin not far from his father-in-law's, and he and Martha began their domestic life most happily. Every day as the sun was setting the young wife would stand in front of the cabin and eagerly watch the path by which he came home from the field. He would halloo to her from far down among the crags and defiles in a musical barytone, and she would make a trumpet of her hands and echo his "Whoopee!" in a clear, ringing voice. The winter came and passed. The arbutus

and claytonia and a profusion of other spring flowers bloomed and died, and the mountain-sides and vales took on the wondrous colors of the rhododendron and kalmia. These passed away, and the early autumnal flowers and tinted foliage added a new charm to the landscape.

"I've just got word that my Uncle Alfred is mighty sick, an' Aunt Cinthy wants me to come over to-night, ef I kin possibly do it," Dick announced one rainy day at noon. "I must go, that's all about it. They've been mighty good to me."

Martha's face paled and a sharp look of pain came into her eyes. She looked at the drenching rain and the lowering clouds.

"I wish you didn't have to go," she sighed. "Mother said this mornin' that the river wuz up so high the hack couldn't cross."

"Shuh, little woman," laughed Dick. "Bob could swim ten sech puddles as that an' not strain hisse'f. Don't you bother. I want to git yore mother or somebody else to sleep heer, ur maybe you'd better go up thar."

"No; I'm not afeerd to stay heer by myse'f," was her reply. "Thar hain't nobody in these mountains mean enough to harm a helpless woman."

"I reckon you are right," Dick returned, "but you'll be lonesome."

She answered with a negative smile, and putting on his storm-coat he went out to saddle his horse. When Bob stood at the door, trying to stick his gray head into the cabin out of the beating rain, and Dick came in to kiss her good-by she clung to him nervously.

"I don't know why I'm so miserable," she faltered, "but, somehow, I feel like I wuzn't ever goin' to see you ag'in."

"Shuh!" and he kissed her laughingly. "You needn't have a speck o' uneasiness. I'll be back to-morrow, certain."

She dried her eyes on her apron and tried to smile, but her anxiety and forebodings deepened as she watched him ride down the mountain through the gray rain and fog. She sank into a chair before the fireplace and tried to be oblivious of the dull patter on the low roof and the ominous growling of the mountain torrent. Night came on quickly, and the storm increased in fury. The wind howled dismally among the trees and the rocky defiles, and now and then a deafening clap of thunder seemed to shake the mountain to its very base. She opened the door slightly, but the wind and rain beat in so furiously that she quickly closed it again. The hours passed. She lay down on the bed, but she did not close her eyes. The rain had put out the fire except a flickering blaze in the corner of the chimney, and a stream of water had run across the floor from the door to the hearth and was hissing in the hot ashes.

Suddenly, above the roar of the storm she heard the neighing of a horse. It was Bob. Her heart stood still; she could scarcely breathe so great were her fears. She tried to raise the bar of the door, but her strength failed her, and she only leaned weak and helpless against the wall, straining her ears for Dick's voice. Bob was pawing and neighing at the stable. She drew the bar from its sockets and the wind dashed the door open. She peered out into the gloom. She could see nothing but the driving rain and the mad rocking of the trees, then she saw the horse, but he was riderless.

"Dick! Dick!" she cried, at the top of her voice, but her only answer was a neigh



"We'll see about that, my fine lady."

of recognition from Bob as he came toward her. "Dick! Dick! What are you?" she repeated, but there was no reply, and the storm seemed to drown her cry. Then she thought she heard some one calling. It was only fancy, but she dashed out into the storm and groped her way down the mountain road, pausing every minute to call her husband's name and listen for a reply.

Just after dawn the next day Mrs. Black, hurrying down toward her daughter's cabin, saw something lying at the roadside. It proved to be the lifeless form of her son-in-law, near a tree which had been shattered by lightning, and on his breast, wet, bedraggled, her long hair matted to her head, and unconscious, lay Martha.

## II

WHEN Martha was convalescing from a serious attack of brain fever she had to be told of Dick's death, for she remembered nothing of the sad occurrence. She simply turned her wan face to the wall and said not a word. But when her mother was preparing to have her removed to the parental cabin she astonished every one by declaring that she would never leave the hut where she had lived with her husband. Mrs. Black argued with tears in her motherly eyes, and the neighbors joined in the endeavor to change her mind, but all in vain. One of the most discerning whispered to another that, "The pore gal is actually afeerd to go back to 'er father's, for she knows in reason that he will be a-ding-dongin' at 'er to marry Jake, now that she's free. An' ever'body knows Jake 'ud be only too willin' to be second choice."

So Martha lived on alone in the cabin. Dick had left her a little sum of money that he had saved up, and with Bob rented out to a farmer, she had enough to satisfy her humble needs.

Jake Wilbers became bold enough now and then to pay her his most unwelcome visits. He loved her still, and seemed determined to make her his wife sooner or later. When he came, however, he was always abashed by her silent suffering and her cold treatment of him. One afternoon he found her seated at the side of the bed, her thin hand extended over the coverlet as if she fancied she was holding Dick's hand. She looked over her shoulder as Jake entered, but scarcely changed countenance and did not speak.

"Martha," he said, and he paused in the centre of the room and awkwardly whipped the long leg of his heavy boot with a switch, "I've been a-comin' heer mighty nigh ever' day sence—sence you wuz left alone, an' you hain't never tuk the least bit o' notice of me. That hain't the way to treat a' old friend."

"I hain't alone," she said, without looking up, "Dick's sperit is with me ef his body hain't. Sometimes I kin 'most tech 'im, an' when I stand thar whar—whar he told me good-by I kin feel 'im hold me in his arms. An' often, when I wake in the mornin', he seems to be thar on his side o' the bed, right whar my hand is now."

"Shucks!" he exclaimed lightly. Her words made him feel uncomfortable, but her beauty and helplessness thrilled him. He stepped up behind her chair and touched her shoulder lightly. "Pshaw, Marthy, you'll go stark, ravin' crazy ef you go on this 'er way. You must git out o' this lonesome shack an' git yore mind off'n dead folks an' sperits an' sech truck. It won't do!"

She shrank from his touch, and looked at him with burning, scornful eyes. "Go away!" she screamed, her face in her lap; "fur the love of mercy—fur God's sake go away an' let me alone! I have enough to bear 'thout you. You are the last person on earth I want to see. You are the one that first driv' 'im away from me. Please go! I can't stand it!"

He was much disconcerted. He twisted the switch in his hands and a flush of blended impatience and anger darkened his face. "I loved you an' offered to take keer o' you long 'fore he did," he blurted out passionately. "I give in to 'im when he wuz alive, but now he's no more an' you are so helpless I 'low you ort to consider my feelin's. I can't git along 'thout you. I jest ha'nt these woods night an' day sence you've been heer by yorese'f."

She shuddered, and again buried her face in her lap. "I'm goin', Marthy," he hastened to say, fearing that he had gone too far for his own interests. He quickly left the room, but paused outside where his horse was hitched, in the laurel bushes a few paces from the cabin, and looked back. He saw her leave the hut and walk down the path to the spot where, at the end of the day, she used to wait for Dick's return.

It was sunset. The gray of dusk was gathering at the base of the mountain and slowly creeping upward. Jake stood and watched her movements stealthily. She leaned against a great lichen and heather-grown boulder, and, shading her eyes from the slanting rays of the sun, gazed down the rugged path just as she had done when she used to await her husband's coming. Her eyes shone with the eager light of expectancy, and she stood as still as the rock against which she leaned. The gloaming gathered. The shadows were

still climbing up to the brow of the mountain high above. Suddenly Jake Wilbers' blood ran cold in his veins. She was hallooing as she had done so often in answer to Dick's far-away salutation: "Whoopee! Whoopee!" The weird cry bounded back and forth among the cliffs as if seeking to escape confinement. Jake shuddered superstitiously, and, mounting his horse, he slowly rode away.

Mrs. Black recognized her daughter's voice as she came down the path to visit her. "I must see 'er to-night ur I can't sleep," she thought, as she trudged along. "God knows it's a pity to have 'er a-livin' like she does. I'll try once more to git 'er to come back to us."

She met Martha as she was returning to the cabin softly talking to herself. The old woman laid her hand gently on the girl's arm. "Marthy, you ort not to stand out heer 'thout a bonnet ur shawl; you'll ketch yore death o' cold."

Martha smiled faintly. "I was callin' to Dick," she said, not heeding her mother's remark. "Somehow it's a comfort to go over the old ways me an' 'im had. I 'most forgot he was dead just now. I kept hollerin' kase the echo sounded like 'im away down past the creek; but it didn't git no nigher, an' then I knowed it was jest me."

"Pshaw," said Mrs. Black, putting her arm around the slender waist, "come into the cabin—yore dress is liter'ly drenched with dew. I'll kindle up yore fire an' you'll feel better. This will never do, you jest can't continue livin' this way. I've fetched you a basket of some'n to eat; you hain't teched a bite in two days, that I know o'."

"I'm never hungry," sighed the girl. "How could I set thar at that table an' eat whar Dick used to set three times a day, laughin' an' goin' on like he used to?—I'd choke!"

"You'll kill yorese'f, child," and the old woman forced her to sit down in a chair while she stirred the fire and put on fresh wood. "This is goin' to be a cold night; come home with me, I need you, an' yore father wants you, too."

Martha shook her head without looking up from the coals in the chimney. "He 'lowed yesterday he wanted me to marry Jake Wilbers, an' set thar an' contended over it fur fully two hours."

"He thinks ef you wuz married you would soon git over yore sufferin'—in havin' some'n to occupy yore mind; an', Marthy, I must say I think you ort to think about it. When Dick wuz alive I wuz fur his intrusts, but now he's gone, you ort to be sensible like other women. Mighty nigh ever'body round about heer thinks you ort to take Jake. He's comfortably fixed, an' loved you 'fore you ever seed Dick."

Martha left her chair and went to the door facing the mountain, and looked out into the gathering night. "Mother," she said, in a cold, despairing voice, "up thar at the top of the mountain the's a cliff, more'n five hundred feet high. Ef I knowed I'd have to live one day—one single minute—with Jake Wilbers in Dick's place, an' 'im dead an' helpless in his grave, I'd slip up thar an' deliberately jump off to my death, fur I'll meet Dick when I die, an' that's all I ever keer fur now."

Mrs. Black was half frightened by her daughter's words and manner. She went to her and drew her back to the fire. "Don't think any more about Jake," she said, in unsteady, pacific tones; "thar's plenty o' time fur you to make up yore mind; now come home with me, an' sleep in the bed whar you used to sleep when you wuz too little to have trouble."

"Mother," and she glanced at the bed in the corner. "I would not be satisfied anywhar but heer whar I last seed Dick. I'll never leave it till they take me out to put me in the ground as they did 'im."

Footsteps were heard crunching on the stony path. Black had come after his wife. As he entered he looked at his daughter with a frown. "The whole country is talkin' 'bout you an' yore livin' heer by yorese'f," he grumbled. "I didn't 'low you'd ever make folks talk about me an' yore mother. The right thing fur you to do is to come home an' take yore old place, an' stop this foolishness."

The girl hung down her head but made no reply. Her silence angered him. "Marthy," he blustered, trembling with anger, "Jake Wilbers is in torture over yore treatment uv 'im. A woman hain't no right to worry a human bein' like you worry 'im. I give 'im my promise to-day that I'd use my influence with you, an' you've jest got to listen to reason. When a gal does like you it's 'er father's duty to make 'er do what's right."

"You'll never git me to marry that man, father, never!"

"We'll see about that, my fine lady!" was Black's angry answer, as he drew his wife away. "We'll see who is master in the matter, you or me!"

Martha made no reply. She did not see the yearning glance her mother threw back as she was hurried from the cabin. She listened to their crunching steps till they died away in the distance.

(Conclusion in June JOURNAL)

## SWEET PEAS

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

WHEN sunset clouds are hued with rose,  
Down garden paths my lady goes  
To pluck the pink sweet peas.  
Her fond eyes show she loves them much,  
As does her tender finger-touch,  
As airy as the breeze.

She leans and lingers over them,  
I watch them kiss her garment's hem,  
Her woosers, every one;  
When'er they see her radiant face  
They seem to sue some glance of grace  
As sun-flowers sue the sun.

How may I win her dear regard?—  
A task which swains have found so hard  
That all, forsooth, despair!—  
I'll try if there be any spell  
In wearing on my coat-lapel  
A sweet pea boutonniere.

## MR. RUSKIN'S MAY QUEEN

BY ETHEL MACKENZIE MCKENNA



MORE than ten years have passed since Mr. Ruskin first induced the principal of Whitelands College—a school for the training of girls who are to earn their living as teachers—to materialize one of his "romantic impossibilities," and to organize a May Day festival, with a yearly election of a May queen. Mr. Ruskin had for a long time been desirous of re-introducing the old-fashioned custom into country villages, and in one case, through the eager help of an earnest disciple, had almost succeeded in establishing it. Unfortunately, however, the disciple fell in love and her thoughts were turned in other directions. But her defection, although deeply grieving Mr. Ruskin, did not shatter his fancies, and before long May Day was observed with many an old custom at Whitelands College. Mr. Ruskin has proved a veritable good genius to the school, for May Day is now the day of the year there. And he has not stopped short at founding the festival, for he presents every year to the chosen queen a gold filigree cross and chain; the trinket has been specially designed from a sprig of May blossom, and is a graceful, beautiful piece of workmanship. He also sends yearly a complete edition of his works, handsomely bound in purple calf and gold, to be awarded as the queen thinks fit. Every detail of the day's ceremonial has been laid before him and approved, and he has even superintended the designing of the various dresses. He was difficult to satisfy in this particular, and refused to give his consent to a fantastic robe sketched by Kate Greenaway, saying that he would not have his queen look like Madge Wildfire.

BUT though Mr. Ruskin has shown his interest in this material manner he has done far more for the yearly festival by the spirit which he has infused into it. It is not a mere theatrical display, but one full of spirituality to the girls who take part in it, and who, through Mr. Ruskin's teaching, are able to fathom the meaning which underlies the romantic prettiness attending on the election of the May queen. The outside world knows but little of the festival, and as I stood at the gate awaiting admission last May Day, while the rain poured in torrents, I could not but feel that in our climate such celebrations were out of place. But once inside, my mood changed, and I began to think that summer was really here. Flowers were everywhere; they garlanded the balustrades, and hung from the ceiling; they nestled in moss beneath the windows, and peeped from unexpected corners from all sides. We passed into the chapel where the air was heavy with the scent of lilies and exotics, and there awaited the coming of the students. Soon the organ pealed forth a hymn of praise and the girls entered two and two, ranging themselves on each side of the aisle. A hundred and sixty girls occupied the ascending pews on either side. They were attired in picturesque gowns with long "angel" sleeves. In their hair were wreaths of flowers and leaves, and all carried posies of sweet-scented blossoms. At the end of the aisle, conspicuous from not being dressed in the uniform of the other May maidens, were two girls, one the May queen of a year or two ago, while the other was she whose reign ended that day. Her queenly robe was an over-dress of white cashmere, beautifully embroidered round the neck, sleeves and hem with shaded heartsease, draped over a skirt of green silk. On her head was the withered crown of last year and on her breast rested the emblem of sovereignty, Mr. Ruskin's gold cross. After a few short prayers, which included a special petition for "John Ruskin" and an anthem, the girls filed out and, the rain having ceased for a few moments, walked in procession round the garden. Then we followed them into the big schoolroom where we found a charming scene awaiting us.

IN the centre of the room stood a May-pole gayly decorated with pink and white ribbons and wreathed with flowers of the same colors. The walls were festooned with ivy and a rural aspect was given by the platform at one end being backed by arches of boughs and moss and decorated with palms, shrubs and growing flowers. In the centre sat last year's queen, surrounded by her chosen maidens, and as soon as all were seated she rose and fronting her schoolfellows said, with a pretty tremor of nervousness quivering through her voice: "I abdicate my throne and hope that the new queen may have as happy a reign as I have had." Then her attendants stepped forward and removed the faded crown, replacing it by a wreath of forget-me-nots and placing a bouquet of the same flowers in her hands. Then followed the election, which was done by ballot, the girls being exhorted to give their vote to the "likeablest, loveablest and cleverest girl in the school," and while the principal was busy sorting the votes the girls sang part-songs and played for the benefit of the visitors. The time seemed short when he re-entered and declared that Elizabeth Hughes had been chosen the queen-elect. Evidently the choice was a very popular one, and the chosen girl stepped from among her fellows, blushing with pleasure, yet so overcome at the honor that she seemed about to burst into tears. Having chosen her maids of honor she left the hall to prepare for her coronation and to decide which of her schoolfellows should receive the books which "the master" gave for distribution. There was much to be done—for the royal robes had to be adapted to the wearer—but for those who were waiting there was entertainment. May dances were danced by the students, who executed the various figures with both skill and grace, and May songs were sung.

CAN it really be more than an hour since the queen was proclaimed, when the girls leave the room to form the procession? A teacher seats herself at the piano and strikes the first chords of a triumphant march, and slowly the girls enter the room. First come eighteen of the tallest bearing long, white wands wreathed with flowers, which they cross to form arches, and under these the queen walks to her throne. She is wearing a charming dress of soft, drapable material in a delicate shade of pink over a green skirt. A train of courtly length hangs from her shoulders and is borne by her maids. She is crowned with apple-blossoms and carries a posy of the same flowers. Evidently she has not yet recovered from her shyness for her hands shake as she stands before her throne and the blossoms in her bouquet tremble. Then slowly all her schoolfellows passed before her, and the first to do homage was the dethroned queen. The insignia of royalty, the gold cross and chain, lay on a purple cushion on the steps of the throne. Alas, Mr. Ruskin was not able to preside, but the Countess of Cadogan consented to represent him, and ascending the throne she fastened it round the neck of her "May Queenship." Several other ladies, among them Mrs. Oscar Wilde, stepped forward to present flowers to the newly-crowned queen, who made a pretty picture seated among a wealth of blossoms. The principal then offered for her acceptance Mr. Ruskin's "Queen of the Air," which was sent specially to the queen.

THE presentation of the thirty-four volumes came next on the programme. The name of each girl was written in her book with the reason for which she was awarded it. The reasons were many and diverse. One girl received a volume "because the queen liked her"; another "because she does as she is told"; a third "because she is better in sickness than a sugar-coated or even a gilded pill," while among other reasons for awarding the prize the following were noticeable: Because

"Every day with fern and flower  
She makes the dining-hall a pretty bower";

or because

"When the girls are in a pother  
She plays the part of little mother."

"Because she's a scholar of great renown  
The first in Whitelands who wore cap and gown."

The queen had evidently chosen well, for as each girl passed to receive her gift at the hands of the day's sovereign, she was cheered by vigorous applause. It was amusing to note the ceremony of kissing hands. The approved method of Buckingham Palace had not reached this presence chamber. Instead of the subject receiving the royal hand on the back of her own and just touching it with her lips as she curtsies low, it was boldly seized, lifted to the lips and vigorously kissed after the obeisance had been made. Then there were more dances and the lamps of festivity were kept burning until luncheon, when the girls doffed their May Day raiment and returned to the commonplace. But the day's pleasure was not yet over.

Mr. Ruskin had always tried to impress on those in whom he took an interest the pleasure of giving, and the afternoon's holiday was spent by the girls at Whitelands in visiting the hospitals and distributing the flowers, which had brightened their festival, among the sad and the sick.

## THE LAST OF THE CARLYLES

By Louise Markscheffel



It will probably be a matter of considerable surprise to Americans to learn that the only living member of the family in which Thomas Carlyle was son, is a resident of this Western Continent. Her home is in Canada, far from the crowded abodes of man, and so inaccessible that only those of tender affection or great personal interest venture to make the journey thither.

Mrs. Robert Hanning, or Janet Carlyle as she is more interesting to readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, was born at Mainhill Farm near Lockerby, in the county of Dumfries, Southern Scotland, on the nineteenth of July, 1812. The house, at the time of its occupancy by the Carlyle family, was a low, one-story, whitewashed cottage, having a few poor outbuildings attached, and standing a few hundred yards back from the road which passed it. This cottage consisted of three rooms—a kitchen, one small bedroom, and one larger one connected to the house by a passage. The door opened upon a square farmyard, around which were the outhouses. No foliage, save the stunted growth of thorn, could live in this bleak, windy spot, and its dreariness was only relieved by the beautiful view from the house, of wooded hill and shining river. Here lived for many years James Carlyle (of whom Thomas wrote: "He was the remarkablest man I ever knew") and his wife Margaret, with their large family of children; and here, as has been said, was born Janet, or Jennie, the youngest of this family and the subject of this sketch. Through the long year the father and his sons worked at the cultivation of the unfruitful soil, while the mother and daughters were occupied in household labors and in caring for the cows and poultry, and, in harvest time, in helping with the men in the fields. Thomas, the eldest son, was but seldom at home, as his education, and later his career as tutor and author, took him to Edinburgh and to other cities. His holidays, however, were spent at Mainhill almost invariably.

Janet was named after her father's first wife, who had died of fever soon after giving birth to her only child, a son. The second wife, and the mother of the eight children, of whom Thomas was the eldest and Janet the youngest, was Margaret Aitken, "a woman," said her famous son, "of, to me, the fairest descent, that of the pious, the just and the wise." She was a most loving and devoted mother to her large family of five daughters and three sons, caring not only for their physical wants, but even more particularly for their moral and spiritual welfare. Herself but of little learning, she aided each of her children as far on the path of knowledge as she was able, and then had the happiness of seeing their journey continued under capable instruction.

In the year 1826, as the lease of the farm at Mainhill had expired, the entire family, including Thomas, who for some time prior to this had been living at Hoddam Hill, a small farm near his home, removed to Scotsbrig, a larger farm near Ecclefechan, where the father and mother remained until their deaths, and where their youngest son succeeded them as proprietor. Before the newcomers were at all settled in their home, young Robert Hanning, a boy of fourteen, came with offers of assistance from his parents, who resided at the neighboring farm of Peatknowes. The shy little



A PICTURE IN ONE OF THE ROOMS

Jennie peeped out at the boy, who was but seven months her senior, from behind her sister's gown; and Robert, when he returned home, announced that with the new family was "a bonnie wee lassie, so sweet and fair, and with black eyes." The children attended the same school, Middlebie School, and were close companions until they were nineteen years of age. Then Robert went to Manchester, where he entered a large wholesale house, whose stock varied from silk to tea, and where for five years, or until his employer's death, he remained. After this death, as he had inherited his

employer's, Mr. Craig's, business, he returned to Scotsbrig, where he married little Jennie on the fifteenth of March, 1836.

Long before this had come the marriage of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh, and, in consequence, the separation of the eldest son from his home once more. And so from the wedding the brother and sister-in-law, who were at that time living in Chelsea, at the famous No. 5 Cheyne Row, were absent.

A wedding journey over the first railroad built in England to their new home in Manchester was taken by the young Mr. and Mrs. Hanning, and partly by rail and mostly by stage they journeyed from their Scottish to their English home. But the prosperity which had been with the young merchant seemed to have temporarily deserted him, and in 1839 Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hanning, with their one little daughter, returned to Scotland. At Kirtlebridge, near Gretna Green, Mr. Hanning established himself a second time in business, and here their second child, also a daughter, was born. One of the recollections of the young mother was the glimpse of England, visible across the channel, from this home.

Still unsuccessful, Mr. Hanning, in 1841, determined to test his fortunes in the New Continent, of which such wonderful tales were told. His wife was persuaded by her brother Thomas—whose devotion to his



"COMELY BANK," THE PRESENT HOME OF MRS. HANNING IN CANADA

mother was paramount to every other consideration—to remain temporarily with, and to care for the old mother, whom they both loved so fondly, and whose life was lonely without the companionship of the husband who had left her for a better world a few years before.

Thus it happened that the little family was separated, and the young mother, with the two little daughters, remained in Scotland with her mother, while the young husband went forth to seek his fortunes. The greatest pleasure of these dreary, lonely days was the arrival of the letters from America, and how eagerly they were watched for can be imagined by any one who can appreciate the loneliness of the young mother. The time passed in work, and in educating and training the minds and bodies of her two little daughters until 1851, when, no longer questioning on which side lay duty, Mrs. Hanning decided to join her husband. Jane Welsh Carlyle, Thomas Carlyle's wife, was her champion in this decision, and concluded a long letter to her on this subject, with: "Go, in God's name, and God be with you, my dear little Jennie." A sailing-vessel, the bark "Clutha of Greenock," took the place of the disabled steamer on which passage had been secured for the little family, and on May 27, 1851, they sailed from England for their new home.

In America Robert Hanning worked for a gentleman on the Hudson River until 1848, when he determined to go farther west in the hope of finding more congenial and remunerative employment. In 1853 he accepted the position of general foreman at Hamilton, Ontario, with the then infant railroad, the Great Western, which position he held until his death, March 21, 1878.

The mother and little daughters reached Hamilton the day after Mrs. Hanning's birthday, on July 19, and here the family made their home until Mr. Hanning's death. There were two other children born during their residence in Hamilton. Dur-

ing these years Mrs. Hanning was in constant correspondence with her brother Thomas and his wife, and many are the letters, yellow with age, creased and broken, which are stored in the sister's home. No detail was too minute to be written of by the famous brother to his "dear Jennie," and no words too affectionate to be used in writing her. He writes to her on one occasion: "Will you put up with the smallest of letters, rather than with none at all? I have hardly a moment, and no paper but this thick, coarse sort."

And again: "Understand always, my dear sister, that I love you well, and am very glad to see and hear that you conduct yourself as you ought."

Carlyle societies have besought Mrs. Hanning to part with her brother's letters, which she treasures so carefully; innumerable have been the requests that she should, by publishing them, show Carlyle in his character of a thoughtful, affectionate and considerate brother; but all these requests she has steadily declined. These letters to her are more precious than jewels, and no amount of money could be sufficient consideration to warrant her in exposing these affectionate words to the gaze of a curious public.

When Thomas Carlyle died, in 1881, he left to Mrs. Hanning property sufficient to render her independent for the remainder of her life. For three years after her husband's death Mrs. Hanning retained her home, but finally relinquished it to reside with her daughter, Mrs. Leslie.

Since 1881, therefore, Mrs. Hanning has made her home with her daughter and her daughter's husband, in their delightful

of the principal pieces of furniture in this room. On the walls hang photographs of Jane Welsh Carlyle, and of her tomb at Haddington, a portrait of Thomas Carlyle, and a photograph showing husband and wife in their famous drawing-room in the Chelsea house (reproduced on this page),



MRS. HANNING

where all that was brilliant in the London world of letters would congregate.

One of the pieces of bric-à-brac in this room is a Wedgwood plaque, on which are perched two birds, which was sent to Carlyle on St. Valentine's Day by a pottery manufacturer. The inscription, written in ink, is still traceable, and reads:

"A valentine for great Carlyle,  
Who is revered through Britain's Isle."

A frame containing the Carlyle and the Hanning coats-of-arms is also to be seen at this Canadian "Comely Bank." The former consists of two griffins, above which is the word "Humilitate," and this inscription is also on the family tombstone at Ecclefechan.

In appearance Mrs. Hanning is good to look upon. In figure she is extremely small and slight. As will be seen from her portrait Mrs. Hanning bears a strong resemblance to her brother. The formation of the lower half of the face, the strong Scotch features and the keen black eyes are almost identical.

A love of flowers was so strong within her that her garden was famous throughout Hamilton. A pretty incident is told of Emerson, who traveled many miles to meet Mrs. Hanning. He was greatly pleased with her beautiful garden, and when he spoke particularly of the flowers his hostess gathered blossom after blossom into his hands. When Emerson first met Mrs. Hanning he placed her in a great chair, and, after standing and gazing at her for several moments, he said: "And this is his sister—this is dear Carlyle's sister."

Many interesting reminiscences of her famous brother and his clever wife has Mrs. Hanning to tell. Her brother's great affectionateness and devotion to his kindred, especially to his wife and mother, are themes upon which she never tires of dwelling.

Courtesy, generosity and gentleness are Mrs. Hanning's most lovely characteristics. Beneath them will be found the firm and vigorous strength of character, peculiar to the Scotch race in general and to the Carlyle family in particular. Unselfish also, the love of self subordinated, and thought for others paramount, this mother, daughter and sister has done much to make the world the better for her having lived in it.



MRS. HANNING IN HER OWN APARTMENT

## WITH SCHUMANN'S WIFE AS MY TEACHER

By Mathilde Wurm



FRANKFORT rests in the beautiful valley of the River Main. The surrounding country is richly clad with orchard and forest, and in the springtime especially presents an appearance of indescribable luxuriance.

Here Goethe first saw the light of this world. But these are not the things that endear Frankfort to me. Whenever I think of that old town I recall the happy days when I was a pupil of the most gifted woman in the world of music, Mme. Clara Schumann, widow of the great master, a pianist of rare ability. Mme. Schumann still lives in Frankfort. There she is surrounded by friends and relatives, a gentle, trusting, lovely woman.

I BECAME a pupil of Mme. Schumann in this manner: My father is a professor of music, and my mother also possessed much musical taste, so much so that every member of our family, eight in number, inherited a love and talent for music. The Royal College of Music, formerly the National Training School, in London, offers a scholarship to the person who shows most excellence in an examination held annually. I won the scholarship at the age of twelve years, and succeeded D'Albert, the now famous pianist. When my term of instruction at the Royal College was over Mme. Schumann made her annual visit to London, and expressed a desire to hear me play. This was my first meeting with her, and I so well succeeded in pleasing her that she offered to take myself and a younger sister, and complete our musical education at her home in Frankfort. Arrangements being made, I repaired to Frankfort in the year 1884, to receive instruction after the manner of Paul from Gamaliel, at the feet of one whose whole soul was thoroughly permeated with the genius of music.

Clara Wieck was her name before she relinquished it for that of the great composer, whom she married on September 12, 1840. She had long been wedded to him in heart, but her father's opposition, which found vent in temporizing (not denying), hoping to fatigue and weaken the young people's desires, long delayed the marriage. Finally they had recourse to law, and when the father was forced to give his objections in substantial form he broke down.

TO speak with any degree of intelligence of Mme. Schumann's methods of teaching is difficult. They are individual, and one feels rather than understands them. Her foremost trait is insistence upon constant practice of one piece until one has completely mastered it; then, and not until then is one allowed to take up another composition. She gives the pupil his lesson, and though she does not remark at length upon the manner of execution, she will remember, when the next lesson comes around, how the pupil played the preceding one, and will insist upon repetition on subsequent occasions until she is perfectly satisfied. One seems never to forget anything learned under her. Sometimes I find an old piece which I labored over during the first few months of my instruction, and I find that I remember it perfectly, although I may be a little rusty in the technique.

Mme. Schumann is very kind to her pupils, and they all adore her. She demands constant attention and conscientious effort on their part, but at the same time she is so agreeable that she never asks one twice to do this or not to do that. I consider her the finest instructor on the pianoforte in Europe.

It is not easy, as I say, to give a description of Mme. Schumann's method of instruction; she is not given to many words, and she makes her impressions upon the pupils more by what she does not say than through the medium of language. After one has studied under her, and looking backward, tries to analyze her methods, there comes to the memory only the picture of a quiet, pleasant lady, firm but gentle, patient and encouraging, whose very presence is an inspiration. Let me try to describe the picture: Seated at the piano is a diffident pupil, a girl who is touched with awe that is inspired by the presence of a person of genius. Near the piano, in an armchair, sits a lady with silver hair—Mme. Schumann. She wears a black silk dress, very plain and full-skirted, and on her head rests a black lace cap; upon her fingers are many rings which flash in the light with every movement of her soft, pink-white hands, which are large, though symmetrical and beautiful. She watches the pupil intently, and often with a naive apologetic remark plays a passage here and there when she is not fully satisfied.

"One must caress the piano, not hit it," she will say, and she is very particular in enforcing this principle.

WHEN she is pleased she relaxes a little; she never praises extravagantly, but her smile of satisfaction and approval is long remembered by the fortunates upon whom it is bestowed. When she is displeased she agitates her hands nervously and rubs them together. She is not content to teach her pupils how to interpret music on the piano alone; she also gives them lessons in harmony, counter-point, choir-singing and, in short, gives them a thorough musical education. Nor does she rest here. A certain sum of money has been contributed by wealthy people in London, and is made the nucleus of a fund confided to Mme. Schumann to be expended in the education of young people who may possess musical genius. Those of her pupils who come from England and other places distant from the town of Frankfort she often attends to personally. To pupils who please her very much by their earnestness and progress in study she sometimes gives tickets to the theatres, and invites them to her house.

Pupils' concerts are held in Frankfort each year, some five or six of them. Without exaggeration I may state that the Schumann pupils always acquit themselves more satisfactorily than any others. Mme. Schumann watches them very closely. Once one of them played rather badly. Mme. Schumann said nothing to her at the time, but at the next lesson she approached the girl, and instead of upbraiding and reprimanding she simply looked at her, and said plaintively: "What shall I do with you?" That pupil was more ashamed than she would have been had Mme. Schumann vented her anger upon her.

EVERY Christmas-tide Mme. Schumann has a Christmas-tree, and her pupils are invited to attend and make merry. Presents are distributed and a very enjoyable evening is spent. To one who played Beethoven well she gave a large portrait of that master. I once had the good fortune to please her very much and was made the recipient of a pendant which she had worn when a girl.

But the greatest honor she could bestow was to send us upon an errand. To be singled out and entrusted with the safe delivery of a letter, either at the post-office or at a private house, was to be made supremely happy for the time being. I was made happy in this way on many occasions.

The life of Mme. Schumann is very regular. She rises at seven o'clock each morning, and breakfasts at eight, giving three lessons a day, and these in the morning only. The pupils who have not mastered the elementary principles of music are instructed by her two unmarried daughters, Marie and Eugénie. The more advanced go directly to Mme. Schumann. After her morning lessons she goes out for a walk, if the weather permits, returning in time to lunch at one o'clock. Then she takes a nap of an hour or more, after which she is ready to play the hostess to any and all who may wend their footsteps in the direction of her hospitable house. Tea is the next function, and this is disposed of at five o'clock, after the manner of the English. This meal generally consists of tea and rusks, and fruit in season. The evenings are spent in attending the theatres and concerts. She is fond of knitting, and often, on a quiet, sunny afternoon, she may be found in the garden surrounding her house in the Mainzar-Landstrasse, plying her needles and listening to the song-birds in the branches of the trees near by.

LONDON adores Mme. Schumann. She makes it a practice to visit that city once each year. When there she stays at the residence of Mr. Burnand, a brother of "Punch's" famous editor. St. James' Hall is quite a flower-garden when she comes. When she plays at the popular concerts held there, and when she appears on the platform, the audience rise in a body, and accord her an enthusiastic greeting. When once she sits down at the pianoforte she enraptures her audience. The secret of this is best explained in the words of Sir Julius Benedict, who said of Jenny Lind (between whom and Mme. Schumann existed a firm friendship to the day of the former's death): "It is just that conscientiousness, that reverential feeling, which inspired even those who hardly understood music with her ardor, and made them share her own emotion."

Mme. Schumann teaches most of Schumann, Beethoven and Bach; she dislikes pyrotechnics in music; she likes the music of the heart, expressing the emotions of life; she is an ardent admirer of all that is great and beautiful in art; her heart is tender and great, her mind is vast, and she lives in an atmosphere far removed from all envy or petty jealousies. Before playing Schumann in public she always reads over again some of the old love-letters which he wrote to her during the days of their courtship. They fill her with a better understanding of his music and help her to interpret the spirit of his works aright.

ON one occasion, when playing the beautiful F minor sonata which was written just before her marriage, some memories of that happy time must have arisen before her, for tears trickled down her cheeks. The audience understood and appreciated, and the artist at the instrument, seemingly oblivious of her surroundings, gave them such an interpretation of Schumann as they are never likely to hear again.

Mme. Schumann is now seventy-three years of age, but the years rest lightly upon her; while others of like age are ensconced in their armchairs, waiting for the summons home, she is still active. It is ever so with the genius. The continual and careful exercise of the intellect has a beneficial influence upon the physical condition. She is troubled a little with rheumatism and nervousness, but she continues to exhibit the same patience and goodness that have always characterized her. Whenever Brahms writes anything new he sends it to her, asking her opinion upon it. She keeps up her pianoforte-playing by practicing each day, though her execution lacks somewhat the brilliancy of her work in years gone by. She has written many trios and songs, the best being the "Cadences for the Beethoven Concertos." All artists who visit Frankfort make it their special duty and privilege to call upon Mme. Schumann. Many titled people of Europe visit her, and on such occasions she has her best pupils perform for their edification. Her summers are spent in complete rest. Her eldest daughter always accompanies her on her trips and will not allow a pianoforte in sight. Many of her pupils have achieved great success.

There returns to my mind the picture of the great artist as I saw her last, sitting in the garden, at a little table on which tea had been served. The trees were luxuriant in their summer foliage, and the birds were singing their evening song in the branches. Away on the western horizon the red orb of day was sinking slowly beyond our sight, its last rays dancing on the tops of the trees in the distance. The shadows were growing longer. An ineffable calm rested upon everything as in low, earnest tones, the great artist counseled me as to my future career, speaking words of encouragement and hope that will never be forgotten by me. In sadness we parted, but the birds sang on, and in the air was a perfect quiet. The sadness was only at parting; beneath, within her heart, all is joy and peace!

## VOICES OF AMERICAN WOMEN

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE



HARDLY anything adds more to the gratification of social intercourse than a pleasant voice, woman's voice particularly. Many, even among educated persons, never cultivate the pitch, variation or cadence of the voice. So long as they make themselves understood without difficulty they are satisfied. The finer uses of the voice, while they may be lost on the multitude are deeply appreciated by those having a sensitive ear. The tone in which language is conveyed answers to style in writing, and conveys either an agreeable or a disagreeable impression. It either attracts or repels, and the difference, in a woman's case, is, socially, of the first importance. Is she aware of it? Deductively, not, since she shows no concern with the subject. And in regard to whatever is agreeable, if it consciously affects her, she is apt to exhibit the liveliest interest.

American women's voices are not generally good. In truth, it may be frankly acknowledged that many are bad, unequivocally bad; not, perhaps, in comparison with Europeans at large, but with the English women of the better classes, who have, on the whole, the most agreeable voices in civilization. Of the untrained, the uncultivated nothing should be expected; they have not the time, if they had the inclination, to develop their larynx, regulate their organs, or modulate their tones. The peasantry of the Old World, or the backwoodsmen of the New, are naturally as indifferent to such things as they would be to polish of habit or conventionality of behavior. Rustic surroundings and associations, whether abroad or at home, are not conducive to external polish. For this, the life of towns, with their accompanying flux and fiction, is necessary.

The women of America are unlike European women in that they are all on a level, political if not social. They are not shut out from anything. There is no position to which they may not attain. They are more intelligent, more discriminating, more intuitive. Those who live in the interior, away from crowded centres, look, dress and bear themselves as do their sisters in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore or New York. They all appear to have been educated at the same school. One part of their education has been neglected—their voices—and the neglect is grievously audible in any and every company in most of the northern States. Voice is largely the result of climate, and the long winters, with their many and sudden changes in the territory lying north of the

parallel of 40°, cause numberless colds and the national catarrh. This is specially observable in New England, where high, shrill, nasal voices are so common as to have become proverbial.

A great many New England women, notably those of pure strain and careful rearing, have as soft, sweet voices as any one would wish to hear, but, unhappily, they are not representative. Some of the ruralists who dwell on the seacoast, who are out in all weathers and whose diet consists chiefly of fish, have disagreeable voices. They are of the firmest moral fibre; they are as stanch and true as steel; they are capable of heroism, of any sacrifice; they are the daughters of sea kings but when you talk with them you are in danger of forgetting all their virtues because of the lack of music in their voices. To a certain extent it is so with any harsh feminine voice. It leaves a disagreeable impression and fills the ear with painful echoes. The American voice is not so frequently bad as it seems to be, but every time we hear a bad one it revives the memory of others we have heard, until we appear at times to live amid a universal cacophony. We have lately grown to be a sensitive, self-critical nation, over-willing, perhaps, to expose and confess our defects. We surely have far less chauvinism than our neighbors (the whole globe is contiguous now) on the other side of the Atlantic—the French, the Spaniards, the Italians, the Germans or even the British. The French, for example, have, as a rule, disagreeable voices, hard, sharp, nasal; so have many of the northern Italians and most of the Germans. But have they ever admitted it? The English are very fond of assailing our voices (theirs, for a wonder, are, in the main, remarkably good, thanks to their insular situation and their deep chests) and grossly exaggerating their disagreeableness. They imagine that almost every American of either sex invariably shouts and talks, as the phrase is, through his or her nose, and they come to believe it by supposing that any one they encounter in their own land, or on the Continent, who fails to do this, cannot possibly be an American.

It is a strange fact and to be regretted that so many—not the majority, by any means—of our native women, who are pretty, clever, interesting, cultured, have disagreeable voices. The contrast between these and themselves emphasizes the unwelcome fact, which is obvious in polite circles in our largest, often in our oldest cities. In the south, where it is warmer and less variable, vocal tones are low, clear, round, pleasant, very much as in old England. Generally speaking, latitude determines the quality of the voice. This is manifest from the difference in the pitch of the people in Naples and Piedmont, in Provence and Champagne, in Greece and Finland, in Louisiana and Michigan.

But apart from climate, another cause, nervousness, materially affects the voices of our women. Nervousness is even more a natal disorder than catarrh. It is well-nigh universal; it affects and determines measurably the character of the entire nation. Our women are perfect bundles of nerves, and the consequence is that they lack inward repose when they are in society, their excitement revealing itself in their speech, which is often high and shrill. If a woman's voice is defective she can conceal its defectiveness by pitching it low and keeping it there. The American woman frequently wants the middle register, and when she quits the lower she mounts at once to the higher register, and remains at that unmelodious altitude. No voice will bear such a strain steadily. It must in time break and lose its quality, which cannot be regained.

Control of the nerves would have a most desirable effect, as it would, after a while, sensibly alter our women's tones, not render them sweet, perhaps, but at least take away their stridency. Some of our women so surrender self-restraint in conversation as to almost shriek, and to trouble every delicate ear within range. Would they but cultivate quietness it would be communicated to their utterance, and thus work a most welcome transformation. Deranged nerves would seem to be, on the whole, more hurtful to the intonations than the widely-prevalent catarrh, and they can be regulated by severe self-discipline. It would doubtless surprise and delight hundreds of women afflicted with what are called bad voices, to learn by actual experiment how these could be improved by zealous study of repose.

So many young women here waste time and money in laboring to sing, when singing well is entirely beyond them, that it is a pity they do not occupy themselves more profitably in training themselves to speak properly. Not many lessons would be required to make their voices smooth, even agreeable, as we see in young women who have been prepared for the stage. There is no substantial reason why American women of average intelligence, notwithstanding nerves and climate, should offend by their harsh tones. The day is not distant, let us hope, when the number will be reduced to a minimum. The coming century will, in all likelihood, not only see a new order of things, but will hear a new order of voices that it will be pleasant to listen to and pleasant to remember.



THE COAST OF BOHEMIA

By William Dean Howells

[This story was commenced in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for December, 1892]



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THE next day Cornelia found herself the object of rumors that filled the Synthesis. She knew that they all came from Charmian, and that she could not hope to overtake them with denial. The ridiculous romances multiplied themselves, and those who did not understand that Cornelia

and Ludlow had grown up together in the same place, or were first cousins, had been encouraged to believe that they were old lovers, who had quarreled, and never spoken till they happened to meet at Mrs. Maybough's. Ludlow was noted for a certain reticence and austerity with women, which might well have come from an unhappy love-affair. Once, when he took one of the instructor's classes at the Synthesis temporarily, his forbidding urbanity was so glacial that the girls scarcely dared to breathe in his presence and left it half-frozen. The severest of the masters, with all his sarcasm, was simply nothing to him.

Cornelia liked to hear that. She should have despised Ludlow if she had heard he was silly with the girls, and she did not wish to despise him, though she knew that he despised her; she could bear that. The Synthesis praises made her the more determined, however, to judge his recent work when she came to see it, just as she would judge any one's work. But first of all she meant not to see it.

She seemed to have more trouble in bringing herself back to this point than in keeping Charmian to it. Charmian came to believe her at last, after declaring it the rudest thing she ever heard of, and asking Cornelia what she expected to say to Mrs. Westley when she came for her. Cornelia could never quite believe it herself, though she strengthened her purpose with repeated affirmation, tacit and explicit, and said it would be very easy to tell Mrs. Westley she was not going, if she ever did come for her. She could not keep Charmian from referring the case to every one on the steps and window-sills in the Synthesis, and at the sketch-class, where Charmian published it the first time Cornelia came, and wove a romance from it which involved herself as the close friend and mystified witness of so strange a being.

Cornelia tried not to let all this interfere with her work, but it did, and at the sketch-class, where she might have shown some rebound from the servile work of the Preparatory, and some originality, she disappointed those whom Charmian had taught to expect anything of her. They took her rustic hauteur and her professed indifference to the distinction of Ludlow's invitation, as her pose. She went home from the class vexed to tears by her failure, and puzzled to know what she really should say to that Mrs. Westley when she came; it wouldn't be so easy to tell her she was not going, after all. Cornelia hated her, and wished she would not come; she had let the whole week go by, now, till Thursday, and perhaps she really would not come. The girl knew so little of the rigidity of city dates that she thought very likely Mrs. Westley had decided to put it off till another week.

She let herself into her boarding-house with her latch-key and stood confronted in the hall with Ludlow, who was giving some charge to the maid. "Oh, Miss Saunders," he said, and he put the card he held into his pocket, "I'm so glad not to miss you; I was just leaving a written message, but now I can tell you."

He hesitated, and Cornelia did not know what to do. She said: "Won't you come in?" with a vague glance toward the parlor. "Why, yes, thank you, for a moment," he said, and he went back with her.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting," she said, with a severity which was for her own weakness.

He did not take it for himself. "Oh, no! I've just come from Mrs. Westley's, and she's charged me with a message for you." He handed Cornelia a note. "She will call for you and Miss Maybough at the Synthesis rather earlier than you usually leave work, I believe, but I want you to have some daylight on my Manet. I hope half-past two won't be too early?"

"Oh, no," said Cornelia; and while she wondered how she could make this opening of assent turn to refusal in the end, Ludlow went on:

"There's something of my own that I'd like to have you look at. Of course, you won't get away with the Manet, alone; I don't suppose you expected that. I've an idea you can tell me where I've gone wrong, if I have; it's all a great while ago. Have you ever been at the County Fair since—"

"Well, I haven't been away such a great while," said Cornelia, smiling.

"No, but still one sophisticates in New York very soon. I'll tell you what I've got a notion of! Well, it's all very much in the air yet, but so far as I've thought it out, it's the relation of our art to our life. It sounds rather boring, I know, and I suppose I'm a bit of a theorist; I always was. It's easy enough to prove to the few that our life is full of poetry and picturesqueness; but can I prove it to the many? Can the people themselves be made to see it and feel it? That's the question. Can they be interested in a picture—a real work of art that asserts itself in a good way? Can they be taught to care for my impression of the trotting-match at the Pymantoning County Fair, as much as they would for a chromo of the same thing, and be made to feel that there was something more in it perhaps?"

He sat fronting her, with his head down over the hat he held between his hands; now he lifted his face and looked into hers. She smiled at his earnestness, and for a little instant felt herself older and wiser in her practicality.

"You might send it out to the next County Fair, and see."

"That's just what I thought of!" he laughed. "Do you suppose they would let me exhibit it in the Fine Arts Department?"

"And you've come to one of the crowd to inquire?" Cornelia asked. Up to that moment she had been flattered, too, by his serious appeal to her, and generously pleased. But the chance offered, and she perversely seized it.

He protested with a simple "Ah!" and she was ashamed.

"I don't know," she hurried on to say. "I never thought about it in that way."

"Well, it isn't so simple any more, after you once begin. I don't suppose I shall be at peace quite till I try what I can do; and seeing you Sunday brought Pymantoning all so freshly back, that I've been wondering, from time to time ever since, whether you could possibly help me."

"I will try, as the good little boy said," Cornelia assented.

"It makes me feel like a good little boy to have asked it." Ludlow did not profit by the chance, which the conclusion of their agreement offered him, to go. He stayed and talked on, and from time to time he recurred to what he had asked, and said he was afraid she would think he was using her, and tried to explain that he really was not, but was approaching her most humbly for her opinion. He could not make it out, but they got better and better acquainted in the fun they had with his failures. It went on till Cornelia said, "Now, really, if you keep it up, I shall have to stand you in the corner, with your face to the wall."

"Oh, do!" he entreated. "It would be such a relief."

"You know I was a teacher two winters," she said, "and have actually stood boys in corners."

That seemed to interest him afresh; he made her tell him all about her school-teaching. He stayed till the bell rang for dinner, and he suffered a decent moment to pass before he rose then.

"After all," he said at parting, "I think you had better think that it's merely my Manet you're coming to see."

"Yes, merely the Manet," Cornelia assented. "If I choose, the Ludlows will all be stood in the corners with their faces to the wall."

She found her own face very flushed when she climbed up to her room for a moment before going in to dinner, and her heart seemed to be beating in her neck. She looked at Mrs. Westley's note. It stated everything so explicitly that she did not see why Mr. Ludlow need have come to explain. She remembered now that she had forgotten to tell him she was not going.

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CORNELIA thought Mrs. Westley would come for Charmian and herself in her carriage, but when they went down to her in the Synthesis office, they found that she had planned to walk with them to Ludlow's studio. She said it was not a great way off, and she had got into the habit of walking there, when he was painting her; she supposed they would rather walk after their work. Cornelia said, "Oh, yes," and Charmian asked, at her fervidest, had Mr. Ludlow painted her? and Mrs. Westley answered calmly yes; she believed he did not think it very successful; her husband liked it, though. Charmian said oh, how much she should like to see it, and Mrs. Westley said she must show it to her some time. Cornelia thought Mrs. Westley very pretty, but she decided that she did not care to see Ludlow's picture of her.

His studio stood a little back from the sidewalk; it was approached by a broad sloping pavement, and had two wide valves for the doorway. He opened the door himself, at their ring. They found themselves in a large, gray room, which went to the roof with its vaulted ceiling; this was pierced with a vast window, that descended half-way down the northward wall. "My studio started in life as a gentleman's stable; then it fell into the hands of a sculptor, and then it got as low as a painter." He said to Charmian, "Mr. Plaisdel has told me how ingeniously you treated one of your rooms that you took for a studio."

Charmian answered with dark humility, "But a studio without a painter in it!" and there were some offers and refusals of compliment between them, which ended in his saying that he would like to see her studio, and her saying that Mrs. Maybough would always be glad to see him. Then he talked with Mrs. Westley, who was very pleasant to Cornelia while the banter with Charmian went on, and proposed to show his pictures; he fancied that was what he had got them there for; but he would make a decent pretense of the Manet first.



"I'll thank you not to call me by my first name, Mr. Dickerson."

He stopped, and Cornelia perceived that it was with doubt whether it might not still be a tender point with her.

"Oh, yes, I've forgiven the Fair long ago," she laughed, and he laughed with her.

"It's best not to keep a grudge against a defeat, I suppose. If we do, it won't help us. I've had my quarrel with the Pymantoning County Fair, too, but it wasn't with the Fine Arts Committee."

"No, I didn't suppose you wanted to exhibit anything there," said Cornelia.

"Why, I don't know. It might be a very good thing for me. Why not? I'd like to exhibit this very picture there. It's an impression—not just what I'd do, now—of the trotting-match I saw there that day."

"Yes," said Cornelia, letting her eyes fall, "Mrs. Burton said you had painted it, or you were going to."

"Well, I did," said Ludlow, "and nobody seemed to know what I was after. I wonder if they would in Pymantoning! But I wanted to ask that you would try to look at it from the Pymantoning point of view. I hope you haven't lost that?"

"I don't believe they would give you the first premium," said Cornelia.

"Well, well, then I should have to put up with the second! I should like to get the first, I confess," Ludlow went on seriously. "The premium would mean something to me—not so much, of course, as a popular recognition. What do you think the chance of that would be?"

"Well, I haven't seen the picture yet," Cornelia suggested.

"Ah, that's true! I forgot that," he said, and they both laughed. "But what do you think of my theory? It seems to me" and now he leaned back in his chair, and smiled upon her with that bright earnestness which women always found so charming in him, "it seems to me that the worst effect of an artist's life is to wrap him up in himself, and separate him from his kind. Even if he goes in for what they call popular subjects, he takes from the many and gives to the few; he ought to give something back to the crowd—he ought to give everything back. But the terrible question is whether they'll have it; and he has no means of finding out."

The Manet was one of that painter's most excessive; it was almost insolent in its defiance of the old theory and method of art. "He had to go too far, in those days, or he wouldn't have arrived anywhere," Ludlow said dreamily, as he stood looking with them at the picture. "He fell back to the point he had really meant to reach." He put the picture away amidst the sighs and murmurs of Mrs. Westley and Charmian, and the silence of Cornelia, which he did not try to break. He began to show his own pictures, taking them at random, as it seemed, from the ranks of canvases faced against the wall. "You know we impressionists are nothing if not prolific," he said, and he kept turning the frame on his easel, now for a long picture, and now for a tall one. The praises of the others followed him, but Cornelia could not speak. Some of the pictures she did not like; some she thought were preposterous; but there were some that she found brilliantly successful, and a few that appeared to her full of a delicate and tender poetry. He said something about most of them, in apology or extenuation. Cornelia believed that she knew which he liked by his not saying anything of them.

Suddenly he set a large picture on the easel that quite filled the frame. "Trotting Match at the Pymantoning County Fair," he announced, and he turned away and began to make tea in a little battered copper kettle over a spirit-lamp, on a table strewn with color-tubes in the corner.

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Westley. "I remember this at the American Artists'; three or four years ago, wasn't it? But you've done something to it, haven't you?"

"Improved with age," said Ludlow, with his back toward them, bent above his teakettle. "That's all."

"It seems like painting a weed, though," said Charmian. "How can you care for such subjects?"

Ludlow came up to her with the first cup of tea.

"It's no use to paint lilies, you know."

"Do you call that an answer?"

"A poor one."

He brought Mrs. Westley some tea, and then he came to Cornelia with a cup in each hand, one for her and one for himself, and frankly put himself between her and the others. "Well, what do you think of it?" he asked, as if there were no one else but they two.

She felt a warm flush of pleasure in his boldness. "I don't know. It's like it; that's the way I've always seen it; and it's beautiful. But somehow—"

"What?"

"It looks as if it were somewhere else."

"You've hit it," said Ludlow. "It served me right. You see I was so anxious to prove that an American subject was just as susceptible of impressionistic treatment as a French one, that I made this look as French as I could. I must do it again and more modestly; not be so patronizing. I should like to come out there next fall again, and see another trotting-match. I suppose they'll have one?"

"They always have them; it wouldn't be the Fair without them," said Cornelia.

"Well, I must come, and somehow do it on the spot; that's the only way." He pulled himself more directly in front of her and ignored the others, who talked about his picture with faded interest to each other, and then went about, and looked at the objects in the studio. "I don't think I made myself quite clear the other day, about what I wanted to do in this way." He plunged into the affair again, and if Cornelia did not understand it better it was not for want of explanation. Perhaps she did not listen very closely. All the time she thought how brilliantly handsome he was, and how fine, by every worldly criterion. "Yes," he said, "that is something I have been thinking of ever since my picture failed with the public; it deserved to fail, and you've made it so clear why that I can't refuse to know, or to keep myself in the dark about it any longer. I don't believe we can take much from the common stock of life in any way, and find the thing at all real in our hands, without intending to give something back. Do you?"

Cornelia had never thought about it before; she did not try to pretend that she had; it seemed a little fantastic to her, but it flattered her to have him talk to her about it, and she liked his seriousness. He did not keep up the kind of banter with her that he did with Charmian; he did not pay her compliments and she hated compliments from men.

Ludlow went off to speak to Mrs. Westley of something he saw her looking at; Charmian edged nearer to Cornelia. "I would give the world to be in your place. I never saw anything like it. Keep on looking just as you are! It's magnificent. Such color, and that queenly pose of the head! It would kill those Synthesis girls if they knew how he had been talking to you. My, if I could get anybody to be serious with me! Talk! Say something! Do you think it's going to rain before we get home? His eyes kept turning this way, all the time; you can't see them, but they do. I am glad I brought my umbrella. Have you got your waterproof? I'm going to make you tell me all about your first meeting him

in Pymantoning; it'll be mean if you don't. No, I think I shall go up by the Elevated, and then take the surface-car across. It's the most romantic thing I ever heard of. No, I don't believe it will be dark. Speak! Say something! You mustn't let me do all the talking; he'll notice."

Cornelia began to laugh, and Charmian turned away and joined Mrs. Westley and Ludlow, who were tilting outward some of the canvases faced against the wall, and talking them over. Cornelia followed her, and they all four loitered over the paintings, luxuriously giving a glance at each, and saying a word or two about it. "Yes," Ludlow said, "sometimes I used to do three or four of them a day. I work more slowly now; if you want to get any thinking in, you've got to take time to it."

It was growing dark; Ludlow proposed to see them all home one after another. Mrs. Westley said no, indeed; the Broadway car, at the end of the second block, would leave her within three minutes of her door.

"And nothing could happen in three minutes," said Ludlow. "That stands to reason."

"And my one luxury is going home alone," said Charmian. "Mamma doesn't allow it, except to and from the Synthesis. Then I'm an art student and perfectly safe. If I were a young lady my life wouldn't be worth anything."

"Yes," Ludlow assented, "the great thing is to have some sort of business to be where you are."

"I know a girl who's in some of the charities, and she goes about at all hours of the night, and nobody speaks to her," said Charmian.

"Well, then," said Ludlow, "I don't see that there's anything for me to do, unless we all go together with Mrs. Westley to get her Broadway car, and then keep on to the Elevated with you, Miss Maybough. Miss Saunders may be frightened enough then to let me walk to her door with her. A man likes to be of some little use in the world."

They had some mild fun about the weakness of Cornelia in needing an escort. She found it best to own that she did not quite know her way home, and was afraid to ask if she got puzzled.

Ludlow put out his spirit-lamp, which had been burning blue all the time, and embittering the tea in the kettle over it, and then they carried out their plan. Cornelia went before with Mrs. Westley, who asked her to come to her on her day, whenever she could leave her work for such a reckless dissipation. At the foot of the Elevated station stairs, where Charmian inflexibly required that they should part with her, in the interest of the personal liberty which she prized above personal safety, she embraced Cornelia formally, and then added an embrace of a more specific character, and whispered to her ear, "You're glorious!" and fled up the station stairs.

Cornelia understood that she was glorious because Mr. Ludlow was walking home with her, and that Charmian was giving the fact a significance out of all reason. They talked rather soberly, as two people do when a gayer third has left them, and they had little silences. They spoke of Charmian, and Cornelia praised her beauty and her heart, and said how everybody liked her at the Synthesis.

"Do they laugh at her a little, too?" Ludlow asked.

"Why?"

"She's rather romantic."

"Oh, I thought all girls were romantic."

"Yes? You're not."

"What makes you think so?" asked the girl. "I'm a great deal more romantic than is good for me. Don't you like romantic people? I do!"

"I don't believe I do," said Ludlow. "They're rather apt to make trouble. I don't mean Miss Maybough. She'll probably take it out in madly impossible art. Can she draw?"

Cornelia did not like to say what she thought of Charmian's drawing, exactly. She said, "Well, I don't know."

Ludlow hastened to say, "I oughtn't to have asked that about your friend."

"We're both in the Preparatory, you know," Cornelia explained. "I think Charmian has a great deal of imagination."

"Well, that's a good thing, if it doesn't go too far. Fortunately, it can't in the Preparatory."

At her door Cornelia did not know whether to ask him in, as she would have done in Pymantoning; she ended by not even offering him her hand; but he took it all the same, as if he had expected her to offer it.

## XXII

CORNELIA found herself in her room without knowing how she got there, nor how long she had been there, when the man-voiced Irish girl came up and said something to her. She did not understand at first; then she made out that there was a gentleman caller for her in the parlor; and with a glance at her face in the glass, she ran down stairs. She knew it was Ludlow, and that he had thought of something he wanted to say and had come back. It must be something very important; it might be an invitation to go with him somewhere; she wondered if they would have a chaperon.

In the vague light of the long parlor, where a single burner was turned half up, because it was not yet dark outside, a figure rose from one of the sofas and came toward her with one hand extended in gay and even jocose greeting. It was the figure of a young man, with a high forehead, and with nothing to obstruct the view of the Shakespearean dome it mounted into, except a modest growth of hair above either ear. He was light upon his feet, and he advanced with a rhythmical step. Cornelia tried to make believe that she did not know who it was; she recoiled, but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and she could not gainsay him when he demanded joyfully, "Why, Nic! Why, Nelie! Don't you remember me? Dickerson, J. B., with Gates & Clarkson, art goods? Pymantoning? Days of yore? Oh, pshaw, now!"

"Yes, I remember you," said Cornelia, in a voice as cold as the finger-tips which she inwardly raged to think she gave him, but was helpless to refuse, simply because he was holding out his hand to her.

"Well, it's good for sore eyes to see you again," said Mr. Dickerson, closing both of his hands on hers. "Let's see, it's four years ago! How the time flies! I declare, it don't hardly seem a day. Mustn't tell you how you've grown, I suppose? Well, we weren't much more than children, then, anyhow. Sit down! I'm at home here. Old stamping-ground of mine, when I'm in New York; our house has its headquarters in New York, now; everything's got to come, sooner or later. It's a great place."

Cornelia obeyed him for the same reason that she gave him her hand, which was no reason. "I heard your voice there at the door, when you came in a little while ago, and I was just going to rush out and speak to you. I was sure it was you; but thinks I, 'It can't be; it's too good to be true'; and I waited till I could see Mrs. Montgomery, and then I sent up for you. Didn't send my name; thought I'd like to surprise you. Well, how's the folks? Mother still doing business at the old stand? Living and well, I hope?"

"My mother is well," said Cornelia. She wondered how she should rid herself of this horrible little creature, who grew, as she looked at him in her fascination, more abominable to her every moment. She was without any definite purpose in asking, "How is Mrs. Dickerson?"

The question appeared to give Mr. Dickerson great satisfaction; he laughed, throwing back his head. "Who, Tweet? Well, I thought you'd be after me there, about the first thing! I don't blame you; don't blame you a bit. Be just so myself, if I was in your place! Perfectly natural you should! Then you ain't heard?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Cornelia, with mounting aversion. She edged away from him, for in the expression of his agreeable emotion he had pushed nearer to her on the sofa.

"Why, Tweet is Mrs. Byers, now; court let her take back her maiden name. I didn't oppose the divorce; nothing like peace in families, you know. Tweet was all right, and I hain't got anything to say against her. She's a good girl; but we couldn't seem to hit it off, and we agreed to quit, after we'd tried it a couple of years or so, and I've been a free man ever since."

It could not be honestly said that Cornelia was profoundly revolted by the facts so lightly, almost gayly presented. Her innocence of so much that they implied, and her familiarity with divorce as a common incident of life, alike protected her from the shock. But what really struck terror to her heart was something that she realized with the look that the hideous little man now bent upon her. The mutual understanding; the rights once relinquished, which might now be urged again; the memory of things past, were all suggested in this look. She thought of Ludlow, with his lofty ideals and his great gifts, and then she looked at this little grinning, leering wretch, and remembered how he had once put his arm round her and kissed her. It seemed impossible—too cruel and unjust to be. She was scarcely more than a child then, and that foolish affair had been more her mother's folly than her own. It flashed upon her that unless she put away the shame of it, the shame would weaken her and master her.

"Well," he sighed, rolling his head against the back of the sofa, and looking up at the chandelier, "sometimes a man has more freedom than he's got any use for. I don't know as I want to be back under Tweet's thumb, but I guess the Scripture was about right where it says it ain't good for a man to be alone. When d'you leave Pymantoning, Nelie?" he asked, as he rose and turned the light full on.

"It makes no difference when I left," Cornelia got to her feet trembling. "And I'll thank you not to call me by my first name, Mr. Dickerson. I don't know why you should do it, and I don't like it."

"Oh, all right, all right," said Mr. Dickerson. "I don't blame you. I think you're perfectly excusable to feel the way you do. But some time when I get a chance, I should like to tell you about it, and put it to you in the right light—"

"I don't want to hear about it," cried Cornelia, fiercely. "And I won't have you thinking that it's because I ever did care

for you. I was only too glad when you got married. I don't hate you, for I despise you too much; and I always did. So!"

She stamped her foot for a final emphasis, but she was aware of her words all having fallen effectless, like blows dealt some detestable thing in a dream.

"Good! Just what I expected and deserved," said Mr. Dickerson. "I did behave like a perfect scalawag to you, Nic; but I was young then, and Tweet got round me before I knew. I can explain—"

"I don't want you to explain! I won't let you. Don't I tell you I never cared for you?"

"Why, of course," said Mr. Dickerson, tolerantly, "you say that now, and I don't blame you. But I guess you did care once."

"Oh, my goodness, what shall I do?" She found herself appealing in some sort to the little wretch against himself.

"Why, let's see how you look, I hain't had a fair peep at you yet." As if with the notion of affording a relief to the strain of the situation, he advanced, and lifted his hand toward the low-burning chandelier.

"Stop!" cried Cornelia. "Are you staying here—in this house?"

"Well, I inferred that I was, from a remark that I made."

"Then I'm going away instantly. I will tell Mrs. Montgomery; I will go to-night."

"Why, Nic!"

"Hush! Don't you—don't dare to speak to me! Oh, you—you—"

She could not find a word that would express all her loathing of him, and her scorn of herself in the past for having given him the hold upon her that nothing appeared to have loosed.

She was putting on a bold front, and she meant to keep her word, but if she left that house she did not know where in the whole vast city she should go. Of course, she could go to Charmian Maybough; but besides being afraid to venture out after dark, she knew she would have to tell Charmian all about it, or else make a mystery of it. There was nothing, probably, that Charmian would have liked better, but there was nothing that Cornelia would have liked less. She wanted to cry; it always seems hard and very unjust to us, in after-life, when some error or folly of our youth rises up to perplex us; and Cornelia was all the more rebellious because the fault was mostly her dear, innocent, unwise mother's.

Mr. Dickerson dropped his hand without turning up the gas; perhaps he did not need a stronger light on Cornelia, after all. "Oh, well! I don't want to drive you out of the house. I'll go. I've got my grip out here in the hall. But see here! I told Mrs. Montgomery we hailed from the same place—children together, and I don't know but what cousins—and how glad I was to find you here, and now if I leave—better let me stay here over night! I'm off on the road to-morrow anyway. I won't trouble you, I won't, indeed. Now you can depend upon it. Word's as good as my bond, if my bond ain't worth a great deal."

Cornelia's heart, which stood still at the threat she made, began to pound in her breast. She could hardly speak.

"Will you call me by my first name?"

"No. You shall be Miss Saunders to me till you say when."

"And will you ever speak to me, or look at me as if we were ever anything but the most perfect strangers?"

"It'll be a good deal of a discount from what I told Mrs. Montgomery, but I guess I shall have to promise."

"And you will go in the morning?"

"Sure."

"How soon?"

"Well, I don't like a very early breakfast, but I guess I can get out of the house by about nine, or half-past eight, maybe."

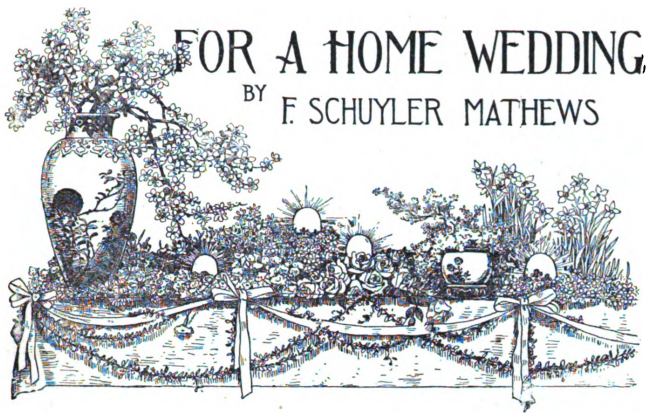
"Then you may stay." Cornelia turned and marched out of the parlor with a state that failed her more and more the higher she mounted toward her room. If it had been a flight further she would have had to crawl on her hands and knees.

At first she thought she would not go down to dinner, but after a while she found herself very hungry, and she decided she must go for appearance sake at any rate. At the bottom of her heart, too, she was curious to see whether that little wretch would keep his word.

He was the life of the table. His jokes made everybody laugh; it could be seen that he was a prime favorite with the landlady. After the coffee came he played a great many tricks with knives and forks and spoons and coins. He dressed one of his hands, all but two fingers, with a napkin which he made like the skirts of a ballet-dancer, and then made his fingers dance a hornpipe. He tried a skirt-dance with them later, but it was comparatively a failure, for want of practice he said.

Toward Cornelia he behaved with the most scrupulous deference, even with delicacy, as if they had indeed met in former days, but as if she were a person of such dignity and consequence that their acquaintance could only have been of the most formal character. He did it so well, and seemed to take such a pleasure in doing it that she blushed for him. Some of the things he said to the others were so droll that she had to laugh at them. But he did not presume upon her tolerance.

(Continuation in June JOURNAL)



# FOR A HOME WEDDING

BY F. SCHUYLER MATHEWS

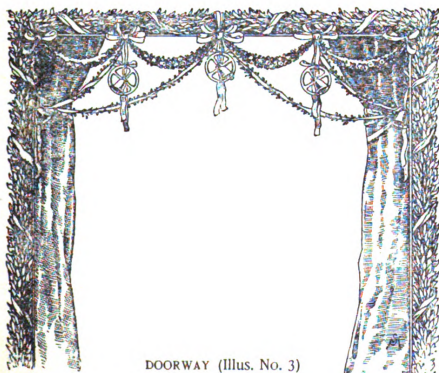
**W**ITH a few hints and suggestions here, I wish to explain how our fingers may become skilled in wedding decorations, and how, by this means, the spirit of art may be present at the time when the "merry minstrelsy" shall revel in Mendelssohn's beautiful wedding march.

June is a time when we may work independently of the florist, if we choose. His wedding-bells and true lovers' knots we can dispense with. We can tie our own knots and ring our own bells in an artistic manner, and we should do this consistently. When attempting symbolism, art suggests, but never slavishly imitates a thing; in a word, it would be well for us to remember that she never forces things into any incongruities.

### BELLS AS DECORATIONS

**F**OR this reason the floral bell is artistic; a metal one, or one that simulates metal, decorated with flowers, is quite another thing. My sketch (Illustration No. 2) shows such a one fastened to a wooden wheel (silver-bronzed) twined with flowers. The long white ribbon below represents the rope. Smilax and daisies only are used for the floral part of the design. Lilies-of-the-valley would look exquisite in place of the daisies. My drawing but partially suggests the arrangement. The bell can be a common (but bright-metaled) affair, about five inches wide at the mouth. The handle can be completely hidden with flowers, as in my sketch. "Baby ribbon" twined with smilax may be drawn around it outside, and the tongue can also be similarly decorated. A double-door opening is just the place for such a design. The ribbon rope should hang in a graceful curve, with the bow end attached to a pretty bunch of white carnations at the door-casing.

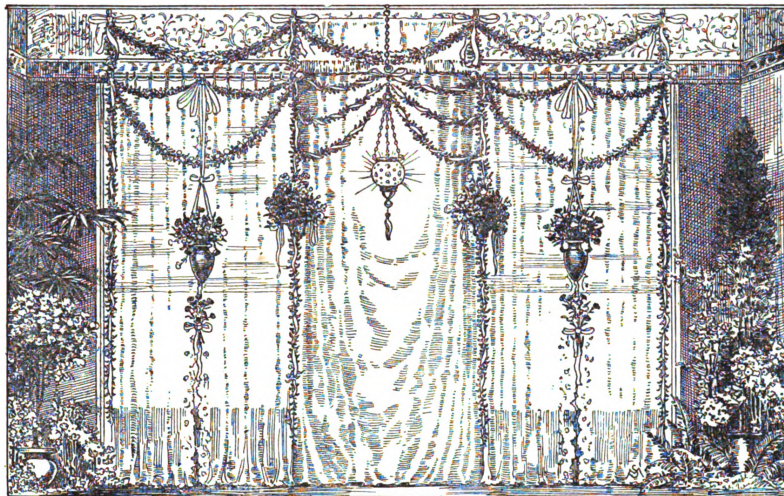
My doorway drawing (Illustration No. 3) shows how small bells can be used in a sort of festoon; there are small nickeled dog-collar ones, exactly suited to the purpose. The wheels should be cut out of stiff cardboard and covered with silver-bronze. The bells and wheels can be adjusted very nicely to pieces of white ribbon, an inch or so wide, the ends of which might hang down a reasonable distance. The whole design can be worked over common twine, or picture-wire, by weaving in a free manner the carnations and smilax together, so they will form festoons. The festoon, we must remember, should always be thickest in the middle. This device would also serve for the division of space in the room, and can be followed for that purpose almost exactly. The bell-tongues can easily be covered with wax if they should prove in any sense noisy or unmusical.



DOORWAY (Illus. No. 3)

### WHERE THE BRIDAL COUPLE STAND

**I**N order to say anything definite about that side of the room where the bridal couple will stand, we will suppose some such arrangement as that which my sketch (Illustration No. 1) suggests, is about to be worked out. There are no two rooms which are quite alike in plan, so it is best to follow the spirit of the suggestion, and not the letter. Another side of the room than the one I have selected may be preferable for excellent reasons. In some parlors there is a pier-glass between the front windows. In such a case we must respect the mirror. We should not place the minister and the bridal couple in front of it, nor should we obstruct its airy perspective by piling flowers, placing



WHERE THE BRIDAL COUPLE STAND (Illus. No. 1)

tall plants, and hanging festoons directly before it. Opposite, at the further end of the room, any strong decorative feature would be in the right place, because the reflection of the mirror will double its value; but it would be a pity to lose one square inch of the glass by senseless obstructions. A bed of ferns and flowers at the base of the mirror, if kept well down, will appear larger by reflection, and interfere with nothing. But supposing that there is no mirror, the next best thing to do is to follow my sketch as closely as possible. Observe that I have hung a dainty little lamp (not a clumsy floral bell) directly over where the bridal party will stand. Such a lamp can be easily procured for a small sum of money, and it will prove of the greatest value in the general decorative effect. It should shed an opalescent or pink light for effect only; from it should diverge three lines of festooning, as I have indicated, the lamp hanging about three or four feet away from the portière behind. Notice, also, the general effect of perpendicular and horizontal lines combined with the curved ones of the festoons. We may loop back the lace curtains at the sides, if we wish, but I question whether the added curves will enhance the effect; besides, there is some dignity and strength in the perpendicular lines, which ought not to be lost. The portière in the centre should be either of very soft white or daintily-tinted material,

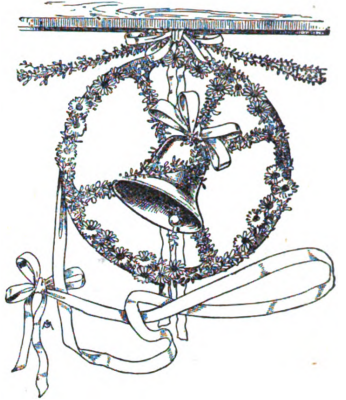
harmonizing with the drapery and wallpaper of the room; this will furnish an excellent background, simplicity being the essential part of a good background. We must not forget that the bride is the central ornament in this decorative scheme, and not the portière or anything else we may choose to place behind her. Either the vases I have hung before the lace curtains, or two of the ornamental bell and wheel designs previously described, are appropriate for central window-ornaments. At either side of the white portière I have hung a basket of pink roses. The ribbons employed in various parts of the design may be in colors to match the flowers, foliage or drapery near them, provided quite delicate tones are used.

### THE CORNERS OF THE ROOM

**I**N each corner of the room it is customary to "bank up" ferns, flowers and palms. I have but one suggestion to offer in this direction. The artistic eye looks at once for the individuality of the thing which is called beautiful; when it cannot find it the thing is passed. Each corner of a room should be different from the others—each should possess a distinct individuality. An azalea and palm in one spot, a bay tree, and a blossoming bush or dwarf tree in another, a climbing vine and a group of clustered lilies in a third, and something quite different from all these in the fourth, constitute a variety upon which the artistic success of decorations will, in a great measure, depend. We should not attempt anything inside of the room which will exactly imitate the appearance of a very pretty, ferny corner of the forest. Put the potted plants inside of big, artistic jars, and let the jars be seen; let us remember we are choosing the pretty things of nature to decorate our rooms, and not trying to turn them into

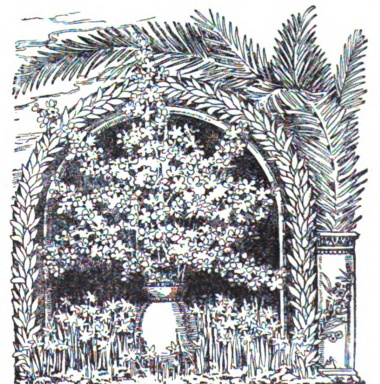
### SOME GENERAL SUGGESTIONS

**T**HE most beautiful roses which one could find for wedding decorations are Cornelia Cooks, Brides, Wabans, Mermets and Watteviles. The last-named variety is remarkable for its dainty blush tint. In



FLORAL BELL (Illus. No. 2)

making up a bouquet avoid anything approaching symmetry; it would be vulgar. Simply tie the stems together with a tasteful, moderately-wide white ribbon, letting the ends hang down twenty inches or so. A dozen handsome roses thus tied together are worth six times their number crowded into a compact, circular mass. Adhere to a delicate and simple color-scheme. Artists nowadays deal with color in an impressionistic way. The flowers and the dresses of the bridesmaids should convey an impression of one dainty color, whatever that may be. Light has a great deal to do with color-effect. In proof of this look at a group of Magna Charta roses in diffuse daylight, and then note the startling effect of the same group when placed immediately beneath artificial light. The stronger the light the brighter the rose; so I would place, where opportunity afforded, a silver candlestick near a group of roses. We should never, of course, attempt things like those "floral pieces" (consisting of a solid mass of flowers) which too often come from the hand of the florist. A mass of pink roses jammed together fails to reveal the lovely form of the rose itself, unless the pink color is broken by the green leafage. Cast aside anything or everything which is customary, if it interferes with the free exercise of simple and natural decorative ideas. It is not in good taste to scatter flowers lavishly over a handsome damask tablecloth. Fashion and art have nothing in common with each other. The dinner-table may be decorated, but the tablecloth never! A spray of blossoms may lie on the cloth, but the cloth completely hidden by flowers is an exhibition of bad taste—or worse, vulgarity! The cloth is primarily useful, but it is also unquestionably decorative, and we should never decorate a decoration. Consistency must be our rule of action, or we should leave art alone. When the wedding-guests enter the house they should not be impressed with the idea that they are attending a flower show. The hall, the parlor, the mantel and the table may be decorated with flowers, but when they are forgotten by reason of the obtrusiveness of their decorations something is wrong. It is well, therefore, to aim first for consistency and simplicity.



FIREPLACE (Illus. No. 4)

### DECORATING THE MANTELPIECE

**I**T would be wise to surrender the whole space of the mantel-shelf to floral decorations, for the best reason in the world: here all that there is beautiful about flowers can be seen to the greatest possible advantage. My sketch which forms the heading to this article is merely suggestive—the lines only are carefully studied; the vase should hold some large, perfect specimens of showy bloom. Such an arrangement, with its charm of light and color from the fairy-lamps imbedded among the pink blossoms, it is impossible to adequately represent in a rough pen-sketch. The decorated fireplace (Illustration No. 4) is fireproof in character. If it is open I should push the jar of blossoms back a trifle and fill all the space with rugged, mossy fagots and little potted plants. If there is a "summer front" I would cover all of the ugly black thing with leaves and blossoms. Anything similar to Deutzia would look pretty in front of the black—the sword-fern or palm-leaves arranged on one side.

## FRENCH IMITATION JEWELRY

By Lucy H. Hooper



PARIS is renowned for its imitation jewelry as well as for the splendor of the ornaments and precious stones, which adorn the establishments of its great jewelers. The luxury of modern life has made the use of trinkets obligatory, and those women who cannot afford the extreme cost of genuine gems and pearls are obliged to have recourse to false ones of more or less deceptive perfection.

The material in which imitation diamonds are produced is called Strass, from the name of its inventor, a German jeweler who flourished at the beginning of the present century. It is a perfectly colorless and transparent glass, or rather crystal, of irreproachable purity, composed of rock-crystal, or of white sand, mixed with oxide of lead, arsenical acid and other ingredients. Its preparation demands infinite care and a multitude of precautions, to avoid the possibility of the slightest flaw or bubble being introduced into the mass, from which are then cut the false gems in the proportions desired. Small or medium-sized diamonds produce a much better effect than do large ones. For the best forms of imitation jewelry they are cut by the same workmen that are employed in executing that function with real stones. Their task is much easier, owing to the comparative softness of Strass, a quality which causes ornaments in imitation diamonds to lose very speedily their brilliancy and their deceptive aspect. To remedy this state of things imitation emeralds, rubies and sapphires are often set with a layer or slice cut from a real precious stone of inferior value, and cemented with a transparent and colorless compound on the top of the false gem, so as to cover it completely. Rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and, above all, pearls, lend themselves to exact imitation, and, if carefully executed, will deceive the most expert observer. But the peculiar rainbow-tinted brilliancy of a fine diamond has so far defied imitation. Ornaments in small, massed diamonds have been produced, which are wonderfully deceptive, but the number of small sockets required in the setting make these trinkets very expensive, and they demand great care for their preservation. They should always, when not in wear, be shielded by enveloping them in several thicknesses of wash-leather to preserve them from the corroding influences of coal-gas or of damp air. Neither water nor any other fluid should be employed to clean them, dry whitening, or jeweler's powder and a soft brush being alone admissible for the purpose.

THE latest development in this branch of industry in Paris is the reproduction in imitation stones of genuine jewels. The owner of the costly ornaments, often heirlooms of immense value, that could, in case of loss, never be replaced, locks up the real jewels in a safe-deposit case, or places them in charge of her banker when she leaves Paris for her country seat, or for the Riviera, taking with her the fac-similes of her jewels. Her friends, used to seeing her adorned with the genuine gems, never suspect the substitution. These ornaments are known as "jewels for the country." I have been told that Madame Patti's diamonds never accompany her on her travels. They are one and all locked up in safe custody before she takes her departure, and the necklaces and tiaras and stomachers and bracelets and earrings, in which she appears before dazzled audiences in different quarters of the world, are copies, in imitation stones and gilt metal, of her real ornaments. This, coming first hand from excellent authority, I have since heard substantiated.

The manufacture of imitation jewelry in Paris dates from the reign of Louis XIV, the luxury of dress, both for ladies and gentlemen, at that epoch, making imperative the wearing of an immense number of trinkets. The coat and dress buttons, and the hat and shoe buckles, manufactured in false diamonds, during that reign and those of Louis XV and Louis XVI, remain the most perfect specimens of that kind of trinket in existence. The fine finish of the settings and the brilliancy of the stones leave nothing to be desired, and very fortunate is the Parisian belle who has inherited from her ancestors any of these beautiful and artistic ornaments. Modern imitation jewelry is of an infinite number of grades, beginning with the ordinary stage-trinkets, in unmistakable glass and gilt brass, made only with a view to effect and glitter behind the footlights. Yet, though without any claims to deception as regards their real quality, they are often interesting, as being accurate reproductions of antique or historic jewels. Such were the ornaments designed and executed for Madame Sara Bernhardt's impersonation of "Theodora," and of like quality are many of the ornaments manufactured for the wardrobe department of the Grand Opera.

ONE of the most splendid stage-jewels of the kind ever worn in Paris was the *ceinture* worn by Mademoiselle Derval, twenty-eight years ago, at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, in the rôle of "the Princess Aika," in "La Biche aux Bois," known to the American stage as "The White Fawn." This girdle, made with long wide ends falling in front, was set with emeralds, sapphires, topazes and diamonds, massed together in a dazzling mosaic. Its brilliancy and effectiveness struck the Empress Eugénie, who was present accompanied by her Imperial spouse, on the night of the first representation, and she conceived the strange idea of having the girdle copied in genuine gems for her own wear. She carried out her purpose, causing a quantity of the ornaments then forming part of the Crown jewels to be broken up to furnish the great number of precious stones that were required. And when the *ceinture* was finished it was found, as might have been imagined, too heavy and theatrical-looking for the wear of a sovereign in real life. The Empress only appeared in it once as an adjunct to a robe in pale green velvet, and she was so little pleased with the effect that she never put it on again. When next it saw the light it was at the sale of the Crown jewels of France, when it was broken up and disposed of in sections. That was, I believe, the only instance on record when a theatrical trinket in imitation stones was deemed worthy, by a royal lady, of reproduction in real gems.

Pearls are all the rage in the fashionable world at the present day, and yet no other of the precious products of nature lends itself so readily to imitation as do these most beautiful of all stones.

AT one time the so-called Roman pearls were pronounced incomparable, and they are certainly extremely beautiful, having all the delicate moonlight loveliness of the real pearl. But they have one gross defect—they are as perishable as they are pretty. Composed as they are of alabaster beads coated with a paste made of the shining silvery scales of a species of fish that is common in the Italian waters, they lose their lustre very speedily when brought in contact with the skin of a lady's throat. Any degree of overheating in a ballroom will cause the dainty beads to stick fast to their wearer's neck and to part with the thin, shining coating to which they owe their beauty. The French imitation pearl is at once durable and thoroughly deceptive. It is made by coating the interior of a hollow glass bead with the same silvery liquid, prepared from fish scales, that is employed in the manufacture of Roman pearls. The bead is then filled with white wax to insure its solidity. The best grade of French imitation pearls cannot be distinguished from real ones, even by the most expert of jewelers, unless the string is handled, when the difference in weight becomes apparent, the real pearl being heavier than an imitation one.

AN American lady who, herself, owned valuable jewels, once told me that she and her husband were shown on one occasion by her Parisian jeweler a cluster of strings of pearls, half of which were real and the other half imitation, and they were requested to point out the real ones. They both inspected the pearls long and with the most minute care, and finally indicated their choice. The gentleman had indeed fixed upon a string of genuine ones, but the lady, though she continually wore and had had in her possession for years a magnificent necklace of real pearls, forfeited her claim for discrimination by picking out one of the imitation ones. The very finest of the French imitation pearls are expensive, costing from ten to fifteen dollars per string. Oddly enough, the longer they are kept the better they become, as the passage of years lends a yellow tinge to the wax, which causes the pearls to look at once more lustrous and more real. The pearls prepared for embroideries, dress trimmings, etc., are merely small beads filled with wax, and lack the careful shaping, as well as the inner coating of fish scale liquid that make the pearls manufactured for necklaces and earrings so perfectly deceptive.

A curious and rather painful incident caused by the perfection of French imitation jewelry took place in Paris some years ago. An English lady residing in Paris, and married to a gentleman of great wealth, figured extensively at the most brilliant of the entertainments at the Tuileries during the palmy days of the second Empire. During her stay in the French capital she caused her diamonds to be reset by a prominent Parisian jeweler, and had a number of her ornaments mounted as a necklace, thus forming one of exceptional beauty and value. Time passed on, the Empire fell to pieces and the English couple returned to take up their abode in their native land. Some years ago the lady dying, bequeathed her diamond necklace to a favorite niece who was far from wealthy.

She told the young lady beforehand of the legacy that awaited her, adding: "I do not want you to keep it, dear child, as you might wish to do out of respect for my memory, but dispose of it at once; it is worth at least \$30,000 and its price will enable you to live in comfort." When the young lady came into possession of her aunt's superb legacy she took it forthwith to one of the great jewelers of London. He examined it carefully and then asked her what she meant to do with it. "I want to sell it," was the answer. "I am told that I ought to receive for it some £6,000." "It is worth at the utmost ten pounds," was the startling reply. And such was the case. Every real diamond in the whole necklace had been replaced by an imitation one, and to detect the author of the fraud was, of course, impossible.

THE Empress Eugénie was always a great patroness of the wares of the Parisian dealers in imitation jewelry. Her superb set of turquoises, comprising the diadem as well as the necklace, brooch, bracelets, earrings, etc., composed of large, perfectly-matched oval turquoises set in diamonds, was only real so far as the diamonds were concerned. The turquoises were every one imitation. The Venetian necklace that she wore in the character of the wife of one of the Doges in the seventeenth century, at a fancy costume ball at the Tuileries, a pointed network in small diamonds with a great pear-shaped pearl suspended in each of the interstices of the network, was all in false pearls though the diamonds were genuine. These facts were revealed at the sale of the Crown jewels of France, when the experts in charge of the ornaments made the startling discovery as to the true character of the turquoises and pearls that had once adorned the loveliness of the Empress of the French.

And let no traveler in Paris who inspects the wonders of the shops in the Palais Royal imagine that he is beholding there good specimens of the imitation jewelry of Paris. The tawdry trinkets, set with fiery-red rubies, and grass-green emeralds, and lustreless diamonds that abound there are in reality the most ordinary examples of an industry whose best developments are artistic as well as beautiful, and whose finest productions were deemed worthy of being worn by an Empress.

## THE SECRET OF SISTERLY INFLUENCE

BY KATE TANNATT WOODS



HERE are many ways by which the sister in a household may virtually influence the movements of her brothers without seeming to do so. If she approves of an excursion or a party, the boys go; if she thinks it unwise, they generally give it up, or if they do not, they usually wish afterward that her advice had been heeded. This influence is very beautiful, as is also the devotion shown by the brothers and sisters in the home. The question naturally arises, how does she exert this influence? Two words will explain it: womanly tact. The other power behind the tact rests with the parents themselves, who have trained the children to consider each other.

In a home where love rules, and where the father and mother are the beloved companions of their children, the latter are quite sure to love each other. It is unnecessary for them to think alike, or to show the same tastes or inclinations, but it is important for them to respect each other's opinions and to appreciate each other's virtues.

I have been in families where the young people seemed to be constantly at variance, the daughters disputing over their possessions or their particular ideas, and the sons seeking friends outside the family circle. I have visited in other families where I enjoyed every moment, because each child was constantly endeavoring to show some good trait or accomplishment of the other, and was generously interested in the other's pursuits. The kindly jokes, the good nature, teasing and sharp-shooting in such households are refreshing after the conflict with the outside world. This is not all; it prepares the different members of the family for the world.

The sensitive, morbid boy or supersensitive girl can seldom be found in a family where daily friction and fun wear off sharp corners, and strengthen weak points.

It is a great blessing to be one of a large family. The boy who has a good sister to share his sports, or the report of them, to hear his little confidences and plans for the future is not the boy who becomes a defaulter or a villain, except in rare cases, where a depraved taste seems, for some unknown reason, inborn.

A great many mothers are obliged to act the part of sisters also. Many share all the sports of their sons from childhood up. And there are sisters who might prove a restraining power to younger brothers, and beloved companions to older ones, and yet they are blind to their power. I fear, indeed I know, that a great many girls absolutely throw away grand opportunities; they are so absorbed in personal decoration or in their girl friends that childhood passes

and youth comes and goes, when suddenly they are amazed to find a brother gone wrong and the family disgraced. Not for one moment would I tax the wrong-doing of any young man to the account of a good mother or a kind sister. Not at all; but there was a time at some period of his life when the tender chord might have been touched, when the weak moral nature might have been strengthened, if one only knew when and where. Very many affectionate sisters are too modest and shy; they give up if once rebuffed, and they are easily discouraged. This is unwise, as the average boy needs line upon line. Preaching or scolding palls upon him, while kindness and love generally win.

It is now an established fact among women that men can be coaxed, never driven. There is a species of obstinacy in the genus homo, which bristles up and becomes aggressive when not properly managed. Our best scholars and thinkers admit this, and every wife and mother of experience will confirm it. Womanly tact steps in here and says: "Avoid irritation, control through kindness and persistent patience, and never attempt to argue on personal questions."

Samuel Butler wrote in the sixteenth century, and he doubtless understood the peculiarities of his own sex:

"He that complies against his will  
Is of his own opinion still."

It is quite as true to-day as then. Boys of a certain age feel that they know more than their parents, and sisters are often held to be of still less importance. This progressive stage amuses people of experience, and often annoys the sisters or the cousins who are domesticated near the boys. One need not be alarmed; he had the measles and lived; he triumphed over his fancy for the stage, or that other fancy for the railroad, or for going to sea, and, as is well known, the live American boy takes everything in its season. Again, patience is the remedy. Let a boy rant if he likes; let him announce that the whole machinery of the government is wrong, the majority of men idiots, and women ignorant creatures. It is not polite, it is neither courteous nor manly, but one can hardly be more ashamed of him than he will be of himself a few years later. It is sometimes wise to say to him: "I cannot agree with you," and allow the matter to rest there. Suggest, but never dictate; entreat, but never scold nor fret. If one wishes to hold a boy close to one's heart and help him all his life long, one should never scold. A word of reproof or kindly caution is imperative, and no sister will care to hear a reproachful, "Why didn't you tell me at the time?"

There is much to be said to boys, also, in relation to their sisters. I am not slow to recognize the mutual obligation and responsibility, but I am talking to girls only now, and no language can be too earnest in this matter. A young lady of my acquaintance has four fine brothers, all bright, all active and energetic, but the sister never thinks of any obligation on her part. If she wishes to attend the opera or theatre, she teases a brother to take her; if a concert interests her, she supplicates until one of the boys is pressed into her service, but she absolutely forgets that politeness has many eyes, and sees all sides of questions of etiquette. When these particular occasions are over she goes on her way with her girl friends, unmindful of her brother's politeness, and naturally they drift farther apart. If it is possible a girl should make her friend her brother's friend also. I know what queer prejudices they take; I know how they chaff about a girl's pug nose or her brilliant hair, and how merciless they can be where a sister's friends are concerned. A discreet sister should not mind their small talk, and should avoid praising her friends. Men, and boys also, frequently dislike those who are represented as models, for no other reason than the absurd one, that they are expected to like them. They are quite capable of seeing for themselves the good and bad qualities of a sister's associates. Their criticism may be crude, but yet helpful. If a sister exhibits any temper or impatience the teasing will continue; she should simply exercise her wits, keep smooth her temper and answer banter with banter. A lady who had three teasing brothers once said that they made her life a burden when very young, but a joy when they grew older.

There is nothing a boy likes better than pluck, wit and good nature in a girl. No boy of spirit can enjoy a sister who sulks or frets, who is cowardly or nervous. A girl should forget her nerves, and they will not intrude; she should never think of fear, and it will be a stranger to her. The girl who is afraid to row for fear she will be drowned, who never dares the slightest risk, who screams for trifles and exclaims needlessly, is never the girl to influence brothers. On the contrary, she should be brave, courageous, cheerful, modest, loving, patient and true. If she holds fast the best ideals of girlhood and womanhood her brothers will respect and love her. "All true love is founded on respect," says the proverb; so, also, is all true comradeship. Such sisters are sure to be near and dear to their brothers while life lasts, and they will indeed be "ministering angels."

# THE BROWNIES 'ROUND THE WORLD

By Palmer Cox

IN TWELVE STAGES: SIXTH STAGE

## THE BROWNIES IN FRANCE

© ©



evening when the Brownies met They talked and planned of how to get

A ship or boat to serve their need,  
So o'er to France they might proceed.  
Said one, at length: "My comrades brave,  
I've heard about this choppy wave,  
Where winds and tides so oft contend  
And to the rail old sailors send,  
Who were when sailing open sea  
From all internal troubles free.  
Now, we'll not be to ships confined  
That may at least upset our mind  
If nothing more, while we can go  
In other ways, as I will show.  
Last night, while poking round, I spied  
Not half a square from ocean side,  
To my surprise, a strange affair  
That's made to travel through the air,  
Not like balloons ascending high,  
Then as the wind directs them fly,  
But made with wings and tail and all  
To steer ahead through roughest squall,  
With straightest course throughout maintained.  
Until a certain point is gained.  
I doubt if the inventor knows  
Much better how that airship goes  
Than I, who all its points to find,  
Crawled through it with inquiring mind.



At every art we all are skilled.  
A slight affair like this we'll build,  
One that will all our wants supply  
And then the Brownie band may fly  
High over all the creaking fleet  
That on the waves disaster meet."

Before a week had passed at most  
They left behind the English coast,  
Upon an airship of their own  
By clever hands together thrown,  
From such odd stuff as lay about  
And could be used to shape it out.  
Sometimes between the clouds and sky  
They passed the soaring eagle by,  
At times a downward sweeping gale  
Would get control of wings and tail  
And bear them down with fearful force  
Until the water checked their course,  
And then half buried in the deep  
The straining ship would onward leap,  
While to the dangling ropes that hung  
Away astern some Brownies clung.

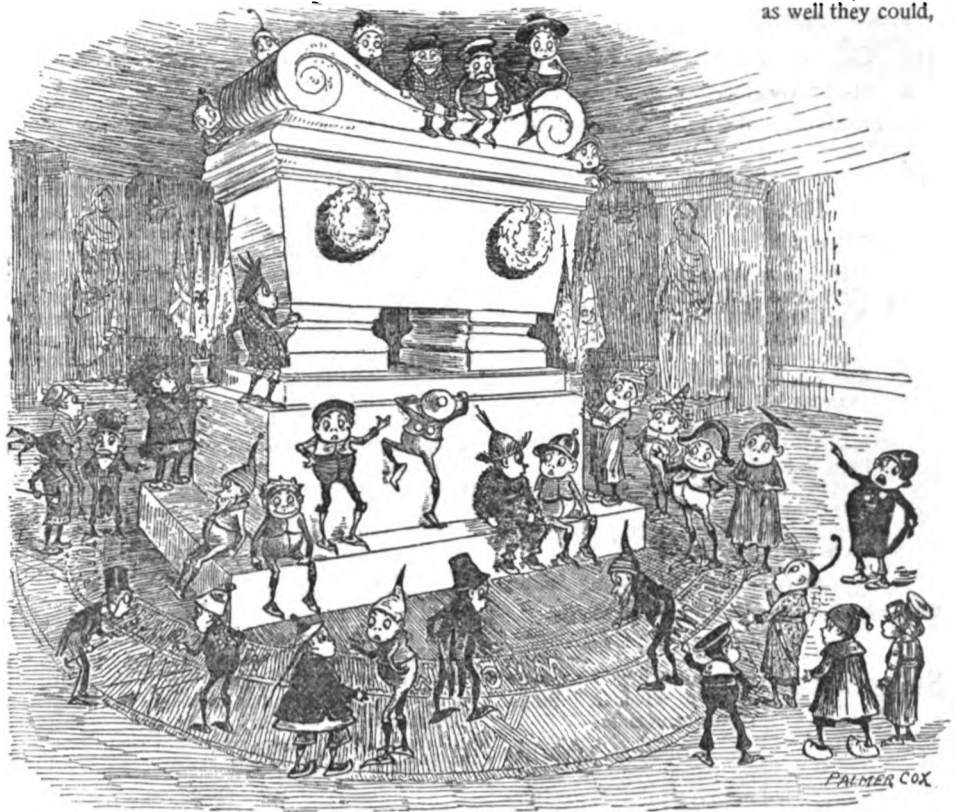
While those who had been cheated out  
Of cabin passage still were stout  
Enough to great endurance show  
By hanging to the ropes below.  
Now some advised to keep her high,  
And others said to let her fly  
Along the sea through waves and all,  
And thus avoid a fearful fall  
In case the works got out of tune  
When they were half way to the moon.  
They found the new machine that night  
Somewhat erratic in its flight.  
Its helm at times, the truth to tell,  
It did not answer extra well,  
Some technicalities no doubt

The Brownies scarce had studied out,  
And so the ride failed to impart  
The joy they hoped for at the start.  
Said one: "I'd rather lose a toe,  
Or leg in fact, if it must go,  
To feed the fish along the shore  
Than fall five thousand feet or more."  
Another shouted: "Turn her round  
And steer her back to English ground,  
For one, I'd rather France should stay  
Untrodden by my feet for aye,  
Than into such a fixture get

That has not been perfected yet;  
See how she darts and dives at will,  
In spite of all your boasted skill,  
I would not give a penny twist  
For all your lives if you persist  
Against the storm to flap and soar  
Until you cross this channel o'er."  
But some were there whose valiant minds  
Were not as fickle as the winds  
And though instead of straight across  
They zig-zag flew with painful loss  
Of time and travel, still the bow  
Was pointing o'er to France that now  
Was growing more apparent fast  
And promising success at last.  
As wounded birds lose every grace  
And wildly wobble on through space,  
Their only hope and only care  
To keep themselves awhile in air,  
Now sinking, rising, straining still  
To reach at length the woody hill,  
Where they can hide away from sight  
And ponder on their wretched plight.  
So did that airship dodge and dive,  
With all on board right well alive  
To all the dangers of the hour,  
Until it proved it had the power  
To bear them safely to the beach  
Which they were glad enough to reach

O'er many a field, if history's true,  
Their proud victorious eagles flew,  
When led by some commander grim  
Who neither valued life nor limb,

The Brownies halted one and all  
Before the graceful column tall  
That towered many feet in air  
And ornamented well the square,  
On every side of it they stood  
And moralized,  
as well they could,



And signs you see on every side  
Still show that spirit has not died,  
But slumbers to break out anew  
When some Napoleon comes in view."  
Another said: "They'll wait awhile  
Before some unpretentious isle  
Gives forth another who'll display  
Such wondrous powers in his day."  
A third remarked: "We hope they will  
Who wants another born to kill  
And desolate the countries wide  
To simply gratify his pride!"  
Not long the Brownies rambled round  
Before Napoleon's tomb they found.  
The massive crypt that holds his dust  
Drew every eye, as still it must  
When strangers with a noiseless tread  
In awe draw near the mighty dead.  
Some who respected not the bones  
Of one who caused such shrieks and groans

About the shouting populace  
That oft ran riot round its base.  
They went through streets smooth as the floor  
And in the Seine they dipped an oar,  
Then to old palaces they ran  
At least their outer form to scan,



If time allowed no closer view  
And they their journey must pursue.  
The walls that were so high and stout  
Designed to keep the rabble out  
If riot raised its crimson hand,  
Could not keep out the Brownie band.  
Thus through the town they worked their way  
To view the scenes that round them lay.

To echo round the world for years  
Climbed on the tomb with jokes and jeers,  
And it took more than one sharp cry  
To bring them from their perch on high.  
Then other sights they gathered round  
Which in that city may be found.  
Beneath the Arch of Triumph nigh  
The Brownies ran a race to try"  
If still their speed was holding out

Then off to other cities sped,  
And battle-fields, where thousands bled,  
To Agincourt, and Crecy, then  
A visit paid to old Rouen,  
Where on the pile of fagots tied  
The "Maid of Orleans" bravely died.

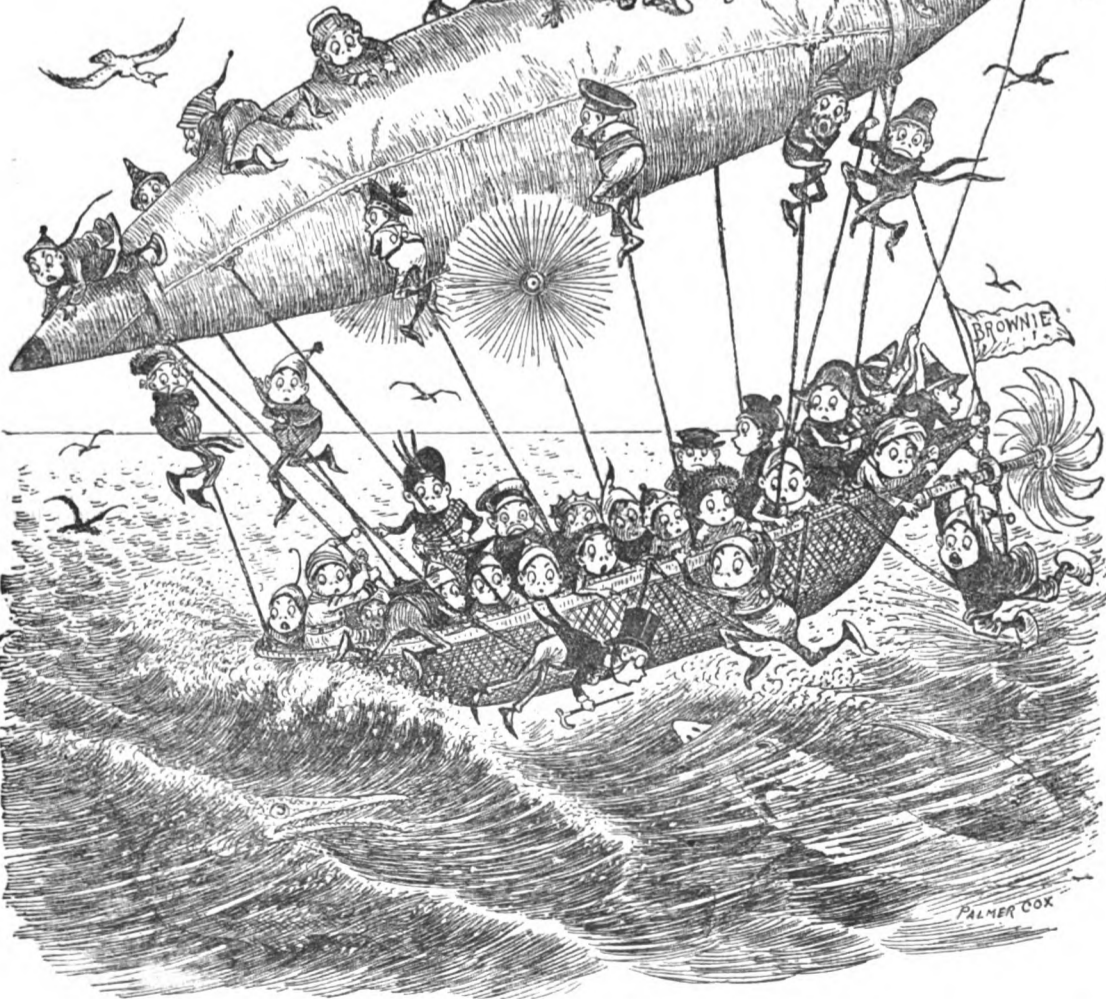
While traveling thus the world about,  
And also so they could declare  
They passed beneath that grand affair,  
As well as those who conquered lands  
And marched beneath it shouting bands.  
Great space would be required to tell  
Each place their pattering footsteps fell.  
For lively feet the Brownies ply  
And fast can travel when they try.  
They stood in galleries of art  
With staring eyes, and thankful heart



A thousand nights they might have found  
Good cause indeed to ramble round  
If famous forests, castles strong,  
And towns could make them tarry long.  
But other countries they must find  
And leave the soil of France behind.



Ere the stars put up their screens  
We'll be off to other scenes



Afraid of seas that o'er them rolled,  
But more afraid to lose their hold.  
Now rising with a sudden start  
The strange affair would upward dart,

While through Parisian streets so grand  
One evening moved the Brownie band,  
Said one: "At length the land we trace  
That holds a brave and warlike race,

That they had found at length a chance  
To see the famous works of France,  
The sculptures and the paintings grand  
That told of many a master hand.

## THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

An Illustrated Family Journal with the Largest Circulation of any Magazine in the World

Published Monthly by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

At 421-427 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

With Press-Rooms at 401-415 Appletree Street

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In association with

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Advisory and Contributing Editors

With representatives at London and Paris

## Subscription Rates

One dollar per year, payable in advance. Single copies ten cents.

Three dollars per Agate line for displayed Advertisements; six dollars per Nonpareil line for Reading Notices. Guaranteed positions extra. These rates are *not*. No advertisement inserted before or on (this) editorial page.

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53 Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, E. C.

English Subscription Prices:

Per issue, 6 pence; per year, 6 shillings, *post-free*

Philadelphia, May, 1893

## AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR



As a nation grows older, an old writer tells us, its people grow fonder of leisure. And, as this is undoubtedly true, so, likewise, in many respects is it a wholesome tendency. America has still to feel the effects of this

prophecy. To be four hundred years old is to be very young for a nation, and perhaps by the time another four hundred years shall have rolled by, Americans will see more wisdom in the proverb that haste makes waste more often than it makes anything else.

HOWEVER, we have started. Or, to be a little more specific, a certain type of man has begun the work of leisure, and he is creeping into a state of restfulness in that deliciously unselfish way that a man has when he seeks his individual comfort. And, true to the American spirit to lose no time when once started, this man is burying himself into a state of luxurious ease that is beginning to make the barbaric indolence of the past ages fairly sizzle with envy. For when a man really starts out to make himself comfortable it is simply astonishing how thoroughly he does his work. This man, and I think many will recognize him, goes home each evening now when business is done, dons his slippers, eats his dinner, buries himself into the easiest chair in the house, lights his cigar, reads his evening paper, drops into a nap, wakes up apologizingly, smokes a second cigar and then retires. Let even the most casual hint be dropped about his going out, and he scowls. His conversation consists chiefly of monosyllables and grunts. He is tired and wants to rest. Well, he is resting—no doubt of that. And, of course, he thinks his wife is resting, too, at the same time. To suggest that his rest makes his wife restless would cause him to open his eyes in amazement! Man-like, you know! It is very difficult for a man, when he is comfortable, to understand that the whole world is not in comfort, too—in fact, I am inclined to think that such a misapprehension is not confined to the male sex.

NOW I have not a word to say against a man staying home in the evenings and taking his rest. That is a very laudable thing to do. It would be well for other kinds of men if they would do more of it. But I believe we can overdo everything, even the best of things, and, strange as it may sound, I think a man can stay home too much—too much for his own good, and, particularly, for the best interests of his wife, his mother, his daughter, his sister or whoever constitutes the womanly element of his family. This type of man, with whom I shall try to deal in these comments, is all too common in one serious mistake which he makes but evidently does not see: that even if he finds his greatest personal pleasure in remaining home evening after evening, it does not necessarily follow that his wife finds the same. In fact, she is very apt to feel just the other way. She has been in that home all day, and just as a man likes to brush the dust of his office from his clothes, so it is not unlikely that his wife might, in the evening, like to brush the domestic cobwebs from her mind by going somewhere or seeing something or some one who will not remind her of the domestic annoyances through which she has passed all that day. In other words, I believe that every evening thousands of women remain at home throughout this land who would not only like to go out to some diversion, but who should go out, and they ought to be taken out by their husbands. I am amazed sometimes to see how some men are absolutely selfish in this respect. Forgetful is another word, but if the spirit be different the result is precisely the same. And that result is injury to the wife's spirits and disposition, and a source of depression upon the happiest home.

I CAN quite understand how the great run of men resent being chased night after night by their wives to one of those formal social gatherings which are the nightmares of a man's life, and which he utterly detests. Only a very small majority of men care anything about what is accepted to-day as "society." It is safe to say that eight out of every ten men will shun the most fashionable "event" that society can conceive of if any plausible excuse presents itself. The cause of this aversion to society on the part of a man is very simple. His life during the day is an active one. In proportion to the position he occupies in the business world he meets people all day long. From the moment he reaches his desk until he leaves it his mind is active; every thought he possesses must be alert; his brain is keyed to the highest strain, and during the entire day he must either think or talk. By the time the day is done meeting people has lost its charm for him. He is tired, and he longs for the quiet atmosphere of his home. He feels that there is but one thing his nature craves, and that is rest. What pleasure is it to that man then, to go into a crowded room and talk for the rest of the evening to Miss R—and Mrs. S—? Nine chances out of ten the conversation will draw him into the discussion of some social problem, and before he is aware of it his mind is going at the same pace as it has all through the day. Or he is positively straining himself to think of an agreeable topic. Is this diversion for him? Is it rest for him to talk to a dozen or two different people with whom it is more likely than not he has nothing whatever in common? Men realize what the talk of a crowded drawing-room means nowadays, and they naturally and most pardonably shun it. To be introduced in a meaningless manner to a score of people during an evening, simply to keep "talk going and guests circulating," is absolutely maddening to a man whose stock of patience, at its best, is very meagre.

AND even where a man is willing to acknowledge that society is delightful to him, he cannot forget that it is deadly as well. A man in business, with all that that means, cannot go into the social affairs of to-day as the majority of them are conducted. It may do for the man of leisure but not for the man of affairs. With each year the social hours are creeping farther into the morning, until in the extreme set the hour of eleven or twelve marks the commencement of the cotillion. The more moderate classes have not gone quite so far, but gradually has the hour changed from eight to nine, and in many cases to ten o'clock. All this means late hours, and nothing is more killing to the business man who, perforce, must have his sleep or feel the effects of it the following day. Society in the larger cities is trying to rule business just a trifle too much, and as it proceeds on that line so will it mark its own destruction. I believe that as time goes on, hostesses who insist upon giving large formal social affairs will find it more and more difficult to bring men to their homes. And not alone will they find this reluctance among men of mature years, but among the younger men as well. Young men are assuming greater commercial responsibilities than ever before in the history of our country, and with the cares of business will come their retirement from social indulgences, except those that are better timed than the present fashionable gatherings are.

BUT because a man dislikes what to-day is called, for want of a better and more expressive word, "society," he need not go to the other extreme and deny himself and those nearest and dearest to him the countless other diversions which this world offers, and which are the best sources of rest and relaxation. To a married man the companionship of his family means everything when he leaves his business. It is his life. Man is by his truest nature a domestic animal. At the best, he sees but little of his home. He is in it, on the average, not more than a few hours of each day; and during those few hours is it so very unnatural that he desires to have the family around him, for whom all day long he strives? He naturally resents being hurried into evening clothes, rushed through a dinner, deprived of his cigar, and hastened out of the very place he wants most to stay. At the same time, a man can enjoy the companionship of his family outside of his home as well as in it, and no man is true to himself who expects his wife or daughter to find their one, only and constant enjoyment at home evening after evening, week in and week out. Domesticity is an admirable quality, but the best qualities can be so abused as to make them obnoxious and valueless.

I AM firm in the belief that if the average American wife who rules a home were taken out of those surroundings in the evening by her husband far more than she is at present she would be better for it. Some men seem to forget this, and they wonder why their wives or mothers are so nervous. So would you, my friend, be nervous if you spent day after day in your home, and then when evening came were scarcely ever taken out of it. I believe that a husband and wife should go out in the evening as often as their means and circumstances will allow—I mean to the concert, the lecture, the opera or the play. What a man wants in the evening is something entirely different from what has engrossed his mind during the day, and that is what our women want as well, and the majority get too little of it. It is a false economy that denies a certain amount of amusement to the family. Fun is good for all, even the soberest. One reason why some of our women are not healthier than they are, or brighter in spirit, is simply because they either deny themselves, or are denied certain diversions which their very natures crave and should have. Living by rule, existing in a certain routine, day after day and evening after evening, is maddening to the sweetest disposition that God ever implanted in a woman. Sometimes I marvel at husbands who seem to be utterly incapable of seeing the necessities of their wives in this respect. It is only natural that women should grow restless and dispirited at the thousand annoyances that present themselves in a home during a day. Men either stubbornly refuse to believe or seem to overlook the fact that a home is just as difficult to manage to a woman as it is a business to a man, and oftentimes more so. This idea that some men have, that women have nothing to do all day is to me incomprehensible, and excusable only on the ground of sheer ignorance. It is an old saw, but a true one, that a woman's work is never done, only she does not, as a rule, make such a fuss about it as a man does about his work. When he is overworked the whole family knows it, and feels that an old bear would be a pleasanter thing to have around the house. But a woman is patient under trial; silent under oppression. Hundreds of husbands have no idea that their wives are tired until some morning they are too sick to rise. A woman suffers quietly; let a man suffer and you can hear him two blocks off.

A WOMAN who manages a household sees a little enough of the outer world, and the husband's duty is, therefore, the more plain during his hours of leisure. A good play is a tonic to thousands of women, and if a wife enjoys the theatre let a husband cater to her taste according to his ability and judgment. Some people cannot overcome their prejudice to the theatre. Very well, my friends, the Lord created other forms of amusement just as well. Good concerts abound; lectures are plentiful. But, in amusements, I think people fail to understand sometimes that they were intended principally to amuse and only indirectly to instruct. Some persons seem to choose their amusements as, I sometimes think, doctors do their medicines: they give you the worst they can find. Now a stubborn disease may respond best to a powerful medicine. But a worried spirit responds to something bright and happy. The play, the concert, or the lecture you select may not always be of the most intellectual order, but if it makes you forget yourself for a night in the fun it presents, the jollity it throws into you, or the brightness that seems to come across the footlights, the result to your mind and health is far better than had it been something that aimed to feed a mind which had been fed all day. Feed a horse too much and he will die; ditto a human being. There is such a thing as a surfeit of knowledge. Going to bed happy is often better than going to bed too wise.

A GOOD rule to live by in these days when there is such a mental strain upon women, as well as upon men, is to go out in the evening as often as you stay at home, and stay at home as often as you go out. We want to alternate things a little in this world. Variety is not only the spice but the medicine and tonic of life. A change is good for us all. Live in a rut and you will think in a rut. Going out evenings does not necessarily imply the expenditure of money if the domestic purse will not bear it. We need not go to the theatre, to a concert, to a lecture each time that we venture out. The best society in this world is that of our friends—those whom we know to be our friends, to be sympathetic with our beliefs, to be in touch with our surroundings. An evening at the house of friends, or they at our house, is relaxation and diversion from the day's thoughts. Unfortunately in our larger cities we know so little of this neighborly feeling, so little of that community intercourse that makes life in smaller places so much the better worth the living. In the greater cities it is the exception, rather than the rule, that we know those who live next door to us. The people living in the same house with us are often as far removed from us as if they lived in Honolulu. But friends we all have, some more, some less, and the very fact of seeing other faces takes us out of ourselves, lifts us into new spheres of thought, gives us new ideas, and takes us away from what we have to face on the morrow.

A CERTAIN amount of social life is absolutely essential to all of us—to the old as well as to the young. A woman never grows so old that she ceases to enjoy the company of others, and generally the older she grows the more she enjoys it. It is always a pity for me to see a man fall into a state which he explains by saying: "Oh, we're getting old, and don't care for so much variety in our lives." In the pure unselfishness of his soul he always speaks of "us" and "we," as if it naturally follows that because he is getting antiquated his wife must keep pace with him in his decline. Men all too often make their wives too old. It is a greater credit to a husband to keep his wife young than to make her grow old. His actions and his habits necessarily influence those of his wife. Let him keep in touch with the world, and both he and his wife will be the better and the younger for it. I like to see a man proud of his wife because she keeps young. Old age is beautiful and has its advantages, but a man makes a great mistake when he rushes a woman unnecessarily toward it. And he does it most perfectly when he deprives her of those enjoyments which every man should give his wife, and which he can afford to give her no matter how limited his means. No economy is so false, so hollow and so misguided as that which seeks to withhold one pleasure from the life of a good woman, a true wife or a loving mother. The best home a man can give a woman becomes "poky," as one woman I know expresses it, if she is asked to live in it three hundred and sixty-five days out of every year. The good Lord knows that woman's life in this world is hard enough. She travels a path of endurance and suffering, to which man, be he ever so heavily afflicted, is an entire stranger. It was given to man to make that path as pleasant, as easy and as bright as possible. Every dollar which a man spends for the happiness of the woman of his home will come back to him in double, yea, in four-fold measure.

LEISURE is good for us all, and I believe our American men would be better if they had more of it. No nation of men work harder; no men have accomplished more. The American man is, without dispute, the peer of his race. No man on the globe excels him in a single quality. He deserves everything that comes to him, and no measure of success can be too large for him. Leisure, if it is not his now, will soon be his. But in whatever condition of life he finds that his steps may lead him, in moments of greatest success or most luxuriant ease, let no man calling himself an American be ever so un-American as to forget the soil from which he sprang, or the hand which guided his first footsteps. In each of our lives there is a woman who never forgot us from the moment we entered into this world, yes, and before that moment, and no man is true to his manhood, to that manly quality which is the highest attribute in human character, who forgets, for one instant, the debt he owes to the sex of his mother. The American woman has made the American man what he is to-day. His success has been possible because of her. She has founded the truest type of a home, and he has felt its influence, and by the stimulus of that influence he has won his present position. A man's highest principles come from the woman he loves; his best thoughts are merely a reflection of her nature impressed upon his mind. The men of our land can, therefore, scarcely withhold their choicest gifts from the women of their hearts and homes. Their comfort must come first; their pleasure must give man pleasure; their happiness must precede ours; their safety before all. Woman first; then man!



UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

TO MY CORRESPONDENT

BY M. M.

— — — — —  
And am, as ever,  
Yours Affec.

Of course you are—but why, my heart, Abbreviate the sweetest part? "Affectionately," I've no doubt, But write it all—or leave it out. Why does "Affec." my anger move? Because it seems to limit love. Why snap so ruthlessly in two, When all I fondly hoped my due? Poor love, advancing at your beck, Recoils, chilled by "Yours Affec." When not so fatally defined One always hopes there's more behind. So sign "Affectionately" mine, Or, dearest, write and make no sign!

BEFORE THE OVERTURE

BY HAMLIN GARLAND



HE was in the box, he was far above in the gallery. He looked down and across and saw her sitting there fair as a flower and robed like a royal courtesan in flame and snow.

Like a red torch flamed the ruby in her hair. Her shoulders were framed in her cloak, white as snow warmed with firelight. Her gloved hands held an opera-glass which also glowed with flashing light.

His face grew dark and stern. He looked down at his poor coat and around at the motley gallery which reeked with the smell of tobacco and liquor.

Students were there—poor like himself, but with great music-loving, hungry, ambitious souls. Men and women of refinement and indomitable will sat side by side with drunken loafers who had chanced to stumble up the stairway.

His eyes went back to her. So sweet and dainty was every thread on her fair body. No smell of toil, nor touch of care, nor mark of wear. She was perfectly clothed, protected, at ease. Her flesh was ivory, her eyes jewels, her heart as clean and sweet as her eyes.

No, not at ease. She seemed restless. Again and again she swept her glass around the lower balcony.

The man in the gallery knew she was looking for him, and he took a bitter delight in the distance between them. He waited, calm as a lion in his power.

The man at her elbow talks on. She does not hear. She is still looking—a little swifter, a little more anxiously—her red lips ready to droop in disappointment.

The noise of feet, of falling seats continues. Boys call shrilly. Ushers dart hastily to and fro. The soft laughter and hum of talk comes up from below.

She has reached the second balcony. She sweeps it hurriedly. Her companion raises his eyes to the same balcony and laughs as he speaks. She colors a little but smiles as she lifts her eyes to the third balcony.

Suddenly the glass stops. The color sweeps up her neck, splashing her cheeks with red. Her breath stops also, for a moment, then comes quick and strong.

Her smile settles into a curious contraction that is almost painful to see. His unsmiling eyes are looking sombrely, sternly, accusingly into hers. They are charged with all the bitterness and hate and disappointed ambition which social injustice and inequality had wrought into his soul.

She shivered and dropped her glass. Shivered and drew her fleecy, pink and pale blue cloak closer about her bare neck.

Her face grew timid, almost appealing as she turned it upward toward him like a flower, to be kissed across the height that divided him from her.

His heart swelled with exultation. His face softened. From the height of his intellectual pride he bent his head and sent a winged caress fluttering down upon that flower-like face.

And then the stealing harmony of the violins began, gliding like mist above the shuddering, tumultuous, obscure thunder of the drums, and the man's soul swept across that sea of song with the heart of a lion and the wings of an eagle.

A tender musing smile was on the woman's lips.

A BIT OF SUNSHINE

BY ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP

SING, sing, you sweet bird, my yellow canary, You friend of my silent hours! However the moods of the household may vary There's a bright note from you, my yellow canary; Your song soon follows in showers.

Supposing the telephone call is most trying, Or the organ-grinder is heard, Or unwelcome care is knocking and prying, Till we all aver we would rather be dying— Still you trill and trip it, my bird!

In the hush of summer when robins are dozing Your warble rolls clear in a tune; When callers are fanning and laughing and prosing, And I am a tropical yawn half disclosing, Your cheery roulade is a boon!

You like my caressing, my glance and my praising; You hop and you perk, don't you, Dick? Your intelligent ways are simply amazing; The whole day long you are never caught lazing, For you peck and you sing "double quick!"

But at dusk you mount the perch of your choosing, To dream through a "sleep of the just"; You tuck your head in to avoid risk of losing, And each fairy feather stands guard while you're snoozing. Dick, you look like a star of gold dust!

ON THE BRINK

BY CORA LINN DANIELS

OH, my home was dark and dreary, Toil and scrimping, work and blame, Lonesome on the rugged hillside— Till Jim came.

John was just a rough old farmer, Mother made me marry him, And I never learned to love him— Not like Jim!

I can't say my life was bitter— Other women bore as much— But I felt a lack, a longing For Jim's touch.

Colder, older, rougher, coarser, Seemed my husband day by day, I began to hate his footstep— Kept away.

Jim just pitied me, and showed it In his glowing, tender eyes; John had money—should I leave him? Was it wise?

He had nothing but his true heart Which so long had been my own, But if I would only trust him— I alone.

That was it! To be the idol Of a man so grand, so true! Who would count the cost to gain it? Say, would you?

So, one evening, just at twilight, John still raking in the hay, Jim and I with what I gathered, Stole away.

Or we should have gone forever To perdition, he and I, But a little voice said: "Mamma, Kiss good-by!"

How my brain beat! How my knees quaked! How my soul was torn apart! Here was John's and my own darling On my heart!

John's and mine! Not Jim's. He stood there White as death, then went alone. Saved and humble, I am trying To atone.

Strange, that very night John kissed me, And with eyes all sweet and dim, Said: "Don't grieve; I'll prove I love ye Better'n Jim."

And since then the sunshine somehow Lingers in his honest eyes. How a man can make a woman Love him—when he tries

A WOODLAND PATH

BY MARGARETTE LIPPINCOTT

AGAIN I see the rustling leaves Stir in the summer air, Rose brambles bend across the path With gently clinging snare; The bonny brook the self-same song Is singing all the day, It sang when we two passed along This way.

Oh love, I wish the skies were dark, I wish the flowers were dead, I wish the little singing brook Were silent in its bed! For if the blue were overcast I might forget the day When you and I together passed This way.

MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE

BY WILLIAM D. MOFFAT



EARLY beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this company to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony."

The minister's voice penetrates the gloomy spaces of the church, its monotonous accents echoing from the chancel, nave and choir.

The group about the altar stirs expectantly. Rich silks and satins rustle. Jewels sparkle in the dim, cold light that struggles through the Gothic windows. The air is heavy with the mingled odors of flowers and costly perfumes.

From somewhere out of the shadows of the church rumbles the deep undertone of the organ, and, wavering above it, vague harmonies come and go like echoes from a celestial choir.

Tall and stately stands the bride, proudly conscious of her beauty. Beside her stands the groom, his handsome face bent toward the altar.

The minister's calm eyes are upon them. "I charge you both as you will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why you may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, you do now confess it—"

There comes a stifled, choking sound, like the ghost of a sob.

The minister pauses. The fashionable men and women about him are motionless.

They had heard nothing. The mother of the bride stands calmly by, the father silent and still, his stern face like chiseled stone.

They had heard nothing. The bride's eyes are dry and clear; the groom's eyes remain fixed on the altar.

A moment later the words that join the man and woman have been uttered. The mother smiles proudly. Her fondest wish has been realized. It is the season's noblest match.

The organ breaks forth into a joyous peal. The bridal party passes down the aisle. Relatives and friends press close behind, eager to congratulate the pair. The vestibule rings with mingled exclamations and happy laughter.

As the groom turns, smiling at some passing word, his eyes detect a slender figure in black, standing alone in the shadow. Only an instant—then the party presses on and out of the church.

Amidst a confusion of farewells the bride and groom drive away. The bride gayly waves her hand to the group at the church. The groom leans back and rests his head heavily against the handsomely-upholstered cushions.

Then a brief silence. "What is it, Ernest? You seem worried." The bride lays her jeweled hand half carelessly on his arm.

"Nothing—the heat—the flowers—a headache—it will pass away." He leans forward to avoid her glance, gazing across the fields where the ripe grain tosses and rolls.

The sunshine blinds him. He closes his eyes. The bright fields, the hot, dusty road, and the dazzling sky give way to shadows deep and sombre. The rumble of the carriage wheels expands into fluted organ tones. The horses' hoofs beat out the stately measures of the grand old wedding march.

His heart contracts. A sense of suffocation comes over him. A woman's name rises instinctively to his lips.

"Ernest, how dull and stupid you are. You have spoken scarcely a word—and this is our wedding day."

The voice was sharp and impatient. The man rouses himself with an effort and passes his hand across his forehead.

He turns abruptly and stares at the woman beside him.

There sat his chosen bride—his life companion—his wife.

And the woman in black, stealing away alone from the silent, deserted church? She was merely the woman he loved.

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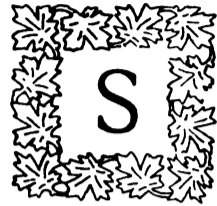
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## THE GIRL ABOUT TO MARRY

By Ruth Ashmore



HE seems to be as many in number as the spring blossoms, and she looks as pretty and as fresh as they do. I am always glad to hear from her, because I like to think of my girls as becoming loving wives and pleasant companions. I can sympathize with her in all her wishes, and I am going to try, as far as possible, to answer her questions. Personally, I approve of the girl who inquires, for she is the girl who is certain to gain knowledge. It is quite right that she should wish that the ceremony of her marriage should be in good order, and that all her own belongings, no matter how simple they may be, should be correct.

### YOUR WEDDING DRESS

IF you are only going to have two or three new frocks there will be wisdom in being married in a traveling dress, and by this I mean the walking costume that you will use for visiting after your marriage, because to go on the train or the boat you should assume a frock that has seen service before, so that you will not be a subject of conversation for the other travelers. If a white dress is possible you alone can decide whether it shall be of the rich white satin, or the less expensive, but dainty white China silk. If it is the first it will be made with a train, but will be high in the throat and have long sleeves. If it is the second the skirt will just touch the ground, and the bodice, a draped one, will also be high at the throat, and long over the arms. This rule about the throat and arms always holds good no matter how elaborate or how simple the wedding dress may be. Your veil, for with a white frock you should wear one, is of tulle, and it is impossible to say how many yards are required for it, as it should not be cut until after it is arranged on you. It should fall almost to the edge of your skirt in front, and quite to the edge in the back, even if you should glory in a very long train. It is fastened in place securely, so that after the ceremony the maid of honor may easily throw it back from your face for the bridegroom to greet you. You enter with the veil shrouding you, you go out with it thrown back, showing your happy face to all the world.

Your gloves will not need to be cut, if in choosing them you select a pair sufficiently loose for the left-hand one to slip off easily. In your hands you may carry a prayer-book or a bouquet, but a fan is no longer considered in good taste. If you take my advice you will arrange your hair as you are in the habit of wearing it, so that you will look like yourself—that sweet self to whom all wish so much happiness. By-the-by, one or two girls have asked if they may wear veils or flowers in their hair when the gown is not a white one; no, it is not customary. If a colored gown is worn and the wedding takes place in a church where the bride's head must be covered, then either a hat or a small bonnet should be assumed.

### HER OTHER DRESSES

IT is impossible to say how much or how little is necessary for a bride in the way of dresses. Fashions change and many a bride has regretted an accumulation of frocks that would not wear out, and that were in color and style decidedly out of fashion. The springtime bride wants two or three cotton gowns, a costume suitable for visiting, the dresses she has on hand freshened and remodeled, and a pretty wrapper or teagown. About this last it must be understood that it should not be worn outside of her own home, or her own room in a hotel. Many a girl has been laughed at in a city hotel for appearing in a pale blue or pink teagown. So I want my girl to remember this and not put herself in a position to be the subject for silly jests. Two or three decidedly becoming dresses are much more desirable than six or seven chosen at random, and with no special thought as to the times they will be used. One's wedding dress answers for an evening dress for three months after the wedding, but if it is trimmed with orange-blossoms they must be removed immediately after the ceremony and small white roses substituted for them. Worth and Redfern, when making wedding dresses, always put the rose decorations in the box with the frock itself, and then as soon as it is taken off after the wedding the orange-blossoms disappear and the roses are put in their place. Select your gowns not only with a view to their prettiness, but to the places and times when they will be worn. That is the very best advice I can give you.

### ABOUT YOUR LINGERIE

THE day for the use of very elaborate embroidery or imitation lace on one's underwear has gone by, and it is demanded that the bride's lingerie shall be of fine material made by hand, and daintily trimmed. Women do not buy the great quantities of underwear that they used to, for experience has proved that it only grows yellow, and in many instances becomes absolutely useless. One has gotten quite enough if one elects to have six of each variety of linen or lawn, four flannel skirts, and two silk or alpaca ones. These, with the underwear already possessed, are quite sufficient to last one for a long time, and, really, the getting of great quantities of underwear is considered an evidence of rather questionable taste.

Of handkerchiefs one should have a dozen white lawn ones, daintily hemmed, finished with fine lace and having a very small cipher embroidered in the corner. I do not advise the getting a number of fancy handkerchiefs—they are useless and have a rather common air. Of stockings it must be said that one should be governed by the style of shoes selected for the summer-time wear. With a low, undressed kid shoe should be worn silk, hisle or cotton stockings of the same color, and four pairs of these would be required. Almost all women wear black stockings, and so there would be wisdom in getting six pairs of these, while only one pair of white silk, to be worn with the bridal slippers, is required. If you have scarlet or gray shoes then you must have stockings to match them, but the number required may be regulated by the depth of your purse. A pair of walking shoes, a pair of low shoes and a pair of house slippers are all the shoes absolutely required, but one may, of course, have shoes to match one's gowns, and, as I said about the stockings, the number selected may depend entirely on your individual choice or the amount of money you wish to spend. A parasol to go with your visiting suit and an umbrella are also counted among the necessities of a trousseau.

### ABOUT THE WEDDING

WHEN the festival days come we are always anxious to make them as gay and as joyful as possible, and in our desire to do this we too often overreach ourselves and make what might be great successes, great disappointments. This is too often true of weddings. It is your privilege to decide whether your wedding shall be the conventional crush, where people who don't care for you criticize you, or whether it shall be the quiet, dignified ceremony, where those who love you are present, and everything is quiet and orderly. For myself I confess to a great preference for the latter. When one is taking a solemn vow there seems something incongruous in having as witnesses a silly, giggling, pushing, uninterested crowd, while good taste and refinement announce themselves in selecting for lookers-on those people who will say "Amen" to every prayer offered for your happiness and your future.

Don't attempt elaborate collations when you have to depend on your own cook, or possibly the confectioner in a small town. A simple wedding breakfast is always pretty when it is properly arranged, and the table, made by the use of flowers and foliage, a very picture. But any effort on the part of an amateur to vie with a famous caterer invariably results in failure. The prettiest summer-time breakfast consists of dainty sandwiches made of minced ham, tongue or paté, cool salads, lobster or chicken, placed in the centre of green lettuce leaves, and ices, cake, fruits, coffee, iced tea and iced lemonade. The bride's cake is usually placed either at one end of the oval table if it is to be cut, or if it is already cut and in boxes they are piled on a small table and a maid stands beside them to give one to each guest. The practice of sending bride's cake is out of vogue. The centre of the table may have an arrangement of fruit and flowers; the salads may be placed on the table, and also the sandwiches, but the ices will be served from another room. The sandwiches are cut very thin, have no crust about the edge, and are so daintily made that they may be taken in the fingers without any fear of soiling them.

It is the privilege of the bride to leave the table as soon as she pleases, and she usually slips out and changes her wedding dress for that in which she will go away. This, by-the-by, is almost invariably a gown that has been worn before, as a bride does not like to have her new happiness discussed by every stranger on the road.

### ABOUT THE BRIDEGROOM

THERE is a thoughtful girl who asks some questions for the bridegroom. He is a busy man, you see, and he hasn't thought much about his affairs—indeed, it seems to him that beside the fairy-like creature in white he will be of very little importance, but still this very white-robed fairy wants him to do exactly what is right. Before six o'clock, no matter how elaborately the bride may be dressed, the bridegroom must not wear a dress suit; this is an iron law which must never be broken. At a daytime wedding, which means any time before six, the bridegroom wears trousers of a fancy pattern—in the springtime they should be light in color—a dark waistcoat and a frock coat. His scarf, either of white China silk or black satin, is tied in four-in-hand style, and has a small pin placed at one side. His sleeve links and shirt buttons should be perfectly plain, and his watch-chain should be out of sight. If the bride is gowned in white he wears white kid gloves, if not, he should have dark tan or gray, as best harmonize with those worn by the bride. There are men who never wear a frock coat; these men, fighting against all etiquette, may appear as bridegrooms in cutaway coats, but there are no circumstances that make a dress suit permissible before the hour of six. The bridegroom usually presents the bridesmaids and the bride with their bouquets, and pays for the carriage which brings him to the house or church, and which takes the bridal pair away, but beyond these the bridegroom pays none of the wedding expenses, except, of course, the clergyman's fee. Usually he has this put in an envelope, gives it to the best man, who presents it to the clergyman after the ceremony. When there is no best man the nearest male relative of the bridegroom assumes this office; or, if he has a minute with the clergyman alone, the bridegroom himself slips it into his hand and thanks him for his kindness.

### ABOUT YOUR PRESENTS

THE fashion of exhibiting the presents does not obtain as it did at one time, but where the ceremony is a quiet one it is considered in good taste to have the wedding presents arranged in an up-stairs room where the ladies can see them, though good taste demands that each card shall have been removed from the gifts, so that she who gave of her little store may not be abashed by the grandeur of the present given by her who, no richer in good will, possesses more gold. The little bride must write a note of thanks to each person who has sent her a wedding present, whether she knows them or not, and in writing this note she must refer to the gift in some way, so that the giver may understand that the note is a personal one, and not a duplicate of many others. These notes should be dispatched immediately upon receipt of the presents when possible, if not, they may be written after the return from the wedding trip, unless, indeed, that should be a very long one, in which case they should be done during that time. A wise mother will, in this case, make out a list of gifts, putting opposite each article the name and address of the giver. Of course there are always foolish presents made, but their coming does not make it any the less vulgar for you to attempt to exchange them, as we occasionally hear of women doing. A piece of jewelry given you by the bridegroom may very properly be worn at your wedding, provided it is in harmony with your costume. By-the-by, speaking of jewelry, it must be remembered that the wedding ring is always a plain gold one, and that it is considered better form for it not to be too heavy.

### ABOUT YOURSELF

I HAVE tried to make this little talk to the girl who is about to be married a series of answers to the questions she has sent me, and I hope I have made some little matters of etiquette quite plain to her. And to the girl who asks my advice about her wedding—that girl who is numbered by the hundreds, who has a pleasant home, but a small one, who has many friends and many more acquaintances—I would say let your marriage be quiet, having present at it only those who are bound to you by ties of blood or special feeling, and then send out to all your acquaintances cards that announce your wedding, and that tell where you are, and when you will be happy to see whoever may care enough for you to desire to wish you happiness. As to her own self I would suggest that she try and keep as quiet as possible, to have as little excitement about her as is possible, and so gain the time to think out the importance of the ceremony which is to come. I want her to think out all that her vows mean, and to remember that they are made before God, and that His blessing is invoked upon her. I certainly want her to look her prettiest—that is her right—to look like a sweet, white flower as she bids good-by to her girlhood and enters into that new life, which should be always new and should be always sweet, and which, by her loving wisdom, may grow happier and better as the days and years pass.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 31 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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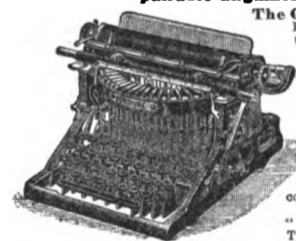
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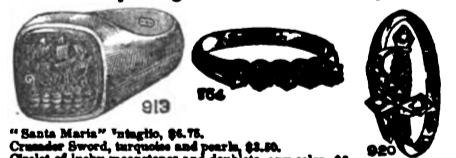


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THE SEASON'S PRETTIEST FANS  
By Maude Haywood

**F**ANS, so archæology teaches us, have existed from very early ages in all parts of the world where the climate has rendered them objects of necessary luxury. Naturally, wherever found, they have

been for the most part of artistic interest also, since they afford excellent opportunity for the exercise of decorative skill and ingenuity, and in modern times famous artists have not disdained to bestow upon them their attention, thus producing creations of considerable art value, often merely to please the passing whim of a capricious beauty. A few such have come down to us in the present day but owing to their fragility many more have perished. However, the history of fans and fan-making is not within the scope of the article to be written here, which must, perforce, be confined principally to practical suggestions.

THE DECORATION OF FANS

AS to whether a fan should be decorated before or after it is made up depends greatly upon the requirements of the individual case. Fans in embroidery, lace or any kind of needlework must, of course, be mounted after the work is completed, and this plan should also be pursued with painted fans where the subject is elaborate and intended to be highly finished. For the more sketchy style of fan-decoration, however, that is usually adopted by amateurs, the painting may be quite legitimately undertaken on fans already made up, these latter being obtainable from dealers, in all sorts and sizes, of plain material, being manufactured expressly for the use of artists. The advantage of decorating fans which are bought ready mounted lies partly in the fact of their being usually more cheaply obtained in this way, but if money be of no particular object the display of individual taste and originality becomes possible when the work is placed in a setting designed by the artist and made to order. It is, of course, also much pleasanter to paint upon a fabric that can be properly stretched before starting the work, but a mounted fan can be pinned out tolerably flat, sufficiently so, at any rate, for such subjects as flower-sprays, but not for small figures or scenes involving minute detail.

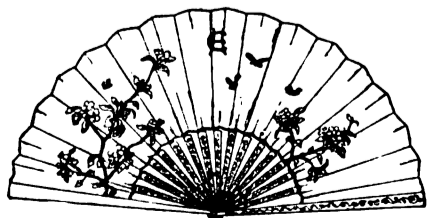
FANS PAINTED IN WATER-COLORS

WATER-COLORS and not oils should be employed in fan-decoration, one reason being that when folded oil-painting is liable either to crack or to stick together.



A DAINTY GAUZE FAN (Illus. No. 1)

Water-color mediums are not really necessary, and in order to obtain rapid and effective results the painting should be in gouache. There are several methods of applying the colors. One way is to mix the Chinese white with the paints, but this is not the best method, as cracking may possibly ensue if the fan be laid by. A better plan is to lay a coat of Chinese white thinly over the whole design and paint over it with transparent washes, not made too wet, for fear of working up the white paint. The finest and most durable work—but this may only be safely attempted by skillful artists—is rendered almost entirely in ordinary water-color, body-color only being added just in finishing for the highest lights, or in small quantities to gain some special effect.



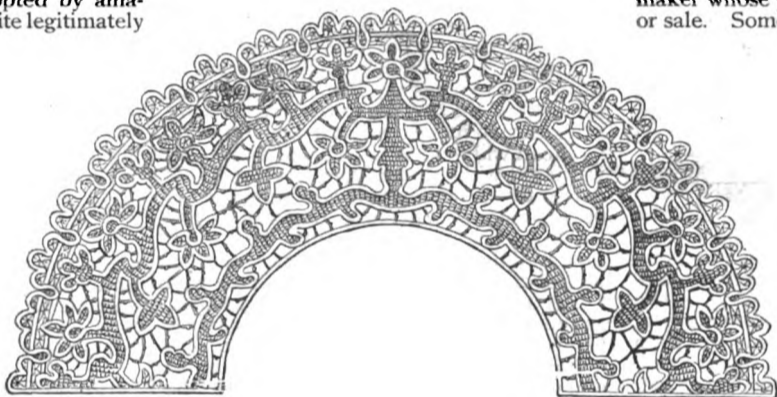
A SIMPLE FLORAL SUBJECT (Illus. No. 2)

A FLIGHT OF BUTTERFLIES

ILLUSTRATION No. 1 is a pretty and effective design painted upon a white gauze fan, and may be readily undertaken upon a fan already mounted. The subject is by an English artist, the birds being native robins, which are small in size, unlike the variety which bears a similar name in this country. The flowers are yellow, growing upon branches of a vine which blooms early in the year and somewhat resembles jasmine. The painting is in water-color and almost entirely in transparent washes, a little white being used as a foundation for the birds, in order to render them sufficiently solid in texture. The yellows employed for the blossoms, namely, cadmium and lemon yellow, are in themselves slightly opaque, and therefore do not need the addition of Chinese white. In this case transferring the design is a simple matter. It is drawn clearly in outline upon a sheet of paper, over which the fan can be laid and the drawing traced upon the gauze, burnt sienna being employed for the purpose. In the brown backs and wings of the birds, and for the whole of the little wren, the bird



A MODERN ROCOCO FAN (Illus. No. 3)



AN ELEGANT DESIGN IN POINT LACE (Illus. No. 4)

perched at the right-hand side of the fan, the umbers and siennas, also yellow ochre and cobalt blue are employed, the latter being used quite pure and light in places, to indicate the appearance of soft bloom on the feathers. For the breast, orange cadmium, rose madder and a little vermilion with raw umber in the shadows give the required tones. The whole effect is very dainty and attractive, and is suitable for use in the evening by a young girl attired in white. In painting on black gauze fans body-color must be employed throughout in order to gain a proper effect. A very good subject upon a black fan is a flight of butterflies, artistically arranged, varying in size and in variety, their brilliant coloring being faithfully rendered in soft hues, and copied, if possible, from real specimens contained in the collection of brother or friend, not, however, imitating in the drawing and arrangement the stiff position of the mounted insects, but giving rather the idea of flight and action. A beginner would do well to resort to the help of some good studies in order to insure accurate and artistic drawing.

DESIGN IN APPLE-BLOSSOMS

THE design of apple-blossoms shown in Illustration No. 2 is suitable for either embroidery or painting. The idea of having the monogram, initials or even name, comes to us from a custom which has found a certain favor abroad, particularly for fans intended for public presentation, but the suggestion is a pretty one to be carried out in gifts between friends. In the coloring of this design the whole scheme should be kept dainty. The color of the fan may be either white or a very delicate blue. The hints given for the painting in the description of the first illustration will answer also in this case. For the pinks employ the pale shades of garance in the French or German colors, or in the English paints, scarlet vermilion mixed with Chinese white. Be careful to avoid purplish tones.

FANS IN PASTORAL DESIGNS

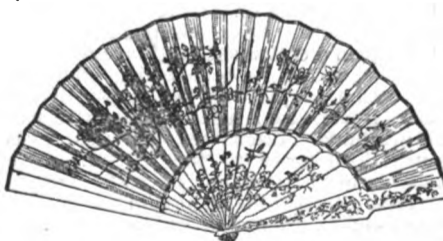
AT the present time the most fashionable fans are nearly all French in style and small in size, either imported or imitated from foreign examples. The sticks are either clear tortoise-shell or mother-of-pearl. The favorite subjects are pastoral scenes or cupids, figures of some kind or other being almost always introduced, and it is frequently the custom to insert, in irregular forms, some pieces of valuable and handsome lace. The fan shown in Illustration No. 3 may be regarded as somewhat typical of this class of fans. The scene is after Watteau, and painted upon satin; on either side lace is let in, the shape being determined by the ornamental framework of the design. The effect is handsome and striking.

The painting in this case requires to be skillfully rendered, being a figure subject. The idea, however, of combining lace with either painting or embroidery upon satin might readily be carried out in a simpler manner, if desired, and may doubtless prove a fruitful suggestion to many workers. Such a fan as the one here given, however, might be successfully rendered by any one accustomed to the style of work, and would prove an effective undertaking for a fan-maker whose productions are for exhibition or sale. Some of the French fans are much more ornate in design, being in the later rococo style, which, however, is not so good in taste, according to the best authorities. Some of the Watteau fans now to be seen in collections were made of vellum, and not infrequently groups of figures were painted on the sticks, which were in those cases broad enough to meet when opened out, thus forming a continuous surface, suitable for such a decoration.

The fan shown in Illustration No. 4 is of point-lace, the design having been originally made to be worked by a royal personage in England. The method of working this cannot, for lack of space, be given here, but will be fully explained in an article on lace-work to be published in an early issue of the JOURNAL. The mounting should be of mother-of-pearl.

FANS IN JAPANESE

IN China and Japan the use of fans is universal, and some of the common ones made merely of paper are quite works of art. This is particularly true of the Japanese productions. The fan here shown (Illustration No. 5) was brought from Japan and is interesting on account of its quaint shape, in which the ordinary semi-circular form for the sticks is departed from. The



A QUIANT JAPANESE FAN (Illus. No. 5)

idea as a novelty is surely worth adopting by fan manufacturers here. What is commonly termed the Japanese style of decoration is extremely suitable for fan-painting, that is to say, the employment of naturalistic floral sprays, with birds or insects also introduced, a good effect being gained without too much work, the subject never being massed nor crowded unnecessarily. It has been said of the Japanese that in decoration they occupy a space, but never fill it, and this is a principle which designers do well to imitate. In this connection, however, it might be well to suggest that the quaint figures, devices and scenes which are effective enough on the imported fans cannot be successfully attempted by any but native artists. Good subjects at this season are simple branches of blossoms or sprays of spring flowers that can be painted direct from nature.

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## LIFE IN THE INVALID'S ROOM

IN FOUR ARTICLES: SECOND ARTICLE

By Elisabeth Robinson Scovil

**T**HERE are many common ailments for which no one thinks of calling in a physician. They can usually be successfully treated without his aid if one caution is observed. Should the patient grow worse instead of improving under the simple measures used, do not delay in sending for a doctor.

A sore throat may mean diphtheria, although there are ten chances to one that it does not. Headache and a feeling of *malaise* may be the beginning of typhoid fever, although as a rule they mean only that the stomach is out of order.

### NEURALGIC AND SICK HEADACHE

**T**HERE are varieties of headaches produced by various causes, as overstudy, or exhaustion; or by a peculiar state of the system, as the throbbing pain in the head which precedes apoplexy, but these should be prescribed for by a physician. In many cases the cause of the headache is deep-seated and must be removed before permanent relief can be hoped for. Neuralgia in any part of the body implies that the nerves are starved and are crying out for food. This must be supplied before the pain will cease. There are, however, measures which can be tried to give temporary relief, and no one who has not suffered from the headache of neuralgia knows what this means to the victim. Camphor and chloral, rubbed together until they form a liquid, may be painted over the spot, or a menthol pencil used in the same manner. If these cannot be obtained the face should be bathed in very hot water and a mustard paste applied, taking care not to leave it on long enough to blister. A flannel wet with chloroform liniment may be tried, and a hot water bag will sometimes ease the pain. A cup of hot tea followed by a teaspoonful of valerianate of ammonia may do good. A person subject to this form of headache should eat plenty of nourishing food, as fresh meat, all the cereals, vegetables, particularly beans and celery, and drink milk, hot or cold, and cocoa in preference to tea and coffee. These may be used as a stimulant in necessity but not as a regular beverage. Friction of the whole body by rubbing is valuable and it should be kept warm in cold weather by suitable clothing, with flannel next the skin, especially at night.

The teeth should be examined by a dentist and properly attended to. If these measures fail a nerve tonic is necessary, and this a doctor must prescribe. When the nausea from sick headache is first felt, perfect rest in bed with a tablespoonful of hot, strong coffee, without milk or sugar, given every fifteen minutes for six doses, may ward off an attack. Oxalate of cerium is sometimes very effective. It can be procured at the druggist's and should be put up in powders of twenty grains each. Shake one dry on the tongue, swallow with a little water and repeat in an hour. Soda-mint tablets, one every ten minutes until six have been taken, are efficacious if administered early.

Persons subject to sick headache should regulate the diet with care, avoiding rich food and fats, using lemons freely, drinking the juice squeezed in water. They should take exercise in the open air, have a sponge bath, followed by brisk rubbing once a day, and use some simple laxative, if it is necessary, once or twice. Its use should not be depended upon or it will increase the difficulty.

### COUGHS AND THEIR CURE

**T**HERE are few disorders more teasing to the sufferer and to those about him than a cough. A slight, hacking cough is often a bad habit; when it is at all under the control of the will it should be sternly repressed. Sometimes the uvula, the pendulous part of the soft palate, at the back of the mouth, becomes relaxed, the point touches the tongue producing a tickling sensation, which requires a cough to relieve it. A little dry tannic acid put in a quill and blown on the uvula will contract it, or half a teaspoonful of the powder mixed with two teaspoonfuls of glycerine, stirred into half a glass of warm water and used as a gargle.

When a cold has been taken and there is cough with soreness of the chest, bed should be prescribed for fear of a severe attack of bronchitis. Soak the feet in a pail of hot water in which is dissolved three tablespoonfuls of mustard, and rub the chest with warm camphorated oil.

### A HABIT TO BE AVOIDED

**T**HE most serious of the minor ailments is constipation. Most persons who lead a sedentary life, and many who do not, suffer from it either occasionally or habitually. There is one cardinal principle to be laid down for its treatment. Do not rely upon medicine to relieve it. Unless judiciously administered in connection with other measures it only aggravates the trouble.

Regulate the diet, being careful to avoid eating as much meat as usual, substituting for it vegetables, stewed or fresh fruit, particularly apples, tomatoes, prunes and figs. Oatmeal, Indian and rye meal porridge are beneficial, the more so if they are eaten with molasses instead of milk. Coarse bread, as graham, oatmeal or brown bread, is to be preferred to that made from fine wheat flour. Drink coffee without sugar and eschew tea, cocoa and milk. Plenty of water should be taken during the day. Sometimes a glass of cold water before breakfast is a sufficient aperient.

Before rising in the morning the abdomen should be pressed and gently kneaded, beginning low down on the right side, coming up and descending on the left side. A piece of flannel folded, wrung out of warm water and bandaged over the abdomen for a couple of hours will sometimes give relief. Three or four figs, soaked in water over night and eaten early in the morning, are an excellent laxative. Glycerine or gluten suppositories can be procured from any druggist. These are efficacious and convenient, particularly for travelers, but their habitual use should be condemned. The result to be aimed at is to establish a healthy action of the digestive functions, and when this is effected there will be no further trouble.

### NURSING IN TYPHOID FEVER

**P**HYSICIANS say that in many diseases nursing is of more importance than medicine. This is especially true of typhoid fever. It has to run a certain course, which cannot be cut short by medicine. The vital question is whether the strength of the patient can be so husbanded as to keep him alive until the poison has spent itself. The seat of the disease is the small intestine, which is ulcerated. The danger is that these ulcers may perforate the coats of the intestine and cause death. There is an unreasoning fear of typhoid fever as a contagious disease. It is not infectious if it is properly nursed. It can only be communicated from the discharges, and if these are thoroughly disinfected there is no danger. A plentiful supply of pure air is the first requisite. The room should be ventilated by one of the methods mentioned in the last paper, and the temperature kept at 65°. If possible the carpet should be taken up and the floor about the bed wiped over each day with a cloth, wrung out of a solution of bichloride of mercury, fifteen grains to a quart of water. A druggist will weigh powders of sixty grains each. One of these can be added to a gallon of water and the liquid used for disinfectant purposes. It is a deadly poison.

### PREPARING THE BED

**T**HE bed should be carefully prepared. A hair mattress on a woven wire foundation is the best. Over this place a rubber sheet, then a cotton sheet. Have, if possible, a square of rubber sheeting folded in old cotton to place in the middle of the bed. If the case is a severe one there will be involuntary discharges, and this saves much disturbance to the patient. The square can be drawn out, the cotton burned and the rubber disinfected with the bichloride solution. There should be two in use. If rubber cannot be procured several thicknesses of newspaper, or thick brown paper, makes a tolerable substitute. When oakum can be obtained a thick pad folded in cotton or cheese-cloth is very efficacious in saving the under sheet. Old night-dresses should be used, which can be cut off at the hips, torn down the front and put on like a child's apron to fasten behind. This can be easily changed without exhausting the patient. An upper sheet and one blanket is usually all the covering that is required. Another blanket, or a light cotton spread, may be added, but no wadded quilts nor down comforters are permissible. Florence Nightingale says that "feverishness is sometimes a symptom of fever, but often a symptom of bedclothes."

The clothing should be changed whenever it is necessary. It is inexcusable to permit soiled clothing to remain near the patient because he is supposed to be too weak to bear having it replaced with fresh. If properly done it will not even tire or distress him.

### NECESSITY FOR CLEANLINESS

**T**HE sufferer should have a sponge bath once a day, and alcohol baths are frequently given to reduce the temperature. Pour a small quantity of alcohol into a basin, and dilute it with an equal quantity of water. Dip the sponge or cloth into it, squeeze it so that it will not drip and pass it over the surface of the body under the night-dress. Turn the sufferer partially on the side and sponge the back, also under the arms, the hands, thighs and feet. There need be no exposure if it is skillfully done, and it gives a delicious sensation of freshness and coolness for the moment at least. It can be repeated every two hours and the hands and face can be bathed more frequently. The discharges should be received into a vessel containing half a pint or more of the bichloride solution, removed immediately from the room and disposed of at once, and the vessel washed, disinfected, scalded and dried as soon as possible. Sulphate of iron, or coppers, which is very cheap, should be put in a pail and just enough water poured on it to dissolve it. Two or three pails of this solution should be poured into the closet twice a day. In the country, or wherever there is an earth-closet, dry coppers or unslacked lime should be sprinkled in it in abundance. If clothing is soiled with the discharges the spots should be wet with the bichloride solution, rinsed out and the garment boiled.

### MALARIAL FEVER

**T**HIS begins, as many acute diseases do, with a chill followed by fever, which subsides after a time and is followed by a second chill. These recur at regular intervals and give the fever one of its names, intermittent or remittent. The doctor usually prescribes large doses of quinine, or smaller doses often repeated.

The nurse must try to promote a reaction during the chill, by hot bottles or hot water bags at the feet and under the arms, covering the patient with warm flannels and giving warm drinks, warm lemonade, hot milk, etc., but no stimulant without the doctor's permission. When the fever comes on ice and cold water may be given. A cooling laxative is usually ordered, as citrate of magnesia. The body may be sponged if the temperature is very high. A cloth wet in alcohol and bound on the forehead will help to relieve the headache, wetting it without removing it when it becomes dry. When the fever decreases the invalid begins to perspire profusely. The whole person should be gently dried from time to time, a flannel night-dress put on, the room darkened and the sufferer allowed to sleep. The doctor should be consulted, as proper treatment is necessary to prevent, if possible, a recurrence of the attack. In all forms of fever the efforts of both nurse and physician are directed to reducing the temperature and sustaining the strength of the patient.

### IMPORTANCE OF DIET

**N**O solid food should be given without the doctor's express permission. An imprudence in diet after typhoid fever may cause death when the invalid seems nearly well. It must be remembered that the diet is of supreme importance in fever. The digestive powers are weak and food must be given in the form in which it will be most easily assimilated. This, of course, is fluid, and milk is chiefly relied upon.

The directions given in the last paper for preparing it can be followed. If there is a tendency to diarrhoea beef-tea cannot be given. As the patient begins to improve the milk may be alternated with mutton or chicken broth.

### CURE OF BEDSORES AND BOILS

**B**EDSORES are especially to be guarded against. They come from prolonged pressure upon any surface, as the lower part of the back, the shoulders, elbows or heels. The circulation is interfered with and the part dies. Frequent rubbing and bathing with alcohol is the best preventive. When the slightest redness is observed the spot should be gently rubbed until it has disappeared. In any case the lower part of the back where the weight rests should be bathed in a little alcohol three or four times in the twenty-four hours to toughen the skin, and when dry rubbed with powdered French chalk. If the skin shows symptoms of cracking oxide of zinc ointment may be used instead of the chalk.

The position of the patient should be changed, if possible, every few hours, to relieve the parts from pressure. Sometimes a rubber ring, or one made of oakum covered with cotton, can be used to place under the tender spot. The convalescence, from typhoid fever especially, is full of danger. Overexertion should be avoided.

Those who have had boils know that the sufferings of Job have been greatly underrated. When first the soreness is felt a mixture of camphor and spirits of turpentine will give relief. Pour the turpentine on lumps of gum camphor and bathe the part with the liquid. When there is much inflammation a flaxseed poultice will give relief.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Scovil's former column of "Mothers' Corner," hereafter to be treated under the title of "Suggestions for Mothers," will be found on page 30 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



**IMPERIAL GRANUM.**—There is one dietetic preparation that goes on in the even tenor of its way, always a popular food when no other one can be retained on the stomach. Carefully prepared, easily assimilated, with the greatest possible amount of nourishment, combined with the minutest amount of labor in its digestion, **IMPERIAL GRANUM** stands to-day, without a rival, in the room of the sick or convalescent. While good for children in all the varying periods of their existence, its strongest hold is in the sick-room where either adult or little one needs a soothing, sustaining diet with the least amount of physical effort for its digestion.—*The N. E. Medical Monthly.*

### FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS.

As an instance, we have in mind a patient who was stricken down with typhoid malarial fever. For many days it was doubtful whether life or death would gain the mastery. The ordinary household diets, chicken and mutton broth, beef tea, etc., had become of no avail, because the stomach had grown too weak and faint to either digest or retain them. In the emergency a prepared food known as **IMPERIAL GRANUM** was tried, which proved successful; so much so that in addition to his faith in the skill of his physician in otherwise handling his case, the patient attributes **THE PRESERVATION OF HIS LIFE** to the **IMPERIAL GRANUM**, on which practically alone he existed for several weeks.—*St. Louis Medical Brief.*

### FOR DYSPEPTIC, DELICATE, INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS

Sick-room diet is often the despair of the physician and nurse. To build up with suitable nourishment is a difficulty perhaps best and oftenest solved by the use of **IMPERIAL GRANUM.**—*St. Augustine News.*

**IMPERIAL GRANUM** is prized equally in the nursery and in the sick-room. It holds a **HIGH PLACE** among made-foods and **DESERVES IT.**—"Marion Harland," in *The Home Maker, N. Y.*

### FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND CHILDREN

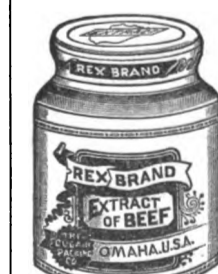
The fact is absolutely unquestioned that during the thirty years that **IMPERIAL GRANUM** has been manufactured as a food for children and invalids it has saved thousands of lives not only of children but of infirm, aged and delicate persons who have required and sought nourishing and strengthening diet.—*The Independent, N. Y.*

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SOME COMMENCEMENT COSTUMES

By Isabel A. Mallon

**ONE'S** commencement costume is of almost as much importance as one's wedding gown, and I can always understand why the girl who is just about to graduate, as well as the one who is just about to be married, wants to wear pure white. In a great many schools a fashion has arisen for the girls to dress themselves in very faint shades, so that as they stand in a row a rainbow effect is produced. The tints that are used are pale green, yellow, blue, pink, lilac, gray and creamy white, and much artistic skill is shown in the development. In almost every instance when a color is chosen, either China silk or a light quality of cashmere is used, but in white every material is counted good form.

The smooth white cloths are specially fancied; the use of lace and silk upon them is in vogue, and the shaded effect produced by the contrast of materials, rather than that of colors, counted very effective, as it really is. A commencement costume must be dainty, must be becoming and must be artistic; it must not err by being too elaborate, and it never can err by being too simple. The very plainest style of Empire gown developed in white cashmere is in just as good form as the more elaborate one, a symphony possibly in silk and lace and ribbons.

THE STYLES IN VOGUE

**THE** wider skirt, either quite escaping the ground or with a very slight train, having, as one wishes, a skirt trimming or not,



DAINTY WHITE SILK GOWN (Illus. No. 3)

but showing a bodice with broad sleeves, and a fall of lace as its decoration, is especially liked; next to it the very broad revers on a bodice are fancied, and these may be overlaid with passementerie, or have their edges outlined with frills of lace.

A WHITE MUSLIN GOWN

**IN** illustration No. 1 is shown a commencement gown of white embroidered muslin, the tiny flower being done in white and upon close examination proving that it is a forget-me-not. The skirt, which is full and round, just barely escapes the floor; at the foot it is finished with five narrow "milliner's folds" of white satin; a quarter of a yard above these are three narrow folds, and a quarter of a yard above these is one. The bodice is round, and belted in with a broad, white satin belt laid in fine folds like those on the skirt; just in front, where it fastens, are four white satin ribbon bows, knotted in the square style, so that they look like forget-me-nots themselves. The gown is open at the throat, turned over in very broad revers, faced with the muslin and outlined with Irish lace, that has the stitches necessary to keep it in place hidden under folds of the satin. The sleeves are very high puffs of the satin, reaching quite to the elbows, and below them fall frills of Irish lace. The gloves are white undressed kid, and the fan is a white gauze one. The slippers are white satin and the stockings white silk. The hair is parted in the centre, drawn back and arranged low on the neck in a loose knot.

COSTUMES IN COLORS

**IF** for some reason or other, perhaps because it is most becoming to you, you choose to wear a color rather than pure white on commencement day, you will find nothing as pretty as a rose shade. Of course it gives everybody who wants to pay you a compliment an opportunity to call you "the queen rose," but at the same time if you are certain that it is becoming you will be satisfied yourself, and that is really the greatest pleasure that one ever has in a pretty frock. In illustration No. 2 may be found my idea of what an absolutely becoming pink frock is. The material chosen is smooth-faced cloth of a very delicate rose, and yet a tone not so faded that it does not suggest the perfection of pink. The skirt has the usual broad look, and not only flares at the bottom, but as it is laid in plaits at the back, its slight train has a special air of dignity. It is absolutely untrimmed. The bodice is pointed at the back and front, and is laced down the back, the material for it being golden-brown velvet. It is cut out about the shoulders and there is drawn up almost to the throat a covering of pink chiffon, above which shows a string of small gold beads. The sleeves are of the pink chiffon, and have over them, to form puffs, stiffened straps of the velvet that are drawn in at the elbow, and below that permit the chiffon to fall in a pretty, loose manner. A band of velvet seems to confine it again at the wrist, but the ruffle that falls below comes well over the hands. The shoes are brown undressed kid and the stockings of silk the same color; no gloves are worn, and the hair, which is braided, is tied with a very narrow brown velvet ribbon. In pale blue cloth with green, in lavender with green, and in yellow with pink such a costume would be effective, and afterward in wearing it one would not feel that it bore the stamp of a commencement dress upon it.

DAINTY WHITE SILK GOWN

**ILLUSTRATION** No. 3 displays the least expensive of the commencement dresses described, and yet it is a silk one. It is of white China silk, has a full, broad skirt that just escapes the floor, the edges finished by five bias ruffles of the material, which, as they are grouped together, are scant in their gathering, and narrow in their width. The bodice is a draped one, the closing of which is hidden under the folds in front. It is cut out at the neck to show the throat, and has below that two full frills of white lace. The sleeves are full puffs of the silk, stiffened to position with crinoline, the lower portion fitting into the arm and coming down in a point well over the hand, a frill of lace peeping out at the sides of each point. The sash, which forms an important decoration, is a very long strip of the silk; it starts from the back, is carried to the front, then brought over to the left side very near the back, where it is knotted in one loop and two long ends. Being so soft it falls in a most graceful manner over the skirt. In making this gown one wants to be careful about one thing, and that is, that while the linings give it sufficient body, they are not, except in the puffed sleeves, the least bit stiff. The silk must have that pretty, clinging air which is really its beauty, and which too stiff linings would cause to disappear. Such silk may be gotten in any color desired, but I think where a color is to be used a wool fabric is in better taste, and that in silk the all-white is most desirable.

ABOUT YOUR BELONGINGS

**NO** matter how simple your commencement costume may be do not fail to have it perfect in its details; wear the plainest of plain gowns with ordinary shoes, rather than an elaborate frock of any sort which has not all the adjuncts in accordance. Slippers out of harmony, gloves that do not fit, and a great amount of jewelry all evidence an excessively bad taste, and are certain to take away from the beauty of any costume. Young women should never wear much jewelry, and what is chosen should be of the simplest. A class pin, a string of beads or a bangle is permissible, but when diamond earrings or pendants are noticed it may be concluded that either the wearer, or whoever controls her actions, shows as great a lack of knowledge as the amount of jewelry indicates. And surely if one ever wishes to look wise it is when one is receiving a diploma for knowledge.

FANS NOT OBJECTED TO

**IN** most schools it is preferred that girls carry nothing, though a fan is not always objected to, and the reason for this is that the art of knowing how to stand well and hold one's hands easily is so great that teachers are usually proud of the proficiency attained by their pupils in this particular. Do not make an effort to have your hair arranged in some formal and unaccustomed manner, but wear it as you are in the habit of doing, taking, of course, the greatest care to have it exactly as it is most becoming. Fancy combs are not in good taste for young girls, though a shell pin stuck through the hair is pretty, and may be worn with perfect propriety.



WHITE MUSLIN GOWN (Illus. No. 1)

THE FEW LAST WORDS

**I** AM sure, being the general girl, that before you choose your commencement dress you are going to find out what the other girls will wear, and if there is one who cannot have a new gown that you are going to be brave enough and sweet enough to wear your old gown too, so that she may not feel alone in her shabbiness. You will be so much finer than the girl whose frock is gorgeous beyond expression, because you will be clothed in the gown of charity and consideration. That is a beautiful frock to wear when you are commencing life. Going out into that old life which is always new, it seems to me that the girl who starts with a thought for her neighbor is going to be the one who will find neighbors everywhere. And when I say neighbors I mean people who are good and loving and kind, and who make your happiness theirs. The world is full of them—of these good people. Put on your rose-



PINK CHIFFON GOWN (Illus. No. 2)

colored glasses. That's a good way to commence; begin to look for people like that on this day of days to you—the commencement day.

B. & B.

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THE FAVORITE OF THE FLOWERS

By Eben E. Rexford

**N**o flower is sweeter, no flower loved so well, no flower more universally cultivated, than the rose, and yet year after year complaints come in from everywhere about failures with them. "My plants are winter-killed," one writes. "The worms and bugs have destroyed all my flowers," says another. "I can grow any other flower," writes a third, "except roses. They grow for my neighbors, but not for me."

THE HARDEST OF THE ROSES

**I**n latitudes where roses "winter-kill" the only remedy is to select such sorts as are hardy enough to stand severe weather if you cannot bring the choicer sorts through by giving them protection. By the term "choicer sorts" I have reference to the hybrid perpetuals and hybrid teas. These two classes have the finest flowers of all, and those who care for roses in perfection should make an attempt to cultivate them. At least try your luck with them. Ellwanger says that to have fine roses one must have roses in his heart. If you have "roses in your heart," it is possible that you may succeed with kinds which those who care less for them fail with, because, loving them, you will spare no pains to give them that care which they require. I find that comparatively tender varieties can be wintered safely in Wisconsin if the bushes are laid down on the ground in fall, and banked around and over with eight or ten inches of leaves. Many kinds do well with simply a covering of earth, but one need not expect to grow fine hybrids at the north, unless some protection is given the plants. Where it has been proved by experience that these classes cannot be wintered successfully, such sorts as George the Fourth, a very dark, very double and very sweet June-flowering kind; Harrison's yellow, a variety having great quantities of flowers of the richest yellow imaginable, and the old damask and Provence, should be grown.

ENEMIES OF THE ROSE

"**E**TERNAL vigilance is the price of liberty," they tell us, and it is equally as true that it is the price of fine roses. No plant in our garden has more foes. Rose-chafers, beetles, worms and aphides attack them, and, if not fought promptly and resolutely, they soon ruin our chances of having good flowers. Do not wait until the pests appear, but get the start of them. Act on the idea that they will surely come, and try to head them off. Treat the bushes as if they were already there. Apply powdered hellebore very early in the season, putting it on with a bellows, or powder gun, while the foliage is damp with dew, and being sure to get the powder all over the plant. Throw it up among the leaves, so that it will reach the underside of them. I have great faith in the efficacy of this application as a preventive of the pest, but if the enemy has taken possession before I knew he was about I use kerosene emulsion, prepared as follows: One part slightly sour milk, two parts kerosene. Churn together forcibly, until the liquids unite and form a white, jelly-like substance. To one part of this add eighteen or twenty parts water, and apply with a syringe, being sure that all parts of the plant are reached with it. This will most always kill worms, aphides and beetles if it gets to them. It may be necessary to repeat the application several times. After each application I would put papers or cloths about each bush, and jar the stalks forcibly, to dislodge insects, and those that fell off I would promptly consign to the stove. If hellebore is used during the early part of the season, and used thoroughly—unless you use it in that manner you might as well not use it at all—I am confident that, in nine cases out of ten, your bushes can be saved without further trouble. But the use of hellebore seems ineffectual after the bushes become infested with insects, and then it is that the emulsion seems preferable.

Tobacco tea or dust will often drive away the aphids if applied promptly, but tobacco is not to be depended on in fighting any other insect which attacks the rose. The free use of water, when it can be applied by a hose with sufficient force to dislodge insects, is advisable, as no harm can come from it, and it is often very effective. Turn it on with as much force as you can command, seeing that the stream touches every part of the plant. Take the plant from all sides, and let the application be thorough. Many insects will be knocked off, many drenched and forced to let go their hold. Sweep them all up from the ground below the plants and burn them.

GROWING THE HYBRID PERPETUALS

**S**OME fail to get many flowers from the hybrid perpetual class, though the plants grow well for them. They conclude that there is a "knack" in their culture which they do not understand. There is no "knack" that all may not acquire, if they will study the habits of the class. These roses produce flowers only on new growth. Unless you keep the plants growing you need not expect flowers after the first crop, which is always the most plentiful. In order to secure this new growth, without which your efforts are failures, you must give the plants a very rich soil—so rich that it will not allow them to stop growing. In addition to this you must keep the branches cut back well. Remove all the wood from which you do not think a new branch would be likely to start. This you will have to learn from experience. If you bring to the cultivation of your plants a sharp eye, and a desire to succeed with them, you will soon be able to tell, from the looks of a branch, about how much to expect from it, and you will treat it accordingly. Cut it back to where there are strong and healthy buds. When branches are developed from them, they will almost always bear flowers, though never as freely as the plant blooms in June and July.

THE BEST FOR GENERAL CULTURE

**A**MONG the best of the hybrid perpetual class for general culture, are the following:

- Abel Carrière—Color, dark crimson. Very double and sweet.
- Alfred Colomb—Very large and fragrant. Color, cherry red.
- Anna de Diesbach—Crimson, shaded with maroon. Exquisite buds; large flower and free bloomer.
- Baron de Bonstetten—Large flowers, very double and sweet. Color, dark red, passing to velvety maroon. A grand rose.
- Baron Prevost—Beautiful shade of bright rose. Sweet and unusually hardy.
- Perfection des Blanches—Milk white; blooming in great clusters. Not large, but very fine.
- Fisher Holmes—Dark velvety scarlet. Very large, very sweet, and one of our best roses in all ways.

General Jacqueminot—An old favorite. Color, bright crimson, with velvety texture of petal. Great bloomer, and a most desirable variety for general cultivation.

Giant of Battles—An old sort, but none the worse for that. All the better, in fact, since it has stood the test of years, and remains a favorite. Crimson, with a most delightful fragrance.

Madame Charles Wood—One of the most constant bloomers of the list. Rosy crimson, shaded with maroon.

Mabel Morrison—White, slightly tinged with pink. Very beautiful.

Magna Charta—A magnificent variety. Color, clear rose, flushed with violet. Great bloomer.

Mrs. John Laing—One of my especial favorites. Color, soft, satiny pink, with thick, waxy petals. Very sweet. A free bloomer.

Camille de Rohan—Exceedingly dark crimson, shaded with maroon, and having the appearance, at a little distance, of being almost black.

Zavier Olibo—A superb rose, of intense crimson. A vigorous grower and a good bloomer.

There is not a poor rose in the above list. You will be pleased with any of them.

THE DAINY MOSS ROSE

**N**o garden is what it ought to be without some of these most exquisite flowers. Nothing can be imagined more beautiful than a half-opened moss rose, or a bud showing its rich color through fringes of delicate green.

Countess de Murainais—Pure white; flowers elegantly mossed.

Glory of Mosses—Deep carmine; very mossy and sweet.

Raphael—White, shaded with rose, and densely covered with moss.

Princess Adelaide—One of the best. Color, bright pink; very double and fragrant.

Luxembourg—An old sort, with rich crimson flowers; delightfully sweet and finely mossed. Hardy and free.

The moss rose is rather more delicate than the ordinary June-flowering section, and must be well protected at the extreme north. It must be gone over carefully in spring, and all weak and injured wood removed. It requires a rich soil and high cultivation if you want it to do its best. When well grown we have nothing finer in the long list of roses. Every garden should include all the kinds I have named, and large collections should take in all the varieties for sale by leading dealers.

BALTIMORE BELLE AND PRAIRIE ROSE

**C**limbing roses are general favorites, but most persons fail to grow them well, because they do not take proper care of them in the fall. They are not hardy enough to stand a northern winter without protection, and as it is not an easy task to lay down and cover the stiff canes, most persons allow them to remain on the rack or trellis through the cold weather, and the consequence is that nearly all the stalk is killed, and the bush is so injured that few flowers are secured in spring. If you will heap two or three bushels of earth about the base of each plant, and over this mound of soil bend the canes, working slowly and carefully, you can lay them down without breaking them. As they are so stiff they will have to be fastened to the earth with pegs or stones. Without doing this the chances are that you will break most of the stalks in attempting to bend them over, and if you break or crack a stalk you might as well cut it off then and there.

There are two varieties of climbing rose in general cultivation. These are: Baltimore Belle—Flesh-white, sometimes tinged with pink.

Queen-of-the-Prairie—Carmine; very free flowering.

These two sorts are the best of all the climbers for use at the north.

SOME HINTS ABOUT ROSES

**I** HAVE said nothing about the soil that roses like best. It should be somewhat heavy, but well drained. If not naturally so, drain it before planting. The manure that suits a rose best is old, thoroughly decayed, cowyard soil. Soil from an old chipyard is also good.

In hot, dry seasons, the plants are greatly benefited by mulching. I use clippings from the lawn. Put these about the plants to the depth of five or six inches, and you will have larger and finer flowers, because they help to keep the soil moist and cool.

Do not plant a rose and expect it to take care of itself after that. If you neglect it it will not do well for you, and you ought not to blame it in case of failure, for the fault is your own. Feed it well, prune away old wood, and cut out exhausted branches, and protect it thoroughly in winter.

ROSES THAT ARE EVER-BLOOMING

**T**HE class of ever-blooming roses is what the masses should depend on for summer roses. They are mostly teas, Bourbons and Noisettes. They begin to bloom shortly after planting, and continue to flower until the coming of cold weather. If the branches are cut back, from time to time, and a good soil be given them, they bloom very profusely. While not as large as the hybrid perpetuals, they are quite as rich in color, and as sweet, and much more free in flowering qualities. They are so easily grown that they should be selected by those who love roses, but do not feel equal to the task of attempting to grow the other classes mentioned in this article. If you give them a good soil, and keep the old flowers cut off, you need not fear of failure with them. No other flower repays you so richly, because no other flower is so beautiful. With a bed five or six feet square you can have all the flowers you want throughout the season, for vases in the house, for personal adornment, and to give to your friends, without, at any time, robbing the bushes wholly of flowers. Another thing that commends them to the great mass of rose lovers is the fact that they can be bought so cheaply that no one need be without a few of them. Some dealers sell a dozen or fifteen for one dollar, and these would fill quite a little bed.

Below I give a list of some of the best varieties of ever-blooming roses, for the benefit of those who would like certain colors for bedding:

Catherine Mermet—Clear pink, shaded with amber. Large flower, of fine form and a great bloomer.

Charles Legrady—A magnificent sort. Red, shaded with violet.

Cornelia Cook—Of the richest golden yellow. Its buds are very beautiful; very large and double. One of the best.

Duchess of Edinburgh—Glowing crimson.

Etoile de Lyon—Rich yellow, strong and healthy grower, and a most profuse bloomer. Flowers very large and sweet.

Papa Gontier—Crimson; free and constant.

Perle des Jardins—A stand-by among the yellow roses of this class. A great bloomer, with most beautiful flowers of delicious fragrance. One of the very best.

Sunset—A beautiful rose, with a strange combination of colors—yellow, fawn, amber and copper. Very sweet and very free.

Madame Weche—Soft, amber yellow, tinged with crimson. Very full, and of globular form, with thick, waxy petals. Very sweet. A great favorite.

Where one has only a city yard in which to grow flowers I would advise the use of ever-blooming roses in preference to any other class, as they require less care, can be enjoyed the first season, and are bought so cheaply that it is not worth while to attempt to take them through the winter.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Rexford's answers to his correspondents, under the title of "Floral Helps and Hints," will be found on page 28 of this issue of the JOURNAL.



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# CROCHET FOR DRESS AND DECORATION

By Margaret Sims

**T**HE extraordinary demand for patterns suitable for the new departure in crochet work, introduced by us in the November issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, has necessarily delayed the publication of many pretty new designs which are being specially prepared to meet the requests of our readers.

Crochet work commends itself peculiarly for articles that require frequent washings, on account of its great durability. For this reason the child's collar presented to our readers in the present issue ought to find favor with mothers to whom economy, as well as prettiness, is an object.

The present method of introducing with crochet a combination of ribbon, embroidery and other branches of needlework, is altogether a novelty, while gold thread and artistic coloring for decorative purposes in crochet work are, likewise, charming innovations, covering untold possibilities.

### TATTED WHEEL FOR TIDIES

**T**HE effective wheel in Illustration No. 1 in tatting, combined with crochet, presents a refreshing novelty—for it must be owned that the field for variety in tatting patterns is limited and tends to monotony. A brass ring is first crocheted over with silk in a contrasting shade to that used for the tatting. It measures seven-eighths of an inch in diameter and should be slender. Fasten the end of the silk in the shuttle to the crocheted ring.

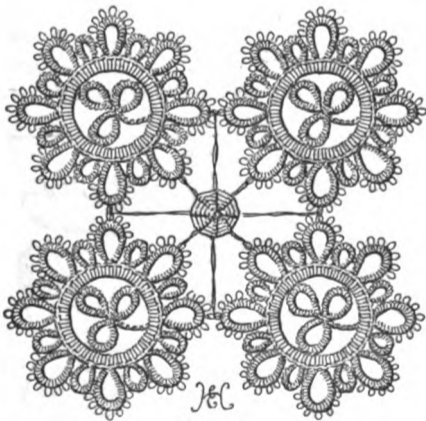
Tat 4 d, picot, 7 d, picot, 4 d, draw up and fasten to ring. This makes the smaller loop. Next loop 4 d, join to picot in first loop, 3 d, 7 picots, separated from each other by 2 d, 3 d, picot, 4 d, draw up and fasten to ring. Repeat from beginning, until there are sixteen loops, to complete the circle.

For clover leaf in centre, work 10 d, picot, 8 d, picot, 2 d, draw up. Begin next and succeeding loop as close as possible to the first, make 2 d, join to picot in first loop, 8 d, picot, 8 d, picot, 2 d, draw up. For third section of leaf, 2 d, join to second loop, 8 d, picot, 10 d, draw up. Crochet 8 chain for the stem. Fasten off.

The clover leaf must now be sewn into position within the circle. The suggestion for connecting the wheels shown in the illustration is novel and effective. The centre is put in as in drawnwork, with a needle, the same color being used as for covering the brass ring, or gold thread may be used.

### SIMULATED MOULD CROCHET

**I**N Illustration No. 2 is shown the effect of the new style of crocheting over moulds, but it is made entirely of thread, and may be washed if necessary. The method of working is not quite new, although it is very little known, therefore it will probably be acceptable to our readers, since it can be ap-



TATTED WHEELS FOR TIDIES (Illus. No. 1)

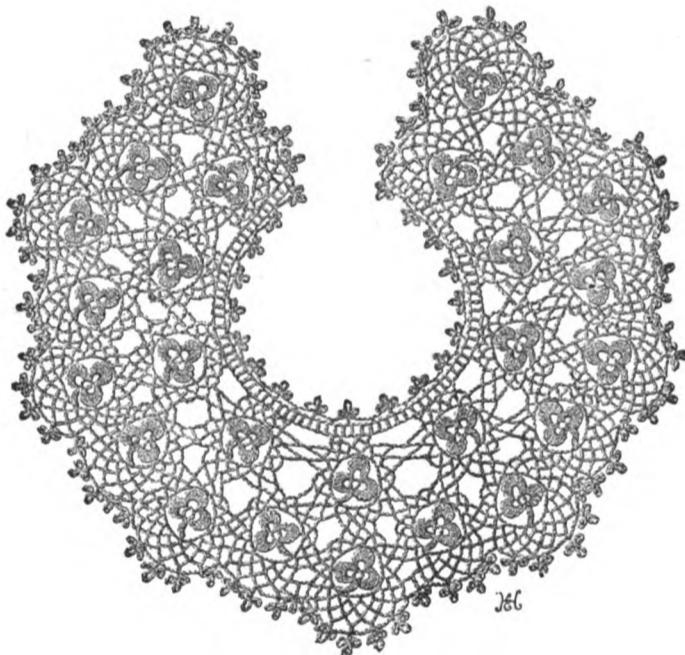
plied to any pattern in which close crochet rings are introduced, whether they be small or large. To make the padding for the rings wind the thread several times around a pencil or small stick, then work a close row of double crochet over the ring thus formed. For the pattern shown work two more close rows of d c around the ring, taking up both loops in the first row, and the back loop only in the second row, then 5 ch, miss 1 ch, 1 d c all the way round, catching the wheels together at the sides in working. For the lower edge 1 d c, 7 ch, four times, working into the loops exactly as shown in the drawing, 3 ch between the wheels; repeat right along.

For the finishing row, 4 d c, 3 ch, 4 d c into first two loops, then 3 d c, 5 ch, catch back into st following the 3 ch in preceding scallop. Into the 5 ch work 4 d c, 3 ch, 4 d c, then complete the scallop from which the 5 ch started with 1 d c, 3 ch, 4 d c. Continue in the same way, working 2 d c into the 3 ch between the wheels.

For the heading make a ch the length required. Work into it a close row of d c with picots of 5 ch at intervals, as shown in the illustration, also connecting with 1 tre into four of the loops of each wheel. Work a group of four picots between the wheels. Make two more rows of d c in rib stitch; in the second row make a picot, with 4 ch between every seven stitches. Next row—5 ch, 1 s st in centre st between each picot. For the last row, 5 d c, 3 ch, 5 d c into every space. The tassels are crocheted closely over wooden moulds made for the purpose.

### A CHILD'S CROCHET COLLAR

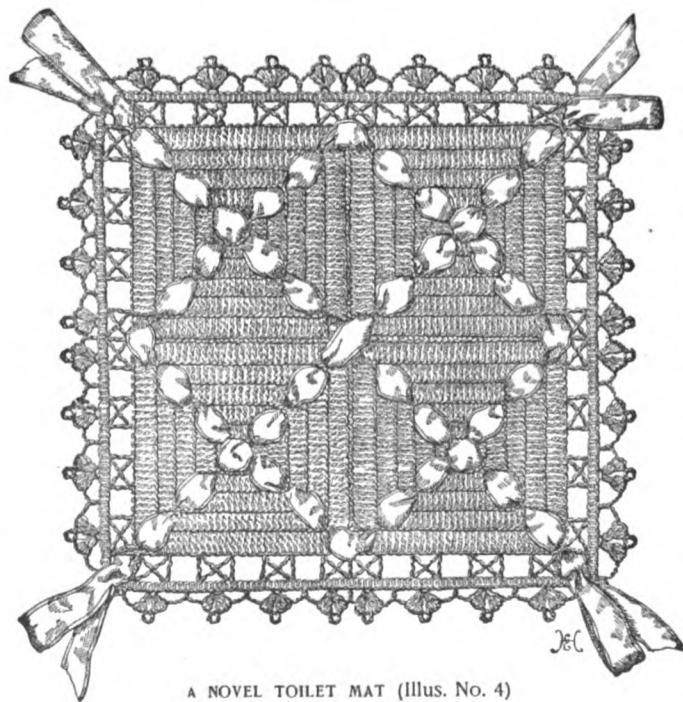
**T**HE simple, but very effective pattern for a child's collar, given in Illustration No. 3, can easily be increased in size, if desired. It is worked with No. 100 linen thread and a very fine hook. Begin with the solid trefoil forms. Make 13 ch, turn, catch into seventh ch; 7 ch, 1 d c in second st of the ring thus formed, 7 ch, miss 2 ch, 1 d c, 7 ch, miss 2 ch, 1 d c. Now into each of the three spaces work 1 d c, 7 tre, 1 d c, then 1 d c into each of the ch left over; this forms a stem. 7 ch, 1 d c in centre of first scallop, 12 ch, 1 d c in centre of next scallop, twice, 12 ch, catch into the end of the stem. Into the circle thus formed around the trefoil work 5 ch, 1 d c into every third st, then 5 ch, 1 d c into centre of every 5 ch in



A CHILD'S CROCHET COLLAR (Illus. No. 3)

previous row; fasten off. Work each succeeding wheel in the same way, catching them together, so as to leave four loops between each at the top, taking care that the stems point downward. When enough wheels are made to fit the size of the neck make some more, fastening each one between the wheels already connected, as shown in the drawing. A third row of wheels is then caught to the top row, and to those on either side, leaving one clear loop between each two loops that are connected. Next begin at the upper right-hand corner

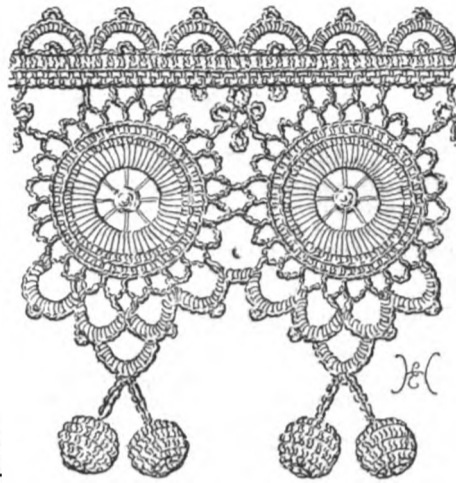
with 4 ch, 1 s st into the centre of each loop along the top, making 7 ch, instead of 4, between each wheel. Continue with 5 ch, 1 s st in centre of each loop, around the sides and lower edge of the collar, making 3 ch only between the wheels. This completed, continue along the top only with 2 ch, 1 tre in each third stitch. For the last row continue with \* 3 ch, 1 tre in centre of next loop, 5 ch, 1 d c into first st of ch, 7 ch, 1 d c, 5 ch, 1 d c, all into same stitch, 3 ch, 1 d c into centre of next loop; repeat from \* all around the collar. A ribbon run along the top makes a pretty finish and insures a close fit.



A NOVEL TOILET MAT (Illus. No. 4)

### DAINTY TOILET MAT

**T**HE square doily shown in Illustration No. 4 is charmingly dainty and novel. It may easily be extended to any size, either for a square, or in an oblong shape, such as might be used for a bureau or table-scarf.



SIMULATED MOULD CROCHET (Illus. No. 2)

It looks best worked in linen thread; No. 60 is sufficiently fine. For a lamp mat colored lustrous thread could be used. The squares are worked separately, and afterward sewn together. Begin with 16 ch, close in a ring.

1st row—16 tre in the 16 ch, in sets of four, with 8 ch between, at each corner, to form the square.

2d row—48 d tre into each st, with 8 ch between each 12 at the corners.

3d row—80 d tre, with 8 ch between each 20 at the corners.

4th row—112 d tre, with 8 ch at each corner.

5th row—144 d tre, with 8 ch at each corner.

Border first row. Begin in the 5th ch at one corner, 5 ch, \*; then make a crossed tre, missing 5 st beneath the cross, 1 d tre into 6th st, 5 ch, miss 5, 1 d tre into 6th st; repeat from \*, making 2 crossed tre close together, where squares join.

2d row—1 d c in each st, increasing 2 st at each corner.

Last row—Over each crossed tre make a group of 8 d tre, with a picot in the centre, work-

ed with 5 ch, 1 d c into top of fourth d tre; then 4 ch, 1 d c in centre of space, between the crossed tre, 4 ch; repeat all round, making 10 d tre at each corner, instead of 8.

Run a colored ribbon through the open spaces, as indicated in the drawing, finishing at the corners with a loop and end.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—Will correspondents, in every case, kindly inclose a clearly-directed stamped envelope for reply? Those sending patterns on approval are especially requested to comply with this rule.

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14. How many times a day did the priests of the Persians burn incense on their sacred altar fires?
15. Who promulgated a law interdicting the sale of fragrant oils to the Athenian men?
16. What French king demanded every day a different odor for his apartments?
17. What perfume was to compose the bodies of Black-Eyed Hours, promised to the faithful by the prophecy of Mohammed in the Koran?
18. What country produces the finest oil of lavender?
19. What is the most intense odor known to perfumes?
20. Guess how many correct answers did we get to the first nine questions in our April advertisement?

Answers appear in June number of JOURNAL.

Answers to the April questions: 1. Ex. xxx. 2. Fraughtani. 3. Omer. 4. Violet. 5. Rosemary. 6. Poom Jackdaw of Rheims. 7. Pharaoh Sankhara, about 2500 B. C. 8. René. 9. Patchouli. 10. 4588.

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### WEDDING AND TRAVELING OUTFITS

By Emma M. Hooper



CRY has reached me recently from all quarters, regarding dresses and luggage for the World's Fair. Many tourists wish to carry only a hand-bag for a two weeks' visit, while others are willing to have a small trunk, but all seem anxious to know what to wear there, how to have their dresses made, and how few they can manage with. If one can go around the world with two gowns surely a visit to Chicago need not require many huge trunks, unless one intends visiting in that city where many entertainments will be given by the hostess and others, all of which must be allowed for by the guest, as I shall confine my remarks to the wants of those bent only on sightseeing.

#### MATERIALS FOR TRAVELING DRESSES

NAVY, grayish-blue, gray and golden-brown serge of a light weight are serviceable, inasmuch as they shake the dust, do not wrinkle nor soil easily, and dye well when the owner is ready for remaking them. Mixed and striped chevots are as staple as serges and share their good traits, while being newer in their mixed appearance than a plain color is. These are in navy and Russian blue, brown, tan, gray, violet and green effects, the last two not appearing in the inexpensive goods. Hop-sacking mixtures are similar to cheviot, but are of a more sleazy weave, and might be called thin homespun were it not that homespun is out of fashion and hop-sacking is in. These mixtures are in every possible combination of two or three shades or colors, and cost from \$1 to \$1.50 a yard, with a width of forty-two to forty-eight inches. Serge is from thirty-eight to sixty inches in width, and costs from fifty cents to \$2, with an excellent quality at seventy-five cents and \$1. Cheviot may be had for forty-nine cents to \$1.50 a yard, and from forty to forty-eight inches in width; the popular qualities cost seventy-five cents and \$1. For midsummer wear the Japanese silk gowns are delightfully cool and will be even more patronized this summer than ever, as Chicago is very warm in July and August. In printed silks the blue or brown grounds having white figures are selected at a cost of sixty-nine cents to \$1, twenty-two to twenty-seven inches wide.

#### OTHER SERVICEABLE COSTUMES

A WATERPROOF or printed silk can have an Empire or easy bell skirt, with two or three ruffles headed with an inch fold and set an inch apart. Pointed or "habit" basque or a round waist, with large sleeve puffs, deep cuffs, draped collar and an Empire belt if round. Revers, bretelle or shoulder ruffles of the silk are neat, and to lighten up an all-black effect a full vest of colored Japanese silk is pretty, or to save luggage several removable plastrons of colored silk or crêpe may be carried and thus give several changes. A cloth cape is convenient to carry with such a gown, adding also two changes of underwear, an extra pair of gloves, hose, handkerchiefs, etc., and toilet necessities, which, including the Mother Hubbard wrapper of percale to be worn in the sleeper, may be carried in a hand-bag, not forgetting a sun umbrella, which will answer for rain and sunshine. When a trunk is taken add a nicer bonnet for evening wear, a second dress of summer silk or one of the light woolen novelties made up with silk, adding underwear, a wrapper for room wear and an extra thin waist. In a city like Chicago it is always easy to have washing done and to replace any lost or forgotten article of apparel. The cheviot and hop-sacking gowns are stylishly finished with a full gathered or plaited collarette of the same goods, lined with silk and edged with gimp. The skirts are trimmed with folds usually, and the round waist has an Empire belt, draped collar, vest and revers or shoulder ruffles of bengaline or satin for a young lady. Elderly women and stout figures prefer their serge or cheviot gowns made up with a tailor effect, as edges finished with two rows of stitching, buttons for fastening and as an addition to the cuffs, with a gored or bell skirt having two uneven folds, or bias bands separated, "habit" basque, deep cuffs, full puff to the elbows, and a high or rolling collar, the latter finished with notched revers, with which a muslin or silk chemisette may be worn. For traveling it is a great comfort to have a second pair of shoes with you to change after being on your feet sightseeing all day, and when going to a strange climate you cannot err in wearing a wool gauze vest, which prevents much illness to the unacclimated.

#### THE JACKET SUITS

THIS style embraces the Eton and blazer jacket and is usually made of serge; it should have a waist of the goods for cool days and others of percale, China or wash silk, silk gingham, etc., for warmer weather. The blazers are cut snug-fitting in the back and trimmed only with pearl buttons and a cord or ornament at the neck for fastening. The bell, Empire or gored skirt needs only a wide and narrow bias fold, and a pretty leather belt completes the dress when worn with a shirt-waist. The dress waist is a "habit" or round basque, and no trimming is needed, except pearl buttons and stitching, though a silk vest and collar are always allowable. A straw hat of medium size, the sailor or walking shape is more serviceable than a toque that does not shade the eyes. Fancy caps are affected by young ladies, but the soft felt walking hat of last season became too common to be tolerated. Wear a veil of plain or small dotted mesh, and piqué four-button glacé or Biarritz gloves or the neat lisle gauntlets. The Eton jacket is worn over a dress or shirt-waist, but this jacket is only becoming to a medium-sized and young person. A traveling hat should be trimmed only with ribbon, or perhaps quills and wings.

#### COTTON AFTERNOON GOWNS

PONGEE, silk-striped gingham, linen and other lawns and crêpes will answer for home afternoon wear, though the latter material is also a favorite for the evening. There is no mistake in trimming with lace, as this summer will rival last in that respect. The silk-striped or fine-plaided zephyrs look well with a bolero, short jacket fronts, deep cuffs and wide or pointed girde of the new, or rather revived Russian lace, which comes in wide and narrow insertions and edgings. The full skirt will have a row of insertion let in or a flounce of the lace laid on plainly, as this lace resembles braiding and cannot be put on very full. Lawns are daintily trimmed with ruffles of the material edged with Valenciennes or torchon lace, using three on the skirt, one around the neck, one at the elbow below the deep puff and over the close sleeve, and one as bretelles that end at the shoulder seams, disappear under the sleeves or cross the back. Ribbon belts of every fanciful shape and soft Empire belts of piece silk, satin or crêpe will be worn. A lawn is only worn on a very warm day and should be made up unlined and with a view to its final destination—the washtub. A pale tan pongee covered with green and lavender blossoms is to be worn all summer without washing, so it has a yoke, deep cuffs and girde of green sateen covered with an almost tan-colored guipure lace, with a fall of the lace around the yoke, held up over the shoulders with lavender velvet ribbon, and bows matching the bracelets at the elbows and collar; the skirt is a modified bell and the round waist has a fitted lining of French cambric.

#### FOR A JUNE WEDDING

A LARGE number of expectant brides have been writing of late regarding home weddings and outfits that must be neat, in good style for cities of 5,000 to 50,000 inhabitants and yet not cost more than \$250, or, better yet, if they can get the necessary clothes out of \$200. When the bride is able to bring a handsome supply of table and bed linen, silver, china, etc., it betokens a very comfortable state of affairs, but if she has only \$200 to spend it had best go toward her personal wardrobe. Do not labor with a great number of underclothes that will yellow with age before you can wear them. If your present supply of such wear is in any kind of a presentable condition, six new changes will be amply sufficient, having two of these better than the others. Four gauze vests, three of a heavier weight, two corsets, six pairs each of heavy and light weight hose. Supply Oxford ties, walking shoes, rubbers, slippers, two heavy and two light flannel skirts, a black silk petticoat and one of mohair for stormy days. Have also two long white petticoats, a cambric and a flannel dressing sacque, a bathrobe of terry, a mackintosh, an umbrella and a parasol. You will need in addition a black or brown jacket and a dressy cloth and velvet cape (but this last is given as a luxury, not a necessity), six plain and the same number of fancy handkerchiefs, a dress hat of lace or fancy straw and one of plain straw and ribbon for general wear, with veils for each hat. Buy four pairs of gloves, one of suède, one piqué, one glacé kid and one pair of lisle gauntlets. This includes nearly everything except the dresses, but if you drive in the country much, have a dust cloak of gloria or of black Japanese waterproof silk.

#### THE WEDDING GOWN

WHEN possessed of a small sum do not have it of silk, but one of the dainty silk-warp fabrics at \$1.25, or a fine all-wool crêpon at \$1. In either case have an Empire girde and full elbow sleeves of white satin, with a collarette of silk Bourdon lace with sleeve ruffles falling nearly to the wrist to match, and trim the bell or Empire skirt with three rows of gathered ruffles set an inch apart of Nos. 12, 16 and 20 ribbon, the wider at the top. White satin or suède shoes, lisle hose, tulle veil, two and a half by three yards in size, and suède gloves, eight or sixteen buttons. This costume of the dollar goods will cost \$23. I shall not include the making in any of my estimates, as many of these outfits are entirely made at home, and for others the dressmakers' charges vary too much to allow an estimate. The wedding gown can be lined with sateen at twenty-five cents per yard, or French cambric at twenty cents. It will be cheaper to buy two pieces of No. 16 ribbon and use one width for the ruffles, the band on sleeves, heading the lace and as shoulder knots looping the lace collarette. Fasten the veil with two sprays of real or artificial orange-blossoms. This gown will answer for an evening dress through the summer, and when winter approaches can be dyed and made up with velvet.

#### FOR GENERAL WEAR

THE traveling and general gown should be of tan, light brown, navy or Russian blue serge, cheviot or hop-sacking in indistinct mixtures rather than a plain material. A little cape collarette of the goods, just covering the shoulders and a trifle pointed, is a pretty finish and should be in box-plaits lined with silk and edged with a tiny gimp. The dress should have an Empire belt, deep cuffs, revers, vest or sleeve ruffles of satin, bengaline or surah, with a round waist and plain-fitting skirt trimmed with folds or graduated bands of satin ribbon. If something plainer is desired let the waist be a "habit" basque, pointed front and short coat back, with large revers to the shoulders, pearl buttons, stitched edges, bell skirt trimmed with stitched folds, with the addition of a blazer or the little cape collarette. These goods may be had from seventy-five cents per yard up. For a white wrapper use plaid nainsook at twenty cents per yard, with collar and cuffs of embroidery, and the now inevitable tea-gown should be of crêpon or cashmere at seventy-five cents, either of pearl gray, reddish purple, blue, old rose or tan, having a loose front of contrasting China silk, lace yoke and bertha ruffle. A white serge skirt and blazer form a neat suit to wear with a lawn and wash-silk waist. Add a gingham at twenty-five cents, a batiste at thirty-five cents per yard, trimmed with satin ribbons and lace, to make it fit for home evening or afternoon wear, and the list is rapidly filling out. Now allow \$12 for the traveling gown, \$4 for the gingham, \$6 for the serge, \$4 for the two waists, \$7 for the batiste, \$12 for the teagown and \$3 for the white wrapper. Add to this \$10 for hats, \$8 for parasol and umbrella, \$5 for gloves, \$23 for the wedding costume, \$8 for shoes and \$50 for the rest of the underwear—the jacket is safe to cost \$15—making a total of \$167.

#### THE NICER GOWNS

A FIGURED China silk may be worn for calling and evening by the bride spending but \$200, but if the sum reaches to \$250 I would advise a nice woolen suit as well. Pay \$1 for the silk and trim it with a velvet Empire belt and cuffs, with a vest of the plainer color, reddish lavender, green, yellow, turquoise or old rose, and add cuffs and bretelle ruffles of Bourdon lace. The sleeves have huge puffs from elbows to shoulders, the waist is round, the skirt four yards around and trimmed with three ruffles, each headed with a tiny fold and set an inch apart; the velvet should be the color of the figure in the silk. This gown will cost \$23. One of the changeable novelty woens showing violet and green or tan, green and old rose, tan and old rose or blue, will be handsome as a bell or gored skirt, a round waist, having tiny jacket fronts and sleeve puffs or cuffs of the material. Use satin or bengaline, showing violet, green or light golden brown in this, for sleeve puffs or cuffs, Empire belt, draped collar, revers on the jacket and a full vest. If the jacket effect is not becoming have instead revers ending in a bias four-inch shoulder ruffle that passes over the shoulders and crosses the back like a bertha ruffle. You will be obliged to pay from \$1.25 to \$1.50 a yard for any of these novelties, but they are very stylish, and a nice woolen gown seems to be an absolute necessity to every bride. With this costume at \$16, the China silk \$23, and the rest \$167, we have \$206, and are safe in allowing \$14 for toilet articles and extras. If more may be had add a Leghorn flat to wear with the white serge, white canvas shoes, chamois gloves and a white coaching parasol for a dainty summer garb, and slip in one of the pretty cloth and velvet capes at \$15 to \$20, which will well finish the \$250.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to correspondents, under the title of "Hints on Home Dressmaking," will be found on page 29 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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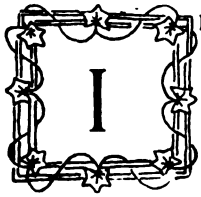
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THE NEWEST COTTON FROCKS

By Isabel A. Mallon



In the days gone by a cotton frock rather suggested something that was dowdy, that did not fit well, and that was made with but one idea, and that was that the home laundress should be able to wash and iron it. She put into this work the greatest amount of energy, in the way of rubbing, so that dainty colors faded; the greatest amount of starch possible, so that the skirts stood out like umbrellas, and she ironed them with a gloss that would today be scorned on a shirt-front. The cotton gown of to-day is smart, is not expected to visit the laundry, is made up with the same care as that given to a wool or a silk, and has for its intention a desire to make its wearer resemble one of the ladies that Watteau painted, or a dainty Dresden china shepherdess.

The fuller skirts, which are not always admired in other fabrics, are desirable in cotton, for a tight-fitting cotton is decidedly suggestive of a tight-fitting glove. The lining for these cotton gowns is, by preference, the inexpensive quality of silk, the next choice is the very fabric itself, the next is, for the skirt a thin, soft quality of cashmere and for the bodice a silk-finished si-



A WALKING DRESS OF SATEEN (Illus. No. 3)

lesia. Personally, I have found it very desirable to line the dress with its own material. As the lining is always finished as carefully as if the gown were of the most expensive material, the effect, when the dress is taken off and one sees its innermost parts, is extremely good.

SOME OF THE MATERIALS

CERTAINLY fashions repeat themselves, for the fabric that was favored last year, that is, the fine zephyr, is again preferred this year. It is shown in every possible combination of colors, in broad and narrow stripes, in checks, in large plaids and in the veritable tartans usually only noted in Irish poplins. Undoubtedly the smartest of the zephyrs are those that have a plantation blue for the background, and show narrow or wide stripes of white upon them; the stripes sometimes begin in groups, again in hair lines, and again crossing and recrossing. Next in order come the pure pinks; the first show a hair line of white on the pink ground, then five hair lines joined together to make a wide stripe, then a positive white stripe on the pink background, and then an even line of pink and white alternating. Zephyrs that will be much liked show the many-colored Roman stripes in faint shades and what are known as the bed-ticking contrasts. Others have a background of a solid color with a single hair line that contrasts, traversing them, and then a figure, worked in a dark shade, between the stripes. These are specially pretty in the lavender with a white stripe and a black figure, the pink with white and black, the blue with a white stripe and a pink figure, and the pale green with a white stripe and a golden-brown figure.

LAWNS AND SUMMER SILKS

THE "cram" cottons, which have a background formed of two parts of a color, have lines upon them of the positive shade. In batistes are noted pale yellow with a black line, pale blue with a white line, old rose with a white line, plantation blue with a white line, lavender with a white line, and moss green with a black line. In lawns there is a fancy for alternating one broad, closely-woven stripe with a lace stripe, and then a floral figure is carelessly but artistically thrown, so that part of it is printed on the thick, and part of it on the lace stripe. These gowns want to be made up with the same care that would be given to a China silk.

In sateens an effort is made to duplicate the summer silks, and so successfully is it done that it is difficult to tell whether it is silk or sateen. Piqués in faint yellow and white are liked, and are usually developed with a skirt and jacket, that they may be worn with the much-liked blouse. Dotted muslins are always fashionable, but one scarcely counts them among the cotton fabrics, because they are in order all the year round.

A SMART COTTON DRESS

THE gown shown in Illustration No. 1 is the fashionable plantation blue with a cluster of white satiny-looking stripes upon it. The skirt, which escapes the ground, is decidedly full at the sides and back, but is shaped rather plainly in front. A balayouse of the material is closely plaited on the lower edge. Above this is a deep frill of decidedly coarse and very open-work embroidery, and this has for its heading a rose quilling of half-inch-wide white ribbon. The bodice is a round one and has across the front, from the waist up to the top of the bust, a folded belt of broad white ribbon; this is not only folded but is shaped in to fit the figure, so that it is really a part of the bodice itself. At the back the belt portion is hidden under a narrow white sash ribbon. The collar is a high one of white ribbon, and the closing is done with hooks and eyes down the shoulder, around the armhole, and from under the arm to the edge of the bodice. The sleeves are quite full, and have deep cuffs of the coarse embroidery with a coquettish bow of white ribbon on the outer side of each. The hat is of dark blue straw, trimmed with white ribbon and white roses, and the umbrella is of the plantation blue silk, the gloves being of rather heavy white undressed kid.

THE DRESDEN CHINA DRESS

A COTTON gown in absolute contrast to the one just described, is that shown in Illustration No. 2, and it combines in its fabric the fashionable contrast of lavender and blue. The material is lawn, fine and soft, showing the alternate thick and thin stripe in its background of pale blue, while there is upon it the figure of a violet. The skirt is full all around, and is made up over a pale blue silk lining. The skirt finish, which is very Frenchy, consists of three narrow ruffles, two being of lavender silk pinked, while the centre one is of the dress material hemmed. The bodice is the round one and it shows the lower part of the cotton gathered into a yoke of lavender silk overlaid with coarse white lace. The sleeves are of the lawn, allowed to flare and show that underneath the puffs are ruffles of lace and the pinked silk. On each shoulder are bows of lavender ribbon. The bonnet is of yellow straw.



THE DRESDEN CHINA DRESS (Illus. No. 2)

A WALKING DRESS OF SATEEN

A MUCH simpler dress is shown in Illustration No. 3. This gown, while it is light in its coloring, is quite proper for street wear. The material is a sateen, the design being a large flower in faint hues. The skirt is made rather full, and has about its edge a bias band of golden-brown velvet. The bodice is a fitted blouse, the plaits coming from the shoulder down to the edge, each one tucked by hand. A broad golden-brown velvet belt confines the blouse at the waist with a dull silver buckle. The sleeves are full, are tucked their entire length, and are drawn in at the wrist under cuffs of velvet. The collar is a high, rolling one of velvet, fastened by a curious brooch



A SMART COTTON DRESS (Illus. No. 1)

of silver, that harmonizes with the belt buckle. The hat is a round one of yellow straw, is faced with a fold of brown velvet and has a cluster of pink morning-glories for its decoration.

A FEW LAST WORDS

THE woman who is fortunate enough to know how to make her gowns can have a great many pretty ones the present season. The cottons are at once dainty and smart, and as they may be developed in any style one fancies, without regard to their visiting the laundry, it is easy to see how, at a very slight expense, one may be as trim and as fresh looking as possible. Do not make the mistake of choosing the elaborate cottons for wear in the street, but take, instead, the stylish, simple ones that develop so effectively, and have all the smartness of a cloth gown. The average professional cleaner will make as good as new a cotton gown that is not very elaborate, for from four to six dollars, so that it is well to look over the cottons of last year, see if they are worth being freshened and then worth the little fixings in the way of fresh ribbons and decorations that will renew their youth. A cotton gown is essentially good form for the summer days, and nothing has quite the air of refinement of such a gown, when becomingly made.

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## IF THE CHOLERA SHOULD COME

By Helen Jay

**I**n view of the possibility of an epidemic, as well as in its actual presence, the conscientious housewife feels that she must guard her household from contagion. Before the evil day comes, and granted that it never comes at all, it is well for her to have that knowledge, which is power to keep her loved ones in safety. In spite of the fact that our sanitary conditions are excellent, and that there is little, if any danger that any disease will attain uncontrollable proportions, every woman responsible for the physical well-being of others ought to know how to prevent the prevalence of cholera, and what to do if it should enter her home.

**I**n the first place absolute cleanliness should reign in every part of her domain. The garden and grounds about the house, no matter how large or how small they may be, should receive as careful a cleaning in this spring of 1893 as the house itself. Every particle of dead or dying vegetable matter, in the shape even of fallen leaves, should be carefully raked up and burned before the warm generating days come. Fresh painting of old wooden fences, even those hedging in a tiny city lot, is especially necessary, as bacteriologists tell us that there are no more dangerous lurking-places for certain germs. In the country the hen-house and the domain of the pigs should be repeatedly whitewashed, and the wells and cisterns thoroughly cleaned as soon as the frost has left the ground. The rubbish-heaps, which deface so many beautiful farms, should be demolished, and the component parts, which cannot be burned, buried in that great purifier, Mother Earth. While the fears of many housewives lead them, in times of general panic, to take their children into the country, out of the reach, as they believe, of danger, it often happens that they are going into the very teeth of the epidemic. The sanitary conditions of a great city are generally more carefully attended to than are those of small villages. The women living upon farms, and in small towns, are the ones who, by example, should investigate and reform existing conditions. Then, if the disease should come at any time to our crowded cities, there will be safe places of refuge instead of harbors of contagion.

**T**he woman who would be shocked to see heaps of garbage in a city street sends the household refuse to be thrown behind the barn. Then the hot sun generates in it all manner of dangerous germs, and yet, when some member of the household becomes a prey to disease she cannot understand the cause. It is quite as necessary that the farmer's wife should burn or bury the garbage of the farm as it is that the city housewife should attend to its removal from her home. The pails in use about the farmhouse should be of tin or zinc, instead of wood, or, what is worse still, those made of absorbent composition. Covers should be provided for every one. A daily scalding in hot water and soap, and a sun-bath of hours, are other essentials to safety. Chloride of lime and copperas should be used with a lavish hand about outhouses of all kinds. Too often the sweet air of the country is defiled by odors which would disgrace even a crowded tenement. Twenty-five cents will buy enough copperas to last an entire summer, and it may be easily prepared, whenever needed, by dissolving one pint in a gallon of water. The cellar of farmhouse and city home alike can be always kept clean and sweet if the walls are frequently washed with lime and this mixture in equal proportions. Pans of it placed about make excellent disinfectant. These same hints may be followed with profit by the city housewife, who should banish all wooden ash and garbage barrels, which too often are left standing uncovered in the hot sun until the air is poisoned with decaying vegetable matter. A clever woman once said that she judged the character of the housewife by the condition of the barrels in front of her door. They may, indeed, indicate intelligence and consideration. A little of the copperas and lime should be sprinkled over refuse, and the receptacles themselves washed out with it. Wash a garbage-barrel! Have you ever bent your face very near to one which has not been cleaned in months? If you have, the necessity for cleaning appeals, I am sure, to your reason. By using the garden-hose they can easily be cleaned, and an old sprinkling-pot can hold and apply the copperas and lime.

**O**ne lurking-place for germs in the city house is apt to be overlooked, even when the cellar is carefully attended to, and that is the closet under the front steps. Too often these places would not bear the light of investigation, yet every one can readily see that their position, at the very door of the home, makes them too important to be left uncared for. They, too, should receive their coat of lime and hold their pan of copperas. After seeing that her house and its surroundings have been purified the housewife should attend to the food and clothing of her family. Some farmers' wives may not think it necessary to boil the spring or well water which supplies their tables, yet in these springs and wells, surrounded as they generally are by vegetable growths, there are apt to be more dangerous germs than can be found in any city reservoir. The wise housewife will not wait until there is actual danger from disease before she guards against its approach. Unfiltered or unboiled water should never be taken into the system. One mistake, however, is too often made in the city, as well as the country, and that is the overcooking of water, and allowing it to stand for hours in the vessel in which it has been boiled. As soon as it boils it should be taken from the fire and poured in earthenware to cool, then bottled, tightly corked, and placed on ice. The unpalatable nature of so much boiled water arises from the fact that it is really dead when served, or it has been cooked so long that animalculæ have been developed. A fresh supply should be prepared every twelve hours, or it might as well be used in its natural state. When expensive filters are beyond the limit of her purse the housewife can make excellent substitutes for herself by tying round pieces of thick white flannel, filled with lumps of charcoal, over every faucet in the house. The pumps of the farmhouse can be treated in the same way. These pieces should be taken off and cleaned every second day. Their contents will surprise and convert the most incredulous.

**R**EMEMBERING that chills and colds prepare the system to receive more serious ills the housewife will readily understand not only the importance of warm clothing for her family but another precaution—a room which can be heated at once, if required. It is wise, therefore, to have one stove or grate ready for service at a moment's notice, especially if the home is on a farm or in a country town. The kitchen-range will not take the place of the fire in or near the sick-room, which should, for the safety of the other members of the family, be at once isolated from the centre of the household life.

Many a woman has helplessly wrung her hands when disease has stepped over her threshold because she had no remedies with which to fight the enemy. Perhaps the doctor cannot come, or she has no one to send for him, and the drug store is miles away. Every wife and mother should, in some degree at least, learn what to do in an emergency of this kind, and she should never be guilty of that crime against the well-being of her household, an empty medicine-chest. She should see to it that the hot-water bags or bottles are always ready for use, and that the jar is full of mustard. A bundle of cloths for bandages and plasters should be with these, so that no matter how great the panic into which she may be thrown she cannot fail to find them. To get the patient into bed, surrounded with hot-water bags, after soaking the feet in hot water and mustard, is to forestall some of the good offices of the best physician. To restore failing circulation there is nothing better than mustard-plasters, made with hot water, and placed upon the sole of each foot, the back of the neck, each wrist and the stomach.

It is well to keep in the medicine-chest, or where they may easily be found, a bottle of the spirits of camphor, and one of the old standard remedy known as the "Sun Mixture," the prescription published by the New York "Sun," under official direction, in the time of the great cholera epidemic. This medicine is not expensive, and can be bought of any druggist in country, town or city. Experienced bacteriologists say that five drops of camphor in a small glass of brandy is the best medicine to give until the arrival of a physician. For little children there are camphor pellets sufficiently sweet to be palatable. The use of these pellets is said to be an excellent "ounce of prevention" for those acting as nurses or otherwise exposed to contagion. To absorb disagreeable odors in a sick-room nothing is better than cascarilla-bark sprinkled upon hot coals. For an ordinary disinfectant rosin is excellent; but care should be taken not to place too much at a time upon the fire.

**T**he food of the household should also be regulated, although many careful women make the mistake of reducing the diet of their families to such narrow limits and such monotony that appetite and health are sacrificed. Variety is not only the spice but the substance of life, and intelligent study will convince every woman that the thorough and proper cooking and serving of some vegetables will do more for the well-being of the household than indiscriminate banishing of everything but cereals from the table.

The proper clothing of the family is another essential to safety. A flannel bandage worn over the bowels is a preventive not only of sudden chills but of local congestion. To keep the circulation perfect is one great safeguard against disease; therefore, during the prevalence of an epidemic it is especially important that the body should be kept warm. Flannels, however light in texture, should be worn next the skin, even in the hottest weather. A precaution handed down by tradition from Colonial days is the camphor-bag, made of silk, hung around the neck of each member of the household. Old-time housewives extol its virtues, and claim that it has saved many a precious life.

We all remember the old story of the impersonated plague, who in human form visited a city and slew one-third of its inhabitants. "Fear," he adds, "killed all the rest." Too often the loss of self-control by the housewife is responsible for the very evils she wishes to avert. As we declare that making a will or insuring a life will not hasten death, so, surely, our chances of victory are not lessened because we are prepared to meet an enemy and have trained ourselves for battle.

### LEAVING THE CAT BEHIND

BY CATHERINE WINCHESTER



**T**HOSE careful observers who have studied the subject deny the popular fallacy that cats do not become attached to persons but only to places. These persons claim that cats, when abandoned, suffer

more for the lack of companionship and petting to which they have been accustomed than they do for the lack of food or care. Many instances might be given to illustrate the fact that cats are both affectionate and intelligent, as they have been known to die, apparently from grief, after having been abandoned by some one person to whom they had become especially attached.

A very remarkable instance of reasoning power and affectionate confidence is told of a cat belonging to a gentleman who left his home for two months. During his absence his apartments were occupied by two young men who delighted in teasing and frightening her. She had, during her owner's absence, hidden her kittens behind the bookshelves, but upon his return she brought them to a corner of his dressing-room, in which place she had reared former kittens in safety.

Many people abandon their cats when leaving their homes for the summer without realizing the extreme cruelty of so doing. It would be far kinder to chloroform them. In most places an agent of some humane society may be found who will do this properly. Should it be desired, however, to do this at home it will only be necessary to give the cat a saucer of milk, and from behind, turn quickly over her a foot-bath tub or tight box, slipping a sponge holding an ounce and a half of chloroform under the edge, and placing a weight on the box. All this must be quickly done, that the cat may not be frightened nor the chloroform evaporate. After ten minutes place the cat, head downward, in a pail of warm water that she may not be revived by the air. This should be done by a person of judgment only. It is often found necessary to drown all but one of a litter of kittens, in which case they should, as soon as possible after birth, be dropped quickly into a pail of warm water, which should be at once tightly covered. It is seldom that a cat cannot be sufficiently tamed to be handled and humanely disposed of, but chloroforming seems certainly the kindest method of disposition when a good home cannot be provided.

Cats should never be "expressed" from one place to another, as they are easily frightened when confronted by strange persons. They will, as a rule, be better contented if they are allowed to see where they are going. I have had very little difficulty in traveling with cats. One successful method tried consisted in placing pussy in a covered basket with holes sufficient for ventilation. When comfortably settled in the cars she was taken from the basket to her owner's lap and she made no attempt to escape. Another cat was taken from her basket and placed in a cloth traveling bag with a soft drawing-string, her head being left out and the bag being tied loosely around her neck to prevent her escape. Being carried in the arms of her owner and spoken to occasionally, she remained quiet and evinced an interest in all that was transpiring. Cats are sensitive to a soothing tone of voice and to a gentle touch.

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CLOSING A HOUSE FOR SUMMER

By Maria Parloa



ANY housekeepers seem to set a higher value on the furnishings of the home than on the health of the family, so that, be they at home or abroad, light and sunshine are jealously excluded. It is not unusual, when closing the house for the season, to draw all the shades, close every blind, and finally board up the doors and windows of the lower stories. It is true, the furnishings will not fade, and there will be less dust in the house than if the blinds were left open and the shades undrawn; but that is the only gain, whereas the loss of the sweetening and health-giving power of sun and light cannot easily be estimated. If the house-cleaning is delayed until the fall the unsanitary conditions will be increased a hundred-fold. Offensive odors, moths, carpet-bugs, etc., all increase and multiply in darkness and dampness.

"But," exclaims the housekeeper, "the house will become very dusty during the summer, and it must be gone all over in the fall. Then why make two jobs of it? And are we going to let the hot summer sunlight pour into our houses and fade our carpets and furniture?"

In answer I would say that if the house is thoroughly cleaned in the spring, the sweeping, dusting and the washing of the windows will be a light matter in the fall. It is, moreover, possible to protect carpets and furniture from the sun and the light. Very rich people can put their houses under the charge of a competent housekeeper and servants before the family return to town, thus insuring a thorough cleaning and airing; but this is not possible with the average householder.

INITIAL PREPARATIONS FOR ABSENCE

THE house having been thoroughly cleaned it will be well to examine it thoroughly, outside and inside, to be sure that nothing needs repairing. See that all the fastenings are secure on the blinds; that there is no broken glass in the windows, and that the locks are secure. If there is any indication of a leak in the roof attend to the matter at once, for the beating of the rains that come in summer will find the spot and possibly do much damage. Take care that the plumbing is in good condition. If there are not enough furniture cloths to cover all of the upholstered pieces make some more. Get packing-boxes, trunks and drawers ready. Lay in a generous supply of old newspapers, and have ready some old sheets for wrapping around articles that are to be put away. If you do not send the fur garments to the furrier's for the summer take care of them now by hanging them on the line, beating and brushing them, and then combing the fur with rather a fine comb to remove moths' eggs, if, by chance, any have found lodgment there. Be sure that the pockets of the garments are turned inside out and the seams and creases thoroughly brushed. Now saturate the article with naphtha, fold in a sheet, and lay in a box or drawer. All flannel garments that are to be stored should be treated in the same manner. White ones, that have been washed, will not require the naphtha bath, needing only to be folded in sheets and put in a box that has had naphtha poured into all its seams. Wash all the blankets that can be spared and put them away in the same manner. If there are handsome rugs in the house treat them the same as the woolen garments, having a large box in which to pack them. The carpets that have been taken up for a cleaning should not be put down until fall. Sprinkle them with naphtha and roll them up. Cover them with cotton cloth, sewing on the covers, and put them away in a closet.

IF YOU USE NAPHTHA BE CAREFUL

I KNOW of no agent that is so clean, so effective and so free from objectionable elements in exterminating insects as is naphtha, but it should be used only with the greatest care. Always have the windows opened long enough to clear the room of the gas, and never use naphtha in a room where there is either light or fire.

Take down all the brass rods and wrap them in paper. If there are two sets of shades, light and dark ones, take down the light ones and wrap them in paper. Put all the draperies, shades and fixtures in one closet, if possible. In the fall the work of putting up the shades and hanging the portières will be very slight if you know just where to put your hand on each article as it is wanted. You will be well repaid for labeling each package carefully before putting it away.

WINDOW DRAPERIES AND PORTIÈRES

THERE are so many kinds of material used in these draperies that a general rule will not answer for their care. Muslin, lace, scrim, etc., should be washed and rinsed carefully, dried in the sun, folded and put away "rough dry." Of course, very fine lace draperies should go to the cleaner's. It may be that some of the lace curtains will not require cleaning, in which case gently shake them, to remove all dust; then fold them carefully and put them away wrapped in a clean sheet. Heavy draperies of silk, linen, woolen or cotton should be thoroughly shaken in the air. Let them hang on the lines (in the shade, if possible) for an hour or two; then fold them smoothly, pin them in sheets and place in drawers or boxes. If the draperies are woolen they should be sprinkled with naphtha, but if of silk, linen or cotton this will not be necessary. However, if buffalo-bugs have appeared in the house at any time, it would be a wise precaution to sprinkle naphtha over the sheet and have the creases in the box or drawers saturated with it. It must be remembered that these heavy draperies are to lie folded for several months; therefore it is important that the greatest care be taken in folding them, that there shall be no unnecessary creases. Always fold them wrong side out.

PICTURES, MIRRORS AND CHANDELIERS

WIPE all the dust from pictures, mirrors and chandeliers. Cut pieces of cheese-cloth in lengths that will completely cover the articles. For large pictures or mirrors two lengths may have to be sewed together. Spread the covers on smoothly and always pin carefully. Take the glass shades from the chandelier and place them on a shelf. Cover every part of the chandelier with cheese-cloth. Have the piano covered with soft canton flannel. Collect all the ornaments and cover with cloths. Place these on the mantel and piano, unless there are shelves in a closet which can be used for this purpose. Of course, if there is bric-à-brac in cabinets it will be necessary to cover only the cabinets. The clocks should be protected with special care.

Have all the sofa-pillows beaten and aired, and pin them in sheets. If there are any pieces of statuary in the house cover them carefully and place where there will be no danger of breakage when getting the rooms in order. All the silver that is not required for use should be washed in hot suds and then rubbed dry. Wrap each piece in tissue paper and put away in boxes or canton flannel bags. There should be one or two large boxes into which all the parcels of silver can be put; and after the last meal the silver that has been in use can be stowed away with the rest, and the boxes be taken to a safety vault or some other place of security. Such jewelry as is not likely to be used in the summer also may be put in the box. All the cutlery should be cleaned. The blades of steel knives and the tines of carving-forks should be rubbed over with sweet oil and then wrapped in soft paper. Put these articles in boxes and place in a dry closet. Have the kitchen utensils washed and wiped dry. Let them stand in the sun or near the fire, to insure complete freedom from moisture; then wrap in newspapers and put away in a dry closet. The few utensils that are used on the last day may be left in the kitchen closets, as they will be convenient for use when the house is first opened, and before things are put in place. There are few families who do not use some plated ware. If one have a set of plated knives, forks and spoons it may be used on the last day and left in the house for use on return to town, before the silver is taken from the place of storage. If there are any groceries left over they should be put in a cool, dry place, or given away.

INSPECT THE CELLAR YOURSELF

EXAMINE every part of the cellar carefully, being particular to see that there is not a particle of vegetable or animal substance left in it. Be careful, also, to see that it is free from all sorts of refuse, such as damp papers, old cleaning-cloths, dust from sweepings, etc. This trip to the cellar is a most important one, for it is hard to get servants to understand the importance of thorough cleanliness in such places. A few vegetables, or a piece of meat or fish, if overlooked at this time, may fill your house with bad odors and produce the seeds of disease from which some member of the family will suffer later on. If the garbage-barrel is of metal have it thoroughly washed and scalded; then rinse it with about a teaspoonful of carbolic acid mixed with about two quarts of cold water. Let it dry in the sun before storing it in the cellar.

CARE OF FURNITURE AND CARPETS

BRUSH the upholstered furniture, taking pains to brush out every fold and crease, that there may be no moths nor carpet-bugs left in them. Unless the coverings are of delicate colors it would be a wise precaution to pour naphtha into all the folds and creases. Place all the smaller pieces in the centre of the room and cover them. Pin separate covers on the larger pieces. Unless the carpets are to be taken up brush the edges with a small corn broom; then pour enough naphtha on the edges of the carpet to wet through to the floor. Cover the carpet with papers or old furniture covers. Let the windows stand open for several hours, in order that all the gas from the naphtha shall pass off. The room will then be ready to be closed for the summer. If the blinds are to be left open and the shades undrawn the furniture must be so placed that the sun shall not shine upon it. When possible it is well to cover all carved furniture. If the room is very light it will be unnecessary to leave all the blinds open. The sun and light coming through one window will keep a room sweet and dry through the summer.

THE LAST MORNING

IT matters not how carefully one may plan, there will be a great many things which can be done only in the last hours before the house is closed. The meals for this day should be simple, being prepared, as far as possible, on the previous day. Have a substantial breakfast, and let the luncheon consist of cold meat, one vegetable, hot chocolate or coffee, and a dessert prepared the day before. Directly after breakfast the beds should be stripped and the soiled linen washed and hung out to dry. Should the day be a rainy one the clothes must be dried in the laundry. Air the beds well, and cover the mattress and pillows with a sheet; air the blankets and spreads, then fold and put away. Put the chambers in order, covering such furniture and parts of the carpet as the sunlight would reach. Be especially particular that a strong light does not strike on the mirrors. Cover them before you leave the house.

Put one quart of washing soda and four quarts of boiling water in a large saucepan kept for this purpose. Place on the fire, to dissolve the soda. When the breakfast dishes have been washed pour half this liquid into the kitchen sink and half into the waste-pipe in the sink in the butler's pantry, if you have one. Use an old funnel when pouring the hot soda into the pipe in the pantry, as it should not touch the tin or copper lining of the sink. Do not pour water into either sink for an hour or more after using the hot soda. Particles of grease cling to the waste-pipes into which greasy dish-water is poured, and if they are left there for months without any flushing there will naturally be bad odors in the house. The hot soda unites with the fat, making a soap which will wash out the pipes when they are flushed later, leaving them clean and sweet. Put a second quart of soda on the fire with four quarts of water. When this soda has been dissolved dilute it with four more quarts of boiling water. Pour this liquid into every basin, bathtub and water-closet in the house, using a funnel to pour it into the pipes, as it should not touch the linings of tubs. Be careful not to drop any of this liquid on carpets, woodwork, or your hands or clothes. Flush every pipe thoroughly, and flush again before the water is turned off; or, if it is not to be turned off, flush the pipes the last thing before leaving the house. This care of the plumbing is most important, and if the work is properly done there will be no bad odors from that source on the return home.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST BURGLARY AND FIRE

PEOPLE of means resort to two methods of protecting their houses against burglaries. The most common is to leave the house in charge of some responsible person, who has the use of a limited number of rooms, and receives a salary; or one or two servants are left in charge of the house, the family washing being sent to them each week. The other method is to attach burglar-alarms to every window and door in the house, and connect them with the nearest police station. This latter method is considered by many householders as the more satisfactory. If no one is left in the house, and it is not to be occupied by any member of the family during the summer, it would be best to have the water shut off. There will then be no danger from leaking pipes. Before the water is turned off draw three or four pailfuls, as it may be required. Now see that there are no matches left in exposed places. Better have them all in one or two tin boxes. Many mysterious fires doubtless have been caused by leaving matches where rats and mice could get at them. See that every blind, window and door is securely fastened. If the door has a spring lock be sure you have your keys in your pocket before you close it.

The housekeeper who leaves her house in the condition outlined in these directions can feel that her home will be sweet and healthful when she returns to it in the fall. When the house is re-opened the water should be turned on at once, and the plumbing thoroughly flushed.

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**JUST AMONG OURSELVES**  
EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

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

**T**HE spirit of unrest pervades many of the letters which come to me. More than one writer has sent a piteous appeal to know some way by which means may be found for her to go to the great World's Fair. Some young and feverish hearts think they cannot find any peace unless they see the Old World; and I look back over the years of my own life, and recall how many hours of fruitless longing I have spent, how many times all my happiness seemed to depend on going somewhere and seeing something that was beyond possibility of attainment. I understand just how exasperating it is to know that others less appreciative than ourselves are going hither and yon, feasting their already sated appetites on what one's own heart is starving for. It is not easy to put aside from the imagination the visit which fate seems cruelly to bar us from, and content ourselves with the "dull routine" which has become so irksome. Our foolish feet totter in the beaten path and need some staff to stay them.

**L**ONG ago, before I had for myself found tranquillity in disappointment, I was both reproved and strengthened by the sunny spirit of a dear old friend, whose life was fenced in by circumstances, whose days were spent in service not always gratefully received, and whose longings to see the treasures of art and the varying beauties and wonders of nature, which the traveler may enjoy, were shown only by the merest hints. We had thought she did not care for those things; we believed her contented with the daily drudgery; but we found when it was too late that it had been far otherwise. From her small window she had looked out with such pleasure upon the narrow prospect it gave her, that we had been deluded into thinking that it was all she wished to see. Hers was the cheeriest God-speed, when, having done all she could to prepare a loved one for a coveted journey, the good-by was said. Most heartily she welcomed her kinsfolk when they came from their wanderings, filled with enthusiasm over the strange and beautiful things they had seen and enjoyed. Never an envious look nor word escaped her. It was not possible to detect the slightest tinge of jealousy. The years passed, change came on and feebleness; we found that she had journeyed in books, had seen foreign cities in the letters of her friends, had made the acquaintance of the cultured men and women in her own land and abroad, through the companionship of others. All her great and unanswered desires to see and know this beautiful world in its wonderful variety had given her a tender affection for the poet who had expressed for her his experience in "Travels by the Fireside." She could say with him:

"I read whatever barbs were sung  
Of lands beyond the sea.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
I see the convent's gleaming wall  
Rise from its groves of pine,  
And towers of old cathedrals tall,  
And castles by the Rhine.  
I journey on by park and spire,  
Beneath centennial trees,  
Through fields with poppies all on fire,  
And gleams of distant seas.  
I fear no more the dust and heat,  
No more I feel fatigue,  
While journeying with another's feet  
O'er many a lengthening league.  
Let others traverse sea and land,  
And toil through various climes,  
I turn the world round with my hand,  
Reading these poets' rhymes.  
From them I learn whatever lies  
Beneath each changing zone,  
And see, when looking with their eyes,  
Better than with my own."  
And with him she could truly say:  
"Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;  
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,  
For those that wander they know not where  
Are full of trouble and full of care;  
To stay at home is best.  
Weary and homesick and distressed,  
They wander east, they wander west,  
And are baffled and beaten and blown about  
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;  
To stay at home is best."

Perhaps there will be more journeyings this summer than ever before in this land of wanderers, but some of us must be shut-ins—if not within the four walls of a room, at least within our accustomed, and possibly very limited horizon. Let us not chafe ourselves by beating against our bars, nor waste the glorious summer in yearning for that which we cannot have.

**I** THINK that things are in a wrong state when a woman is judged by her personal beauty alone. These attractions are her birthright, and nothing that she has herself won. The true-hearted, noble-minded girl, less fortunate in these possessions, walks unnoticed and scorned, perhaps, through the world. Her rich possessions are not seen by "society." But do not the highest, the most spiritually beautiful people, those, to my mind, the most desired for companionship, and whose admiration I would most desire, look beyond the mere physical for an estimation of the individual, into the earnest, loving eyes and down to a large, true, generous heart and great soul? We do not expect this from the majority of our gay, thoughtless young folks, but in this day our young citizens are beginning to awaken to the truth that there is more for them to do than to merely have a good time. The clubs and societies which are so general for intellectual and charitable work are opening a new field of occupation for the thinking, reading, working young man or woman, and are transforming our gay belles and beaux into earnest and sincere, and grand workers. The result will be that we will no more be courted for our dimples and sparkling conversation, but will be judged by what we are really worth. This day is rapidly approaching, and there is no time for us to stand idly by wishing for beauty; the most enduring, the richest, the most enviable, the crowning beauty can only be attained by seeking for and nurturing that best, which is in every human heart. I am young and inexperienced to give advice, but I would like to help others as I have been helped. M. E. M.

It is right that beauty should be enjoyed. A beautiful woman must call forth admiration, but the beauty which is simply that of a fine complexion, a good form and graceful motions, will not fully satisfy those who have the highest ideals. Have you ever seen a picture in which the artist has depicted his idea of beauty, and you have wondered what he could see in the face to admire and to copy? He has seen something behind the mere features, and if you study the picture it will, perhaps, come to you. So I have seen a face which at first appeared to lack every quality of beauty, but further acquaintance with it has revealed so much that I wonder now that I ever thought it ugly.

**I** AM troubled that so many complain against the one whom, before God and man, they have promised to honor and love. I know that rebellion will rise in the heart, when the way that we travel is disappointing, and even the happiest man or woman has hard things to overcome. But should I write it or tell it to any friend? Does it not strengthen the trouble to frame it in words? I have found that where a sorrow cannot be changed it is better to stifle it, easier to bear it that way. When I pick up a paper to read, perhaps I am tired, discouraged and maybe I am a little disappointed by the thoughtlessness of one whom I love best, and it does not help me to pick up a paper which persuades me (because I am tired) that all men are selfish and home life a miserable failure. I believe it is a great mistake, if not a terrible sin, for a husband or wife to tease, laugh at, ridicule or complain of each other in public. If they will in private it cannot be helped. Marriage was instituted by God. If we have made a mistake it is needless that any but God should know, and only He can make the "bitter waters sweet."

I have not written to criticize, but because I am sad that so many of our best papers print the letters which only stir up strife in other hearts. L. C. L.

Many a home has been broken up because this simple rule was not followed. Good-natured banter will not do harm, but it is so easy to carry the banter beyond the line of good nature, that one should be very sure that there is not the least unkind thought behind it.

**I**F all mothers were impartial how much more happiness might be found in all our homes. One accustomed to observing family life can see much unhappiness resulting from that cause. Children starving for a little demonstration of love oftentimes see it all lavished on another brother or sister who is growing up to a life of selfishness because the parent has with partiality indulged its every whim. And the Marthas in our families! I have often heard Mary commended and Martha censured, but I think that if Martha had gone to entertain the friends they would have had no dinner as part of their entertainment. How often have I heard people say: "How entertaining Nellie is, so different from her sister Jennie," while I knew that Jennie had been preparing the dinner, though all the time wishing she might be in the midst of the guests. But there always have been Marthas doing too much "serving," and always will be until mothers rear their children more wisely and with less partiality, so that all shall share alike.

"What do our children read?" Ah, so many of them read nothing. Parents should not only give their children good reading, but should read with them. What delightful evenings can be spent around the fireside with some member of the family reading aloud—now a good story, and now a humorous article that all may enjoy a good laugh, and by and by something that will admit of discussion in which all join, each one expressing his opinion. When any topic is under discussion let not the parent appeal to the one who is always ready to say something, but help the backward child to come forward. B. E. E.

There is some truth in what you say about partiality in families. But sometimes what seems to be an unreasonable partiality is a reasonable difference in the method of training. One child must be encouraged in certain directions, while another must be repressed. Nothing binds parents and children together more surely than reading together. Thus parents know of what their children are thinking, and children feel that they have the sympathy of their parents.

**O**NE can scarcely take up a paper without finding some criticism of the women who "air their domestic affairs" and "household drudgery," "who are so bound up in their housework or children they can think of nothing else," etc., etc. Why should house matters not be spoken of? Why is a woman necessarily "narrow-minded" because she is interested in those things? Why should she not be bound up heart and soul in life in making a home for her loved ones? What broader, nobler work can she have, and why should she not speak of it? Why is it more "elevating" to talk about Shakespeare than it is to talk about the difficulties of, or help to making one's work easier and the home more homelike and happy? Why, if a woman has no troubles herself, should she not be willing to listen sympathetically to an overburdened mother's or housekeeper's "tale of woe," to suggest an easier method of doing things, or at least give sympathy and so help to "bear the burden" and "fulfill the law of Christ"?

Watch a company of teachers or preachers, or farmers or any other craft. How long are they together before they are talking about their work? Are there not meetings and conventions for every craft under the sun except for the tired mothers and housekeepers of the land? They must not even speak of the dreadful "narrow" thoughts that must of necessity occupy their minds at least eighteen of the twenty-four hours of every day. They have the noblest work in the world. It requires more heart and brain to make and keep a true home in running order than any other business I know of. Why should it be so narrowing and belittling? Suppose the mother has no time to read many "good books," and suppose the "daily papers" are beyond her means, and suppose she can't enter into "philanthropic" work for the outsiders—why, because of this, should she be deemed narrow-minded? Is the home narrow? It is the highest, noblest work any woman can do. Her home work and home-making should be first and foremost. There is but one thing that can come before it, and that indeed is part of the home-making—that is her soul-making. Oh, mothers, don't look on your work as drudgery, as belittling, as narrow and mean, even if you can't talk about standard books or politics, or belong to benevolent societies and women's clubs. Do what you can in that line, but first be bound up heart, soul and life in your home and its inmates. A. I.

I think our friend mistakes. It is not that too much time and thought are taken up in home-making, nor that conversation centres too much about the real interests of the home. It is the lesser details that take too much of thought and labor. If the preachers, getting together, passed all, or the larger part of their time discussing the sexton's shortcomings, or the way in which the carpet should be nailed down in the pews, or the cut of their clerical clothes, we should not think them living up to their opportunities. What food the souls and minds of their children need is a worthy topic for mothers' conversation; the best way to train their boys and girls—body, soul and spirit—would, indeed, worthily occupy the thought and the time of the most earnest of mothers. The small affairs of the daily life should be managed in the most thorough and economical manner. But after all, what is the end of this toil for the body? Is it not to make a fit home for a noble soul? If the soul be starved or deformed there is nothing admirable in its possession of a fine tabernacle, and if the tabernacle itself be worn out in the fruitless attempt to keep itself, of what profit is all the labor? It is for the sake of the home, for the upbuilding of the members of the family that the very necessary sweeping, dusting, baking, boiling, washing and sewing should be relegated to their proper places, and should not be allowed to usurp all the thought or all the time. Perhaps you may not find Shakespeare any more enriching study than a cook-book, but most persons do, and the longing for more time to know and appreciate him and the other great men and women of the world is a true and noble longing. It is to help satisfy such a desire that we strive not to treat contemptuously, but fitly, the ordinary toil of the house. There are many meetings for mothers. They have been held in numerous places for at least two generations, and are most helpful and inspiring.

**W**HAT is to be done for the entertainment, socially, of a young girl just grown and recently out of school, whose father forbids her dancing or playing cards, when all her associates engage in the amusements mentioned, and in those almost exclusively? The case is a little peculiar, so bear with me while I relate my perplexities. The young lady's father is a wealthy man, yet insists on her wearing cheap clothes—cheaper even than the poorest of her associates. This is in itself trying, still she could manage to wear plain attire with more fortitude if allowed to have some enjoyment aside from "prayer meeting" and Sunday school. She is not of a literary turn nor particularly musical. M. C.

The case you mention certainly requires ingenuity in its management. If the girl longs for these forbidden things the only way I can recommend is to fill her life with something which shall so occupy her thoughts that there will be no time for fruitless longings. Is there not something to be done in her town which would interest a club of young girls, and can you not draw about her some of her young friends and arouse their enthusiasm—fill them with some overmastering purpose? I am acquainted with several such groups; their meetings are social, yet the matter which they have under consideration gives a point and business aspect to them which are very attractive to young people. They plan entertainments for the purpose of raising money, and thus find recreation for themselves and opportunity for carrying on some philanthropic or charitable work. The day nursery, where children of poor mothers can be cared for while the day's work is being done, the free kindergarten, the free library, the free reading-room, the flower and fruit mission—there is almost no end to the opportunities for work.

*A. J. A. Abbott*

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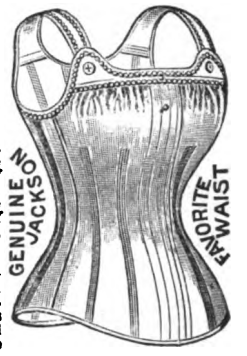
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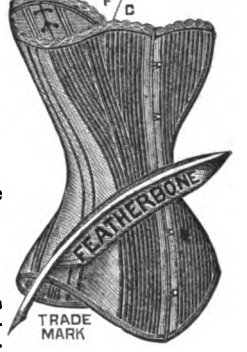
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HEART TO HEART TALKS



S we come together in our corner of the JOURNAL this month I wish I could say something that would make you all feel that you were not left out of my thought. A sad letter is before me in which a poor woman says: "You talk to the rich, have you nothing to say to a very poor woman like me?" Now I am going to talk to you all about the lilies, for this is May, and before I talk with you again you will see the lilies-of-the-valley if you live in the country, and if in the city, I am sure that you will have seen the lilies in the street or in the churches at Easter, even if some of you are so poor that you cannot buy them. Their beauty is their only use, and I think they speak to us of a life where all the natural wants we have now shall cease forever; where we shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, where all will be love and beauty forever. Now, my poor friend, will you not think of what is ahead of you? You will not be poor long. You will be rich soon, and to think that God does not care for you, as you say you are tempted to think; why do you think He did not care for His only son our Lord? And He so poor He had not where to lay His head. Surely the poor ought not to think they are forgotten. The Master could not forget His hunger and thirst and homelessness. No, no, my poor friend, you are on the wrong track. The rich are the ones that had better look out. He said, "Blessed are the poor," and some of his severest words were said to the rich. Oh, whether rich or poor let us be very careful that in the immortal part of us we keep rich; rich in love and trust.



LIFE OUT OF DEATH

AND now I want to tell my sore-hearted sisters who mourn because their dear ones are gone from them, of a lesson I have just learned from the flowers. The writer says: "It is the dying plant alone that flowers, and this striking association of highest beauty with the close of life and the fulfillment of its ends is seen in everything. The colors of Heaven are assumed when the ends of earth are fulfilled, and the gold of the streets of the Eternal City shines in each faded leaf that rustles beneath our feet. Surely we may believe that when decay is invested with a radiance surpassing the beauty of youth it is meant to tell us that the day of our death is better than the day of our birth. It is meant to light us on the road to the Infinite Presence." Now will you not think when you see the beautiful lilies and inhale the perfume that they are whispering to you as they are soon to leave: "God is love." How I have loved the lilies-of-the-valley! I do not think Heaven could have any sweeter flower for me, and how glad I am that the love of the One who is called the fairest among ten thousand and the One altogether lovely is symbolized to us by the "lily-of-the-valley." Oh, how I wish for my Circle at this time a glimpse of the love that cares for us, loves us, educates us; that is preparing such wonderful things for us in the distant future. Of course He must prepare us for them, and that is the meaning of all discipline, all sorrows, all longing, they all mean our highest good, our happiness forever. Only believe that love is the top and at the bottom, and that underneath are the everlasting arms, and the springtime will have begun with you, and the lilies-of-the-valley will be within. Your heart will be a garden and all who come within the circle of your influence will feel the fragrance of your character. It is lovely to have an outside garden or a conservatory, it is better to have one within. So I wish for all my Circle and all who come to sit with us for a few minutes every month; I wish you all an inside May!

"The kingdom is within you"—God's Kingdom! Love, joy and peace, and all the blessed fruit Of Paradise restored, where mind and will In sweet subjection harmonize with His. Then life, through all her round of duties, finds Her inspiration and her end; and death— In incidental service to the King— Is swallowed up in glorious victory."

HIGH AIMS

DID you ever hear of the old colored woman who turned all her work into prayer? When she swept the room and was careful to get all the dust out of the corners, she prayed (to herself), "Oh Lord, get all the dust from the corners of my heart," and there was no work that was not turned into prayer and promise. I have often thought that those who do their own washing might get so much from that word in the last chapter of the Good Book, "Blessed are they who are washing their garments, they shall have the right to the tree of Life." Get a high aim, and take everything as tending to this end. I was once in a marble factory in England where I saw a marble slab being polished by another marble slab that was suspended over it, the one rubbing the other. As I looked at it the one seemed to say, "Oh, will this everlasting rubbing never cease! I would rather be hammered and done with it." But hammering would have spoiled it, and the rubbing was polishing it. I afterward saw the beautiful polished marble slab in the showroom. That is where we are to be taken some time.



UNKNOWN GIFTS

IT seems a long time since last Christmas, but I have been thinking of the gifts that I received at that time that could not be acknowledged. When I opened a certain box I saw beautiful japonicas, roses and orange-blossoms. I held the box softly in my hand, for as I looked into it I knew that not one of them could be lifted from the box—every leaf was off its stem. The cold had done its work. They had been frozen on their way to me; but they were sweet, and I kissed them and I kept them in the box and I blessed the unknown giver. Then another box came to me and I found I had the mistletoe, and it had been put in such a deep bed of cotton that it came to me safely, and although the one who sent it made a request of me which I should have granted, I found there was no clew to where the gift came from. The frozen flowers touched me deeply, because I know how many frozen hearts there are. They seem to have turned to ice because of the chilly atmosphere in which they move, but if you will only give Christ your frozen hearts, the gift will touch Him more than the warm roses that are presented to Him. And then He will give you the fresh flowers—Himself, for as Dora Greenwell says, "The heart bereft of all its brood of singing hopes, and left a cold forsaken nest with snowflakes in it, folded to Thy breast, doth lose its deadly chill." Oh, how I wish I had the power to draw you all to Christ.



AN UNKNOWN CHRIST

AMONG the gifts that were displayed at Christmas-time was a book from a friend entitled "Unknown Switzerland." In a flash of memory I saw all the Switzerland I had visited. When I opened the book the first words I read were "Unknown Switzerland." Is there such a region? That Switzerland hiding away like a rare flower in remote Alpine valleys, must be sought far from the common track followed by the holders of tourists' tickets, or indicated in the last-arranged timetables. There is the foreigner's Switzerland and the native's Switzerland. I have since thought may there not be an unknown Christ to many of us? There is a beaten track, a Christ we have known—an historical Christ, and yet we have met people who seemed to have seen in Him what we had never seen. They had discovered beauties that were new to us, and they really had been with Him, and all the wonderful mystic language of His being the vine and we the branches they understood as we do not. They knew an "Unknown Switzerland"—an unknown Christ we had not seen. Now it seems to me we could not do better than to really start to know the hitherto unknown. Why should we not know Him? But we must make up our mind to seek to know Him; it must be a matter of choice, and it will take time; we must think of Him, and then we shall find, as a favorite writer of mine says, "His presence brings also to the dullest task-work the rest and inspiration of a perfect companionship."

"TURN AWAY MINE EYES"

I WANT you to look at this prayer. I am satisfied after reading a large number of letters from the readers of the JOURNAL, and a large proportion of them were letters telling me of troubles, that this would be a good prayer for you: "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity and quicken me in Thy way." You look at your troubles, you look at the injustice of others, and you confess you are cross and irritable, and that your temper makes it hard for those who live with you, and nearly all of you think it would be so much better if your circumstances could be changed. I wish you could have different circumstances. I wish you could have every lovely thing, but first of all and beyond everything else, I wish you had a new heart, and that you may have. I wish instead of looking at the injustice of others, you would look at the beautiful justice of God. Some one says God's justice is a bed where we may lay our weary heads. One writes me to know if there is not an institution for nervous people. I could not help thinking how large the institution would have to be if all the nervous people should want to go there. I know of a wonderful dwelling large enough for all nervous people and all others beside—one of old found it out a great many years ago when he exclaimed, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

After laying down many letters in one mail, I was constrained to say to myself I do not know God! They know about Him—they attend to all the services of religion as we say, but all that can be done and God not be known. I will never give up the comfort of one dear old word in the Bible: "As a mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." If you will, look at Me instead of looking everywhere else. We might as well own up first as last that God is not in all our thoughts—we do not live to please Him. We look at our troubles—at our miserable selves from morning to night—we are envious, jealous, selfish, hateful, and if we would just make a clean breast of it and tell God our Father so, and should determine from this time to look at Him, who is forgiving and loving and helpful, we should know the meaning of a word some of us have thought but little about. "If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." But settle it that if you are discontented and rebellious and have hard thoughts toward others you can never be truly happy. Your will must be given up, and you must say so and mean it: "I surrender my self-will," and after honestly saying, "Thy way, oh Lord, not mine, however hard it be"—you must believe that the hard way is the right way—His way for you.



THE ONLY WAY HOME

A SCENE of my girlhood comes back to me as I write. My mother used to send me with little delicacies to a dear little woman who made rag carpets for a living. She had known better days, but her husband died, leaving her two children—the boy was so uncontrollable he had to be sent to sea, and the daughter was subject to fits, and at the time I speak of she herself had what was supposed to be an incurable disease. She belonged to a church class of which I was a member, and I used to hear her speak every week. She always spoke of the goodness of God, but one day, to my surprise, she only said, "It is very hard," and sat down. I had always thought it very hard, and I wondered what the minister would say. He was silent for a moment, and then said, "Sister, suppose you had lost your way, and could not find your home, and at last one should tell you that he knew the way to your home but it was a long, a very rough way that led to it, but he could take you there if you wished to go, and you should say, 'Oh, any way if I only get home; I do not care what way I go if I only reach there,' and your friend should start with you. Suppose after a time you became conscious of the hard road, and looking down and seeing the marks from your bleeding feet you complained of the road to your friend who was taking you home, and said, 'Why did you bring me this way? My feet are bleeding.' Would he not say, 'You said only take me home, I do not care about the way?'" The minister did not get any further, for the dear little woman exclaimed, "It is all right, His will be done."

Maybe some of us had better be thinking whether we are not going the only way home. I believe our Father loves us, so that if there were any other way for us He would take us that way. And we shall see by and by, that this was the right way. We are being tested, and the fact that we cannot bear the testing shows that we need it, and who can say but the process would change if the work of character that God never loses sight of were accomplished? Anyway let us keep our eyes turned in the direction of the goodness of God.

*Margaret Bottome*

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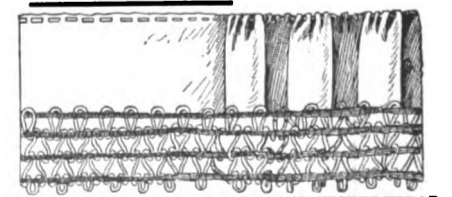


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**LITERARY QUERIES**

Under this heading the EDITOR will endeavor to answer any possible question of general interest concerning literary matters.

**NELLIE**—Sir Walter Scott was called "The Wizard of the North."

**A. H. C.**—Ellen Olney Kirk is the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent."

**P. B. S.**—Mary Ann Cross (George Eliot) is buried at Highgate Cemetery, England.

**CASTALIA**—William Knox wrote "Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"

**A. S. G.**—The author of "He and I" and of "The Annals of a Baby" is Sarah Bridges Stedman.

**CHARLES D.**—Mascagni's opera, "I Rantzán," is taken from the famous Erckman-Chatrian romance.

**SVRA**—It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who defined fashionable tea drinkings as "giggle, gabble, gobble and git."

**AMBITIOUS STUDENT**—The Astor Library in New York City is free to the public. It is open daily, except Sundays.

**PSYCHE**—Jerome K. Jerome is not a nom de plume; but a pseudonym often employed by Mr. Jerome is "An Idle Fellow."

**LANSING**—The U. S. copyright law secures to authors, or their assigns, the sole right to translate or dramatize their own works.

**NATALIE**—Tennyson had two sons but no daughters. His sons were named Lionel and Hallam. Only one, the eldest, Hallam is alive.

**C. J. B.**—The novel "Cord and Creese" was written by James de Mille; you can either obtain it, or order it through any large book store.

**LAURA S.**—Mr. Palmer Cox, the creator of the "Brownies," resided in San Francisco from 1863 to 1875; at present his home is in New York City.

**BERTHA**—The home of Mr. Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) is at Hartford, Connecticut, but he is at present residing at a villa near Florence, Italy.

**MARION**—There is an excellent concordance to Shakespeare already in the market, therefore we cannot advise you to proceed in the compilation of one.

**G. L. M.**—No Poet Laureate of England has as yet been appointed to succeed Tennyson. (2) "Madeline S. Bridges" is the nom de plume of Mary Ange De Vire.

**JILL**—A letter addressed to Lucy Larcom in care of the JOURNAL will be forwarded. (2) The best reading nowadays finds its way into the current magazines.

**MR. G. C.**—George Meredith, the novelist, is an Englishman; he resides in Surrey, England. It was Robert Louis Stevenson who called Meredith "the king of us all."

**NORTHFIELD**—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has only one living child, a son of sixteen. Mrs. Burnett resides in Washington, D. C., where her husband is a practicing physician.

**QUERY**—Dante himself gave to his poem the title of "The Comedy of Dante Alighieri, a Florentine by nation but not by habits." The word Divine was added by some transcriber.

**MARY**—I cannot give a list of the names of illustrators for children's periodicals; the number is too large. "St. Nicholas," in my estimation, is the best of the children's magazines now published.

**E. A. W.**—The book you mean is undoubtedly "Roget's Thesaurus," the best book of synonyms now in the market. Its price is \$2, and it may be ordered from the JOURNAL'S Book Department.

**G. B.**—The late Susan Warner wrote "The Wide, Wide World." (2) Rosa Nouchette Carey is a real and not an assumed name; a sketch and portrait of her will appear in an early issue of the JOURNAL.

**L. Y.**—Mrs. Martha Lamb, the author of the "History of New York City," died in New York on January 3 of this year; her remains were taken to her birthplace, Plainfield, Mass., and buried there.

**MARGUERITE**—As I have said before there is only a very meagre demand for translations of any sort, and the supply is at present far in excess of that demand. Far better will it be for you to do original work.

**AN OLD SUBSCRIBER**—I know nothing of the Chicago periodical to which you refer, nor of its editors. (2) "The Youth's Companion" has a staff of about ten editors; the senior one is Hezekiah Butterworth.

**SPRING VALLEY**—Mr. W. D. Howells has written and published many poems. He is married and has had two daughters, the elder of the two, Winifred, dying several years ago. Mildred is the name of his living daughter.

**S. D. F.**—Some of the old southern songs and ballads can be had in very dainty booklets, as, for example, "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," and "My Old Kentucky Home" (50 cents each). The JOURNAL can supply them.

**H. D.**—Mr. Bok's portrait has often appeared in newspapers and periodicals. The latest and best picture of him was made by C. M. Gilbert, of 926 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, who sells Mr. Bok's portraits at 25 cents, postpaid.

**A. C. B.**—Poe's "Raven" can be had in almost any form, from a paper edition at 15 cents to an elegant parchment edition at \$2.25. Tell the JOURNAL'S Book Department in what form you wish the work, and it will secure it for you.

**L. C. D.**—It is said that the books that, next to the Bible, have gone through the greatest number of editions are "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

**POLLY**—If you deal with periodicals that do not pay their contributors you can expect any kind of treatment. Magazines of any standing pay for everything they accept. Better never print anything that have relations with second-class periodicals.

**G. E. C.**—Unruled paper, of note-paper size, makes the best manuscript paper for a short story. Simply send the story to an editor, asking for a reading and report. Give your address, both on your letter and on the manuscript. Send your manuscript flat or folded once.

**S. P. W.**—There are several periodicals, all excellent in their way, which devote their pages largely to book reviews. "The Critic" (weekly), of New York; "The Literary World" (fortnightly), of Boston; "The Book Buyer" (monthly), of New York, are probably the best.

**JULIA**—The story of "Dora Deane," by Mary J. Holmes, published in the paper you refer to, and the story of that name in book form, are the same. The right to republish in serial form was purchased from Mrs. Holmes, as is sometimes done when both author and book publisher are willing.

**S. W.**—The scenes of Marion Crawford's latest novel "The Children of the King," are laid in Southern Italy. (2) The story of "The Swiss Family Robinson" was translated from the French, in which language it was originally written; it has always been considered as an imitation of "Robinson Crusoe."

**DALLAS**—Thomas Buchanan Read, an American poet, wrote "Sheridan's Ride," and also the poem "Drifting," from which you quote. Mr. Read died in 1872. (2) The poem "The Wants of Man" was written by John Quincy Adams; Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem "Contentment" is often confounded with it.

**ZORA**—Literature is not at a low ebb, only in the minds of a few disappointed writers. Good work is being done; unfortunately, however, it comes from the few rather than the many. The chances for literary success exist; the trouble is that so few know the true art of writing. Be simple and natural; these are the great watchwords of success.

**M. Y. R.**—Louise Chandler Moulton was born at Pomfret, Connecticut, in 1835. She began her literary work at the age of 15, writing for periodicals under the name of "Ellen Louise." In 1855 she married William N. Moulton, a Boston publisher. She has been a frequent contributor to magazines and newspapers and has written several books.

**ISABEL**—Brinton's "Library of Aboriginal American Literature" is perhaps the best work on the history and legends of the American Indian. It is in eight volumes at \$3.00 per volume. "The Story of the American Indian" is a good work in a single volume (\$2.25); "Legends of Indians" is exclusively devoted to legends (\$5.00). The JOURNAL can supply you these books.

**LITTLE MAID**—The "Round Table" was a huge table at which, according to old romancers, King Arthur and his knights were accustomed to sit. It is generally supposed to have been made of marble; each knight had his own seat, upon which his name was engraved in letters of gold. The "Round Table" is said to have been modeled after the one used at the Last Supper.

**WALTER C.**—Mr. Howells, who may be said to be almost the most successful of American novelists, advises persons who are desirous of writing fiction not to trouble themselves about standards or ideals but to endeavor to be faithful and natural, remembering always "that there is no greatness, no beauty which does not come from truth." I cannot do better than advise you to follow Mr. Howells' suggestions.

**G. C. D.**—Thomas Hardy, the author of "Tess, of the d'Urbervilles," is an Englishman; he was born in Dorsetshire, in June, 1840. He was educated to be an architect, and practiced his profession for some time at Dorchester, but the success of his story "Desperate Remedies" finally decided him to give up his profession for that of literature. His most successful novel is probably "Far from the Madding Crowd."

**LOWELL**—Longfellow's second wife, the mother of his children, was burned to death by her dress catching fire from a lighted match which she dropped while proceeding to seal a package containing some curls which she had just cut from the heads of her little daughters. This happened on July 9, 1861. She was buried on the anniversary of her wedding day, July 13. It was of her Longfellow wrote in his poem "The Cross of Snow."

**CLARKSVILLE**—Colley Cibber was an English poet, actor and dramatist who lived between 1671 and 1757. He succeeded Lawrence Eusden as Poet Laureate of England. He was very unpopular and it was of him whom it was written:

"Tell me, if you can, which did the worse,  
Caligula or Grafton's Grace?  
That made a consul of a horse  
And this a laureate of an ass."

**MANY INQUIRERS**—I can only say in reply to a hundred or more inquiries regarding the purchase of books inaccessible to the average person, that the Book Department of the JOURNAL was created for this special purpose. For any book desired, write to the JOURNAL'S Book Department, and if the book can be had it will be secured at the regular market price with no extra charge whatever. This department is for the convenience of our readers, and they can take full advantage of it.

**MAB**—There are any number of books devoted to humor. Mr. Burdette has published a volume "The World of Humor" (\$1.50); there is likewise Matthews' "Wit and Humor" (1.50). Mark Twain, James Whitcomb Riley, Peck and others have all published humorous books. Write more explicitly to the JOURNAL'S Book Department. (2) Yes, there is a "Life of P. T. Barnum," written by himself (50 cents). (3) The first issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL was published December, 1883; Mrs. Louisa Knapp was its first editor.

**D. D.**—A great deal of the current talk about magazines accepting no contributions other than those signed by famous names, is pure rubbish. Any single issue of any one of the leading periodicals is a refutation of such a statement. Original work will always find ready acceptance at the hands of editors, whether the author is known or unknown. The great trouble is that so little original work is being done by unknown writers. (2) Opinions worth having are never expressed by editors on a simple outline of plot; too much depends on the treatment.

**ETHELYN**—The Revision of the Book of Common Prayer, in accordance with the new standard of the Protestant Episcopal Church General Convention of 1892, was begun in 1880, and is now completed. The result is such that every churchman will need a new Prayer Book. The Book Department of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL can supply a well-prepared edition, printed in bourgeois type (eight lines to the inch), bound in black cloth. This edition is guaranteed to be in conformity with the standard copy in possession of the custodian and is certified to by him. Its price is thirty cents, postpaid.

**THISTLE**—A list of the syndicates is given in Eleanor Kirk's "Periodicals That Pay Contributors" (\$1.00); I cannot print names of firms in this column. (2) Simply send a manuscript to an editor with a note asking for consideration and reply. (3) Address an editor impersonally, as, for example: "The Editor 'The Century,' New York City." (4) What is worth printing is worth paying for. Never suggest to an editor to write for nothing. It is unjust to yourself, and unfair to those who seek a livelihood with the pen. Leave the question of compensation to an editor. (5) It is safest to put full letter postage on manuscripts.

**WINIFRED**—The most satisfactory explanation of the expression "oil on troubled waters" was given in "Bede's Ecclesiastical History," more than a thousand years ago, to the effect that on the occasion of the setting out of King Edwine's daughter to meet King Oswirra, to whom she was to be married, she was placed in the care of a priest. This priest, Vtta by name, first visited Bishop Aiden—who was credited with the performance of miracles—to beg his prayers for a prosperous voyage. The Bishop is said to have given him a large quantity of oil, prophesying that the travelers would encounter a heavy tempest, and bidding him, in such an emergency, to cast the oil upon the surging waters, when they would immediately become calm, and a pleasant voyage thereby be insured. These predictions were verified. The expression has now become common, and is used to signify any endeavor to quiet disturbance of whatever nature, by timely judicious words.

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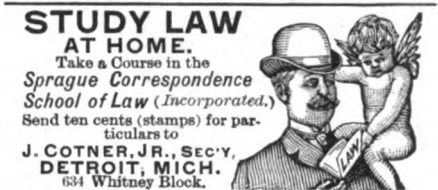
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## FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

Mrs. B.—Cyclamen buds often bloom well for two or three years, but success is more certain if fresh, strong bulbs are procured each season.

E.—It is not in the province of this periodical to give instructions about the growing of garden vegetables. Consult the catalogues for information of this kind.

Mrs. T. S. E.—The streptosolen is not a bedding plant as you seem to imagine, but a winter-blooming greenhouse plant. I do not think it would be of any value as a summer bloomer.

A READER—The cinnamon vine is not hardy enough to endure our northern winters out-of-doors. In regard to the narcissus no bulb can be depended upon for flowers a second winter in the house.

L. H. B.—The bulbs of Chinese and Easter lilies cannot be depended on for a second crop of flowers in the house. Tuberoses never bloom but once at the north. Old bulbs are useless except for purposes of propagation.

H. S. S.—An aphid often injures, sometimes ruins, the aster, by attacking the roots. Tobacco dust is more effective than anything else, if you can bring it in contact with the insect. A tea of tobacco leaves can be poured about the roots.

S. A. P.—Disbudding June roses to insure later blooms would not prove successful, as they must bloom at their season or not at all. See article on roses in this number, for remedies to use on bushes infested with bugs and the like.

T.—Before bringing in any plant be sure to rid it of insects, if possible, but if you cannot do this, better leave the plant out, for it will infect all the others. If you apply sulpho-tobacco soap, or tobacco dust the chrysanthemum aphid will leave.

SEVERAL INQUIRERS—The fertilizer, "Food for Flowers," prepared and sold by the Bowker Fertilizer Co., is perfectly reliable, and is quite as effective as liquid manure for pot plants. Directions for using it accompany each package.

F. C. B.—A moist soil and somewhat shady location are best suited to the lily-of-the-valley. Set the roots about eight or ten inches apart, using only old, well-rotted cow manure, and do not lift the plants after blooming. They bloom year after year.

INQUIRER—Allow the buds of the freesia to remain in the pots without water until the soil gets dry. Then set the pots away and leave them until September. Then shake out the roots, repot, give water, and start the plants into growth again.

Mrs. F.—I cannot tell why you fail with your plants as you give no information about the care given them except to say that the window at which they stand is opened two inches at the top except in intensely cold weather. They may have chilled.

C. S.—The most effective method of destroying dandelions on the lawn is to take a sharp, thin-bladed knife and cut away the crown of each plant. If you cut low enough you can destroy the plant; otherwise you only check it and cause more sprouts to start about the old roots.

Mrs. J. E. W.—The little, brown, scaly-looking object which has appeared upon your palms and is causing them to turn yellow is scale. Make an emulsion of kerosene, as directed in former numbers of this paper, and go over the plants with it, scrubbing affected parts with a stiff-bristled brush.

M. C. J.—The croton likes a good deal of heat, and a moist atmosphere, also sunshine. The dracena is not so particular about these, but does not flourish in a very dry air. Do not overwater either of the plants, and be sure to shower them frequently, as the red spider often attacks and ruins them when kept too dry.

Miss F.—I would advise you to buy young rooted rose plants in spring. The florist can start roses much better than the amateur can. Grow them along in pots through the summer, not forcing them in the least, and not allowing them to bloom. The best varieties for house culture are queen's scarlet, agrippina and hermosa.

C.—Lantana borbonica is effective for a small table by a window. So is areca lutescens, or phoenix reclinata. Aspidistra is excellent, but will not make as much of a show as the palms named, because it does not grow as tall, or spread as much. Some of the begonias, like argentea guttata, with olive foliage, spotted with white, are very pretty.

C. V. T.—Palms should be given an ordinarily rich soil. Provide perfect drainage, and keep in a temperature ranging from 60° to 75°; shower daily, and water only when the soil looks dry on top. Give deep rather than wide pots, and good light, but not strong sunshine, as they seldom do well in rooms heated by furnace or where gas is used.

AMATEUR—When rooted cuttings of geraniums are to be used in the garden next summer, and you wish them to become bushy it would be well to cut off the tops, but this should be done long before putting the plants out-of-doors. Do it now. Start the portions you cut off for garden use, and in putting the plants out do not remove the soil from the roots. Simply turn them out of the pots and set the ball of earth in the ground without disturbing it.

G. N. C.—I think the reason of the failure of your clematis must have been defective root-culture, caused by worms or lack of proper drainage. Not knowing the kind of soil, or other conditions, I can merely infer cause of trouble, therefore can suggest no remedy, unless my inference is the correct one, in which case I would take up the plant in spring, remove all diseased roots, and reset, being sure to see that the drainage is perfect, and using a light, rich, porous soil.

M. E. T.—I should not start chrysanthemum plants in the fall, but would set the pots containing the roots of the old plants away, without disturbing them, keeping them quite dry until March, when I would bring them up and water them, and in a short time you will see young shoots starting up all over the soil. These I would cut away from the old plant in such a manner as to leave a portion of root attached to each. One gains nothing by starting plants in the fall, as the trouble of taking care of them is considerable, and the attention they require might better be given to other plants.

READER—It is impossible to name the best varieties of chrysanthemum, because there are so many good kinds. Those which take prizes at the fall exhibitions are not necessarily the best varieties for amateur florists. Premiums are not given for the best varieties for general cultivation, but for the finest and most striking flowers—color, form, etc., being considered most prominently. Some of the most beautiful sorts would be quite likely to prove entire failures when grown by the amateur. Consult the catalogues for descriptions of desirable kinds.

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HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING BY EMMA M. HOOPER

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

BRIER ROSE—Use bengaline silk or velvet in leaf green, violet or turquoise with the black.

MRS. B. HULL—You signed your letter "city," yet a personal letter sent to Philadelphia was returned.

OCLARIA—It was impossible to answer your letter in the April issue, which was the latest you mentioned as benefiting you.

ANOTHER SUBSCRIBER—Gowns for short figures have been treated of in previous numbers and costumes for "The Fair" in this issue.

MISS VIR—Use the silk for lining a gauze or net dress trimmed with lace and jet, and if to be for evening wear add yoke and vest effects in colored crepe.

D. A. N.—Nothing will remedy your brown dress but to have it sponged at a dyer's. (2) Have a printed silk trimmed with lace, and a walking dress of mixed cheviot.

COUNTRY DRESSMAKER—Have you not read that addresses are not given in this column? The information you wish I will send if you forward me your address and a stamp.

L. EVELYN—I presume the tan semi-transparent material is for an evening gown, so have a lining of sateen and make in Empire style, with green or golden brown velvet.

M. S.—Make your lawn with a full skirt, having from one to three ruffles; full puffs, deep cuffs, round waist, with lace or embroidery for a bertha or bretonne ruffle, cuffs and a pointed girde.

C. H. B.—Have a white, yellow, pink or turquoise blue China silk or crepon, with sleeve puffs and Empire sash of satin or bengaline, and a lace bertha ruffle, caught up on the shoulders with ribbon bows.

A SUBSCRIBER—Put your boy in the kilt skirts and plaited waists, or a kilt, short jacket and blouse. (2) He must discard white dresses and sashes, with the exception of white pique or linen made with kilted skirt.

DOROTHY BLACK—Do not have a black velvet jacket, but a short cape with a ruffled collar. (2) Trim the black silk with sleeve puffs, draped collar, revers and Empire belt of turquoise, leaf green or reddish purple velvet or satin.

C. F.—You can travel in the blue cord after it has been altered. (2) A golden brown mixed cheviot, diagonal serge, whipcord, silk-warp novelty goods, striped reps, etc., with trimmings of bengaline silk in darker brown or leaf green, will be pretty.

H. H.—The style mentioned is in good taste, and the tan cashmere will do with belt and collar ruffle of brown silk, or of the same material. (2) Boys of this age wear white serge or flannel. (3) The only lace used on his clothes should be a wide collar of Irish point.

L. E. M.—Read of skirts in February issue and cut your lining like the outside. (2) All skirts are faced now with "haircloth" lining, some five, and others fifteen inches in depth, and to get the widely-flared effect this lining, the only one then used, is continued to the belt.

COUNTRY GIRL—Make a bell skirt trimmed with ruffles or folds of your striped silk, and wear odd waists with it, as red or navy surah or plaid silk, and later, white lawn, silk, gingham, French percale and such blouse waists, all of which will be very fashionable.

EDITH—Girls of fourteen wear a modified bell or full skirt, described in the February JOURNAL. (2) For a summer traveling dress for a miss have an Eton jacket or blazer suit of navy or golden brown serge, with extra percale and wash-silk waists to wear with the skirt and jacket.

COLUMBUS TOURIST—A habit basque, Empire skirt, trimmed with two ruffles, headed with a bias fold, and bretonne or cape shoulder ruffle, would be suitable; or have a blazer suit of golden brown or Russian blue serge, and an extra Japanese or cotton waist for your World's Fair gowns.

MRS. C. W. B.—All letters must be sent to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to receive any attention from me. (2) Have an Empire skirt, round, baby waist, cut low in the neck, ruffle around neck, deep cuffs and sleeve puffs of the challie; full yoke and Empire belt of turquoise blue or bright golden tan surah.

THE FAIR—For your general wear and traveling dress in July have one of the black waterproof Japanese silks that shed both water and dust. Trim with a removable vest or plastron of colored crepe or Japanese silk, and thus have several changes, as during such a journey the less luggage you carry the better.

K. R. S.—The coat should have a Watteau back, gathered or plaited from the neck, a plain or round waist and skirt front of brown, and large sleeve puffs; cuffs, and belt across the front, of the pongee, and long ribbon bow behind at top of Watteau back, with the embroidered collarlette full on as much as possible.

E. N. A.—A miss of the age mentioned would need a traveling suit of serge, an extra shirt-waist, three changes of underwear, a light wrap, an easy traveling cap, a nicer hat and a more dressy frock of crepon for best wear for a trip of two weeks. It would be wise to add a neat gingham dress if she is to travel during the extreme heat.

FANNIE—Have a cape of blue cloth with velvet collarlette, tan or dark red pique gloves, and a hat of blue straw and ribbon. (2) Groom should wear pearl gloves and light trousers, Prince Albert coat, and pearl or white cravat. (3) The mother wears a handsome silk and wool calling costume if the ceremony is at church, or an afternoon reception gown if at the house.

MAE—Fancy odd waists and blouses will be a craze during the summer in surah, plaid, printed and plain China and wash silks, also in Madras, silk gingham, cotton pongee, cotton cheviot, "outing" cloth, tennis flannel, percale, etc. (2) Green will be very fashionable this season. (3) Use plaid silk, crepon with velvet accessories, surah or a brocade for the fancy waist.

A. A. H.—The round necks are rather out of style, but when worn they were seen at church and elsewhere. (2) To wear with the cashmere skirt have a plaid silk, navy or golden brown surah blouse; later on waists of percale, cotton cheviot, etc. If you want a regular basque, match the cashmere, or have a plaid waist with black sleeves, a fancy-figured all black, or black and white striped goods.

MARIE D'ECOSSE—Get a plaid showing the brown plainly and use it for a full vest, large sleeve puffs, collar, and panels on sides of the skirt, if you have not enough of the brown. Have revers on the jacket fronts; Empire skirt trimmed with a fold five inches wide, headed with one inch deep; deep cuffs, short jacket fronts, round waist back, and girde pointed in front, of the brown cashmere.

MRS. M. W.—I must refer you to the notice at the head of this column in the last issue. You did not inclose a stamp, neither did you add the name of your State to your address, and I must decline to answer a letter of twelve pages. In the future please do not ask for directions concerning more than two dresses at one time, and describe your figure when asking for a style appropriate for it.

MISS A. M.—Your serge is a bright old rose and should have a bell skirt, trimmed with rows of velvet ribbon; a round waist and cuffs or sleeve puffs of the serge, with pointed girde, draped collar, bretonne ruffles and cuffs or sleeve puffs of black velvet or velveteen. (2) Read of skirts in the February issue. (3) Combine leaf green surah with the tan for large revers, sleeve puffs, Empire girde and shoulder ruffles or capes.

A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER—As you failed to inclose the envelope spoken of and sent no name, a personal letter was impossible. Use satin or bengaline of the fashionable reddish purple shade for large sleeve puffs to elbows, draped collar, vest, and Empire belt across the front only, with bretonne ruffles, and cuffs, over black, of lace. Have a coat-tail back and round front to the basque, with an Empire skirt, trimmed with ruffles and folds.

SUNFLOWER—A changeable straw hat trimmed with ribbon and flowers. (2) White dresses have already been described. (3) Eton jackets will be worn. (4) Girls of eighteen wear their hair in a loose Grecian knot or braided loop. (5) The number of dresses necessary depends upon the sum you wish to spend, also whether the college gives any receptions or not. (6) Add sleeves and vest or bretonne and shoulder ruffle of velvet or bengaline to your electric blue dress.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER—Blazer suits will be worn. Read of traveling gowns for "The Fair" in this issue. (2) The child's dress should be of navy or brown serge or cheviot, with yoke and Empire belt of surah, or have a small checked woolen goods. (3) Dyed silk is not satisfactory, but would answer as lining to a lace dress to be trimmed with jet gimp and a colored crepe vest. (4) Make the serge over with plaid goods for sleeves, vest, shoulder ruffle and a habit basque and bell skirt.

MRS. W. G.—Renovate black surah by sponging it on the wrong side with alcohol and water, and when nearly dry iron on the wrong side, placing an old cloth between the silk and the iron. (2) The round waist and bell skirt are correct for the challie, and where it is pieced at the bottom, hide the joining with two ruffles of satin, each two inches wide and headed with a tiny bias fold, set an inch apart, of purple to match the flowers. Have an Empire girde and deep cuffs of the satin and a draped collar; if you wish more trimming add ruffle bretonne of satin.

COUNTRY—Chiffon is not as much used as lace. (2) Grooms wear pearl gray gloves. (3) The bride's hat and gloves harmonize with, rather than match the dress. (4) Have a changeable light wool, showing violet and green, tan and green, or violet and tan for the gown, with Empire belt, sleeve puffs, revers and shoulder ruffles of the green or violet satin or bengaline, having a round waist and gored or bell skirt. Tan, lavender, violet or pale green gloves and veil, with hat of changeable straw, ribbon and flowers bringing out these shades, should be worn with this gown.

L. H. N.—Have a printed silk—black with lavender, purple or green—trimmed with lace cuffs, collar and bretonne; with jet on wrists and edge of pointed basque, and Empire skirt, trimmed with two narrow ruffles, headed with a bias fold. (2) Provide a traveling gown of navy, grayish blue or brown serge or mixed cheviot as a habit basque, having full puffs, deep cuffs, bell skirt, trimmed with five-inch bias fold, headed with an inch fold; vest, collar and revers of surah. You should add a black or brown cloth jacket and a blue or brown straw bonnet for traveling, with one of lace and flowers for nicer wear.

MRS. A.—The January and February issues contained descriptions of many new skirts and waists suitable for tall, slender, short and stout figures, and both colors and materials have been discussed since then in the JOURNAL. Avoid cold colors, as pale blue, light green, steely gray, grayish tan, white and lavender; wear reddish purple, brown, golden tan, pinkish gray, mauve, yellow, deep red, rich old rose and bright navy. Select one of the cheviot or serge mixtures in several shades, as violet and tan, and trim with the reddish emmentine or violet bengaline, satin or surah, in the form of sleeve puffs, Empire belt, revers and shoulder ruffle.

COUNTRY BRIDE—Read of wedding outfits in this issue. You need a wedding gown of bengaline, satin or crepe; a calling costume of glacé violet and green woolen novelty goods made up with satin; a traveling gown of cheviot or serge in brown effects; two gingham, one white serge; have also a jacket suit, a printed or changeable silk trimmed with lace; batiste, teagown of printed and plain Japanese silk, challie afternoon dress, a lawn and probably a white wrapper of nainsook. Have a dressy cape and a traveling hat, one of lace for nice wear and one large Leghorn flat. If you drive much have a dust cloak of black waterproof Japanese silk.

MRS. G. M. B.—When you wish a personal answer do not write on a postal, and please remember to send a stamp. Navy or grayish blue or light brown serge, cheviot, hop-sacking or some of the novelties showing from two to four shades in changeable effects, would be suitable, violet or green being prominent. (2) Make a gored or easy-fitting bell skirt, fully four yards wide, finished with a gathered back, having also a habit basque with coat back and pointed front, large sleeve puffs to elbows and deep cuffs; large revers and sleeve ruffles or capes, and, if wished, a flat or full vest. The puffs, vest, capes and revers are usually of bengaline or velvet, plain or ombre.

G. A. G.—You spoke of inclosing an addressed envelope, but only a half sheet of paper, giving the above initials, reached me. Put full sleeves and a ruffled collarlette of brown Muscovite silk or velvet on the long coat. (2) You should have told me how much silk and Henrietta you have; as it is, any description is all guesswork. The silk will be more dressy without the woolen goods. Have a bell or gored skirt, trimmed with three rows of No. 12 satin ribbon, and full sleeve puffs or deep cuffs of the silk; a round waist and sleeve puffs or cuffs of small brocade black silk, with an Empire belt to correspond; a collar of satin ribbon and revers ending in a ruffle over the shoulders, disappearing back of the arms.

DOUBTFUL—For the tailor-made serge have a bell skirt, without the gored outer back seam and the back width gathered; have a finish of three bias folds, each one and a quarter inches wide, stitched on each edge and half an inch apart. Have a basque with a pointed front, narrow coat-tail back, high collar, wide revers, sleeve puffs to elbows, close-fitting cuffs, and stitching on all of the edges, and bone buttons. (2) For the Henrietta have a six-gored skirt four yards wide trimmed with a two-inch box-plaiting, headed by two narrow bias overlapping folds; a round waist having sleeve puffs to the elbows; make the shoulder seams an inch longer than usual; have an Empire belt, draped collar, deep cuffs to the elbows, and wide revers ending in a ruffle passing over the shoulders to disappear back of the sleeves, of bengaline silk.

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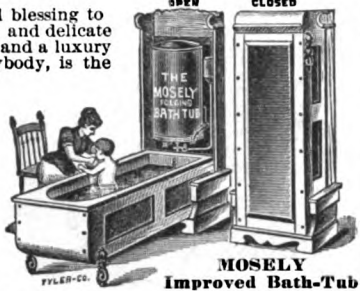
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## SUGGESTIONS FOR MOTHERS

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL

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

### A WORD TO YOUNG MOTHERS

IT is so hard to be pleasant always with the little ones. We think we would be if there were not so many noisy feet and tongues, so many to be amused, and comforted and helped—and we are so tired, and just one quiet rest with a book, or lying with closed eyes a few moments would seem so good, and there is no time for it, no time for anything for self. So the unspoken thoughts run sometimes, and we say to ourselves in unconscious defense of our murmuring: "Of course I want my children, I enjoy them too, it is only that I am tired and hurried—hurried and tired all of the time!" Oh yes, dear sister, but do you realize how swiftly the time is passing, how soon the restless little ones who demand so much of strength and thought, as well as of precious time, will be out of your arms and in increasing measure out of your care? They grow away from the sweet helplessness of babyhood and childhood so soon; almost before you realize it they are going to school, playing with the other boys and girls, and lo, your babies are gone; and to how many mothers does that other separation come, when the little, white-clad form of your boy or girl is kissed and wept over and then laid away out of sight, under the flowers. What sick yearning comes to the heart, how the arms ache to hold just that child; no matter if the home is full of little ones, it is that vanished face, that silent voice the mother longs to see and hear with such unutterable longing. So I speak this word to the young mothers particularly: make the most of every hour of the sweet nursery life—it seems long in anticipation, it is so short in retrospect. And much of training must be done, of tender yet firm guiding in the first four or five years, and who can do it, who touch the secret springs of right motives so surely as the mother's hand? It is much easier to do the work then than afterward, when the child is thrown with other children and amid antagonistic influences. One of the duties that inevitably comes to every conscientious mother is the daily endeavor to counteract the demoralizing influence of the children's companions, so the stronger hold the mother gains on the child's mind and heart during the first few years, when it is entirely under her influence, makes her efforts afterward to keep sweet and clean and pure her child's soul and body most successful.

CORA LINDSLEY SMALL.

### CHILDREN'S HOSPITALS

CAN you tell me through THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL the address of a baby hospital? I saw one advertised in a New York paper but do not remember the address. Also tell me the addresses of some training schools for nurses. M. C. C.

There is a babies' ward in connection with the Post-Graduate Hospital, 226 East Twentieth Street, New York, and various maternity hospitals in different parts of the city, beside a children's hospital, where only children are admitted.

You will find the addresses of several training schools for nurses in an article entitled "How to Become a Trained Nurse," published in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for January, 1891.

### WEANING BABY

WOULD it be wise to wean my boy, who was one year old the last of March, before the warm weather, or nurse him through the summer? He is very strong and healthy. I do not enjoy perfect health, although I am not an invalid. If you advise weaning him shall I give him all kinds of wholesome food or wean on the bottle, or give him some prepared food? YOUNG MOTHER.

The child should certainly be weaned when he is a year old and earlier if possible. It is much better to get it over before the warm weather. Give him milk and barley water at first, then a lightly-boiled egg every other day, gradually introducing solid food, as bread with the milk or bread soaked in the juice from rare roast beef or mutton. Give the baby oatmeal porridge with milk if it agrees with him; after a time he may have a little baked potato in the middle of the day. Do not give meat. You will find some hints on weaning a baby in "A Baby's Requirements," which will be sent you from the JOURNAL office for twenty-five cents.

### GARGLING THE THROAT

THE question "why do not mothers teach their children to gargle their throats" becomes a pertinent one at this time, when throat diseases are so prevalent and severe. It is not a difficult thing to teach a child, if taught before the throat is sore, and the act becomes a necessity. Many will learn it without other teaching than the example of an older person. The teaching may be made a pastime, and the knowledge so gained may save much suffering, and perhaps life itself. More than one case has fallen under my own observation, in which life was lost because of the inability of the child to perform this simple act. Then, too, the benefit arising from frequently washing the mouth and throat with salt and water cannot be overestimated. It is recommended by physicians as a preventive of contagious throat diseases. A. C.

### ANNOUNCEMENT CARDS

WOULD it be the proper thing to have cards printed or written—giving baby's name, time of birth, etc., and sent to distant friends after baby comes? If so, what would you suggest on cards, and what size envelopes? DIXIE.

You will find an answer to your question in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for December, 1891. Use envelopes the size of the cards.

### A BABY'S REQUIREMENTS

I EXPECT soon to become a mother and if you would kindly, in your next issue, give me a complete wardrobe for an infant—the material, quantity, and so forth, you would greatly oblige F. F. L.

You will find the information you need in "A Baby's Requirements." The details of a complete wardrobe for an infant would occupy more space than can be given to one subject in this column.

## BOYS' COMBINATION SUITS

The coat always lasts your boy twice as long as the pants—that's the reason we make Combination Suits—one coat, two pairs of pants, and a hat—all made to match—answers the purpose of two suits for the price of one—and a low price at that—only

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## A SUDDEN SHOWER

has often brought on a cold, resulting in consumption. In its first stages a cold is more easily cured, as is a pain in the back or chest, or a stiffness of the muscles.

A remedy which brings immediate relief is better than one of slow action. Time is too valuable to lose with your cold, or lame and painful back; there is no need to lose time—take Time by the forelock and lose the pains by applying an

### ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER

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**PERFECTION DRESS STAY**

Manufactured by THE DETROIT STAY CO., DETROIT, MICH. Send 20 cents in Stamps for Sample Set



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

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

**A. C. N.**—A girl of twelve years old wears her skirts just above her ankles.

**M. W. C.**—"Dear Miss Brown" is more formal than "My Dear Miss Brown."

**QUERY**—It is customary for the friend who leaves town to write to the one who remains.

**MINNIE**—I think it more than improper for a young girl to correspond with a married man.

**B. AND C.**—I think it very improper for girls to have their pictures taken in boys' clothes.

**M. L. J.**—The oldest daughter invariably has "Miss Jones" engraved on her visiting-card.

**KIT**—If the bang is dusted with a little powder when the weather is warm it will tend to keep it in curl.

**M. J. G.**—Side bangs are no longer in vogue. (2) I can see no impropriety in two ladies dancing together.

**ANXIOUS INQUIRRER**—A few drops of camphor in a glass of tepid water used as a gargle tends to sweeten the breath.

**LOTTA**—When a gentleman is walking with two ladies he places himself on the outside, and not between them.

**P. N. H.**—Turning down the corner of the visiting-card is no longer in vogue; it is supposed to mean that the card is left in person.

**ADDIE**—Full suggestions as to what a bride needs will be found on page 20 of this month's JOURNAL. Thank you for your kindly wish.

**SUBSCRIBER**—No woman of refinement would kiss a man before a roomful of strangers, even if she were engaged to be married to him.

**E. M. H.**—An all-white suit, that is, one with which white shoes, gloves, etc., are worn, would be in good taste for a girl fifteen years old.

**MISS EUNICE**—When a lady asks a man friend to accompany her to any place where a carriage is required it is proper for her to provide it.

**IGNORANCE**—When some one sends you a message of remembrance through another friend, simply say, "Won't you remember me kindly to him?"

**VALLIE**—I do not think it good taste for a young girl to accept pronounced attentions from a man whom she knows is engaged to be married to another girl.

**ANNIE LAURIE**—I should think from what you say that you would make an extremely good nurse, for your letter suggests a decided liking for that most honorable vocation.

**F. C. R.**—A young girl should not take a man's arm, unless he offer it. Thank you very much for your kind words; it gives me great joy to feel that my girls are really my friends.

**JUANITA**—The white China silk commencement dress illustrated in this issue of the JOURNAL would be a pretty and inexpensive wedding dress; of course, a tulle veil could be worn with it.

**CURLY**—It would be perfectly proper for you to lay aside your mourning at the wedding, and wear a gown of white, gray or lavender, but as you are to be bridesmaid do not put any black on it.

**REBECCA**—If the young man's habits are not good, notwithstanding the influence brought to bear upon him, you will be wise not to marry him. (2) I do not advise dyeing the hair; it gives one a very vulgar look.

**DORA**—Gloves should be worn with an evening dress, whether one is receiving or not. The only distinction between an evening and a party dress would be that the last named is decidedly more elaborate.

**MISS IGNORANCE**—It is unnecessary to express pleasure when a young man is presented. A good conversationalist is one who is able to bring out the intelligence of other people rather than to make conspicuous her own.

**M. K. J.**—Experience has taught me that the best tonic for the hair is vaseline, rubbed well into the roots; sometimes the growth of the hair is improved by cutting off the ends, but I should not advise clipping it close to the head.

**MAUD**—The only way to become a journalist is to write something for the papers which is likely to be accepted, and if it is refused, to keep on trying and trying until success is attained. Short, crisp, original articles are always welcome.

**NELL M.**—You claim to be a Christian and consequently no matter how the ceremony in one Christian church may differ from that of your own, you certainly are right in saying "Amen" to every prayer asked for help and guidance.

**A. A. K.**—Train skirts are not in vogue, except for house dresses, and certainly one would not be desirable made from blue flannel. If you wish to have a silk blouse to wear with it I think one of blue and white striped silk would be prettiest.

**M. B.**—When a man friend comes into a room where you are sitting and enters into conversation with you it is not necessary for you to rise. (2) It is not customary to take one's visitors to call on one's friends when they are unacquainted with them.

**KATIE**—It was proper to express your best wishes to the bride with whose husband you were not acquainted. Where the bride was not acquainted with you it was correct to give your card to the servant at the door, so that she might know your name.

**A LITTLE MAID**—It would be quite proper when a man, simply for his own amusement and to place you in a ridiculous position, makes love to you, to refuse to recognize him. (2) There is nothing improper in writing to a cousin whom you have never met.

**SUBSCRIBER**—I should advise your submitting the white surah silk to a professional cleaner. (2) Sign your letters to a man friend "Very cordially, Mary Robinson." (3) An only daughter should have "Miss" preceding her surname, engraved on her visiting-cards.

**ANNIE M.**—I do not advise giving your photograph to the young man, even though he should ask for it. Tell him pleasantly that you cannot consent to give your photograph to your men friends. I am sure he will think none the less of you for thus guarding yourself.

**JUST OUT**—A party call is usually made within two weeks after the affair. (2) There would be no impropriety in going with a man friend to some evening entertainment when your parents approve, although I would not advise your taking supper at a restaurant with him.

**E. E. A.**—It is not in good taste to send a man friend flowers. (2) When a man thanks you for a pleasant time simply say that you have enjoyed yourself also. (3) It is not customary to let a man see that you care for him unless he has shown some liking for you.

**MARY**—It would be in as bad taste to state on your wedding cards that no presents were desired as to announce that they were. All that you can do is to trust to the delicacy of your friends. The idea that a wedding invitation presupposes a present does not obtain among well-bred people.

**BESS**—I do not think lemon juice is injurious to the skin, in fact, I have found it extremely beneficial as it whitens and softens it. The best way to darken the eyebrows is to use one of the soft crayon pencils sold for that purpose. Try rubbing vaseline into the roots of your hair to thicken it.

**MILDRED**—I certainly do think that if you have been rude and disagreeable to a man friend it would be the act of a lady and a Christian to write him a note of apology. A lady may be cited as being always in her actions a Christian if she lives up to the considerate laws formulated by Christ.

**L. M. L.**—I certainly think it is very foolish for you to promise to marry a man whom you have known but five weeks and whom you have never seen in the daytime. Certainly a girl of twenty is young enough to wait for "Prince Charming," and she should avoid taking any step that may make her unhappy for life.

**H. E. W.**—A letter carried by a friend should always be left unsealed; it is addressed to the home of your friend, and has written in one corner of the envelope: "Courtesy of Miss Brown." It is wiser to write the house address than to write "Present," as, if the letter should be lost the finder will know where to send it.

**STAR**—A lady precedes a gentleman going up the aisle of a church. (2) If your hands are soft, and you do nothing to make them red, I am inclined to think that their color comes from bad circulation; possibly you do not take sufficient exercise. The habit of holding the hands down tends to make the blood rush to them.

**NANCY H.**—There is no impropriety in addressing a man by his first name when you have known him all your life, provided you do not give a wrong impression by this mode of address. I think in speaking of him it would be wiser to call him "Mr. Brown." It is in very bad taste to kiss either relative or friend on the street.

**MARGARETTE R.**—I do not know of any bath powder, except almond-meal, and that may be gotten in any quantity desired at the druggist's. A handful of it thrown in the bath tends to make it look milky. The powders that are sold in bags are really very expensive for they can seldom be used but once, as they are apt to turn sour.

**SEEKERS**—The received visiting-card is plain white, rather large, slightly longer than wide, and has the name engraved in plain script. (2) I do not think that girls of sixteen or eighteen should correspond with young men. (3) A little borax dropped in the water in which you bathe your face will, it is said, tend to make the skin look less oily.

**LEE**—No matter what the bride may wear at a morning wedding, the ushers and bridegroom are never in evening dress until after six o'clock. In the morning the ushers wear gloves matching those of the bridegroom. The bride furnishes the broad ribbon which marks the part of the church reserved for members of the family and near friends.

**A. M.**—There would be no impropriety in asking the young man to visit you at your home after you have met him a number of times, and are sure that he desires to. If a man friend whom you have met in another city expresses a wish to see you in your own home, it would be quite proper to say to him that when he happens to be in your town you will be glad to have him call on your mother and yourself.

**OLIN**—When a person tenders you thanks a smile and a quickly-spoken "You are welcome" is sufficient answer. (2) After using, one should not fold one's napkin, but should place it on the table beside the plate before leaving the table. (3) It would be very improper for two young people to take a trip alone, even if they were engaged. (4) One always thanks a man for any courtesy shown by him.

**MARGARET**—My dear girl, I was very much affected by your letter, but all I can say to you is try and think of other people to the exclusion of this man whom you love whose love is not yours; try and fill your life with work of some kind, and some day you will be surprised to discover that the love that you thought had gone out to him has come back to you and has made your life richer and fuller and without regret. God bless you and take care of you; that is the best wish I can give you.

**L. BLANCHE**—Even if the young lady is engaged to a gentleman whom you know each should have a separate invitation to your wedding. At the reception only the bride and groom receive the people, the ushers and best man introducing the visitors, while the bride's mother and the bridesmaids go among the company and aid in giving a pleasant time. Cards are seldom left on the wedding presents when they are displayed. The bridesmaids may carry flowers; they do not wear them.

**MINETTE**—I have never known of sweet cream being used on the face, but I have been told that buttermilk or whey tends to make the skin soft and white. In taking sulphur and molasses, a teaspoonful is usually a dose; take this for three mornings, then stop for three mornings and then begin again. I think it quite proper for a woman to make herself look as charming as possible; it is a duty she owes to herself, to the world, and most of all to God, who has made her body the case for an immortal soul.

**C. M. A.**—You are quite wrong in thinking that the giving of a coming-out ball is equivalent to offering a gentle, refined girl for sale to the highest bidder; that idea belongs to a by-gone age, when girls had nothing to look forward to except marriage. Nowadays it is an announcement that a daughter has left school, that she is to be the companion of her mother, and for that reason invitations may be extended to her. Your mode of looking at it is, if you will pardon my saying it, a little coarse, for very few mothers ever, even in their own minds, have such ideas about their daughters.

**G.**—I have said before that I do not advise the arrangement of the hair in an unusual way, but there is always somebody who doesn't know how to arrange her hair. Just now what seems like a soft, loose wad, right at the nape of the neck, is fancied, and the advantage of this is that it can be arranged without the addition of false hair. The soft-twisted figure eight is always pretty for a young girl, but, of course, it must look smooth. Probably no style is quite so desirable as the plaiting and looping it. I do not advise wearing the hair high at all—it is not girlish and it is not fashionable.

**NANNIE S.**—It is always a compliment when a man friend wishes you to know the women of his family; consequently when one has asked you to call upon his sister, who is visiting in your city, you should do it. (2) You are quite right in saying that you should leave a card for the lady with whom the stranger is staying, especially as you are acquainted with her. (3) It is a politeness to ask a man friend to go to a concert with you when you have the tickets, and only a man of vulgar mind could construe such an invitation into an unadvisable advance. (4) When visitors call it is in very bad taste to take some into one room and some into another; they should all be entertained in the drawing-room where the different members of the family are.



Desiring to give the admirers of Ivory Soap an opportunity to contribute to its literature, the manufacturers offered prizes for the best twelve verses suitable for use as advertisements. 27,388 contributions were received. To the following was awarded the

**TENTH PRIZE.**

The play that evening was Macbeth,  
And Uncle Josh with bated breath,  
Had watched with eyes amazed and keen  
Until the famed Sleep-walking Scene;  
When Lady Macbeth strives to blot  
From her stained hands the damned spot,  
And as she washed them in the air,  
And cried out at the blood still there;  
Then Uncle Josh asked one near by,  
"What makes that woman swear and cry,  
An' wring her hands an' go on so?  
What's on 'em, I'd jes' like to know?"  
"It's Duncan's blood," the man replied,  
"She strives the fearful stains to hide."  
"Why don't she wash her hands, b'gosh!  
With Ivory Soap?" cried Uncle Josh.

HENRY C. WOOD, Harrodsburg, Ky.

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ARE THE MOST  
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A young girl sings,  
And as the spirit of the song possesses her, she turns quickly, a lovely smile parts her lips, and :—

The flash of exquisitely white teeth brightens her plain face into positive beauty.



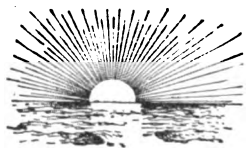
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may give you a like beauty. It cleanses perfectly, is deliciously flavored, prevents decay, hardens the gums, and is free from acid and grit. It is delightful in use.

25 cents. All Druggists.  
Sample vial free. Address  
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on cheek and brow is evidence that the body is getting proper nourishment. When this glow of health is absent assimilation is wrong, and health is letting down.



**Scott's Emulsion**

taken immediately arrests waste, regardless of the cause. Consumption must yield to treatment that stops waste and builds flesh anew.

Almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.



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"Every one should read this little book."—Athenaeum.

**THE OPEN CONGRESS**

In which any question of general interest will be cheerfully answered when addressed to the editor of "The Open Congress," care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

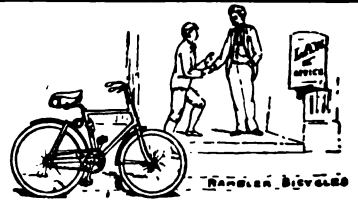
**GLADYS**—We cannot discuss theology.  
**ST. JOE**—The name Catherine means "pure."  
**LOGAN**—Black pearls are more valuable than white ones.  
**F. O. W.**—Ice cream may be eaten with either a fork or a spoon.  
**EPISCOPALIAN**—"Semper fidelis" is Latin for "always faithful."  
**SODUS**—Moszkowski, the composer, is a Prussian; he was born in 1854.  
**S. B. D.**—"Beauty sleep" is the sleep that one gets before midnight.  
**J. N. J.**—Easter Sunday has quite frequently fallen in the month of March.  
**M. G.**—The JOURNAL may be sent by mail to any part of the civilized world.  
**ALBANY**—"Ne plus ultra" is a Latin phrase, signifying "the uttermost point."  
**B. W.**—London, England, has the largest population of any city in the world.  
**C. G. D.**—Cornell University at Ithaca, N. Y., admits women on the same terms as men.  
**NANNIE**—The precious stone chrysoptase is an extremely pretty light shade of green.  
**SUBSCRIBER**—The Governor-General of Canada holds office for a term of five years.  
**N. M. W.**—The Pratt Institute and Mechanical Training School is in Brooklyn, N. Y.  
**FISHER'S HILL**—Mrs. Cleveland's mother, Mrs. Folsom, married a Mr. Perrine, of Buffalo.  
**MARY**—A man under the age of thirty-five years is not eligible to the presidency of the United States.  
**LOTTIE**—The invitations to your wedding should be sent out about two weeks before the wedding day.  
**INQUIRER**—Bathing the face and lips with spirits of camphor will, it is said, prevent cold sores and fever blisters.  
**NANCY**—The centre of population in the United States is at a point near Greensburg, Decatur County, Indiana.  
**DORA E.**—The proper pronunciation of Hawaii is Hah-vah-e-e. There is no W in the Hawaiian alphabet.  
**LOTTA**—Webster defines "brother-in-law" as "the husband of a sister, or a husband's or a wife's brother."  
**SUBSCRIBER**—Visiting-cards engraved "Mr. and Mrs." are, as a rule, only used the first year after marriage.  
**FANNY**—Froebel, the founder of the kindergarten system of teaching, was a German. He died some years ago.  
**BEATRIX**—Mrs. Candace Wheeler has charge of the interior decoration of the Woman's Building at the World's Fair.  
**ANXIOUS**—A married woman who is secretary of a society should sign her reports "Mary Smith," not "Mrs. Mary Smith."  
**M. N.**—The first five cities in population in the United States are New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Brooklyn and St. Louis.  
**ARCHIBALD**—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage resides in Brooklyn, N. Y. He is pastor of the Brooklyn (Presbyterian) Tabernacle.  
**MRS. VAN**—A girl may be educated more cheaply at Vassar or Wellesley College than at a fashionable boarding-school in New York City.  
**S. N. W.**—The family name of the Prince Consort was "Wettin," consequently Queen Victoria, if in private life, would be "Mrs. Wettin."  
**SISTER**—The first American dentist of note was Dr. John Greenwood, of New York City; he made a set of ivory teeth for George Washington.  
**PAULINE**—China silk and a good quality of cheesecloth both make pretty and effective draperies for any purpose for which draperies are used.  
**ROXBURY**—The Century Dictionary defines the word "blizzard" as a gale or hurricane, accompanied by intense cold and dry, driving snow.  
**CHRISTINE**—It is true that Queen Victoria, as well as several other members of the English royal family, has sent exhibits to the World's Fair at Chicago.  
**BENNIE**—The cage in which you keep your parrot may be too small; that fact alone would be sufficient to account for the trouble of which you complain.  
**HARRISBURG**—It is considered very bad form to be economical with invitations of any sort. (2) We know of no fluid that will make straight hair curly.  
**WESTFIELD**—The question of according citizenship to the Chinese has nothing whatever to do with their religion, or with their manner of wearing their hair.  
**MARIE T.**—Mr. Blaine left only one unmarried daughter. His will, which was a very short one, gave everything of which he died possessed to Mrs. Blaine.  
**S. J. D.**—The centennial years are leap years only when they are divisible by four hundred; the year 1900 is not so divisible, and will not, therefore, be a leap year.  
**N. E. G.**—Whitelaw Reid has two children, a boy and a girl; Ogden Mills and Jean Templeton are their names, and they are aged ten and eight years, respectively.  
**NANCY**—A "cosmopolite" is one who is at home everywhere, a citizen of the world. (2) The first National Convention of the Republican party was held at Philadelphia, June 17, 1856.  
**CURIOS**—There is a Redemption Division in connection with the Treasury Department at Washington, to which all mutilated and defaced United States currency may be sent to be redeemed.  
**SOUTH AFRICA**—In addressing an invitation to a man and his wife, the envelope may be addressed to Mr. and Mrs. John Jones. John Jones, M. D., and John Smith, Esq., are both correct addresses.  
**B. E. S.**—We should deem it quite improper for a young girl to give an evening party without first insuring the presence of her mother; or, in the event of her mother's inability to be present, some married lady friend.  
**M. A.**—A man should never be invited to any entertainment, which includes women, without his wife. To invite one without the other would be an act of ill-breeding, and one of which no hostess should be guilty.  
**MABEL AND ADA**—The lady should always precede the gentleman when entering either a house, church or place of amusement, and follow him when leaving, the idea being that he shall always be where he can best protect and serve her.  
**ARMORE**—"Calamity Jane" was no myth; her real name was Jane Steers. She carried military dispatches for General Custer in the Big Horn country. It has been said of her that she "dressed like a man and that she had more than the courage of one."  
**NANCY**—The number of bridesmaids and ushers at a wedding is entirely optional. Of course, the more pretty maids there are the more pretty the wedding. It is customary for the groom to provide the bouquets for the bridesmaids, as well as the bouquet for the bride.  
**WHATELY**—There is a society of the "Sons of the Revolution." Eligibility to membership is confined to male descendants of ancestors who, as soldiers, sailors or civil officials, assisted in establishing American independence during the war of the Revolution.  
**MOTHER**—If you are anxious to interest your daughters in modern history we would advise you to plan out a course of reading for them, and, if possible, join in it yourself. You will find Green's "Shorter History of the English People" a good book to begin with.  
**LAURLETTE**—Signing with a cross was first practiced by Christians in ancient times to distinguish themselves from Pagans. All persons, whether they could write or not, used the cross as a symbol that they were pledged to the truth of the matter to which they affixed the sign.  
**SOUTH NORWALK**—It is quite proper to remove the gloves when partaking of refreshments at a wedding, but the custom of retaining them is more general. (2) If a gentleman wishes to act as your escort and you do not wish him to, decline his proffered civility with as much courtesy as possible.  
**NELLIE**—Do not urge your gentleman callers to remain longer. When they rise to take leave you should also rise and say a few pleasant words of good-by. Men do not like to be urged to do anything, and when out making calls they very much appreciate the women who seem least eager to detain them.  
**INQUIRER**—The first Thanksgiving Day in America of which history tells was celebrated in 1632 by the Massachusetts bay colonists. Washington twice proclaimed Thanksgiving Days while he was president, but the first regulation proclamation of a general Thanksgiving Day was issued by President Lincoln in 1864.  
**L. V. L.**—The most generally accepted list of the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World is the following: The pyramids of Egypt, the Pharos of Alexandria, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the statue of Jupiter at Olympia, the mausoleum at Halicarnassus and the colossus of Rhodes.  
**BONNY KATE**—Under no circumstances should you allow your fiancé to neglect you when you are out at a party together, but on the other hand you should be careful not to monopolize his attention, and not to act as if he were the only man in the room. He should, of course, see that you are looked after but should, at the same time, pay some attention to the other friends of his hostess.  
**MRS. M. A.**—The following superstition concerning the cutting of nails is doubtless the one to which you refer: "Cut them on Monday, cut them for health; cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth; cut them on Wednesday, cut them for a letter; cut them on Thursday for something better; cut them on Friday, you cut for a wife; cut them on Saturday, cut for life; cut them on Sunday, you cut for evil."  
**TOGA**—While it is scarcely in good taste for a girl to wear a diamond ring while at work, it hardly seems fair to ask an engaged girl to give up her engagement ring six days out of the seven, and we cannot counsel her to do so. The engagement ring is usually worn as constantly after the engagement as is the wedding ring after the wedding, and we can see no reason why it should be kept only for high days and holidays.  
**MAY BELL**—"Second-class mail matter" includes "all newspapers, periodicals, or matter exclusively in print and regularly issued at stated intervals, as frequently as four times a year, from a known office of publication or news agency, to actual subscribers or news agents, and transient newspapers of this character mailed by persons other than publishers." (2) Gounod is still alive. (3) The present czar of Russia is Alexander III.  
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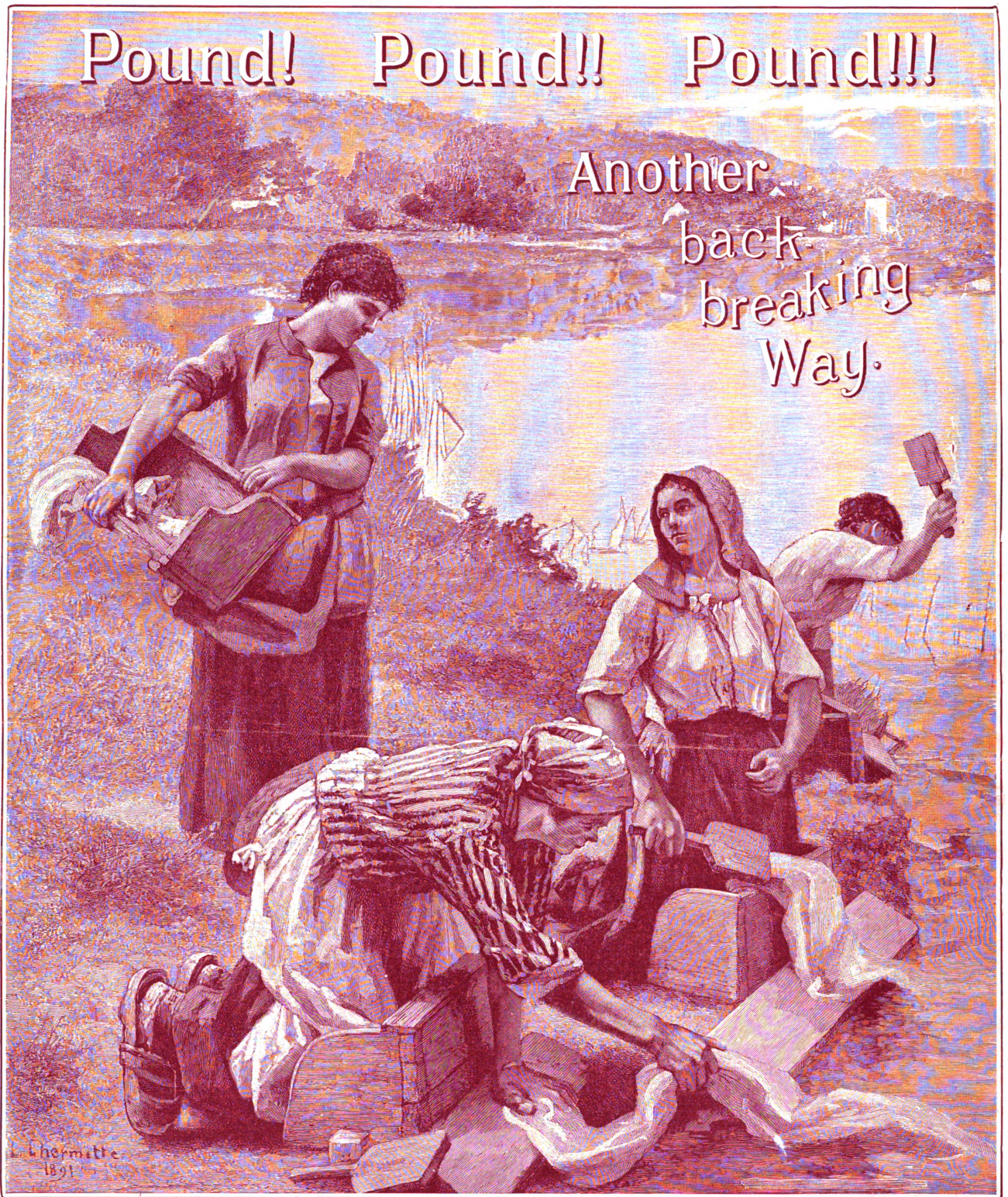
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