

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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A GARDEN OF LONG, LONG AGO

BY ALICE CRARY

I CAN see long back in fancy, in kaleidoscopic view,
Mid the circling disc of time-rings that my mind is gazing through—
A fairyland of beauty which my early childhood knew,
Where the purest, sweetest flowers, and the softest mosses grew.

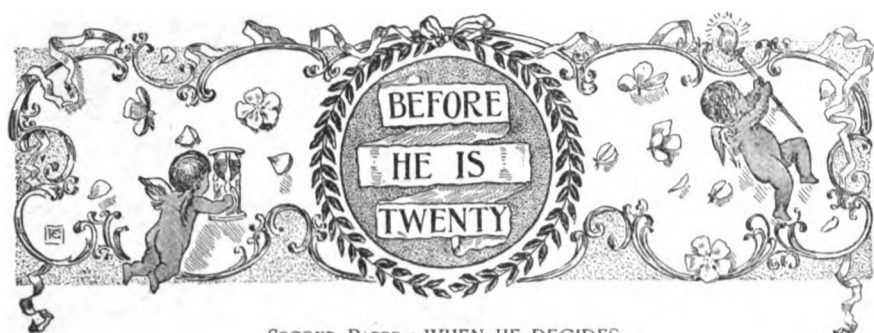
The paths were stiffly outlined by a bordering of box,
The flower-beds flashed brightly with marigold and phlox,
While the grape-vines grew precisely, in a fashion orthodox,
To evade the crafty cunning of each spoiling two-legg'd fox.

I can see the drooping pear-tree stooping low to touch the ground,
And deposit ripened sweetness where it soonest could be found;
While the honey-bees grew heavy, as they circled round and round,
And clapped their wings in soft applause, with hazy, happy sound.

The currants flashed to crimson 'neath the brightness of the sun,
Until, all red and rosy, they shook their heads for fun,
And tumbled off demurely in the green grass, one by one,
To wait until the children adown the pathway run.

And then—the very best of all—the merry little brook
That dashed along and splashed along with circling curve and crook,
Yet held its little mirrors where the lilies bent to look,
And gave us tiny concerts from a natural music-book.

As I tell myself the story, my heart is all aglow
With reverberating pleasures, that from the mem'ry grow,
So I write down glimpses of it, that others too may know
The sweetness and completeness of the distant long ago.



SECOND PAPER—WHEN HE DECIDES

By Frances Hodgson Burnett



IT was a clever, actively thinking, handsome lad of sixteen who suggested to my mind the train of thought which led me to feel that there were certain things it might be good to say on the subject of this period

in a boy's life—when he decides.

"I sometimes think," he said, with a half-humorous, half-troubled knitting of a very fine pair of straight black brows, "I often think that perhaps it would be a good idea for a fellow to be buried when he was fifteen and not dug up again until after he was twenty. It's so hard for a boy to know just exactly what it is best to do."

He was quoting some one with an easy sense of humor who had suggested the temporary interment method as a way of disposing of a difficulty. And the fact that his mind recurred to it, even though half in jest, was all the more suggestive, as he was not an unfortunate and unhappy boy, but an exceptionally fortunate one. He was clever, surrounded with advantages, strong, good looking, and the lucky possessor of parents intelligent enough and sufficiently well placed to be able to aid in the carrying out of any plan he formed.

BUT being an intelligent young thing, at sixteen, he felt that he had reached the point where a man—though he is still only a school-boy—must begin to decide. With him the questions he had to decide were some of them much simpler than those many boys of his age struggle with. "At which university shall I gain most?" does not seem a difficult question, if the choice being made, all the rest is arranged simply. "In what profession can I achieve most?" is not appalling as a query, if a decision again being arrived at, the steps necessary to be taken toward entering the profession are quite possible. To a boy like himself perhaps the most trying questions are the deciding of mental problems, problems of a growing mind, even points of good manners and good taste, and of adjusting one's youthful self to a world yet too mature to be met easily.

But his intelligence was so far awakened and disturbed by this sense of being on the threshold of the universe that he was finding his decisions anxious enough things. When he decides, a boy may do it at fifteen, at eighteen, at twenty—there are even children who do it in their early years when no one suspects them of the audacity—but sooner or later a boy who is of the material which makes the men who count as individuals in the great, working, advancing world the hour of decision must come, and he must abide by the results whatsoever they may be.

THERE has long existed a rather generally accepted theory that from fifteen to twenty years of age a boy is frequently, if not invariably, an uninteresting and unprepossessing object. Has any one ever thought of him as pathetic, sometimes overburdened, sometimes even tragic? He is so young—but he is too old to conduct himself as a child or think as a child; he is so old—and yet if he speaks as a man or acts as one he becomes a pretentious seeming and ridiculous object. He may chance to be slow in maturing and be young for his years, and then his people are disappointed in him. He may have the young mind of a man and be full of thought and, perhaps, incoherent opinion, and then if he is not fortunate in having clever, perceptive and sympathetic friends and relatives he is despised and laughed at as a young prig. He is battling his way through a chaos of development, and how is it possible for him to remain passive and express nothing of what he thinks of the mental phantasmagoria which seems passing before him for the first time to his consciousness? And he must decide.

If at sixty he might decide what he would be at sixteen it might not be such a tremendous question. But at sixteen, at eighteen, he must decide what he will be at sixty and at eighty.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of "Before He is Twenty" aims to give in five articles the wisest suggestions on the five phases of a boy's life most perplexing to parents. The first article was printed in the April issue of the JOURNAL, and treated of: The Father and His Boy. By Robert J. Burdette

BEFORE him stretch all the long years of life, years of thought, of work, of attainment, or years of blighted hope, of struggle and failure and useless despair. Those years may hold so much! And behind him lie his poor, young sixteen or eighteen birthdays, more than half of them the birthdays of a child, and his experience is all that lies between them. And yet he must decide.

And somehow so few people seem to think it is grave, that it is tremendous, that it may be tragic.

If he is a thinking creature—and many, many of them are, even those who are scarcely conscious of it themselves—all the warm kindness the love nearest to him can give, all the intelligently perceptive sympathy that can encourage and uphold, all the cleverness in aid the most brilliant among his friends can enrich him with, the poor child needs to support him in this hour—when he decides.

And surely it is he, and he alone, who is entitled to the privilege of doing this. There are those, no doubt, who grow up without forming any definite tastes or plans, and who develop no predilections; there are, perhaps, also those who are mentally indolent and prefer that the decisions should be made for them. Of those one may possibly say without injustice that they are not of the material which will be likely to make its maturity a power either in one direction or another. If those who decide for them act with intelligence they may be guided toward some career in which they may lead simple, respectable, if unimportant, lives which, as they are productive of no harm, may almost be counted as productive of good. They will at least, in a measure, represent the ciphers which, being added to the units, give value. But there are others who, during all the young, growing years, are—at first unconsciously, but later consciously—forming the tastes which become predilections in favor of one career or another. And it is when this is the case that the person in authority, who selfishly or unwisely interferes without mercy, becomes a criminal and a fool.

THESE are serious words, and used with the serious intention of conveying their full force. They are the result of the gravest thought, a line of thought which has led to the tragic conclusion that there exist, unhappily, parents who are unconsciously criminals, and parents who are unconsciously fools. It must be true that crime and folly are always unconscious of themselves. Tragic as the truth is in its suggestion, it is a truth that the fact that a man or woman is a parent does not invariably prove that he or she is ruled by intelligence or morality. If it did every blossoming soul would be given its sunshine and dew and shade, every young mental bloom would be led through its seed-time to harvest, all lives would develop to the best and brightest they could attain on earth, and the millennium would have come. But the millennium is not here, and there are fathers to whom a mere chance of parenthood has given authority without intelligence, mothers who, through the same chance, have power without having soul or brain.

And it is such exceptions as these—let us explore Heaven to grant that they are rare exceptions—who now and then insist that this accident of authority entitles them to decide the future of a life upon its threshold—a life whose disappointments and burdens it will not be theirs to bear; and generally to decide this future through the promptings of some caprice, some imbecile vanity or prejudice, or some sordid whim, that often has neither reason nor excuse for existence.

"I want you to advise me about my son," wrote a fatuous female of this order to a well-known literary man. "I am dreadfully worried about him. He is a good boy, but he does not want to take my advice. I want him to go into a dry-goods store, but he wants to be a physician. What can I do to eradicate this tendency?"

Before a stupidity so gross one laughs as at any imbecile crudeness, but it is with tears in one's eyes if one thinks of the story behind it. Imagination pictures to one the poor, silly, provincial feminine thing, all of whose ideas of success are limited to achievements in the dry-goods business, which, though a very good business, is not the one her son prefers.

AND through all his developing years she has been the ruling power in the life of a boy, studious, mentally tending toward scientific interests. It may be full of genius and deep thought. She cannot understand him, he is not old enough to understand her; she is too unintelligent not to torment and harass him, he is probably too immature to rise above her irritating hen-like flutterings. She does him mental and moral harm, and because she is a fool—if she is a maternally well-meaning fool—she is wildly anxious.

It might have chanced that this boy's tastes had been mercantile, that he had been full of business instincts and executive ability, and it might have chanced that his mother's idea of respectability had been the medical profession. She might have resented the dry-goods business as unaristocratic, and have insisted on medical lectures and the study of drugs. In that case he would still have been equally the victim, and she, poor soul, equally the fool. The boy whose tastes were for business might have measured calico and sold tape in the provincial shop as the first step on the high road leading to the great world, where he might have reigned later as a merchant prince, the mover in great business schemes of use to many, the gainer of great wealth which, through his employment of it, passed from hand to hand, supplied work to workers, gave aid to need, helped the big world to move.

And this frail, unintelligent creature who had taken it upon herself to decide for him would have been the means of forcing him to be an inferior in a profession when he might have been a power in the world of trade, just as she might make an incapable tradesman of a boy who might have won fame and aided a whole suffering world as a man of science. In each case she would have made a life a tragedy. What tragedy could be greater than a life of failure which might have been a life of success? And in each case the man who lived the life, not the one who decided his fate, would be the bearer of the suffering the tragedy implied.

One can readily imagine such a woman looking on with uncomprehending discontent at the troubles and failures as they dragged themselves out from year to year. "Somehow Jem never did get on," she would say. "He hasn't any faculty for making his way like other men."

And she would be totally unconscious that it was she—her poor, unintelligent mother-self—who had hung her feeble but obstinate predilections like a ball and chain about his feet, forcing his footsteps to slowness and faltering when they might have been swift and strong.

ALMOST every one among his acquaintances can recall, if he pauses to reflect, one or more cases of lives more or less failures, of which he has heard it said: "He wanted very much to be this or that thing, but his family were opposed to it." I say that almost every one knows of some such case, but I do not believe that any one has heard it said of a successful and happy man: "His tastes lay all in the direction of a totally different career, but his people were determined not to allow it, and the result is that he is perfectly happy and successful in the life they chose for him."

There might be, though I beg leave to doubt it gravely, a case of a boy who, having been filled with longings for other things, was coerced by his rulers, or by circumstances, into becoming a pork-packer, or having a desire to be a pork-packer was persuaded by his relatives to enter a career of art, and in after years won the success which brings money, but one might be quite sure that his life was a failure and an unsatisfied thing. The life that fails is the life that is unsatisfied in longings which might have been fulfilled.

IT is not unnatural that a man who is a scholar or an artist should prefer that his son's tastes should be somewhat like his own; it is not unnatural that an energetic business man, if he is not an intellectual person also, should feel that the son who leans toward art in literature, painting or the drama is something of an unpractical dreamer. But in both cases the life to be decided is the one still to be lived, and endured or enjoyed, and it is not the life of the father or mother—it is that of the boy.

"What are you going to make of this remarkable boy?" some one asked a literary parent.

"What am I going to make of him!" was the answer. "Nothing. I hope to be able to form an intelligent character for him, and then see what he will make of himself."

"But don't you wish him to take to literature?"

"If that is his natural inclination I should be delighted. But he might prefer to be a butcher."

"And in that case?"

"I shall endeavor to help him to secure a butcher's shop in the best possible business situation, and try to invest his legs of mutton with an air of picturesque distinction. I suppose that—with an effort—one might surround beef-steaks with an almost dramatic and literary atmosphere."

THE years in which a man prepares for his future are so few and short, the years during which he bears the consequences of that preparation often seem so long, so long. No man can afford to waste one of the short years in battling for what should be his own.

Years ago a boy whose earliest childhood had been colored by his passion for dramatic art announced to his parents that he wished to become an actor. They were gentle people, whose lives had been extremely narrow, though they had been spent in a great metropolis which is one of the centres of the world. They were horrified by the idea. They thought the dramatic profession immoral, detrimental in every respect, and lowering from a social point of view. Though of an entirely different class from that of the parent who tended toward the dry-goods business, they thought that such a tendency should be eradicated. A strong-willed father and a weak-willed, timid mother did their best to eradicate it. The father sighed, reproached, satirized and stormed; the mother wept. The boy struggled to explain his convictions and support his position. One might write a tragic story of such a struggle, but this is only a brief illustrative sketch. The boy was totally dependent, high-spirited, proud and helpless. He had the artist temperament, and was capable of keenest suffering. He was willing to begin at the lowest round of the ladder and work his way up. His was not a boyish caprice. He was not pretentious, and was deeply in earnest. At the outset he had the courage to get a small engagement in spite of opposition. The beginning was modest, but he had not expected to do more than gain a foothold. His practical and artistic use of his opportunity was such as promised well. But the feeling in his home circle was too strong. His father was furious, his mother grieved until he felt himself a criminal. If he had been a lion of strength or had been heartlessly indifferent he might have held out. But he was neither. He suffered tortures, and in despair gave way.

After ten years or more of uncertainty, commonplace miseries, and the humiliation of always feeling himself out of place and a failure, his circumstances became so hopeless that he felt himself forced to try again at the one thing he knew he might have done well. But the difference between entering a profession at thirty and at twenty is a tremendous one.

"If I could go back ten years!" was his cry. "I know it would be all right if I could go back ten years. But I can't—I can't!"

His strong-willed father and his affectionate, weak-willed mother, who had years enough of their own, had taken those ten years from him. They had obliged him to fritter them away as if they had been grains of sand, instead of a chaplet of pearls. They are old people, whose lives are drawing to a close; his is yet to be borne to the end. He is a young man still, but he is embittered and broken by discouragement. He has not the hopefulness of youth, he has not even the hopefulness of manhood. I sometimes wonder what the Power, who demands account of things, will demand in exchange for those ten years. And yet these were not consciously bad or heartless people; they were only stupid and selfish, and personal in a comfortable, parental, domestic way.

THIS is only one of several cases of which I, myself, have known the details, and yet I cannot help but believe, as well as hope, that such cases are exceptions. As the days have gone by when the explosive old comedy father commanded his son or daughter with suitable profanity to enter into a matrimonial alliance upon the spot with the heiress or heir whose fortune he considered a good thing to have in the family, or whose acres he desired to add to his own, so I think the obstinate and unintelligent parent is becoming a belated institution. But that these exceptions still exist we all know, and it is to these exceptions I take the liberty of speaking. It was not your child, but you, yourself, who decided that he should bear the burden of life—the helplessness of childhood, the mistakes of inexperienced youth, the disappointments of maturity, the certainty of death—and all these having been forced upon him it is he, and he alone, who should be allowed the right to decide under what circumstances he will endure or make the best and highest of them that he may. Give him all the help his youth needs and your maturity can supply; give him all the love, sympathy and tenderness of your wisest, most unselfish and purely impersonal self. But when this is done, and well done, in the name of justice let him decide, and when he has decided, do all you can to encourage him by loving, tender and sympathetic words of advice and encouragement.

** The next paper in this series of "Before He is Twenty," treating of "The Boy in the Office," by Edward W. Bok, will be written directly to mothers by one who sees the boy at the office and has studied his failures and their causes.

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

BY ALICE GRAHAM MCCOLLIN

FHE well-dressed figures of charming girls, graceful women and brawny youths of Charles Dana Gibson are as immediately recognizable as the product of his pencil, as are the large-eyed, oval-faced, straight-figured women of the English illustrated sarcasms, the property of that older past-master in the same art, Du Maurier. Charles Dana Gibson was born of New England parentage in that most New England of towns, Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1867. Part of his boyhood was spent in Concord, and in that place and in other parts of New England he received his education. From his earliest childhood he evidenced the unusual nature of his talent for drawing and for illustrating, and one of his peculiar abilities was to cut from paper, figures of people and of animals, as marvelous in their correctness of outline as his work of later years with the pencil has been.

His ambition to become an illustrator betrayed itself at an early age, and has been as constant as his career has been



MR. GIBSON

successful. At the age of seventeen Mr. Gibson went to New York, where he attended the classes of the Art Students' League, and studied with St. Gaudens, the sculptor. In 1892 he went to Paris, where he spent six months in Julien's studio, time which did much to broaden the tone of his work. He then returned to America, where he remained until last fall, when he went again to Paris for a season. Late in the summer Mr. Gibson will return to his studio in New York City, and to the home of his parents in Flushing, Long Island.

In appearance Mr. Gibson resembles the best looking of his models. Decidedly above medium height, his straight, broad-shouldered, rather athletic figure is always well, but never foppishly dressed. His smoothly-shaven face is lighted by a pair of blue-gray eyes, very dark and expressive. His hair is dark brown. His hands are not small, but give an appearance of muscular and nervous strength combined with artistic capability. His voice is low, his manner charming, and his conversational abilities of as good rank as his illustrative. But despite these many charms Mr. Gibson is still unmarried.

He is a hard and constant worker, as the amount and quality of his accomplishment show. The stories and incidents which he illustrates are in some cases original, and in some the contributions of other people. His cartoons are often the result of discussion and study with the editors of the periodicals in which they are published.

Mr. Gibson's first printed sketch is dated March 25, 1886, and was published anonymously for the very excellent reason that it had been left at the office of the magazine in which it appeared—"Life"—in that nameless condition. One of the young artist's habits, before that time, was to leave his sketches at various publishing houses without the formality of attaching his name, and then to be, as he himself explains it, "ashamed to return for them as I knew how bad they were." The periodical in question, however, published the sketch without knowing the artist, and it was the first of the many hundred contributions which have delighted its readers.

One of the most noticeable peculiarities of Mr. Gibson's pictured characters is their undoubted good breeding and social position. His girls, women and men are so evidently what they are portrayed to be—"members of the 400." The reason for this is more easily understood, perhaps, when it is realized that Mr. Gibson's friends are his models, and that men and women of the most exclusive social circles in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and Washington are willing to give Mr. Gibson for friendship what no money could secure to him—ladies and gentlemen as models for his pictured ladies and gentlemen.

A QUARTETTE OF CLEVER ILLUSTRATORS

Whose Work is Familiar to Readers of the Modern Magazine

ALBERT B. WENZELL

BY MRS. HAMILTON MOTT

FHE rapid growth of magazine and periodical illustration during the past few years has brought no artist more prominently before the country and into the highest rank of his profession than Albert B. Wenzell. Born at Detroit, Michigan, in 1864, Mr. Wenzell himself acknowledges his parentage to have been "wealthy but respectable," so that from his earliest days he was surrounded with those articles of comfort and beauty which form so prominent a feature always of his sketches, and which are so abundantly plentiful in this age of luxury. He was well and thoroughly educated, although in 1881, at the age of seventeen, his secular education was abandoned for his study of art, and amid a chorus of expostulation from relatives and friends, who were strongly opposed to his choice of profession, he went to Munich. There he entered the studio of Professor Strahuber, one of the noblest and gentlest of men and an artist of the greatest ability,



MR. WENZELL

whose influence on the young man's moral and artistic career was of the best and strongest. After devoting some months to the study of the antique, Mr. Wenzell entered the life class, where he worked for two years. At the end of this period Mr. Wenzell began work under the direction of Professor Söfftz, a painter of repute, who is also a teacher of ability, and with whom he remained for several months.

The interruption of a visit to his home in Detroit came between Mr. Wenzell's studies in Munich and his work in Paris, where he studied under Boulanger and Le Fevre for a little more than a year. The influences and prejudices of both the German and the French schools of art were evident and apparent to the young American, who seemed to possess the faculty or ability to utilize the better and ignore the poorer features of both.

He then returned to his home in the West, where he commenced work in his chosen field of portrait painting. Meeting with but moderate success, Mr. Wenzell determined to try his fortune in New York, and accordingly moved his studio to the metropolis, where he has since remained.

A six months' siege of magazines and publishers, six months of perseverance and apparent ill success, was the price which Mr. Wenzell paid for the success and fame which are now his by right of ability and conquest. His siege gave him his field of work, for when the merit of his illustrations was appreciated by one it was by all of the besieged, and the market for his drawings became as wide as it was important.

Mr. Wenzell's work is easily recognizable by the grace, beauty and undoubted distinction of pose and carriage of his feminine creations. His type of society women is possessed of great charm and individuality. His other creations are of exceeding merit, though of charm secondary to the women.

In appearance Mr. Wenzell, as will be seen from his portrait, is extremely good to look upon. He is of medium height, slight figure and fair complexion. His hair, mustache and Van Dyke beard are brown, and his eyes a clear blue. His manner is dignified, earnest and somewhat reserved, though his humorous perceptions are of the keenest. He is more than devoted to all that is highest and noblest in his profession, and conscientious to the last degree in his labors for his mistress. Mr. Wenzell is very domestic in tastes. His home is at Flushing, Long Island, and there he resides with his wife and children.

THE ILLUSTRATOR OF "FAUNTLEROY"

BY FLORENCE WILSON

WHEN Mr. Birch was asked by the editor of "St. Nicholas" to illustrate Mrs. Burnett's story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" he little knew that he was destined to create a picture with which his name would always remain associated. That Mr. Birch's conception of the little heir to an English title did much for the success of the story admits of no doubt. The artist conveyed at once to the eye what the author portrayed to the mind. Mrs. Burnett created the character and charmed the reader; Mr. Birch fastened her creation upon the public mind. Within a comparatively short space of time Mr. Birch had the satisfaction of meeting prototypes of his drawing on every hand, and the velvet suit and sash, with which he dressed the little Lord Cedric, became the rage.

Reginald B. Birch is by birth an English man. He was born in London thirty-eight years ago, and there he remained until his sixteenth year, when he came to America.



MR. BIRCH

He was born amid army and navy surroundings, his ancestors all being in Her Majesty's land or sea service, and not one of them was, so far as he knows, in any way devoted to art. On the island of Jersey was passed his boyhood, and from there he went to the United States, beginning in San Francisco as a designer and engraver of the large theatrical posters which abound on the walls and fences of our cities. He had no knowledge of art—simply an instinct for it. This a prominent artist of the Pacific coast, Toby Rosenthal, saw, and advised the young Englishman to go to Germany and study. Young Birch thought the advice good, and went to Munich, where he remained the greater part of eight years. He studied hard to master the technique of that which he instinctively loved. He also studied for a short time in Italy.

In 1881 he came to New York and began to work for the magazines. Frederick Dielman, the artist, introduced him to the editor of "St. Nicholas," and he was given a small poem by the editor as an experiment. This simple trial at once showed that the young man had talent. He continued to make pictures for poems, articles and stories of all sorts until 1886, when he illustrated "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and therefor became famous. Now he is the principal illustrator for the magazine which gave him his first start. His work in connection with "Sara Crewe," "Lady Jane," and "How Fauntleroy Really Occurred," the latter recently illustrated by Mr. Birch for THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, shows that his work in connection with "Fauntleroy" was not a lucky hit, but that the artist is capable of sustained meritorious work.

Some critics feel that Mr. Birch's genius lies more in pure line-work, or what is more commonly known as pen-and-ink work, but in his "wash" drawings he has conclusively shown that he understands the brush as well as the pen. He is one of the few artists, nowadays, who do not aspire to work in oil. With his belief that in the illustration lies as much art as in the oil-painting, he adheres to the former, strengthening his work as he goes along in his chosen line.

Personally, Mr. Birch is one of the most jovial of men. Of a happy disposition and a liking for fun, he sees the bright side of everything. To know Mr. Birch's work and then to meet the artist is no disenchantment; on the other hand, one esteems him the more after a personal meeting. Both his studio and home are in New York City.

FRANK O. SMALL

BY DOROTHY CHASE

FRANK OTIS SMALL was born in Boston in 1860, and with the exception of three years of student life, which he spent in Paris, has lived always in one of the narrow, picturesque old streets in the west end of that city.

He was educated at the Boston Latin School under the famous head-master, Dr. Gardiner. On leaving school he entered upon a business career, but finding, after a few years' experience, that commercial life was thoroughly distasteful to him he decided to follow art as a profession. With this end in view he went to Paris in 1885 and entered the well-known Julien Academy. His first few months in Paris were spent in hard study in the school. Then, coming to the conclusion that seeing things for one's self, and not through the eyes of a master, was the best road to success, Mr. Small left the Academy and worked alone in his studio, the result of his labors being two pictures which were accepted by the Salons of 1887 and 1888.

In 1889 Mr. Small returned to Boston, with the conviction that American life with



MR. SMALL

its many different conditions would be much more interesting to him and better worth portraying than anything which he might find abroad. After a short time, finding, as so many have, the market for paintings an extremely limited one, he turned his attention to black and white drawings. These brought him almost immediate success, and since then he has worked in no other medium.

Mr. Small's work is done for the most part in the large studio which occupies all the upper part of his house in Boston. Its windows overlook the historic Charles River, and the blue hills of Milton are in the distance. Opening from the studio is a roof-garden, filled in summer with bright flowers and shaded by striped awnings. Here during the warm weather the artist sets up his easel and poses his models against a background of sunlit green foliage, evolving in this way many of his drawings of daintily-dressed young girls in pleasant old gardens.

For Mr. Small is one of the true town dwellers, finding "the heart of Boston" the best of summer resorts, and rarely leaving the city, except for a day's jaunt into the country in search of certain landscape effects, in which the parks in and around Boston are lacking.

Mr. Small's eye has always been to illustrate the every-day life which he sees about him, to be a realist, but only in the sense of choosing for delineation those phases of life which have the greatest human interest and which show the finer side of human character. He stoutly maintains that as much material for drawings containing tragic, pathetic or ultra-romantic elements exists in the lives of the people one sees from day to day—whether they are the big-sleeved, smartly-gowned young women and well-groomed young men, or the more prosaic-looking middle class—as an artist could find at any time in the world's history.

The life which a successful artist leads is in most cases a very regular one of the hardest kind of work, public opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. Probably of all professions that of art is the most engrossing for the person who follows it, for any sort of recreation, such as the theatre, going into society, or a vacation in the country, simply suggests to the artist new situations worth depicting, and so his mind is constantly upon his work. Mr. Small's life has been no exception to this rule.

As in the case of another of Mr. Small's contemporaries portrayed on this page, the artist is unmarried. His home life is, however, very close, in its nature, to the ideal married state. With him live his mother and sister, and as he is devoted in his love for them, so are they zealous of their care of him.

HAVE WOMEN FOUND NEW WEAPONS?

By Amelia E. Barr



THE desire for supremacy is the master passion of humanity. All nations and all religions have been moved by it, and it exists in every man and woman as a constituent, just as iron is in their blood, or lime in their bones. An idea prevails, however, that the women of every era but just this era have been submissive and non-combatant. Nothing is virtually more incorrect, for supremacy has been the central idea in women's hearts ever since they challenged their "rights" and desires in Paradise. Ancient history and tradition are full of their incitements to warfare, and the stern logic of facts emphatically denies that women ever have brought peace. On the contrary, in the humblest conditions their entrance into any life usually means the breaking up of old ties, and the making of all things new to suit themselves.

True they have seldom gone into the battle-field. But in social and domestic affairs, in the struggle for wealth and distinction, in the contest for husbands, or for the uppermost seats in the temple or the opera house, women have fought a perpetual fight, and been perpetually victorious.

THEIR tactics and weapons in this long warfare are matters of great interest, for they were well chosen in the beginning of things, and are not yet obsolete. Men usually prefer to consider themselves captives to the beauty of the woman who conquers them. Before this weapon they think defeat no shame. But it is doubtful if beauty ever had as much power as it has been credited with. In the first place, there is no fixed standard of beauty. Every man has his own ideal. Love glorifies the plainest face; and if marriage be the great end of a woman's life—which it undoubtedly is—the plain girls seem to draw most of the matrimonial prizes. Let any one go over the list of their friends, and they will see how few really beautiful wives they know; indeed, they will be amazed at the number of very ugly married women within their acquaintance. Now, every one knows the admirable, practical kind of man that marries a plain girl, and it is safe to conclude that she has won him with some more potent charm than mere beauty.

Indeed, if beauty were the chief weapon of women they would have cause to accuse Nature of great injustice to them, for the majority of women are not beautiful; besides which, she has given the weapon to men also; and women are as frequently captivated by the beauty of men as men are by the beauty of women. Indeed, if any weapon within feminine armories is antiquated at this date it is beauty. It might be primal when men's admiration was the end of women's lives, but in these days a great many women are dedicated to less sensitive objects. What particular use would beauty be in a social or literary congress of women? The women in session have not staked their lives on any man's admiration.

THE truth is, women now regard beauty as a fort behind which they have much more powerful weapons. One of the most universal and effective of these perennial arts is coaxing. Eve was an adept coxer; and this clever, indirect way of government, contrived by ancient women in order to get their own way, is still as potent as in the days of Adam. Foolish women who do not know how much better indirect power is than open force will not stoop to conquer with this weapon. They are in arms at the idea. They would as soon pet and stroke a Remington typewriter, as a stubborn, refractory husband or lover. They have their rights and demand them—and half the time they do not get them; then as coaxing is not a weapon in their armory, and force will not do, they are obliged to try fraud. But if they would believe it, coaxing is far better than either force or fraud. Coaxing is a great psychological verity, and if women had only had a monopoly of this power they would long ago have ruled the world "by soft persuasion's charms."

But men are coaxers as well as women, though the art with them is generally a political one. What "soft and gainful speech" Ulysses and Agamemnon used is written in the books of Homer. But no man can coax as a woman can coax—and that with very few words indeed. An adept in the art can get, not the half, but the whole of a man's kingdom, if she mixes her charm with some discrimination and the proper amount of flattery. But she must not appeal to his senses alone. Only very poor kinds of men are so ruled. This was Cleopatra's coaxing; it conquered Antony, and for that very reason she might have known that it would fail with Cæsar.

PERHAPS next to coaxing, most women find smiling the most ready weapon for the subjugation of men. There is something in a smile that is irresistible. Many splendid adjectives are applied to this lovely word—penetrating, transfiguring, brilliant, etc., etc.—but the smile that wins its way to the citadel of a man's heart is a very simple affair. It is that beaming, appealing flash of sympathy, in which the eyes do more than the lips, which lifts the veil from the whole face, and makes an ugly woman beautiful; or it is the artless, innocent, joyous smile of early youth, the very bloom and flower of the human face divine.

Some foolish women prefer tears to smiles, and thus force a reluctant submission to their will. But no man succumbs to a weeping woman without a sense of resentment. Indeed tears, faintings, hysterics, headaches, and all other pathological weapons are the most disagreeable and ineffective arms a woman can use. They may raise a kind of pity, but it is mingled with annoyance, probably scorn. It is a cowardly means of attack, and a man feels that he would be cowardly to resist such evident distress, for how can he continue a fight where his opponent is metaphorically at his feet? But he also feels himself unjustly treated, and he wearily wonders how long these tactics are to be pursued.

Wise women know that at this era tears must be sparingly used. They are an old-fashioned weapon belonging to days when men were physical tyrants and brute force rampant. Then women who were "all egg-shells," whose nerves made them tremble, and whose tears flowed readily, were a living compliment to men's superior strength, and the flattery pleased. But men are no longer barbarians, and they would rather yield a willing submission to smiles and coaxing, than a fretful one to tears and hysteria. Besides which, a weeping woman is an ugly woman—poets and romancers to the contrary. Only under one condition have tears a subduing power over men, that is, when men and women weep together, as over the coffin of their child, or in the stress of some great calamity; then, indeed, they are mighty, for they are not aggressive, but sympathetic.

AMONG the more delicate weapons used by women tact is one of the most effective—the power of listening, of brightening at the proper moment, and laughing at the right joke, and of knowing the exact temper in which a man is conquerable, and when it is best to let him alone. A woman who possesses this weapon generally rules by that fine instinct which strengthens her own position by strengthening her husband's. It is a feminine weapon guided by a multitude of little wisdoms and precautions, and by arts as varied as the sex. It rules a man so gently that he is kept in constant good humor with himself; nor is he uncomfortably conscious that he has laid down all his own arms before this sheathed sword.

If there be any other weapon equal to tact for domestic use it is silence. In the hour of revolt this force is supreme. Let any man try to conquer a woman who simply opposes to all his arguments a discouraging silence, who is perfectly patient to-day and will be perfectly patient tomorrow, who is not on the offensive, but the defensive, and whose attitude silently says: "I do not oppose you. It is not my place. But I know I am right." It takes but a short time for such an antagonist to bring any ordinary man to her feet.

OF course the tongue is a weapon, but not so sharp a weapon as silence. A woman who can hold her tongue can hold any other thing; but one who wears her heart on her sleeve will let all other things slip through her fingers. Silence is self-preservation at every point. Too often a ready, sharp tongue is a fatal gift to a woman, and men fear it, for it finds out the rawest spot in their natures and wounds them there. As for a bad tongue it is whetted on a bad heart; and women who willingly say words crueler than blows have the weapon of an assassin. Nature may well shut in the tongue between lips and behind barriers of sharp teeth, for if it be slanderous it is a weapon given by the devil and set on fire of hell. The property of such a weapon is to be cowardly.

Dress is a legitimate womanly weapon, but men have as great a claim to it, and it has played a part in human history of far deeper significance than either vanity or love of supremacy. Some Daniel will yet come to judge the centuries by the way in which they have dressed themselves, and in the meantime women will use it in all its changes and splendors as the insignia of their royalty. For the women who hold themselves superior to dress are awful creatures, and stand out among well-dressed women as sermons on slovenliness—a position which nullifies every other charm and leaves them defenseless.

THESE weapons are all old as Eden. Adam was conquered by beauty and won by coaxing. He was doubtless taught the charm of smiles and the power of tears. He was managed by Eve's tact, and snubbed by her silence, and scolded by her tongue, and influenced by the way in which she wore her raiment of skins. Has then this marvelous century, so prolific in additions and improvements, added no new weapons to woman's armory? Yes, it has not only taught woman a more intelligent use of her old weapons, but it has incited her to meet mankind with weapons sharpened on his own grindstone; and with these she has not only driven men out of some fields of labor, but sent advance guards into others hitherto thought to be inalienably masculine. The pulpit, the platform, the bar have been forced. We have lived to see women the rivals of their husbands, sisters the competitors of their brothers, and *fiancées* fellow-laborers, and good, at least, for their board bill. And it must be admitted that wherever women have taken possession of men's weapons they are learning to use them with more than men's address.

These changes are the results of forces so great, and antecedents so numerous and complex, as to baffle all resistance. Only one point of divergence seems clear, and this is, that a woman should choose whether she will be an invader of man's domain, and win with all the weapons at her command her portion from it, or whether she will cleave to her ancient patrimony of home. If she elects the latter, then there is no necessity to equip herself with any new weapons. Nature has armed her cap-a-pie, and she is invulnerable through her weakness, through her life of help and love, through the holiness of her function as a mother, and the sweetness of her office as a wife. She has no necessity to be a mathematician, or a deeply-read scholar, or a doctor, or a lawyer if she can make her husband and children happy, and keep her house accounts square, and prevent her servants and tradespeople from robbing her. She need not keep her head always in "questions" and "social problems"; all she requires is that fine balance which we call common sense, the most valuable working form of intellectual power there is. Then, if she has true piety, tender little ways and bashful modesties, and old, simple household views, she has a decalogue that no man who knows her will think of disputing. For she will give him sympathy, which is better than antagonism, and companionship, which is stronger than rivalry, and thus win a supremacy whose foundation is in the sweetest depths of Nature, perennial as the seasons and lasting as humanity.

But if she elect to try conclusions with her old master, then she does well to arm herself with his weapons, and go to his training schools, and acquire his methods. But she must remember that in doing this she necessarily casts away many of her own old weapons. For it is an impossible thing even as a combatant to be both man and woman. If she goes into the battle of life she must expect to receive blows and rough words and shouderings aside; nor will she have the slightest right to shelter herself in the sacredness of her sex, for no woman is sacred by sex alone, but by the peculiar qualities of sex she has deliberately abdicated.

THE higher education of women has been the watch cry of this generation, and collegiate advantages not dreamed of fifty years ago have been placed within the reach of those girls who desire them. It must be admitted, also, that women may have some just pride in the results of these educational advantages. They have passed creditable examinations, and in some cases even surpassed male competitors. But this is not such a triumph as it appears to be, nor does it predicate anything great for the future of the victor. Success in life is a far more complex thing than mere book learning, and it depends upon qualities that cannot, and never are, tested in an academic contest. In the first place, women are physically heavily handicapped by Nature. Pluck—which they generally have—has not the staying power of animal force. Who does not know the plaintive air of women whose brows wear the constant plait of tension too long or too great for them—who have to fight fits of languor following unnatural strain, and who sit at desks or typewriters with eyelids drooping, because of the neuralgia which is consequent on their fatigue and exposure? And if the apparent advantages of higher education must be heavily thinned before they are admitted, how much less advantage would women derive from their hearts' desire to participate in the honor and wealth coming from public office and political power? There are many cases in which, commercially, woman's work has been of great use to the world's buyers and sellers and producers, however such help may have operated against her own sweetest and most womanly duties. But women are as unnecessary to politics as politics are to women. What kind of influence have politics always exerted over men? Is it likely their influence would be any better or purer over women?

BESIDES, women have exhibited a total incapacity for managing large questions, or even for comprehending interests affecting areas of feeling beyond their own relationships. Before they ask for a voice in determining the national questions of tariff and suffrage, commercial treaties, war and peace, and the money market, it would be well for them to show the capacity for administration in their own homes. The great servant-girl question—confessedly their own—continues to grow worse and worse, and more and more hopeless and embarrassing. They cannot combine against its extortions, nor make any laws for their own protection which all will agree to observe. Every woman manages or mismanages it as she thinks best, and consequently the servant girl—who is a unit—has her own way. When women have brought this question to a legislative settlement, when they have agreed on a common just code of domestic obligations, both for mistresses and servants, and thus placed duties and wages on the basis of a commercial treaty, with penalties for contract breaking, they will have taken the first step toward political fitness.

EVEN then other distinctly womanly problems remain to be settled—the management of children, the reform of extravagant dress, weddings, funerals and entertainments, the subject of getting some rational amusement out of society, etc., etc. Indeed, the busiest and most practical women of this age have a gigantic work for their heads and hands in simply putting their kitchens, nurseries and drawing-rooms in order. They may very well leave the Aægean stable of politics to those whose physical abilities are greater, and whose sensibilities are supposed to be less acute. One thing is certain: if women are determined to meet men in the public arenas of life and fight them with their own weapons, they will, of necessity, be compelled to desert the arena of their homes and their own natural duties. For, as these duties cannot be abolished, the only thing possible is to delegate them to some one else to perform—that is, they will leave their children and their houses in the charge of ignorant, cruel servants, and give themselves, their time and energies to what they are pleased to call "wider duties." And what of the poor children?

Lately there has been a great deal of fretful, impatient, womanly writing, about the degrading, depressing influence of household work; and it has been urged that it is better for wives and mothers to write or sew, or do any kind of mental work, in order to make money to relieve themselves of the duties of cooking and nursing. Women who have this idea ought never to have become wives, and they ought never, never, never to have become mothers. For if there is any loftier work than making homes lovely, and sweet, and restful, or any holier work than nursing and training her own little children, no woman will find it in writing, or sewing, or preaching, or lecturing, or in any craft of hand or head known to mortals.

THE weapons then which this century has provided for women are two-edged, dangerous and leveling. The higher education they demand is not enough for their wise employment. They ask, also, for the largest possible development of all the old, womanly weapons with them. Not even at this era—and perhaps less than ever—can women afford to neglect good looks. Coaxing and smiling, and tact and dress, and all charming accomplishments were never more necessary. Above everything they cannot afford with the higher education to let slip their old sweet reverence for religious observances, and things lovely and of good report. If they do they will necessarily lose the loveliness of their sex, and the deference and affection, which, when all is said and done, is dearer to good women than gold or fame, or literary or political ambitions—yea, than every earthly thing besides.

For it is only the very weakest, the most effete, the most silly and contemptible of men who pretend to like the doubtful woman usually called "strong-minded." To the intelligent, purposeful man she is as objectionable and unwomanly as if she had a huge stride or well-developed biceps. Even when she is brilliant and witty, and willing to lead conversation into dubious channels, thinking thus to make herself piquant and suggestive, she is nothing but a bad copy of a still worse original. Such women should evidently remain outside the realm of home, for with their minds forever on some public "question," and their husbands and children neglected, they make a kind of wife that no mere flesh and blood man can tolerate.

It is hardly to be expected that these brand new weapons will ever do the work of the dear old love-compelling ones. And yet some women handle them so gracefully and make such pretty show of results from them that men—always lenient to women—refuse to doubt creatures so charming in their newly-conquered advantages. They offer themselves in marriage with the same blind trust as ever, and, leaping cheerfully into the dark, hope for the best with a courage that deserves it.

POMONA'S TRAVELS

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

By Frank R. Stockton

[With Illustrations by A. B. Frost]



We found the landlady of the Angel, just as good to us as if we had been her favorite niece and nephew. She hired us a carriage the next day and we were driven out

to Raglan Castle through miles and miles of green and sloping ruralness. When we got there and rambled through those grand old ruins, with the draw bridge and the tower and the courtyard, my soul went straight back to the days of knights and ladies, and prancing steeds, and horns and hawks, and pages and tournaments, and wild revels and vaulted halls.

The young man who had charge of the place seemed glad to see how much we liked it, as is natural enough, for everybody likes to see us pleased with the particular things they have on hand.

"You haven't anything like this in your country," said he. But to this I said nothing, for I was tired of always hearing people speak of my national denomination as if I was something in tin cans with a label pasted on outside, but Jone said it was true enough that we didn't have anything like it, for if we had such a noble edifice we would have taken care of it and not let it go to rack and ruin in this way.

Jone has an idea that it don't show good sense to knock a bit of furniture about from garret to cellar until most of its legs are broken and its back cracked and its varnish all peeled off, and then tie ribbons around it and hang it up in the parlor and kneel down to it as a relic of the past. He says that people who have got old ruins ought to be very thankful that there is any of them left, but it's no use in them trying to fill up the missing parts with brag.

We took the train and went to Chipstow, which is near the mouth of the Wye, and as the railroad ran near the river nearly all the way we had lots of beautiful views, though, of course, it wasn't anything like as good as rowing along the stream in a boat. The next day we drove to the celebrated Tintern Abbey, and on the way the road passed two miles and a half of high stone wall, which shut in a gentleman's place. What he wanted to keep in or keep out by means of a wall like that we couldn't imagine, but the place made me think of a lunatic asylum.

The road soon became shady and beautiful, running through woods along the river bank and under some great crags called the Wyndcliffe, and then we came to the Abbey and got out.

Of all the beautiful high-pointed archery of ancient times this ruined Abbey takes the lead. I expect you've seen it, madam, or read about it, and I am not going to describe it, but I will just say that Jone, who had rather objected to coming out to see any more old ruins, which he never did fancy, and only came because he wouldn't have me come by myself, was so touched up in his soul by what he saw there and by wandering through this solemn and beautiful romance of by-gone days, he said he wouldn't have missed it for fifty dollars.

We came back to Gloucester to-day, and to-morrow we are off for Buxton. As we are so near Stratford and Warwick and all that Jone said we'd better go there on our way, but I wouldn't agree to it. I am too anxious to get him skipping round like a colt, as he used to, to stop anywhere now, and when we come back I can look at Shakespeare's tomb with a clearer conscience.

LONDON.

AFTER all the weather isn't the only changeable thing in this world, and this letter, which I thought I was going to send to you from Gloucester, is now being finished in London. We was expecting to start for Buxton, but some money that Jone had ordered to be sent from London two or three days before didn't come, and he thought it would be wise for him to go and look after it. So yesterday, which was Saturday, we started off for London and came straight to the Babylon Hotel, where we had been before.

Of course we couldn't do anything until Monday, and this morning when we got up we didn't feel in very good spirits, for of all the doleful things I know of a Sunday in London is the dolefullest. The whole town looks as if it was the back door of

what it was the day before, and if you want to get any good out of it you feel as if you had to sneak in by an alley instead of walking boldly up the front steps.

Jone said we'd better go to Westminster Abbey to church, because he believed in getting the best there was when it didn't cost too much, but I wouldn't do it.

"No," said I, "when I walk in that religious nave and into the hallowed precincts of the talented departed, the stone passages are full of cloudy forms of Chaucers, Addisons, Miltons, Dickens and all

rising Orb of Day, and he filled London with effulgent light. No sooner had we had a talk, and we had told him all that had happened, and finished up by saying what a doleful morning we had had, than he clapped his hand on his knees and said, "I'll tell you what we will do. We will spend the afternoon among the landmarks." And what we did was to take a four-wheeler and go around the old parts of London, where Mr. Poplington showed us a lot of soul-awakening spots which no common stranger would be likely to find for himself.

If you are ever steeped in the solemnness of a London Sunday, and you can get a jolly, red-faced, middle-aged English gentleman, who has made himself happy by going to church in the morning, and is ready to make anybody else happy in the afternoon, just stir him up in the mixture, and then you will know the difference between cod-liver oil and champagne, even if you have never tasted either of them. The afternoon was piled-up-and-pressed-down joyfulness for me, and I seemed to be walking in a dream among the beings and the things that we only see in books.

Mr. Poplington first took us to the old Watergate, which was the river entrance to York House, where Lord Bacon lived, and close to the gate was the small house where Peter the Great and David Copperfield lived, though not at the same time; and then we went to Will's old coffee-

where old Samuel Johnson lived, walked about and talked, and then to another court where he lived when he wrote the dictionary, and after that to the "Cheshire Cheese" Inn, where he and Oliver Goldsmith often used to take their meals together.

Then we saw St. John's Gate, where the Knights Templar met, and the yard of the Court of Chancery, where little Miss Flite used to wait for the day of judgment, and as we was coming home he showed us the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where every other Friday the bells are rung at five o'clock in the afternoon, most people not knowing what it is for, but really because the famous Neil Gwynn, who was far from being a church-woman, left a sum of money for having a merry peal of bells rung every other Friday until the end of the world. I got so wound up by all this that I quite forgot Jone, and hardly thought of Mr. Poplington, except that he was telling me all these things, and bringing back to my mind so much that I had read about, though sometimes very little.

When we got back to the hotel and had gone up to our room Jone said to me:

"That was all very fine and interesting from top to toe, but it does seem to me as if things was dreadfully mixed. Dr. Johnson and Jack Shephard, I suppose, was all real and could live in houses, but when it comes to David Copperfields and Lady Dedlocks and little Miss Flites, that wasn't real and never lived at all, they was all talked about in just the same way and their favorite tramping grounds pointed out, and I can't separate the real people from the fancy folk if we've got to have the same bosom heaving for the whole of them."

"Jone," said I, "they are all real, every one of them. If Mr. Dickens had written history I expect he'd put Lady Dedlock and Miss Flite and David Copperfield into it, and if the history writers had written stories they would have been sure to get Dr. Johnson and Lord Bacon and Peter the Great into them, and the people in the one kind of writing would have been just as real as the people in the other. At any rate that's the way they are to me."

On the Monday after our landmark expedition with Mr. Poplington, which I shall never forget, Jone settled up his business matters, and the next day we started for Buxton and the rheumatism baths. To our great delight Mr. Poplington said he would go with us, not all the way, for he wanted to stop at a little place called Rowsley, where he would stay for a few days and then go on to Buxton, but we was very glad to have him with us during the greater part of the way, and we all left the hotel in the same four-wheeler.

When we got to the station Jone got first-class tickets, for we have found out that if you want to travel comfortable in England, and have porters attend to your baggage and find an empty carriage for you, and have the guard come along and smile in the window and say he'll try to let you have that carriage all to yourselves if he's able—the ableness depending a good deal on what you give him—and for everybody to do their best to make your journey pleasant, you must travel first class. Mr. Poplington also bought a first-class ticket, for there was no seconds on this line. As we was walking along by the platform Jone and I gave a sort of a jump, for there was a regular Pullman car, which made us think we might be at home. We stopped and looked at it, and then the guard, who was standing by, stepped up to us and touched his hat and asked us if we would like to take the Pullman, and when Jone asked what the extra charge was he said nothing at all for first-class passengers. We didn't have to stop to think a minute, but said right off that we would go in it, but Mr. Poplington would not come with us. He said English people wasn't accustomed to that, they wanted to be more private, and although he'd like to be with us he could not travel in a caravan like that, and so he went off by himself and we got into the Pullman.

The guard said we could take any seats we pleased, and when we got in we found there was only two or three people in it, and we chose two nice armchairs, hung up our wraps and made ourselves comfortable and cozy.



"Stop, lady, and I'll get out"

those great ones of the past, and I would hate to see the place filled up with a crowd of weekday lay people in their Sunday clothes, which would be enough to wipe away every feeling of romantic piety which might rise within my breast."

As we didn't go to the Abbey, and was so long making up our minds where we should go, it got too late to go anywhere, and so we stayed in the hotel and looked out into a lonely and deserted street with the wind blowing the little leaves and straws against the tight-shut doors of the forsaken houses. As I stood by that window I got homesick, and at last I could stand it no longer and I said to Jone, who was smoking and reading a paper:

"Let's put on our hats and go out for a walk, for I can't mope here another minute."

So down we went, and coming up the front steps of the front entrance who do you suppose we met? Mr. Poplington! He was stopping at that hotel and was just coming home from church, with his face shining like a sunset on account of the comfortableness of his conscience after doing his duty.

LETTER NO. XVI

BUXTON.

WHEN I mentioned Mr. Poplington in my last letter in connection with the setting sun I was wrong; he was like the

house, where Addison, Steele and a lot of other people of that sort used to go to drink and smoke before they was buried in Westminster Abbey, and where Charles and Mary Lamb lived afterward, and where Mary used to look out of the window to see the constables take the thieves to the Old Bailey near by. Then we went to Tom-all-alone's and saw the very grating at the head of the steps which led to the old graveyard where poor Joe used to sweep the steps when Lady Dedlock came there, and I held on to the very bars that the poor lady must have gripped when she knelt on the steps to die.

Not far away was the Black Jack Tavern, where Jack Shephard and all the great thieves of the day used to meet. And bless me! I have read so much about Jack Shephard that I could fairly see him jumping out of the window he always dropped from when the police came. After that we saw the house where Mr. Tulkinghorn, Lady Dedlock's lawyer, used to live, and also the house where old Krook was burned up by spontaneous combustion. Then we went to Bolt Court,



THE WATERS

We expected that the people who engaged seats would soon come crowding in, but when the train started there was only four people beside ourselves in that beautiful car, which was a first-class one, built in the United States, with all sorts of comforts and conveniences. There was a porter who laid himself out to make us happy, and about one o'clock we had a nice lunch on a little table which was set up between us, with two waiters to attend to us, and then Jone went and had a smoke in a nice little room at one end of the car.



"Who do you suppose we met? Mr. Poplington!"

We thought it was strange that there should be so few people traveling on this train, but when we came to a town where we made a long stop Jone got out to talk to Mr. Poplington, supposing it likely that he'd have a carriage to himself, but he was amazed to see that the train was jammed and crowded, and he found Mr. Poplington squeezed up in a carriage with seven other people, four of them one side and four the other, each row staring into the faces of the other. Some of them was eating bread and cheese out of paper parcels, and a big, fat man was reading a newspaper, which he spread out so as to partly cover the two people sitting next to him, and all of them seemed anxious to find some way of stretching their legs so's not to strike against the legs of somebody else.

Mr. Poplington was sitting by the window, and Jone couldn't help laughing when he said:

"Is this what you call being private, sir? I think you would find a caravan more pleasant. Don't you want to come to the Pullman with us? There are plenty of seats there, nice big armchairs that you can turn around and sit any way you like, and look at people or not look at them, just as you please, and there's plenty of room to walk about and stretch yourself a little if you want to. There's a smoking-room, too, that you can go to and leave whenever you like. Come and try it."

"Thank you very much," said Mr. Poplington, "but I really couldn't do that. I am not prejudiced at all, and I have a good many democratic ideas, but that is too much for me. An Englishman's house is his castle, and when he's traveling his railway carriage is his house. He likes privacy and dislikes publicity."

"This is a funny kind of privacy you have here," said Jone, "and how about your big clubs? Would you like to have them all divided up into little compartments with half a dozen men in each one, generally strangers to each other?"

"Oh, a club is a very different thing," said Mr. Poplington.

Jone was going to talk more about the comfort of the Pullman cars, but they began to shut the carriage doors and he had to come back to me.

We like English railway carriages very well when we can have one to ourselves, but if even one stranger gets in and has to sit looking at us for all the rest of the trip you don't feel anything like as private as if you was walking along a sidewalk in London.

But Jone and I both agreed we wouldn't find any fault with English people for not liking Pullman cars, so long as they put them on their trains for Americans who do like them. And one thing is certain, that if our railroad conductors and brakemen and porters was as polite and kind as they are in England, tips or no tips, we'd be a great deal better off than we are.

Whenever we stopped at a station the people would come and look through the windows at us, as if we was some sort of a traveling show. I don't believe most of them had ever seen a comfortable room on

wheels before. The other people in our car was all men, and looked as if they hadn't their families with them and was glad to get a little comfort on the sly. When we got to Rowsley we saw Mr. Poplington on the platform running about collecting all his different bits of luggage, and counting them to see that they was all there, and then, as we had a window open and was looking out, he came and bid us good-by, and when I asked him to he looked into our car.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," he said, "what a public apartment. I could not travel like that, you know. Good-by, I will see you at Buxton in a few days."

We talked a good deal with Mr. Poplington about the hotels of Buxton, and we had agreed to go to one called the Old Hall, where we are now. There was a good many reasons why we chose this house, one being that it was not as expensive as some of the others, though very nice, and another, which had a good deal of force with me, was that Mary, Queen of Scots, came here for her rheumatism, and the room she used to have is still kept, with some words she scratched with her diamond ring on the window-pane. Sometimes people coming to this hotel can get this room, and I was mighty sorry we couldn't do it, but it was taken. If I could have actually lived and slept in a room which had belonged to the beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots, I would have been willing to have just as much rheumatism as she had when she was here.

Of course modern rheumatisms are not as interesting as the rheumatisms people of the past ages had, but from what I have seen of this town I think I am going to like it very much, although we only got here this afternoon.

LETTER NO. XVII

BUXTON.

THE first thing Jone did the next morning after we got here was to go and see a doctor, who is a nice, kind old gentleman, who looks as if he almost might have told Mary, Queen of Scots, how hot she ought to have the water in her baths. He charges four times as much as the others, and has about a quarter as many patients, which makes it all the same to him and a good deal better for the rheumatic ones who come to him, for they have more time to go into particulars. And if anything does good to a person who has something the matter with him it's being able to go into particulars about it. It's often as good as medicine, and always more comforting.

We unpacked our trunks and settled ourselves down for a three weeks' stay here, for no matter how much rheumatism you have or how little, you've got to take Buxton and its baths in three weeks' doses.

Besides taking the baths Jone has to drink the waters, and as I cannot do much else to help him I am encouraging him by drinking them too. There are two places where you can get the luke-warm water that people come here to drink. One is the public well, where there is a pump free to everybody, and the other is in the pump-room just across the street from the well, where you pay a penny a glass for the same water which three doleful old women spend all their time pumping for visitors.

People are ordered to drink this water very carefully. It must be done at regular times, beginning with a little and taking more and more each day until you get to a full tumbler, and then if it seems to be too strong for you you must take less. So far as I can find out there is nothing particular about it except that it is luke-warm water, neither hot enough nor cold enough to make it a pleasant drink. It didn't seem to agree with Jone at first, but after he kept at it three or four days it began to suit him better, so that he could take nearly a tumbler without feeling badly. Two or three times I felt it might be better for my health if I didn't drink it, but I wanted to stand by Jone as much as I could and so I kept on.

We have been here a week now, and this morning I found out that all the water we drink at this hotel is brought from the well of St. Ann, where the public pump is, and everybody drinks just as much of it as they want whenever they want to, and they never think of any such thing as feeling

badly or better than if it was common water. The only difference is that it isn't quite as luke-warm when we get it here as it is at the well. When I was told this I was real mad, after all the measuring and fussing we had had when taking the water as a medicine, and then drinking it just as we pleased at the table. But the people here tell me that it is the gas in it which makes it medicinal, and when that floats out it is just like common water. That may be, but if there's a penny's worth of gas in every tumbler of water sold in the pump-room there ought to be some sort of a canopy put over the town to catch what must escape in the pourings and pumpings, for it's too valuable to be allowed to get away. If it's the gas that does it a rheumatic man anchored in a balloon over Buxton, and having the gas coming up unmixed to him, ought to be well in about two days.

When Jone told me his first bath was to be heated up to ninety-four degrees I said to him that he'd be boiled alive, but he wasn't, and when he came home he said he liked it. Everything is very systematic in the great bathing-house. The man who tends to Jone hangs up his watch on a little stand on the edge of the bathtub, and he stays in just so many minutes, and when he's ready to come out he rings a bell, and then he's wrapped up in about fourteen hot towels and sits in an armchair until he's dry. Jone likes all this and says so much about it that it makes me want to try it too, though as there isn't any reason for it I haven't tried them yet.

This is an awfully queer, old-fashioned town, and must have been a good deal like Bath in the days of Evelina. There is a long line of high buildings curved like a half moon, which is called the Crescent, and at one end of this is a pump-room, and at the other are the natural baths, where the water is just as warm as when it comes out of the ground, which is eighty-two degrees. This is said to chill people, but from what I remember about summer time I don't see how eighty-two degrees can be cold.

Opposite the Crescent is a public park called The Slopes, and further on there are great gardens with pavilions, and a band of music every day, and a theatre, and a little river, and tennis courts and all sorts of things for people who haven't anything to do with their time, which is generally the case with folks at rheumatic watering-places. Opposite to our hotel is a bowling court, which they say has been there for hundreds of years and is just as hard and smooth as a boy's slate. The men who play bowls here are generally those who have got over the rheumatism of their youth, and whose joints have not been very much stiffened up yet by old age. The people who are yet too young for rheumatism, and have come here with their families, play tennis.



MR. POPLINGTON LOOKING FOR THE LUGGAGE

The baths take such a little time, not over six or seven minutes for them each day, and every third day skipped, that there is a good deal of time left on the hands of the people here, and those who can't play tennis or bowl, and don't want to spend the whole time in the pavilion listening to the music, go about in bath-chairs, which, so far as I can see, are just as important as the baths. I don't know whether you ever saw a bath-chair, madam, but it's a comfortable little cab on three wheels pulled by a man. They take people everywhere and all the streets are full of them.

As soon as I saw these nice little traps I said to Jone, "Now this is the very thing for you. It hurts you to walk far and you want to see all over this town, and one of these bath-chairs will take you into lots of places where you couldn't go in a carriage."

"Take me!" said Jone. "I should say not. You don't catch me being hauled

about in one of those things as if I was in a sort of wheel-barrow ambulance being taken to the hospital, with you walking along by my side like a trained nurse. No indeed! I have not gone so far as that yet."

I told him this was all stuff and nonsense, and if he wanted to get the good out of Buxton he'd better go about and see it, and he couldn't go about if he didn't take a bath-chair, but all he said to that was that he could see it without going about and he was satisfied. But that didn't count anything with me, for the trouble with Jone is that he's too easy satisfied.

It's true that there is a lot to be seen in Buxton without going about. The Slopes are just across the street from the hotel, and when it doesn't happen to be raining we can go and sit there on a bench and see lively times enough. People are being trundled about in their bath-chairs in every direction; there is always a crowd at St. Ann's well, where the pump is; all sorts of cabs and carts are being driven up and down just as fast as they can go, for the streets are as smooth as floors, and in the morning and evening there are about half a dozen coaches with four horses, and drivers and horn blowers in red coats, the horses prancing and whips cracking as they start out for country trips or come back again. And as for the people on foot they just swarm like bees, and rain makes no difference, except that then they wear mackintoshes, and when it's fine they don't. Some of these people step along as brisk as if they hadn't anything the matter with them, but a good many of them help out their legs with canes and crutches. I begin to think I can tell how long a man has been at Buxton by the number of sticks he uses.

One day we was sitting on a bench in The Slopes enjoying a bit of sunshine that had just come along, when a middle-aged man, with a very high collar and a silk hat, came and sat down by Jone. He spoke civilly to us and then went on to say that if ever we happened to take a house near Liverpool he'd be glad to supply us with coals because he was a coal merchant. Jone told him that if he ever did take a house near Liverpool he certainly would give him his custom. Then the man gave us his card. "I come here every year," he said, "for the rheumatism in my shoulder, and if I meet anybody that lives near Liverpool, or is likely to, I try to get his custom. I like it here. There's a good many 'otels in this town. You can see a lot of them from here. There's St. Ann's, that's a good house but they charge you a pound a day, and then there's the Old Hall. That's good enough, too, but nobody goes there except shopkeepers and clergymen. Of course, I don't mean bishops—they go to St. Ann's."

I wondered which the man would think Jone was if he knew we was stopping at

the Old Hall, but I didn't ask him and only said that other people besides shopkeepers and clergymen went to the Old Hall, for Mary, Queen of Scots, used to stop at that house when she came to take the waters, and her room was still there just as it used to be.

"Mary, Queen of Scots!" said he. "At the Old Hall?"

"Yes," said I, "that's where she used to go—that was her hotel."

"Queen Mary, Queen of the Scots!" he said again. "Well, well, I wouldn't have believed it. But them Scotch people always was close-fisted. Now if it had been Queen Elizabeth, she wouldn't have minded a pound a day," and then, after asking Jone to excuse him for forgetting his manners and not asking where his rheumatism was, and having got his answer he went

(Continuation on page 25 of this issue)

A BEAUTIFUL ALIEN

By Julia Magruder

[With Illustration by A. B. Wenzell]

XV—Continued



How well might Christine have tried to parley with a coming storm of wind. The chained spirit within Noel had been set free by the words, "Yes, I love you," that Christine had spoken, and his passionate love must have its way. He followed her across the room, and with a gentle force, against which she was as helpless as a child, he compelled her to come into his arms, to put down her head against his shoulder and to rest on his bounding heart. He held her so in a close, restrictive pressure, against which she soon ceased to struggle, but lay there still and unresisting.

"Now," he said gently, speaking the low word softly and clearly in her ear, "now, speak, and I will listen."
"I love you," she said brokenly.
Their full hearts throbbed together as he answered:

"That is enough."
"It is all—the utmost," she went on. "I can never marry you. When you loose me from your arms to-night it will be forever. Hold me close a little longer, while I tell you."
Her voice was faint and uncertain; her frame was trembling; he could feel the whole weight of her body upon him, as he held her against his exultant heart, while the power that had come into him gave him a strength so mighty that he supported the sweet burden as if its weight were nothing.

"Go on," he murmured gently, in a secure and quiet tone, "I am listening."
"I only want to tell you, if I can, how much I love you. I want you to know it all, that the torment of having it unsaid may leave me."

Of her own will she raised her arms and put them close about his neck, laying down her face on one of them, so that her lips were close against his ear.

"At the first," she said, "I liked and admired you because I saw you were good and noble. Then I trusted you, and made your truth my anchor in the awful seas of trouble I was tossed in. Then I came to reverence and almost worship you for the highness that is in you, and then, oh, then after my baby died and my other dreadful sorrow came, against my will, in spite of hard fighting and struggling and trying, I went a step higher yet and loved you, with a love that takes in all the rest—that is admiration, and trust, and reverence, and love in one. Oh," she said with a great sigh, "you are the very treasure of my heart. But it is all in vain! I cannot tell you—I cannot! I say the utmost, and it seems pale and poor and miserably weak. You do not understand the love you have called into being in my poor, broken heart. I thought I should have the comfort of feeling I had told you. I feel only that I have failed! Oh, before we part, I want you to know how I love you—how the stress of it is bursting my heart—how the mightiness of it seems to expand my soul until it touches Heaven. Oh, if I could only ease my heart of its great weight of love by finding words to tell you."

He put his lips close to her ear.
"One kiss," he said softly, and then turned them to meet hers.

Christine gave him the kiss, and it was as he had said. The stress upon her heart was loosened. She felt she had told him all.

"You are mine," he said, in a calm, low voice of controlled exultation, although, even as he said it, he loosed her from his arms and suffered her to move away from him and sink into a chair. He came and sat down opposite her, repeating the words he had spoken.

"No," she said, "I am my own! I am the stronger to be so, now that the whole truth is known to you. Mr. Noel, I have only to tell you good-by. To-night must be the very last of it."

"Mr. Noel!" he threw the words back to her, with a little scornful laugh. "You

can never call me that again, without feeling it the hollowest pretense! I tell you you are mine!"

The assured, determined calm of his tones and looks began to frighten her. She saw the struggle before her assuming proportions that made her fear for herself—not for the strength of her resolve, but for her power to carry it out. She could only repeat, as if to fortify herself:

"I will never marry you."
"Why?" he asked.
"Because—ah, because I love you too much. Be merciful, and let that thought plead for me."

"It is for the same reason that I will never give you up. It is no use to oppose me now, Christine. You are mine and I am yours."

"But if you know that you make me suffer—"

"I know, too, that I can comfort you. I know I can make you happy, beyond your highest dreams. I know I can take you away from every association of sadness, far off to beautiful foreign countries where no one will know us for anything



"Do you think yourself a fit wife for my son?"

but what we are—what alone we shall be henceforth, a man and woman who love each other and who have been united in the holy bond of marriage, which God has blessed—just a husband and wife, Christine—get used to the dear names and thought—with whose right to love each other no one will have anything to do. If the idea of the past disturbs you we will get rid of it by going where we have no past, where no one will ever have heard of us before. As for ourselves, Christine, I can give you my honor that there is nothing in the past of either of us that disturbs me for one pulse-beat, and I'll engage to make you forget all that it pains you to remember. Why, it is a simple thing to do. We send for a clergyman, and here in this room, with Mrs. Murray and Eliza and Harriet for witnesses, we are married to-morrow morning! In the afternoon we sail for Europe, to begin our long life of happiness together. You know whether I could make you happy or not, Christine. You know whether your heart longs to go with me—just as surely as I know that my one possible chance of happiness is in getting your consent to be my wife."

"I cannot!" she said, "I cannot! We must think of others beside ourselves. If you are willing to sacrifice yourself, think of your mother and sisters!"

"Sacrifice myself! I sacrifice myself only if I give you up. You must feel the falseness of such a use of the word. As for

me come again to-morrow morning. I will leave you now and you must try to rest. Talk freely to Mrs. Murray. Ask her what you must do. Remember that I consent to wait, only because I am so determined. Listen to me one moment. I swear before Heaven I will never give you up. You gave yourself to me in that kiss, and you are mine."

"Yes," she said, as if that struggle were over with her now, "I am yours. I know it. Even if we part forever I am always yours. I will tell you what I will do. Your mother shall know everything and she shall decide."

He was at once afraid and glad, and Christine saw it.

"I must see your mother," she began.
"I will see her for you. I will tell her everything and you shall see she will be for us. But if she should not, I warn you, Christine, I will not give you up for any one alive."

"Listen to me," said Christine calmly. "This is what you must do. You must go to your mother and tell her there is some one that you love. Tell her as fully and freely as you choose. Convince her of the truth and strength of it as thoroughly as you can, and tell her that woman loves you in return, but has refused to marry you, for reasons which, if she would like to hear them, that woman herself will lay before her. I cannot let you do it for me," she went on earnestly. "I know you would

wish to spare me this, but only a woman's tongue could tell that story of misery, and only a woman's heart could understand it. You think she will love me for my misfortunes, as you have done in your great, generous heart. I do not dare to think it, but I will put it to the test. You must promise me to tell her nothing, except just what I have told you. Do you promise this?"

"I promise it, upon my honor; but remember, if my mother should decide against me, I do not give you up."
"No, but I will give you up."
"Christine!" he cried. "And yet you say you love me!"
"Oh, yes, I say I love you—and you know whether it is true."
She stood in front of him and looked him firmly in the face, but the look of her clear eyes was so full of crowding, overwhelming sorrow that love, for a while, seemed to have taken flight.

In vain he tried to put his hopeful spirit into her. She only shook her head and showed him a face of deep, unhoping sorrow.

"If your mother consents to see me, appoint an hour to-morrow morning and let me know. I will take a carriage and go alone—"

"I will come for you. I will bring my mother's carriage—"

"No, I must go alone, and I prefer to go in a hired carriage. You must see that no one else is present—neither of your sisters. It is to your mother only that I can say what I have to say."

"Everything shall be as you wish. But, Christine, don't be hurt if you find my mother's manner difficult, at first. She has had a great deal of trouble, and it has made her manner a little hard—"

"Ah," she said, "I can understand that."
"But it is only her manner," Noel went on, "her heart is kind and true."

"Don't try to encourage me. I am not afraid. If she has known the face of sorrow that is the best passport between us. Perhaps she will understand me."

"Promise me this, Christine—that whatever happens, you will see me to-morrow evening—and see me alone."
"I promise, but it may be to say good-by."

He repressed the defiant protest of his heart, secure in his strong resolve.

"Good-night, Christine," he said.

"Good-night," she answered. Her eyes seemed to look at him through a great cloud of sorrow, and her voice was like the speaking of a woman in a dream. There was a great and availing force in the mood that held her. Noel knew she wished to be alone and that she had need of the repose of solitude. So he only clasped her hand an instant, in a strong, assuring pressure, and was gone.

Exhausted, worn out, spent with sorrow, Christine retired at once to her room, and went wearily to bed, wondering what the next day would bring. She soon fell into a deep sleep, and slept heavily till morning, waking with a confused mingling of memory and expectancy in which joy and pain were inseparably united.

XVI
NOEL'S note came early. It announced that his mother would be ready to receive her visitor any time after eleven. It was full of the strongest assurances of love and constancy, and Christine knew it was meant to comfort and support her in her approaching ordeal. She felt so strong to meet this, however, that even Mrs. Murray's earnest protest that harm would come of the visit failed to intimidate her, and she turned a deaf ear to all her good friend's entreaties to her to give it up. Mrs. Murray's advice was for the immediate marriage and departure for Europe, but Christine's mind was made up and could not be shaken.

She was feeling strangely calm as she drove along through a part of the great city she had never even seen before, where there were none but splendid houses, with glimpses, through richly-curtained windows, of luxurious interiors, and where all the people who passed her, whether on foot or in handsome carriages, had an air of ease and comfort and luxury that made her feel herself still more an alien. She did not regret her resolution, but she felt quite hopeless of its result. It would make matters simpler for her, at all events.

When the carriage stopped she got out with a strange feeling of unreality, closed

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the door behind her, careful to see that it caught, spoke to the driver quietly and told him to wait, and then walked up the steps and rang the bell. During the moment she stood there a boy came along and threw a small printed paper at her feet. It was an advertisement of a new soap, and she was reading it mechanically when the door was opened by a tall man-servant who stood against the background of a stately hall, whose rich furnishings were revealed by the softened light that came through stained glass windows. Christine was closely veiled, and coming out of the sunshine it all seemed obscure and dim. She asked if Mrs. Noel was at home, and when the man said yes, and ushered her in she desired him to say to Mrs. Noel that the lady with whom she had an appointment was come.

Then she sat down in the great drawing-room and waited. The silence was intense. She seemed to have shrunk to a very small size as she sat in the midst of all this high-pitched, broad-proportioned stateliness. As her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness the objects about her seemed to come out, one by one—beautiful pictures, graceful statues, rich draperies and delicate, fine ornaments of many kinds. A carriage rolled by outside, one of the horses slipping on the thin coat of ice with which the shady side of the street was covered. The driver jerked him up sharply, with a smothered exclamation, and went on. As the sound of wheels died away she could hear a street band far off, playing a popular air. Then that too ceased and the silence without was as profound as the silence within. Christine felt precisely as if she were dreaming. It seemed to her hours that she had waited here, though she knew it was only a very few minutes, before the servant returned. Mrs. Noel requested that she would be kind enough to come up-stairs, he said.

Christine followed him silently up the great staircase, and was ushered into a room near its head. She heard the door closed behind her, and saw a small, slight figure, dressed in black, standing opposite to her.

"Good-morning. Excuse my asking you to come up-stairs," a clear, refined voice began; but suddenly it broke off, and perfect silence followed, and the eyes of the two women met. Christine was very pale, and those beautiful eyes of hers had dark rings around them, but they were marvelously clear and true, and, above all, they were eloquent with sorrow.

The elder woman advanced to her and took her hand.

"Oh, my child, how you must have suffered!" she said.

"Ah, you know what it is. You have suffered, too. We shall understand each other better for that."

"My dear, I seem to understand it all. Don't be unhappy. You need have no fear of me. If you love my son as he loves you, you have my consent. I will not ask to know anything."

"You must know. I have come to tell you. You will probably change your mind when you have heard."

The elder woman, who was pale and delicate, and yet in spite of all this bore some resemblance to her strong young son, now led her tall companion to a seat, and, sitting down in front of her, said kindly:

"Take off your hat and gloves, my dear. Try to feel at home with me. I love my son too dearly to go against him in the most earnest desire of his life. He has told me nothing, except that you love each other, and that there is something which you consider an obstacle to your marriage, but which he utterly refuses to accept as such. Tell me about it, dear, and let me set your mind at rest."

Christine took off her gloves, because they were a constraint to her, and now, as she gave her two bare hands into those of Mrs. Noel, she said calmly:

"You think it is some little thing—that lack of fortune or a difference in social position is the obstacle. I would not be here now if it were no more than that—for I do love him!"

The last words broke from her as if involuntarily, and the impulse that made her utter them sent the swift tears to her eyes. But she forced them back, and they had no successors.

"And he loves you, too—oh, how he loves you! I wonder if you know."

"Yes, I know—I know it all. He has shown and proved, as well as told me. We love each other with a complete and perfect love. Even if I have to give him up nothing can take that away."

"My dear, you need not give him up. I asked my son one question only: 'Is her honor free from stain?'"

"And what was his answer?"

"Absolutely and utterly. She is as stainless as an angel." Those were his very words.

"God bless him for them! God forever bless him!" said Christine. "I know, in his eyes, it is so."

"In his eyes!" repeated Mrs. Noel. "Is there any doubt that it would be so in any eyes?"

"Yes," said Christine, "there is great doubt."

It was well for her that she had not hoped too much—well that she had kept continually in mind the awful value of the revelation she had come to make. If she had been sanguine and confident the look that now came over the face of Noel's mother would have been a harder thing to bear. But Christine was all prepared for it. It wounded, but it did not surprise nor disturb her perfect calm. There was a distinct change in the tone with which Mrs. Noel now said:

"If you have been unfortunate, poor girl, and have been led into trouble without fault of your own, as may possibly be, no one could pity you more than I. I can imagine such a case, and I could not look at you and think any evil of you. But if you know the world at all, you must know that these things—let a woman be utterly free from fault herself—carry their inexorable consequences."

"I know the world but little," said Christine, "and yet I know that."

"Then, my dear child, you cannot wonder that the woman so unfortunately situated is thought to be debarred from honorable marriage."

"I do not wonder when I meet with this judgment in the world or in you. I only wondered when I found in your son a being too high for it—a being to whom right is right and pureness is pureness, as it is to God. You will remember, madame, that it was your son who claimed that I was not debarred from honorable marriage, and not I. Oh, I have suffered—you were right. No wonder that the sign of it is branded on my forehead for all the world to see. I have suffered in a way as far beyond the worst pain you have ever known as that pain of yours has been from pleasure. You have known death in its most awful form when it took from you your dearest ones, but I have known death too. My little baby, who was like the very core of my heart, round which the heartstrings twisted, and the clinging flesh was wrapped, was torn away from me by death, and it was pain and anguish unspeakable—but I have known a suffering compared to which that agony was joy. There can be worse things to bear than the death of your heart's dearest treasures—at least I know it may be so with women. And it was because you were a woman, with a woman's possibilities of pain, that I wanted to come to you—to tell you all, and let you say whether I am a fit wife for your son."

Ah, poor Christine! She felt, as she spoke those words, the silent, still, impalpable recoil in her companion's heart. She knew the poor woman was trying to be kind and merciful and sympathetic, but she also knew that what she had just said had rendered Noel's mother the foe and opposer of this marriage, instead of its friend.

"Go on, tell me all," his mother said, and that subtle change of voice and manner was distinct to the acute consciousness of Christine's suffering soul. "I will be your friend whatever happens, and I honor you for the spirit in which you look upon this thing. I will speak out boldly, though you know I dislike to give you pain. But tell me this: Do you think yourself a fit wife for my son?"

Christine raised her head and answered with a very noble look of pride:

"I do."

Her companion seemed to be surprised, and a faint shade of disapproval crossed her face.

"I know it," said Christine. "I know he did not say too much when he spoke those blessed words to you, and said I was stainless. God saw my heart through everything and He knows that it is so, but the world thinks otherwise. The world, and his own family, perhaps, would think your son lowered and dishonored by marrying me, and I never could consent to go among the people who could think it; so, if he married me, he would not only have to bear this odium, but to give up too, forever, his home and relatives, and friends and country, and it was for these reasons I refused to marry him—not for an instant because I felt myself unworthy."

It was plain that these earnest words had moved her companion deeply, and that she felt a desire to hear more.

"Tell me the whole story," she said. "This you have promised to do, and you have made me eager to hear it. Remember how little I have been told. I do not even know your name."

With the full gaze of her sorrowful eyes upon the elder woman's face, she said quietly:

"My name is Christine."

There was an infinite proud calm in her voice, and in the same tone she went on:

"I bore throughout my childhood and my young girl days another name that seems in no sense to belong to me now. That child and girl, Christine Verrone, is not in any way myself. It seems only a sweet memory of a dear young creature, nearer akin to the birds, and the winds, and the flowers than to me. I cannot feel I ought to take her name, and pass myself for her. For three years I bore another name, but it is one my very lips refuse to utter now, and I never had a right to it. The one name that I feel is really mine is

just Christine—the name that was given to the little baby, on whose forehead the sign of the cross was made soon after she came into this sad world, to taste of its most awful sorrow and to grow into the woman that I am. I have always loved it, because, in sound, it seemed to bring me near to Christ—the dear Christ who has never forsaken me since I have borne His sign, who has been through all my loving, dear Brother, knowing and understanding all and grieving that I had to suffer so. He is with me still. He will stay with me if I have to give up earthly love and all that can make life happy. I know He has let it all happen to me, and that it must be for my good. I know I am as pure in His eyes as when I was that little baby, baptized in His name, bearing the humanity He bore. You may decide my earthly happiness as you choose. I am not comfortless. I know now the extent of His perfect power to comfort, since I find that He can support me through the supreme trial of giving up the man I love. It is in our darkest hour He comes closest," she said, as if in a sort of ecstasy. "He is here right with me now, strengthening and blessing me. I can feel His hands on my head. They actually press and touch me."

The fervor of her voice, the exaltation of her look, and the extreme realism of the words she used were indescribably awing and agitating to her companion, to whom such evidences in connection with religious feeling were utterly unprecedented. She saw that the source of this deep emotion was utter despair of earthly happiness, as, in truth, it was. From the moment that Christine had noted the change in her companion, which had followed her partial confession, she felt that her doom was sealed, and it was under the influence of this conviction that she had spoken. She felt anxious now to finish the interview and get away, that she might look her sorrow in the face, without the feeling of strange eyes upon her, and that she might gather strength for her parting with the man she loved.

Her last words had been followed by a thrilling silence which the other felt herself powerless to break. It was Christine who spoke.

"I promised your son that I would tell you the history of my life," she said. "I can give it to you very briefly. I was as innocent and unknowing as a little child when I was taken from the convent where I was educated, and married by my father to a man I scarcely knew. I suppose I was a burden to my father and he wanted to get rid of me. He told me that the whole of my mother's little fortune had been spent on my education, and that he had no home to take me to, and that I must marry. The young man he chose for me was good-looking and kind, though he did not speak my language, and I knew almost nothing of his. My father did everything. He assured me this man adored me and would do everything to make me happy—would always take care of me and give me a beautiful home in his land beyond the sea. I was ignorant of marriage as a baby. It was easy to get up a girlish fancy for the young man thus presented to my childish imagination, and I consented willingly. I had a lot of charming clothes ordered for my trousseau, and I was as delighted as a child. In this way I was married—"

"Ah, you were really married!" interrupted her companion, the cloud on her face beginning to clear away. Christine saw it with a tinge of bitterness in her gentle heart.

"No," she said, almost coldly, "I was not really married. I thought so, and for three years I struggled through pain and woe and horror to do my duty to the man to whom I believed myself bound by the holy and indissoluble tie of marriage. I was ignorant, but somehow I had imbibed from every source ever opened to me a deep sense of the sacredness and eternity of that bond. So I fought and struggled on, feeling that truth to that obligation was my one anchor in a sea of trouble. I thought when I came here I could tell you some of the things I felt and endured, but I cannot. There would be no use. The bare fact is enough for a woman's heart. When my child came I fixed my whole soul's devotion on him. He was always delicate and feeble, but I loved him as, perhaps, a strong and healthy child could not have been loved. His father never noticed him at all, except to show that he thought him a burden. That was the final touch of complete alienation. Love—or what I had once called by that name—was gone long ago. We had become extremely poor—every cent of the principal had been spent in the most reckless way—oh, I can't tell you all that. Your son will tell you if you ask him. I think a sort of mental lack was at the back of it. I must hurry; I can't bear to go over it all now. I met your son on the steamer coming over, and he was kind to me then, suspecting, perhaps, how things were tending. Long after I met him again, accidentally, and he found out how wretched and poor I was, with my baby ill, and in need almost of the necessities of life. He gave me sittings at his studio, then, and paid me for them—larger sums, I suppose, than they were worth. At any rate, he and a good doctor

and an old servant helped me through my trouble when my baby died and was buried. Then—oh, I am almost done with it now, thank God!" she said, with a great sobbing breath—"it came to your son's knowledge, professionally, that another woman claimed the man I supposed to be my husband, and he was about to be tried for—" she hesitated before the word, and could not utter it. "Then—it was months ago—he took me to Mrs. Murray, who took care of me through all the misery and wretchedness of those first weeks, and afterward got me work to do that I might make my own living. There I have been, in my sad peace and safety, ever since—a broken-hearted, wretched, nameless woman, and as such your son loved me. I returned his love with all the fire and strength of an utterly unexpended force. I had never loved before. I never felt the power of that love so mighty as now, in this moment that I give him up."

"You shall not give him up! I know it all now, and, in spite of everything, I tell you you shall not. Christine, listen, I give my consent. I declare to you that you honor him supremely when you agree to marry him. My child, if you had had a mother all this would not have come to you. I rejoice to take you for my daughter. Look at me, Christine, and try to feel that you have a mother at last."

It was almost too much for the strained nerves of the girl. She could have borne denial calmly, seeing that she was ready for it, but the great rush of joy that surged into her heart at these unexpected words confused and agitated her. A strong voice spoke to her words of comfort and cheer, and loving arms embraced her. Sweet mother-kisses were pressed upon her cheeks and eyes, and she was gently reassured and calmed and strengthened. Her mind was still a little dazed, however, and she did not quite know how it was that she found herself now standing alone, near the middle of the room.

The door opened. Some one entered and closed it softly. She felt that it was Noel. He paused an instant near the threshold, and she turned her head and looked at him. He held out his arms. They moved toward each other, and she was folded in a close embrace. They remained so, absolutely still. Her heart was beating in full, thick throbs against his, which kept time to it. Her closed eyes were against his throat, and she would not move so much as an eyelash. She gave herself up utterly to this ecstasy of content.

"Don't move," she whispered. She was afraid this perfect moment would be spoiled; a kiss, even, would have done it. But he seemed to understand, and except to tighten slightly the pressure of his arms he kept profoundly still. She could hear his low, uneven breathing and the faint, regular ticking of his watch. They seemed enclosed in a silence vast as space, and sweeter than thought could fathom. A great ocean of contentment flowed about them, stretching into infinity. Neither could have thought of anything to wish for. They seemed in absolute possession of all joy.

A sound—the striking of a clock—broke the spell of silence. They moved a little apart, and so looked long into each other's eyes. Then Noel bent toward the face upraised to his, and their lips met.

There were tears in Christine's eyes as she sank back from that kiss, but her happiness was complete, absolute, supreme. God had given to them both His richest gift of pleasure after pain.

(Conclusion)

**Miss Magruder's story of "A Beautiful Alien" was commenced in the issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for December, 1893. A full set of the numbers containing the complete story will be sent to any address upon receipt of 70 cents, postage free.

A GIRL'S GREATEST HAPPINESS

IS frequently found in her ability to play or sing. Often where the desire for musical or vocal training exists, the means are wanting. This is now no longer true. During the past three years over 112 girls have received musical and vocal educations without a penny's cost to themselves—all their expenses, even their cost of living, having been paid for them by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. What these hundred and more girls have done, every girl can do, if she wills. The JOURNAL stands not only ready, but anxious to help her. It will place any sort of a musical or vocal education within her hands, free of all expense. All the resources and equipments of the finest musical conservatory in America are hers for the asking, as they were for the 112 girls who took advantage of them. Simply write to THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and you will be told how the other girls did it, and what is possible for any other girl to do—even the humblest village girl in the land. Where she lives makes no difference. Likewise is it possible for the girl who loves art to secure for herself a free education in painting, modeling, sculpture, water-color or illustration.

THE GAME OF GOLF FOR WOMEN

by John Gilmer Speed

GOLF, the great national game of Scotland, has become both popular and fashionable in England, and is likely soon to be held in high favor in America. Those who are ignorant of the game beyond that it is of Scottish origin, and who have only the vague idea of it that "shinney" sticks and balls and holes are employed in playing it, usually smile in a good-natured and superior way when it is mentioned, just as an accomplished gourmet would smile if he were told that haggis was good to eat. "Good for a Scotchman to eat," the gourmet's smile would say as plainly as uttered syllables. And so the ignorant sportsman would be apt to speak of the ancient and royal game of golf. But in reality there was never a more fascinating nor a more healthful game invented than golf, and the sooner it becomes popular in America the better it will be for all of those who fall under the spell of its charm. In writing about the humors of the game Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary adversary, Mr. Balfour, has said: "Consider, for instance, the fact that while the performers at other games are restricted within comparatively narrow limits of age, golf is out of relation with no one of the seven ages of man. Round the links may be seen in endless procession not only players of every degree of skill and of every social condition, but also of every degree of maturity and immaturity. There is no reason, in the nature of things, why golf should not be begun as soon as one can walk, and continued as long as one can walk."

NOW, if very young children and very old men can compete in golf, finding both pleasure and healthful exercise in it, why should it not be played also by women? As a matter of fact, women play the game both in Scotland and England, and to some extent in this country, where the game is as yet known at but few places. Prominent among these places are Yonkers, New York; Shinnecock Hills, on Long Island, and Newport, Rhode Island. It is quite likely, however, that before the winter of this year it will be played in half a hundred neighborhoods, and where it is once introduced it is likely to flourish permanently. Some ten years ago a gentleman passing a tennis court near London, and in the neighborhood of a recently-opened golf links, said to the keeper, "Do you have much play here?" "We used to, sir," replied

the keeper, "but ever since this blanked Scotch croquet has come into fashion no one ever comes into the tennis court." This anecdote has been related because it emphasizes the important fact that golf is a suitable game for all men, women and children who are not actual invalids. Tennis, being both fast and furious, is a game exclusively for young people who are both strong and agile. To be able to walk and to have the free use of the arms is all that golf primarily requires.

girl begin playing at ten years of age and keep it up for half a century, at the end of that time the player should make the best score ever by him or her achieved. It is a matter of record that the most famous professional golfer in Scotland, old Tom Morris, keeper of the links at St. Andrews, made the best score of his life on his sixty-fourth birthday. This can be said of no other game with which I have acquaintance. The advantage of it, and specially with reference to women players, is too obvious to argue. Another advantage is this: golf can be taken up even in late middle life by both men and women, and such players will be gratified to observe that their play improves quite steadily with practice. With golf links in every neighborhood there is no reason why the middle-aged woman should fasten herself in a rocking-chair and consent to be regarded by the youngsters around her as antiquated at forty-five. Instead of that, with firm tread, she can, with her golfing club, follow her ball from link to link, renewing her beauty and her youth by exercise in the open air.

IT will not be easy to explain golf so that it may be understood by those who have never seen it played. But by means of the accompanying diagram I shall endeavor to explain briefly. The grounds on which the game is played are called links, each distance between holes being a link. The object of the game is to drive a small gutta-percha ball one and a half inches in diameter from hole to hole until the full course be covered. The player doing this in the least number of strokes is the winner. For the purpose of driving the ball there are various clubs, some twelve in number, fashioned so as to do what is desired. Chief among these are the driver, the cleak, the niblick, the loftier, the spoon and the putter. These clubs are carried by a lad technically called a "caddie," whose other duties are to keep track of the ball after a stroke, so that it may not be lost, to keep the score of strokes, and also to give advice as to any particular stroke or club. No one save the "caddie" is permitted to advise the player. The game is played by sides—one against one, or two against two. When there are two on each side the game is called a foursome. Each hole is about four inches in diameter, and these are surrounded by a few yards of smoothly-prepared grounds called putting greens. Near by each hole is a place called the "teeing ground." In our diagram the first "teeing ground" is "A," and the first hole "B." Now, at the beginning of the game the player takes a handful of earth and makes a little mound above the turf. This mound is called the "tee," and on this the ball is placed. Now the player makes the first drive, sending the ball as far as possible toward "B," six hundred feet away. For fear of misunderstanding it is well, perhaps, to say just here that there is no general rule for laying out golfing links. The topography of the ground must be considered, and the distance between holes regulated as much by the hazards the player will encounter as by anything else. But the distance between holes should never be less than four hundred and fifty feet, as a good driver can send his ball that far with one stroke. Now return to the diagram. The player has driven the ball toward "B," and the first stroke probably takes the ball somewhere near the stone wall that intervenes. Now judgment must be used as to what club to use. If the player is tolerably close to the wall the loftier will be selected so as to strike the ball high into the air and so clear the wall. If the ball is very close the spoon may be used, but if there is space enough for a second long drive then the cleak or niblick will be employed. Having cleared the wall the player approaches the "putting green" around the hole "B." Once within the green the putter is used and play made for the hole. If it require more than two strokes to make the hole from within the green the player will be more than amiable if he preserve an easy temper.

THERE is, it must be said, a vast difference between good playing and bad, but even the bad player feels from the very first time that he tries to drive the ball from the "tee" that he can improve with a little patience and practice. And what is more he does improve. All of the golf authorities are agreed that if a boy or

HOLE "B" having been made the score of strokes required to achieve this result is noted and the ball removed to "teeing ground" "C," whence it is driven toward hole "D," and the proceedings just described repeated till all of the links have been covered and the hole at "S" has been made. Once around the course of the links as shown in this diagram would be short of a mile, though, to be sure, the player would, in all probability, have walked a mile and a half in going the course. This would make a very short course, so with such links very likely a game would consist of three times around. Therefore, over such links in each game a player will have walked something like four miles and a half, and this will not have been on a paved street or dusty roadway, but over grassy fields with fences here and there and every now and then, perhaps, a brook. Walking is capital exercise, but an objectless walk to the majority of persons seems more like labor than sport. But the walking a golfer does is purposeful, and therefore never tiresome; but when five or six miles have been covered by a stout person, a trifle short of breath, and specially if the course be a good deal up and down hill, that player when the last hole has been made will be apt to conclude that he or she has been doing something. And if the score shows that the player has improved since the last game then the wholesome fatigue will be doubly grateful and the next golfing day be looked forward to with pleasurable anticipations.

The history of golf is so lost in antiquity that even so erudite a scholar and patriotic a Scot as Andrew Lang failed in his efforts to trace its origin. He believes that the Scots six hundred years or so ago got the idea from some foreign game and then developed it to what it is now. Of its antiquity there can be no doubt.

THE links at St. Andrews are the most famous in existence, and there Mary Stuart played after the death of Darnley. For centuries the rules of golf were not codified, but were handed down from generation to generation with the dignity of traditions and the authority of established customs. But in more recent years, and rather for the benefit of foreign than Scotch players, the laws of the links at St. Andrews have been formulated and printed. I have only seen these rules in the golf volume of the Badminton Library, but they have probably also been printed in other books. The rules are simple and easily understood by

THE fact that in playing this game men lose their tempers and make ridiculous spectacles of themselves, and the further fact that not all of them are always restrained in their language, are the reasons, I fancy, which induced Andrew Lang to say that there are "excellent reasons for objecting to the flutter of petticoats on the green." Such reasons are no reasons at all against the presence of women in games of golf, but an argument in favor of their playing with the men, for their presence would



ON THE "PUTTING GREEN"

restrain a man both in language and in deeds, and such restraint would be a good thing for all concerned. One of the rules of the game is that after the ball is in play it shall not be touched with anything other than the club, and that each time it is so touched a stroke shall be added to the score. It is the general testimony of golf authorities that there is nothing that so strains a person's integrity as the obeying of this rule. The temptation to touch the ball with the foot and put it into a better position for a good stroke is said to be too great for some players to resist. These authorities also agree in saying that a man who once yields to this temptation is irretrievably lost, and that his capacity to be honest in golf is as hopelessly gone as the power of a sheep-killing dog to stop taking his mutton on the hoof. These authorities recommend not betting heavily with such offenders, but in other regards not to pay any attention to their play.

THIS is another feature of the game that women would do much toward reforming. A gallant gentleman will not cheat a woman, and a woman at all worthy of consideration will not cheat any one at all. The only arguments against women playing golf are to the effect that they may in one way or another interfere with the play of men. This I have shown to be untrue, and I trust I have also said enough about the fascination of the game and its suitability for women to induce many to try it. Nine out of ten of those who try it once will keep up their play if they live within easy reach of any golfing links. And as golfing links can be established easily in every country neighborhood, places to play will probably be accessible to nearly all women so soon as the beauties and charms of the game become to be known and appreciated.

The practical instruction needed in locating a course and playing the game should be easily accessible in every part of America. Nearly all Scotchmen, not from the great cities such as Glasgow and Edinburgh, know the game, and some such amiable person can pretty surely be found almost anywhere. And such a one may be depended upon to teach with enthusiastic pleasure his great national game, which bids fair soon to belong to the whole world. So charming, innocent and healthful a game is worthy of the strongest possible encouragement.



POSITION AT "TOP OF SWING"

any one who has once seen the game, but to the totally uninitiated they appear to be hopelessly unintelligible. For that reason I do not in this paper go into detail.

The etiquette of the game is also well established, and therefore there is little or no excuse for angry disputes in the course of a game. For instance, ten, twenty or even thirty parties may be going over the course at the same time. There might be interferences between these parties were not the etiquette well understood, for it is frequently the case that the players who started from the "teeing ground" first may be slow or meet with misfortune, while all may go smoothly and quickly for those behind. In such a case the slow or unfortunate players make way and wait till the luckier players have gone ahead. Then, again, etiquette requires that the players ahead shall be warned that a ball that might strike one of the players is about to be driven. Were these customs not established by long usage there might occasionally something disagreeable happen in a game, for there are times in the game when the temper of an unlucky player is most sorely tried. Mr. Balfour says that in England and Scotland bad language is not as frequently heard in a game of golf as it once was. He says: "Deeds, not words, are required in extreme cases to meet the exigencies of the situation, and as justice, prudence and politeness all conspire to shield his opponent from physical violence it is on the clubs that, under these circumstances, vengeance most commonly descends. Most players content themselves with simply breaking the offending weapon against the ground."



POSITION FOR "THE DRIVE"

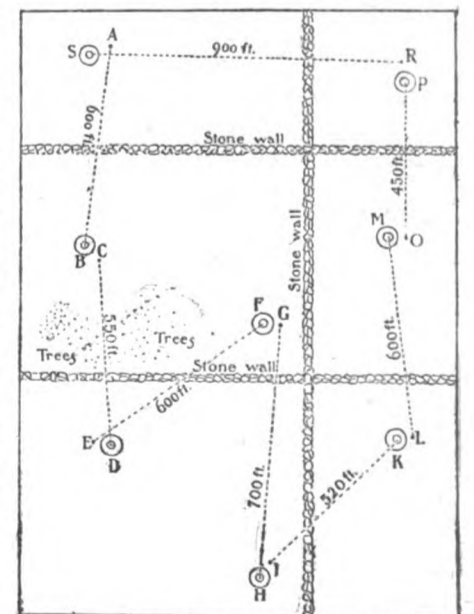
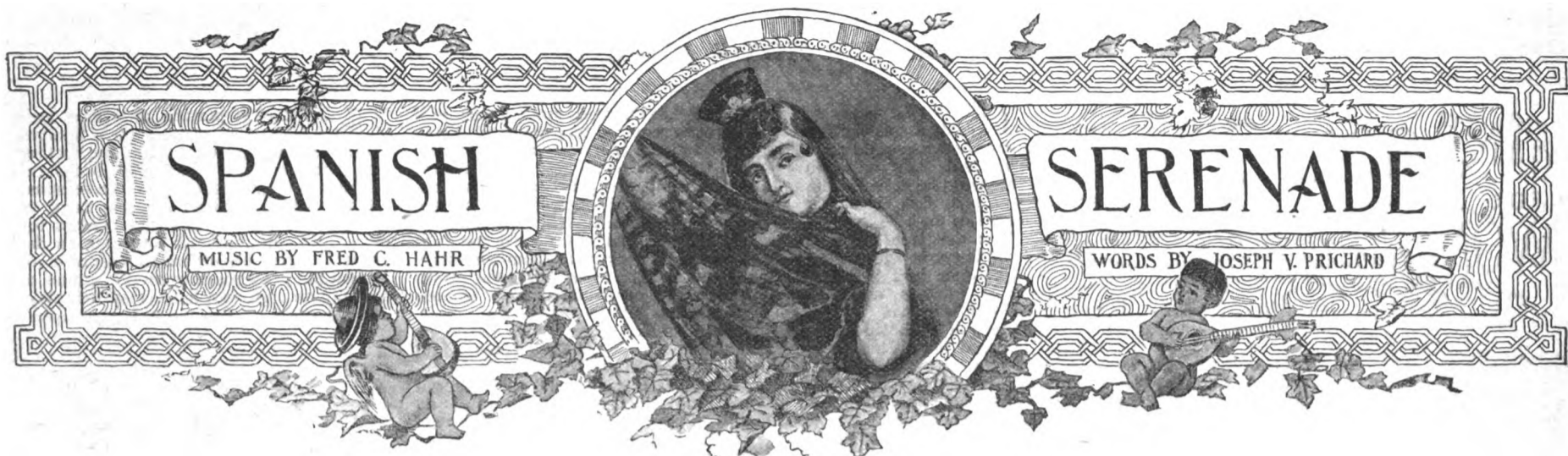


DIAGRAM OF A GOLF LINKS



To which, as the best original song, was given the award of \$100, in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL'S 1893 series of prizes for original musical compositions
 [All rights protected and reserved by THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL]

Allegretto. *dolce con espressione.*

1. Sweet love, the pale brow'd
 2. The nest - ing birds are
 3. Haste love, a film a -

p *non legato.*

ten.
 shep - herd - ess..... has turned her flocks a - field,..... has
 wide a - wake..... I hear their love - notes low,..... I
 cross the moon..... has bathed the world in gloom,..... has

ten. *ten.*
p quasi echo.

poco ritenuto. *a tempo.* *p* *pp*

turned her flocks a - field, Oh, love! my love!.....
 hear their love - notes low, Oh, love! my love!.....
 bathed the world in gloom, Oh, love! my love!.....

poco ritenuto. *ten. a tempo.* *ten.*

mf *ten.* *cres*

And to the night winds',..... the night winds' bland ca - res..... the ghost - ly
 The brook-let hast ens,..... it hast - ens to the lake..... with ea - ger
 Dim shapes flit by,..... weird voi - ces croon..... fore - bod - ing

mf *cres*

cen do.

lil - ies yield,..... the ghost-ly lil - ies yield,..... Oh, love!..... my.....
 murm'ring flow,..... with eag - er murm'ring flow,..... Oh, love!..... my.....
 some dread doom,..... fore-bod - ing some dread doom,..... Oh, love!..... my.....

poco a poco. cres - - - cen - - - do.

love!..... Oh, love!..... ap - pear!..... my
 love!..... Oh, love!..... a - rise!..... my
 love!..... Oh, love!..... a - rise!..... my

un poco strin - - - gen - - - do.

cres cen do. ritard. f piu animato.

ten. dolce.

love!..... ap - pear!..... with-out thy smile..... my heart is..... drear!..... with -
 love!..... a - rise!..... ap - pear, un - veil..... thy star - ry eyes!..... ap -
 love!..... ap - pear!..... Oh, save thy love - - er, dear - - est dear!..... dear!..... Oh

cres. f

out thy smile my heart is drear! Oh, love!... my love!..... ap - pear!.....
 pear, un - veil thy star - ry eyes! Oh, love!... my love!..... ap - pear!.....
 save thy lov - er, dear - est dear! Oh, love!... my love!..... ap - pear!.....

dolce. piu f f colla voce. p

D. S. CODA.

p Fare - well!..... my love!.....

D. S. CODA. p smor - - zan - do.

THE WHITE RUBBER GOAT

BY CARL SMITH

LORD BYRON looks with a haughty stare
Straight out from the shelf at me,
With the handsomest wave to his smooth,
bisque hair

That an artist would care to see,
And the proudest curl to his silent lip,
And the coldest and loftiest smile,
With his head set back at a lordly tip
O'er that collar of flaring style.

And down in the corner of that same shelf
As meek as a goat might be,
A white rubber goat—ashamed of himself—
Stands wobbling his beard at me.
A white rubber goat that I happen to know
Has a wonderful whistle somewhere
Concealed in the region that's hid below
The wealth of his rubber hair.

The white rubber goat is a homely goat
With eyes that are bloodshot and red,
And lumpy whiskers that hang from his throat
In a bunch like a beard of lead,
And the voice that he shrieks from his stomach
is shrill,
And his figure is awkward and squat,
But I ween that that white rubber goat will
fulfill
An errand which Byron cannot.

Oh, Byron, look down with your cold, bisque
eye
And scorn the white goat if you will;
You never can quiet my baby's cry
With that countenance haughty and chill;
This critic of art with her rosy fist
Will pass you all scornfully by
For the goat whose red mouth into white has
been kissed
And whose voice is a squeeze-whistle's cry.

ARE OLD MAIDS UNATTRACTIVE?

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE



THE prejudice which certainly still exists in the average mind against unmarried women must be of comparatively modern origin. From the earliest ages, in ancient Greece and Rome particularly, the highest honors were paid them. They were the ministers of the old religions, and regarded with superstitious awe. The Priestess of Delphi, the most famous oracle in the ancient world—the Pythia she was called—was at first a young girl, but later was a woman past fifty. Many of the oracles of Rome, as well as Greece, were delivered by unwedded women. The Vestal virgins, priestesses of Vesta, guarded the sacred fire and the palladium, on whose preservation the Roman power was thought to depend. Amalthea, who offered the famous nine books to Tarquin, and her sister, Libyls, were, like the priestesses and Vestals, consecrated to chastity, and its violation was punished with death. Most of the canonized women of the Roman Catholic Church were husbandless, and the hierarchy has always attached great spiritual importance and extreme merit to abstinence from marriage.

SINCE the Reformation, especially during the last century, and in our own land, matrimony has been so much esteemed, notably by women, that it has come to be regarded as in some sort discreditable for them to remain single. Old maids are mentioned on every hand with mingled pity and disdain, arising, no doubt, from the belief, conscious or unconscious, that they would not be what they are if they could help it. Few persons have a good word for them as a class. We are constantly hearing of lovely maidens, charming wives, buxom widows, but almost never of attractive old maids. The popular notion is that if they had been attractive they would have found husbands. Not having these the forced inference is that they have had no offers. The opinion of the average man, if not of the average woman, is that every woman is anxious to get married, and that, if she fails, it is through no fault of hers. The postulate is that she has made every effort to that end, and has not succeeded. Considering man's susceptibility to any form or degree of feminine bewitchment, is not the notion that old maids are unattractive justified?

Discarding prejudice and fallacy let us look at the facts: Are old maids unattractive, as they are imagined and represented? Yes. As they exist, as they really are? No. The people who think and talk of old maids most are apt to have in mind a picture not borrowed from Nature, but inherited by tradition. The imaginary old maid is sallow, lank, raw-boned, sharp-featured, thin-voiced, acidulous in expression and in spirit. She is peevish, complaining, envious, malignant, covetous, wholly unsympathetic. Nobody would select her for a friend any more than for a wife. She is never trusted, esteemed nor loved. There is no such creature, of course—there could not be such a compound of humanity, all defects, without a redeeming trait.

THE real old maid is like any other woman. She has faults necessarily, though not those commonly conceived of. She is often plump, pretty, amiable, interesting, intellectual, cultured, warm-hearted, benevolent, and has ardent friends of both sexes. These constantly wonder why she has not married, for they feel that she must have had many opportunities. Some of them may know why; she may have made them her confidantes. She usually has a sentimental, romantic, frequently a sad and pathetic past, of which she does not speak, unless in the sacredness of intimacy. She is not dissatisfied, querulous nor envious. On the contrary, she is, for the most part, singularly content, patient and serene—more so than many wives who have household duties and domestic cares to tire and trouble them.

As is often thought, she should have been married, judging from externals in a cursory way. But who can tell? Only she is capable of determining, and she has already determined. It is an impertinence for others to discuss the matter. Every woman of good sense who has reached discretionary years must settle that momentous question for herself. She knows better about it than any one else can know. Hers is the risk, hers the responsibility; the final decision should be hers also.

It is a stupid, as well as a heinous mistake, that women who remain single do so from necessity. Almost any woman can get a husband if she is so minded, as daily observation attests. When we see the multitude of wives who have no visible signs of matrimonial recommendation why should we think that old maids have been totally neglected? We may meet those who do not look inviting. But we meet any number of wives who are even less inviting.

It must be very rare indeed that an old maid is such from lack of connubial opportunity. Her condition indicates not that she is unattractive, but that she is somewhat fastidious, that she demands certain qualities in him that she chooses for a partner, and not finding them that she prefers to continue partnerless. The appearance and outgiving of many wives denote that they have accepted the first offer; the appearance and outgiving of many old maids that they have declined repeated offers. It is undeniable that wives, in the mass, have no more charm than old maids have, in the mass. But, as the majority of women are married, they are no more criticized nor commented on, in the bulk, than the whole sex are. They are spoken of individually as pretty or plain, bright or dull, pleasant or unpleasant; while old maids are judged as a species, and almost always unfavorably.

MANY an old maid, so-called, unexpectedly to her associates, becomes a wife, some man of taste, discernment and sympathy having induced her to change her state. Probably no other man of his kind has proposed before, which accounts for her singleness. After her marriage hundreds of persons who had sneered at her condition find her charming, thus showing the extent of their prejudice against feminine celibacy. Old maids in general, it is fair to presume, do not wait for opportunities, but for proposers of an acceptable sort. They may have, indeed they are likely to have, those, but not to meet these. Marriage, in the main, is a question of propinquity; old maidenhood is a question of suitability.

The time was, and not long ago, when most women in this country were chagrined if they were not furnished with husbands. They felt that it was a reproach to themselves, and they took husbands, therefore, without reflection or investigation, intent on mating rather than matching.

The time has changed, and women have changed with it. They have grown more sensible, more independent in disposition as well as circumstances. They no longer marry for support; they have proved their capacity to support themselves, and self-support has developed them in every way. Assured that they can get on comfortably and contentedly alone they are better adapted by the assurance for consortship. They have rapidly increased from this and cognate causes, and have so improved in person, mind and character that an old maid of to-day is wholly different from an old maid of forty years ago.

Now she is frequently a superior and exceptionally attractive woman. She has ceased to be regarded as she was in the last generation. Instead of a woman who could not secure a husband she is more likely to be recognized as a woman without one, because difficult to please.

Many excellent men like a spinster—this is the better word—are fonder of her companionship than they are of younger maids, or wives or widows. She is less personal, less flighty, less sentimental than young maids. She is not inclined, as is often charged on wives, to talk overmuch of children and servants. She is not suspected, as widows are, though very unjustly, of cherishing fresh connubial designs. She is, in these days, usually intelligent, reasonable, sweet-natured, interesting, helpful. If she had ever been what she is accused of being she has now evolved into rounded and attractive womanhood.

WHEN MOLLIE BATHES THE BABY

BY THOMAS BEWSY HOLMES

WHEN Mollie bathes the baby
I lay my book aside
And watch the operation
With deep paternal pride;
I scan the dimpled body
Of the struggling little elf,
For undeveloped points of
Resemblance to myself.

When Mollie bathes the baby
She always says to me:
"Isn't he just as cunning
And sweet as he can be?
Just see those pretty dimples!
Aren't his eyes a lovely blue?"
And then, "You precious darling,
I could bite those arms in two."

When Mollie bathes the baby
I always say to her:
"Look out now, don't you drop him,"
And she answers back, "No, sir!"
Then I talk about his rosy cheeks,
The muscles in his arms,
His shapely head, his sturdy legs,
And other manly charms.

When Mollie bathes the baby
The household bends its knee,
And shows him greater deference
Than it ever shows to me.
But I feel no jealous goading.
As they laud him to the skies,
For every one assures me
That he has his father's eyes.

OLD-FASHIONED PLAIN SEWING

BY SYBIL LANIGAN



IT was said by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu that it was as scandalous for a woman not to be able to use a needle as for a man not to be able to use a sword. But that was about a hundred and fifty years ago. In this century either implement may lie unused without dishonor, and yet the needle remains the symbol of womanly efficiency as the sword does of soldierly achievement.

THE click of the sewing machine has largely superseded the little noiseless shining badge of industry, and the products of the loom have rendered much of its service unnecessary. Still it is as wise to train a girl in the use of needle, thimble and scissors nowadays as in the time of witty Lady Mary. In the present difficult conditions of life the more a woman can make with her own hands of the things necessary for existence the better will she be able to solve the problem, "how to make a living." The girl who can deal with the every-day elements of life with sense, taste and ability will, in all probability, be the one of whom it can be said "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her," and also the one best fitted to "go it alone" in life with happiness, usefulness and success. We must live on the basis of food and clothes while in this mundane state; the less the friction in obtaining these the greater the power in other lines. The lubricating oil that reduces the friction to a minimum is knowledge, practical knowledge in both departments, and this knowledge it is one of a woman's primary duties to possess. We will speak only of one of the fundamental arts, sewing. Ready-made clothing offers great temptations to the unskilled. It seems folly to spend hours of labor to produce an article that will not appear as well as that offered for sale, but it is at the sacrifice of ability, individuality, and conscience sometimes, that these ready-made articles are purchased. You lighten your purse to lengthen your leisure. Will you employ the purchased time to greater advantage? Has no one suffered that you may buy cheaply? Will the garment express your refinement in material and finish? Can you make when you cannot buy? There are immediate and unquestioned advantages to large classes in the possibility of purchasing all we need to put on in a completed state, but if you are one of the women who have more time than money you may find economy, beauty and pleasure achieved in using your own fingers.

There has been a revival of needlework along artistic lines, and one who has been trained in old-fashioned plain sewing will find no great difficulty in compassing embroidery or drawn-work in their countless combinations. But there are better though less attractive uses for the needle. Artistic needlework makes heavy draughts on time and eyesight, two most precious things, and it is the exceptional woman who can make it an adequate source of revenue. Then the grace of the fashion of it perisheth; what was wrought with so much care and thought two years ago is out of date in design and finish to-day. The wheel of fashion turns very rapidly, especially in decorative effects. The most profitable use for the needle is in making, remaking and repairing wearing apparel for ourselves as well as for others.

ACLERGYMAN'S wife once said to me: "I often wish I had never learned to sew, and then I would not have to do all my sewing, and could get time to read. But then, on the other hand, my husband would never have been able to keep his head above water if I hadn't done it." Two moods of a woman; the higher, because more unselfish one, recognizing how potent a factor in the ease and happiness of a whole family a tiny implement had been. A good many of the submerged tenth might be kept afloat by its aid, for decent clothing is a great incentive to self-respect. The woman who helps or teaches a poorer sister to clothe her little ones, who can show her the possibilities of old clothes, is the woman who holds a beneficent power in her hand. Though that hand may be empty of silver or gold, it has a Christ-like gift to bestow; it can help others to help themselves.

And our girls—who, very properly, want to be "fair as a lily, and sweet as a rose"—how shall they achieve their ambition while the family finances so often seem to contract as the family expands? Is it the wisest course for them to spend their time abroad in earning money by the many industries open to them, and then spend that money on finer apparel than the home purse could afford? Or is it better when pressing need does not exist, to be content with the simpler life at home, to learn the arts they must practice by-and-by: how to make and mend and utilize in a noble economy, an economy of which a girl should be proud rather than ashamed?

THE domesticities, as Carlyle terms them in his letter to Blanche Atkinson, will work for a girl's refinement and ultimate advantage more surely than shop or office work can do.

Some girl may be tempted to feel Mrs. Garth's scorn of the word "ultimate." Immediate use and enjoyment is a natural desire, and the hours spent in stitching seem so slow and so long, but there is drudgery in all apprenticeship, certainly less in sewing than in most work. Nowadays the mysteries of shaping and fitting are made plain by the exact patterns furnished so cheaply, and practical and valuable hints and advice will be found in the columns of every woman's magazine. With these there needs but the development of personal taste and ingenuity to enable any girl to dress as becomes a lady with but a moderate outlay. This accomplishment is worth while devoting time and pains to possess, and it need not militate against mental culture. The use of the needle is favorable to thought, and the cleverest women, from George Eliot and George Sand downward, have proved that it does not unfit the fingers for the use of the pen. The capable hand is the hand we honor, especially when it ministers to the needs, even the primary needs, of humanity. It is a tender touch in the old Bible story that brings the homely handiwork of Dorcas into view, and preserves the "coats and garments that she had made while yet with them" as a lasting memorial of her loving and skillful service.

In the rebound from the old error that narrowed a woman's interests, duties and powers to the four walls of her own home, and confined her thoughts to the physical and material well-being of its inmates, it should be remembered that the greater includes the less, and that in our wider outlook the necessary arts must not be suffered to drop from our line of vision. In ceasing to be the slave we should rise to be the mistress of our needle. Above all we should be willing to pay an honest price for the service of another when we avail ourselves of it.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart."

But there is little excuse for want of thought respecting the wrongs, the trials and temptations which we know to be the lot of many who use the needle as a means of livelihood. These things are the outcome of a selfish and unjust desire for cheap sewing. But ignorance often lies at the root of our thoughtlessness.

When we can make a garment we can estimate the time a workwoman should spend upon it, and what is a fair remuneration for her labor. It is far better to pay the worker liberally than to get work done cheaply and bestow the difference in charity. "Do justly" runs the command which every woman should ponder over, and strive to fulfill, before she considers the next clause, "love mercy," and allows herself the luxury of beneficence. Garments neatly made and given to those who sorely need them will far outweigh in value any money gift, both to the giver and the receiver, and the womanly thought and tenderness that have been stitched into the seams may ease many a sore and burdened heart. This is the kind of giving that Mr. Ruskin, the girls' prophet, recommends. This is the kind of giving of which Lowell says:

"The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms."

It is the sharing of our labor, our time, our thought, our skill with our needy neighbor. Athene's spindle and distaff are gone from the modern excellent woman, but she cannot let the needle go while the "thread of all sustaining beauty" is waiting to be used by loving hands.

THE BROWNIES VISIT THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY

By Palmer Cox



thoughts of pleasure passing through

Their active minds, the Brownies drew Together on a rising ground, As evening shades were closing round. The bat, the beetle and the fly, Whose evening lantern charms the eye, Come not more prompt at Hecate's call Than Brownies when the shadows fall. Said one, "Ofttimes at close of day I've watched the light

in yonder bay Proceeding from the statue high That looms so dark against the sky, And thought upon the joy in store For us, could we but venture o'er The waves that lift their snowy crests Around the isle whereon it rests."

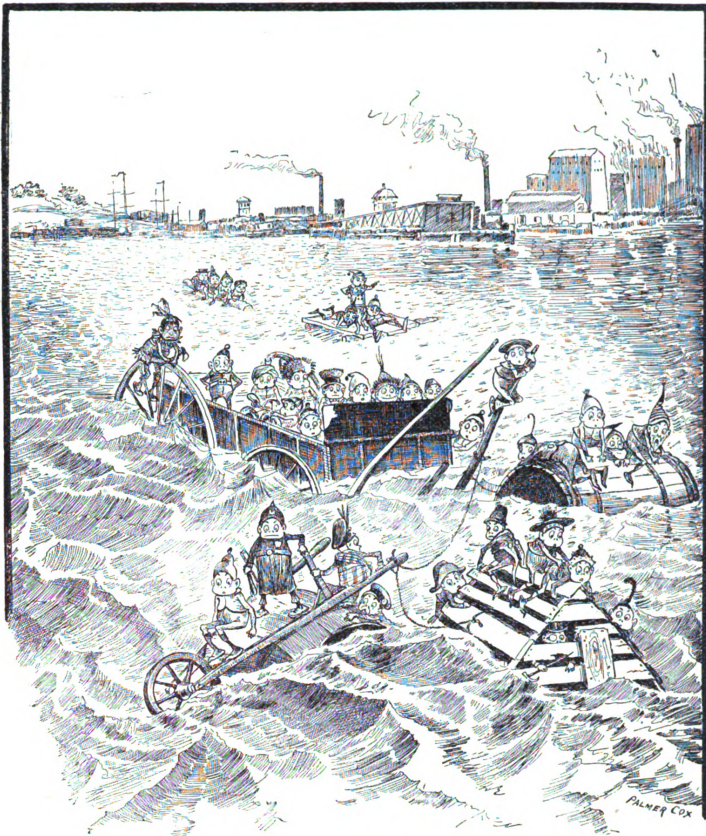
Another said, "When Brownies fail in aught they undertake, bewail The lost condition of the race. Till then let fear to nerve give place. This eve when dew bedecks the wold, And in the sky the hunter old Has buckled on his belt of fire, We'll take ourselves that island nigher, To see the statue that does stand With blazing torch in lifted hand. As Liberty to light the way For all the world to reach the bay. There in due time we'll soon disclose The liberty a Brownie knows, And I for one will feel unblessed Until upon her crown I rest,



A thing in air to lightly sail, Or ride the waters like a whale, Is not beyond their mystic might Or wondrous breadth of genius bright, What mortal man, however blessed With special gifts above the rest, Can conjure up to serve his end, To spread his fame, or purse extend, He'll find the band not at his heels, Nor studying his springs and wheels, Nor planning to infringe his right, But in advance clean out of sight.

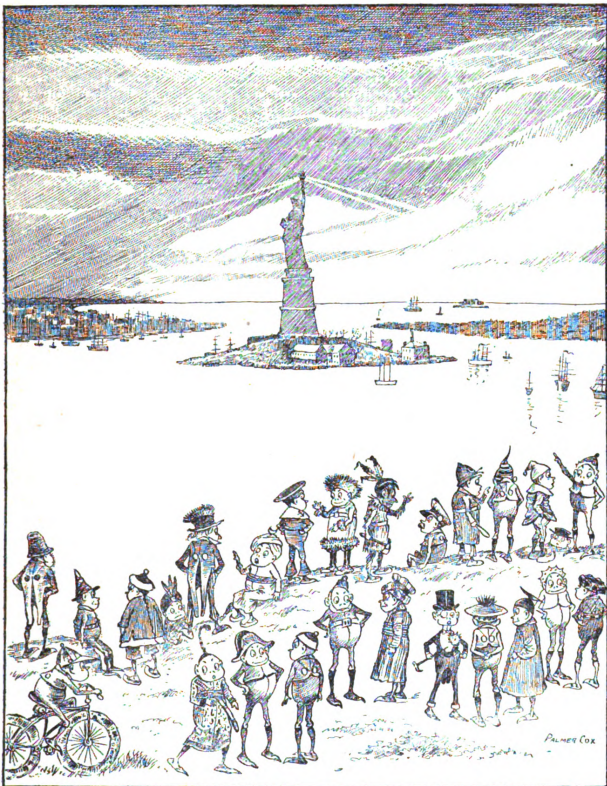
But little serves to make a boat On which the Brownies well can float. At times no better craft they ask Than just a coop, or empty cask, And thus they'll travel free from care Without a wish to better fare. 'Tis not in yachts, nor coaches great, nor cushions soft, nor chairs of state,

To bring content, or bliss control, 'Tis in the nature of the soul, And often those who smile the most Are those who have no beef to roast, And so the Brownies, well content With what the fates that evening lent, Set out from shore with joke and smile, To work their passage to the isle. The bay that night they tempted fish Was not as calm as one might wish, The gales that swept the sea of late Had left it in a ruffled state, Now heaving there and sinking here,



They reached, ere long, as best they could, The island where the statue stood. With upturned face they gathered all To gaze upon the figure tall, That as a work of friendship still Between two great Republics will

Then hearts sank low in every breast When valued friends were sore distressed, But ready hands were ever near To lift them from the place of fear. Not long in danger Brownies lie While close at hand are comrades spry.



A proud and sweeping glance to throw Upon the shipping moored below."

Few minutes passed before the band Was out upon the cape of land That nearest to the island lay, Collecting in their lively way Such things as best would bear them through The water to the point in view. Inventors at their task grown gray Oft problems leave and pass away, Unable to solutions claim That might have brought them wealth or fame, But Brownies, when it is their lot To study out a scheme or plot, All problems soon side-track or shunt, And bring perfection to the front.

And flinging spray across the pier. It seemed averse to ways serene, And anxious to do something mean, So when the Brownies ventured out Upon their traps to toss about, A fitter seemed at times to run From wave to wave until it last More strength and reached a howl at last That went out seaward with the blast. A little giggle passing through The cherry lips of such as you, Is sweetest music to the ear, But laughs like those we mention here Oft hint of travels sub-marine, Of seaweed wraps and anguish keen.



Look out upon the restless sea Till time, perhaps, shall cease to be. Not long the Brownies stay below When there's a chance to upward go, Not long an outward look will do If there's a way to travel through, And soon the band of which we sing Were wending upward in a string, The many steps the stair contained Were left behind as on they strained, Without a halt, save one alone Upon the pedestal of stone, Where they with wondering eyes looked out Across the waves, then turned about And hid beneath the garment's fold, Still upward climbed the Brownies bold, And showed the greatest discontent Till to the highest point they went.

Each nerve is strained, each method tried That swift relief may be supplied. What Brownies did not understand About that statue, great and grand, Before they left for haunts remote Was hardly worthy special note.



They criticised her Grecian nose, Her curling lip and graceful pose. Her eyes that looked so calm and kind, Her hair rolled in a knot behind, And then the Brownies all agreed She rightly represents, indeed, As any practiced eye could tell, That Liberty all love so well. They ventured up and sat astride Of finger tips, and stood with pride Upon the ornamented head, And torch, that light around them spread. A mortal, howsoever free From dizziness he claims to be, Will hardly tempt fate in the way The Brownies do at work or play, But not without alarms they go, Thus daring fortune well we know. Sometimes they slipped in spite of care And life seemed hanging by a hair,

The stars on high had banked their fires, The dawn had tinged the city's spires, The goddess stood in fuller grace, The flush of morn upon her face, Ere Brownies reached the Jersey shore And found their hiding-place once more.



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AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR

EVERY once in a while a great moral wave sweeps over our country, and the air fairly crackles and sparkles with all sorts of ideas regarding social purity. Organizations which have slumbered in peaceful tranquillity for years suddenly come to life, and on every hand we hear discussed the question of "How shall we create a higher moral standard?" Petitions to legislative bodies are framed and circulated; laws, suddenly found to be deficient in their prevention of moral misdoings, are analyzed and pulled to pieces, while the pulpit also lends its voice to the awakening.

A CERTAIN New York clergyman a few weeks since, not to be outdone by his neighboring pulpits, in the midst of one of these social purification awakenings, had a few things to say which interested me so much that I cut out a portion of a newspaper report of his sermon. This eminent pulpiteer—eminent because he occupies one of the most prominent and constantly reported pulpits in New York—said:

"It is very apparent that we are in need of a general awakening on this subject of moral standards. On every hand do we see fair womanhood dragging itself through the mire of social degradation. Our daughters must not be reared under existing conditions. They must understand and have it impressed upon them during each hour of their ripening womanhood that moral purity is their greatest and dearest possession, and that for it they shall be held strictly accountable to the highest moral code. We must lift womanhood up; we must elevate it to the highest pinnacle of purity of mind and soul. We must compel our legislators to take heed of our endeavors and enact new and stricter laws. We must form ourselves into organizations for the advancement of these principles. But the largest responsibility rests upon us who are parents of daughters. Upon them, in turn, rests the future of our nation."

One can scarcely credit the fact that a man of common sense—for his career entitles him to the credit of having brains and judgment—should be capable of statements so manifestly unfair.

Not even the smallest or most insignificant share of moral responsibility is placed upon man. The whole case is made to rest upon the shoulders of woman. Our daughters need to be impressed; our sons evidently do not. The future observance of social laws depends, it would seem, entirely upon our daughters. All responsibility rests with them. Such talk is worse than wrong. It is unjust, and as unfair as it is narrow-minded and misleading.

SO far as legislation is concerned in this matter—disposing of the legal aspect of the case first—a different state of affairs cannot be reached in this way. A law simply fixes a basis. It cannot, however, either inculcate or enforce a nation's moral principles. Morality is not a question that can find its solution in legislative halls. It is a matter of principle with the people. Our moral laws are sufficient for the purpose; to make them more specific will not help matters a particle. To overcome present evils we must begin elsewhere. I yield to no one in admiration and a hearty sympathy with the work now being done by the various Social Purity Leagues. But these organizations are defeating their own best aims and wisest purposes when they seek to reach results by trying to compel further legislation. We must first of all establish a different moral code among ourselves, men and women alike, a code which will hold a man as strictly accountable for the highest observance of moral principles as it does a woman. The women of the world are suffering to-day from a code of morality which imposes upon them all the responsibility for purity and all the penalty for wrong-doing, whether the wrong-doing is strictly theirs or not. We have reached a state of affairs of which we can only find a solution in the cultivation of a higher and truer sentiment—a sentiment that will not excuse a man because he is a man, nor punish a woman because she is a woman. That which is wrong in woman should be equally wrong in man, and the one should be held as strictly accountable as the other.

TO try to find the solution of this problem in the cry that "we must lift womanhood up" is likewise wrong. When it comes to a question of morality womanhood does not require one-half, no, not one-tenth as much lifting up as does manhood. From the standpoint of moral ethics women have since the creation of the world been the superiors of men. There are very few men capable of either understanding or appreciating the purity of a good woman. A man regards a woman in a very different way from that in which a woman regards a man. I am not going to decry my own sex. Altogether too many writers believe that in order to win the favor of the readers of a woman's magazine they must depreciate the qualities of men. This page has never sought to win the favor of one sex at the expense of the other. Its purpose has been rather to knit the interests of men and women closer together. The best women believe in men, and they do not care to have the masculine standard lowered in order that the feminine banner may be raised. But men must be governed by a different moral code than at present exists in society, and here women may be all-powerful. It is not the need of woman's own moral improvement that is so urgent as it is that women shall raise a higher standard for the morality of man.

IT is idle to say, as has recently been stated, that men have arbitrarily licensed themselves in respect to their own morality. This is not so. Men have accepted things as they have found them. That is all. It is true that they have taken advantage of existing conditions in hundreds of cases, and that they have not done as much as they might to bring about a changed state of affairs. But this is a good deal to expect of human nature. All of us, women as well as men, like to cling to certain things which we know in our hearts are not exactly right. But so long as we can have them without open offense we keep them. And just so long as society stands ready to palliate a misdoing of any sort, just so long will that misdoing exist. Give a misdoing its true color, however, and place upon it its proper stamp and consequences, and if it will not be entirely stamped out it will be lessened to a very considerable degree. Thousands of men are following lives to-day because they know they have the excuse of society at large. Men have not set a higher moral standard for women than for themselves; they have had it set for them, and they have accepted it. They have been sheltered under false and misleading physiological protections. They have even been defended under the laws and principles of Christianity, in the very fact that, from the days of the Old Testament until now, the sentiment of society has been different touching the moral obligations of a man and of a woman. It is evading the real question to say that man has been his own arbitrator of morality. He could not be if the sentiment of society were against his being so. But it is for him; it sides with him. It accepts the excuse of the base coward who whines that "the woman tempted me and I was led astray." Then, with one magnificent inconsistency, it strikes the woman while it protects the man. If unchastity is regarded as the capital sin for woman, then moral cowardice should be deemed the capital sin for man. A man is fully as capable of obeying a moral obligation as is a woman, and he should be held just as accountable. Substitute punishment for extenuation, and you will alter the aspect of affairs.

HERE, and here only, is where the true solution of the problem of social purity must be found. It lies absolutely with the great social body, and with it alone. And since we leave our society to be controlled and regulated by women, they become at once the most potent factors in this reform. Our women must change their present disposition to excuse the same offense in a man which they utterly refuse to tolerate in a woman. The same sternness—and it is a wise one—which they now exercise toward their own sex they should extend to men. Women must not continue to receive into their homes men whose lives they know are a constant defiance of the highest moral laws. It is no use for our women to say that they do not know this fact of the men to whom they extend hospitality. They are not slow to intelligently draw the social line with women; they can draw the line with equal intelligence in the case of men. It is for women to find open fault with a law—which at present they, in all too many cases, openly indorse and accept—which punishes a woman and allows the man to escape. By continuing to indorse this law women work the greatest injury upon their own sex, and constantly set a lower standard for men. Men are perfectly well aware of this fact, and hundreds of them are, unfortunately, only too willing and ready to accept the standard at present set for them. The moral basis upon which woman judges woman is all right, but it becomes all wrong in comparison with the basis upon which she exonerates or is lenient with the man for the same offenses against morals and society which she condemns in the woman.

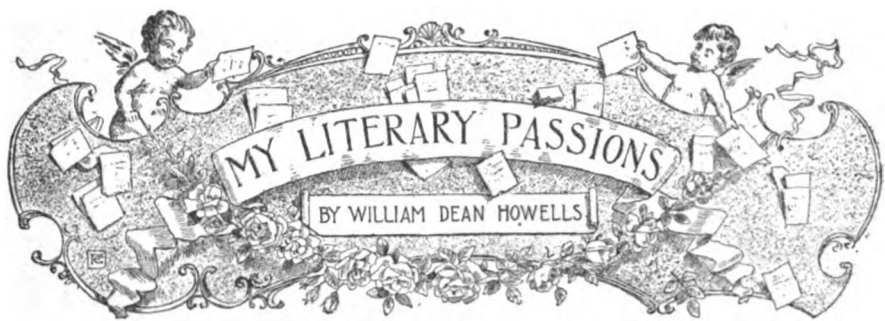
THERE is no discrimination so puzzling to men as that which women are apt to make in the case of the notorious scandals which now and then fill our newspapers and become every-day talk. Even where the man is shown to be more guilty than the woman, the sympathies of women are given to the former, and the strictest condemnation is passed upon the woman. Only recently this was again shown in a notorious case tried at Washington, with which we were all familiar, where a public official was clearly shown, even by his own confession, to be beneath the contempt of decent men. And yet not only did hundreds of letters of sympathy from women pour in upon him, but some, more daring than others, proclaimed in public that leniency should be extended him on the ground that "he was the victim of a smooth-tongued woman," and was by her led astray! Then came the most uncompromising denunciations of the plaintiff in this particular case. She was "brazen," and she was all that was unsavory and unclean. Something was due the defendant, but nothing was due the woman! How inconsistent and how unpardonable is such a defense, and how undeserved! And yet we see this same spirit of curious discrimination constantly evidenced. On the theory that depravity is natural in man, he must be excused. Such theories do more to destroy the safeguards of society than aught else, and women, careful in all other respects to observe social laws, should be the last to advance them. Man is not a natural brute, even if he was created of a coarser grain than woman. His creation is not an excuse for moral wickedness. He is just as amenable to the moral law as is woman, and the mercy that is shown him because he is a man is not only of a misplaced order, but tends to lower civilization to savagery. Men know this and feel it, and it is very much in order that women should too.

THERE is no earthly sense in any pursuit of policies for the betterment of society at large so long as women will insist upon making and recognizing two moral codes. Such discrimination nullifies the most stringent efforts and the wisest policies. I am not of that class which believes that the world is getting worse, since every indication points to the contrary. Nor do I believe that men are becoming worse. At the same time it may well be considered an open question whether a continuation of this unequal placing of the moral responsibility of the sexes will make them any better. It is a peculiarity of every vice that it thrives under the slightest encouragement. You can develop a vice much easier than you can dwarf it. We can talk to our young men until we become black in the face, but it will do precious little good when they find out that they have a certain license in moral habits which, so long as it is not abused too openly, will find them excuse in the eyes of the world. We are not making it easier for young men to live clean and upright lives by such a code, and this fact those of us who are parents should not forget. The toleration which we exercise for masculine missteps is not having a salutary effect upon young men. It is not the healthiest sort of a moral lesson when we raise men to high public positions whose early lives we know to have been in defiance of moral laws. Preaching morality is a very good thing, but practicing it is better.

THAT a large moral responsibility lies with parents admits of no doubt, but I am opposed to such a theory as that advanced by the New York clergyman, which confines such a responsibility to the parents of daughters. Our boys need just as careful moral training as do our girls. If we teach our daughters to protect their womanhood we should likewise teach our sons to respect it. And here the duty of the father is presented. It is the exception, rather than the rule, that we find a proper spirit of confidence existing between father and son. The average boy grows up with absolutely no idea of the dangers which he must encounter in his life. The father argues that to speak of moral questions to his son is unwise, since there is the danger of unnecessarily turning his thoughts into directions which he believes are best ignored. This is all very well in theory, but it hardly holds good in practice. The boy goes out into the world and learns from others what he should have learned from his father. A boy cannot be expected to know dangers, which he is bound to confront, unless their nature is explained to him. It would be far better if our fathers would put aside what is, after all, nothing but mock modesty, and talk frankly with their sons of those phases of their moral life which sooner or later they must learn. The great trouble is that our fathers regard themselves too much as fathers to their sons. If they would let their sons regard them more as companions it would be far better, and confidences would come more naturally.

WE have a great deal to say in our literature about the confidence that should exist between a mother and her daughter, but we ignore altogether too much the frankness that should exist between a father and his son. It is not right to expect that our girls shall bear the whole burden of moral responsibility. Our boys must be taught that the world expects uprightiness in a man just as much as it looks for it in a woman. If the men of to-day are protected by an unfair moral discrimination, that is no reason why the men of to-morrow should be so sheltered. If it is for women to elevate their conception of the moral standard for men, it is for the young men of to-day to adjust themselves to that higher measurement. A healthy frankness between the boys of to-day and their fathers is the first step. This is man's part in the aim for social purity. Women must cease their blinking at actions in men which they will not tolerate in women; men, to whom experience has come, must unfold to the younger men. It is a favor to a boy that his feelings shall be analyzed for him by his father; that he be taught that his self-control, or his loss of it, means an ascent or a descent in the social scale. There is no harm in a father pointing out these things to his son; the harm comes when the father neglects to do so. A young man should never be expected in any point of morality to experience what his father can explain and warn him against.

WHENEVER this general question comes up of the moral responsibility of the sexes, and an endeavor is made to reach a solution, it is generally met with the argument: "It has always been so, and always will be. You can't change it." This is the spirit which kills so many reforms. Because any evil has existed for one hundred years is no reason why it should continue for another century. It is not hastening the millennium to ask that women and men shall be placed on the same responsible footing so far as morality is concerned. It is nothing ideal that is sought; it is only the existence of a just basis. The subject has become trite simply because of the wear which it has had. It is not to be summarily dismissed with indifference, or because of the existence of past judgments. Society will yet judge man and woman by the same laws, and its best aims will be reached when it does. That it must do so is unquestionable. It is only a question of time. A great deal has been done, but the larger part is still to be accomplished. If some are loath to believe that we are not exactly getting closer to the final solution, one thing is certain: that the unfair sharing of the responsibility between the sexes is becoming more and more apparent to enlightened minds each day. Awakenings on this subject are yet spasmodic. If they are not productive of actual results as yet, they are fraught with a significance that cannot be disregarded. What is black for a woman should not be shaded into a gray for a man. Because he is a male being is all the more reason why he deserves severer punishment for a lack of moral restraint, since his disregard of self-control means a greater sense of destruction. Man is the original cause of sin. That fact must never be forgotten. And if women will hold men up to their moral obligations in a stricter sense than they now do the world will be relieved of much of its unhappiness. A higher moral standard, not attained by laws, but by the inculcation of higher principles and sentiments among the people, is the one and only solution of the social purity problem.



BLINDLY, unwittingly, erringly as Dickens often urged them, these ideals mark the whole tendency of his fiction, and they are what endear him to the heart, and will keep him dear to it long after many a cunninger artificer in letters has passed into forgetfulness. I do not pretend that I perceived the full scope of his books, or that even he did, but I was aware of it in the finer sense which is not consciousness. While I read him, I was in a world where the right came out best, as I believe it will yet do in this world, and where merit was crowned with the success which I believe will yet attend it in our daily life untrammelled by social convention or economic circumstance. In that world of his, in the ideal world, to which the real world must finally conform itself, I dwell among the shows of things, but under a Providence that governed all things to a good end, and where neither wealth nor birth could avail against virtue or right. Of course, it was in a way all crude enough, and was already contradicted by experience in the small sphere of my own being; but nevertheless it was true with that truth which is at the bottom of things, and I was happy in it. I could not fail to love the mind which conceived it, and my worship of Dickens was more grateful than that I had yet given any writer. I did not establish with him that one-sided understanding which I had with Cervantes and Shakespeare; with a contemporary that was not possible, and as an American I was deeply hurt at the things he had said against us, and the more hurt because I felt that they were often so just. But I was for the time entirely his, and I could not have wished to write like any one else.

I DO not pretend that the spell I was under was wholly of a moral or social texture. For the most part I was charmed with him because he was a delightful story teller; because he could thrill me, and make me hot and cold; because he could make me laugh and cry, and stop my pulse and breath at will. There seemed an inexhaustible source of humor and pathos in his work, which I now find choked and dry; I cannot laugh any more at Pickwick or Sam Weller, or weep for Little Nell or Paul Dombey; their jokes, their griefs, seem to me to be turned on, and to have a mechanical action. But beneath all is still the strong drift of a genuine emotion, a sympathy, deep and sincere with the poor, the lowly, the unfortunate. In all that vast range of fiction, there is nothing that tells for the strong because they are strong against the weak, nothing that tells of the haughty against the humble, nothing that tells for wealth against poverty. The effect of Dickens is purely democratic, and however contemptible he found our pseudo-equality, he was more truly democratic than any American who had yet written fiction. I suppose it was our instinctive perception in the region of his instinctive expression, that made him so dear to us, and wounded our silly vanity so keenly through our love when he told us the truth about our horrible sham of a slave-based freedom. But at any rate the democracy is there, more than he knew perhaps, or would ever have known, or ever recognized by his own life. In fact, when one comes to read the story of his life, and to know that he was really and lastingly ashamed of having once put up shoe-blacking as a boy, and was unable to forgive his mother for suffering him to be so degraded, one perceives that he too was the slave of conventions and the victim of conditions which it is the highest function of his fiction to help destroy.

I imagine that my early likes and dislikes in Dickens were not very discriminating. I liked David Copperfield, and Barnaby Rudge, and Bleak House, and I still like them; but I do not think I liked them more than Dombey & Son, and Nicholas Nickleby, and the Pickwick Papers, which I cannot read now with any sort of patience, not to speak of pleasure. I liked Martin Chuzzlewit, too, and the other day I read a great part of it again, and found it roughly true in the passages that referred to America, though it was surcharged in the serious moods, and caricatured in the comic. The English are always inadequate observers; they seem too full of themselves to have eyes and ears for any alien people; but as far as an Englishman could, Dickens had caught the look of our life in certain aspects.

HIS report of it was clumsy and farcical; it wanted nicety of accent and movement, but in a large, loose way it was like enough; at least he had caught the note of our self-satisfied, intolerant and hypocritical provinciality, and this was not altogether lost in his mocking horseplay.

I cannot make out that I was any the less fond of Dickens because of it. I believe I was rather more willing to accept it as a faithful portraiture than I should be now; and I certainly never made any question of it with my friend the organ-builder. Martin Chuzzlewit was a favorite book with him, and so was The Old Curiosity Shop. No doubt a fancied affinity with Tom Pinch through their common love of music made him like that most sentimental and improbable personage, whom he would have disowned and laughed to scorn if he had met him in life; but it was a purely altruistic sympathy that he felt with Little Nell and her Grandfather. He was fond of reading the pathetic passages from both books, and I can still hear his rich, vibrant voice as it lingered in tremulous emotion on the periods he loved. He would catch the volume up anywhere, any time, and begin to read, at the book store, or the harness shop, or the law office, it did not matter in the wide leisure of a country village, in those days before the war, when people had all the time there was; and he was sure of his audience as long as he chose to read. One Christmas eve, in answer to a general wish, he read the Christmas Carol in the Court House, and people came from all about to hear him.

He was an invalid and he died long since, ending a life of suffering in the saddest way. Several years before his death money fell to his family, and he went with them to an Eastern city, where he tried in vain to make himself at home. He never ceased to pine for the village he had left, with its old companionships, its easy usages, its familiar faces; and he escaped to it again and again, till at last every tie was severed, and he could come back no more. He was never reconciled to the change, and in a manner he did really die of the homesickness which deepened an hereditary taint, and enfeebled him to the disorder that carried him off. My memories of Dickens remain mingled with my memories of this quaint and most original genius, and though I knew Dickens long before I knew his lover, I can scarcely think of one without thinking of the other.

CERTAIN other books I associate with another pathetic nature, of whom the organ-builder and I were both fond. This was the young poet who looked after the book half of the village drug and book store, and who wrote poetry in such leisure as he found from his duties, and with such strength as he found in the disease preying upon him. He must have been far gone in consumption when I first knew him, for I have no recollection of a time when his voice was not faint and husky, his sweet smile wan, and his blue eyes dull with the hemorrhages that wasted him away,

"Like wax in the fire,
Like snow in the sun."

People spoke of him as once strong and vigorous, but I recall him fragile and pale, gentle, patient, knowing his inexorable doom, and not hoping or seeking to escape it. As the end drew near he left his employment and went home to the farm, some twenty miles away, where I drove out to see him once in the depths of a winter which was to be his last. My heart was heavy all the time, but he tried to make the visit pass cheerfully with our wonted talk about books. Only at parting, when he took my hand in his thin, cold clasp, he said, "I suppose my disease is progressing," with the same patience that he always showed. I did not see him again, and I am not sure now that his gift was very distinct or very great. It was slight and graceful rather, I fancy, and if he had lived it might not have sufficed to make him widely known, but he had a real and a very delicate sense of beauty in literature, and I believe it was through sympathy with his preferences that I came into appreciation of several authors whom I had not known, or had not cared for before. There could not have been many shelves of books in that store, and I came to be pretty well acquainted with them all before I began to buy them. For the most part, I do not think it occurred to me that they were there to be sold; for this pale poet seemed indifferent to the commercial property in them, and seemed only to wish me to like them.

I AM not sure, but I think it was through some volumes which I found in his charge that I first came to know of Dr. Quincey; he was fond of Dr. Holmes's poetry; he loved Whittier and Longfellow, each represented in his slender stock by some distinctive work.

There were several stray volumes of Thackeray's minor writings, and I still have the Yellowplush Papers in the smooth red cloth (now pretty well tattered) of Appleton's Popular Library, which I bought there. But most of the books were in the famous old brown cloth of Ticknor & Fields, which was a warrant of excellence in the literature it covered. Besides these there were standard volumes of poetry, published by Phillips & Sampson, from worn-out plates; for a birthday present my mother got me Wordsworth in this shape, and I am glad to think that I once read The Excursion in it, for I do not think I could do so now, and I have a feeling that it is very right and fit to have read The Excursion. To be honest, it was very hard reading even then, and I could not truthfully pretend that I have ever liked Wordsworth except in parts, though for the matter of that, I do not suppose that any one else ever did. I tried hard enough to like everything in him, for I had already learned enough to know that I ought to like him, and that if I did not, it was a proof of intellectual and moral inferiority in me. My early idol, Pope, had already been tumbled into the dust by Lowell, whose lectures on English Poetry had lately been given in Boston, and had met with my rapturous acceptance in such newspaper report as I had got of them. So, my preoccupations were all in favor of the Lake School, and it was both in my will and my conscience to like Wordsworth. If I did not do so it was not my fault, and the fault remains very much what it first was.

I feel and understand him more deeply than I did then, but I do not think that I then failed of the meaning of much that I read in him, and I am sure that my senses were quick to all the beauty in him. After suffering once through The Excursion I did not afflict myself with it again, but there were other poems of his which I read over and over, as I fancy it is the habit of every lover of poetry to do with the pieces he is fond of. Still, I do not make out that Wordsworth was ever a passion of mine; on the other hand, neither was Byron. Him, too, I liked in passages and in certain poems before I read Wordsworth at all; I read him throughout, but I did not try to imitate him, and I did not try to imitate Wordsworth.

THOSE lectures of Lowell's had a great influence with me, and I tried to like whatever they bade me like, after a fashion common to all young people when they begin to read criticism; their æsthetic pride is touched; they wish to realize that they too can feel the fine things the critic admires. From this motive they do a great deal of factitious liking; but after all the affections will not be bidden, and the critic can only avail to give a point of view, to enlighten a perspective. When I read Lowell's praises of him, I had all the will in the world to read Spencer, and I really meant to do so, but I have not done so to this day, and as often as I have tried I have found it impossible. It was not so with Chaucer, whom I loved from the first word of his which I found quoted in those lectures, and in Chambers's Encyclopædia of English Literature, which I had borrowed of my friend the organ-builder. In fact, I may fairly class Chaucer among my passions, for I read him with that sort of personal attachment I had for Cervantes, who resembled him in a certain sweet and simple humanity. But I do not allege this as the reason, for I had the same feeling for Pope, who was not like either of them. Kissing goes by favor, in literature as in life, and one cannot quite account for one's passions in either; what is certain is, I liked Chaucer and I did not like Spencer; possibly there was an affinity between reader and poet, but if there was I should be at a loss to name it, unless it was the liking for reality, and the sense of mother earth in human life. By the time I had read all of Chaucer that I could find in the various collections and criticisms, my father had been made a clerk in the legislature, and on one of his visits home he brought me the poet's works from the State Library, and I set about reading them with the help of a glossary. It was not easy, but it was a delight of the high sort, which brought strength with it, and lifted my heart with a sense of noble companionship.

I will not pretend that I was insensible to the grossness of the poet's time, which I found often enough in the poet's verse, as well as the goodness of his nature, and my father seems to have felt a certain misgiving about it. He repeated to me the librarian's question as to whether he thought he ought to put an unexpurgated edition in the hands of a boy, and his own answer that he did not believe it would hurt me. It was a kind of appeal to me to make the event justify him, and I suppose he had not given me the book without due reflection.

PROBABLY he reasoned that with my greed for all manner of literature the bad would become known to me along with the good at any rate, and I had better know that he knew it.

The streams of filth flow down through the ages in literature, which sometimes seems little better than an open sewer, and, as I have said, I do not see why the time should not come when the noxious and noisome channels should be stopped; but the base of the mind is bestial, and so far the beast in us has insisted upon having his full say. The worst of lewd literature is that it seems to give a sanction to lewdness in the life, and that inexperience takes this effect for reality: that is the danger and the harm, and I think the fact ought not to be blinked. Compared with the meaner poets the greater are the cleaner, and Chaucer was probably safer than any other English poet of his time, but I am not going to pretend that there are not things in Chaucer which one would be the better for not reading; and so far as these words of mine shall be taken for counsel, I am not willing that they should unqualifiedly praise him. The matter is by no means simple; it is not easy to conceive of a means of purifying the literature of the past without weakening it, and even falsifying it, but it is best to own that it is in all respects just what it is, and not to feign it otherwise. I am not ready to say that the harm from it is positive, but you do get smeared with it, and the filthy thought lives with the filthy rhyme in the ear, even when it does not corrupt the heart or make it seem a light thing for the reader's tongue and pen to sin in kind.

I LOVED my Chaucer too well, I hope, not to get some good from the best in him; and my reading of criticism had taught me how and where to look for the best, and to know it when I had found it. Of course I began to copy him. That is, I did not attempt anything like his tales in kind; they must have seemed too hopelessly far away in taste and time, but I studied his verse, and imitated a stanza which I found in some of his things and had not found elsewhere; I rejoiced in the freshness and sweetness of his diction, and though I felt that his structure was obsolete, there was in his wording something homelier and heartier than the imported analogues that had taken the places of the phrases he used.

I began to employ in my own work the archaic words that I fancied most, which was futile and foolish enough, and I formed a preference for the simpler Anglo-Saxon woof of our speech, which was not so bad. Of course, being left so much as I was to my own whim and caprice in such things, I could not keep a just mean; I had an aversion for the Latin derivatives which was nothing short of a craze. Some half-bred critic whom I had read made me believe that English could be written without them, and had better be written so, and I did not escape from this lamentable error till I had produced with weariness and vexation of spirit several pieces of prose wholly composed of monosyllables. I suspect now that I did not always stop to consider whether my short words were not as Latin by race as any of the long words I rejected, and that I only made sure they were short.

The frivolous ingenuity which wasted itself in this exercise happily could not hold out long, and in verse it was pretty well helpless from the beginning. Yet I will not altogether blame it, for it made me know, as nothing else could, the resources of our tongue in that sort; and in the revolt from the slavish bondage I took upon myself I did not go so far as to plunge into any very wild polysyllabic excesses. I still like the little word if it says the thing I want to say as well as the big one, but I honor above all the word that says the thing. At the same time I confess that I have a prejudice against certain words which I cannot overcome; the sight of some offends me, the sound of others, and rather than use one of those detested vocabularies, even when I perceived that it would convey my exact meaning, I would cast about long for some other. I think this is a foible, and a disadvantage, but I do not deny it.

An author who had much to do with preparing me for the quixotic folly in point was that good Thomas Babington Macaulay, who taught simplicity of diction in phrases of as "learned length and thundering sound," as any he would have had me shun, and who deplored the Latinistic English of Johnson in terms emulous of the great doctor's orotundity and ponderosity. I wonder now that I did not see how my physician avoided his medicine, but I did not, and I went on to spend myself in an endeavor as vain and senseless as any that pedantry has conceived. It was none the less absurd because I believed in it so devoutly, and sacrificed myself to it with such infinite pains and labor. But this was long after I read Macaulay, who was one of my grand passions before Dickens or Chaucer.

W. D. Howells.

LOOKING COOL IN SUMMER

By Ruth Ashmore



VERY busy man I once knew said that his best clerk, who happened to be a woman, was a constant rest to his eyes during the long, summer days, because she always looked cool. He added that even when he lost his temper, if he happened to look at her, he felt that he must be a very unpleasant object to others, and almost without volition he cooled down and gazed upon things more quietly and with cool, even temper. Now it seems to me that it is the duty of every girl to look that way during the summer days, and each girl must decide for herself how it is to be done. Naturally, there must be a certain amount of control exercised, for all the cool dressing in the world will not make a girl look cool if she allows herself to become flurried, angry and quick-spoken. So it will be necessary for my girls to start out with the determination to make the best of everything, and as far as possible to be quiet in speech and manner.

It always seems much easier to lose one's temper during the long, hot days than at any other time, and it must be confessed that the buzz of flies and the glare of the sun tend to increase feelings of indignation. The best receipt, then, for keeping one's mind cool is to get up in the morning feeling as good-tempered as possible, and if there is the slightest tendency to quick speech, or to a general disgust with the world, the best thing to do is to keep just as quiet as possible, and to try and think of something pleasant that will form the corner-stone for an arch of pleasant thoughts and good deeds all the day long. I know it is not the easiest thing to do. I know that sometimes it is a very hard thing to do, but if you will determine not to allow any unpleasant words to pass your lips you will be surprised to find how quickly, because you want to talk, some pleasant ones will come.

ABOUT YOUR CLOTHES

THAT girl never looks cool who doesn't know how to dress herself for the summer days. A hot-looking wool frock or the stiffly-starched cotton one, both of them, not only look warm, but they feel warm, so to the girl who is forced to wear a woolen gown during the summer, who believes that she cannot indulge in some pretty cottons that will not need to visit the laundry, I am going to suggest that after the wool skirt has been freshened up and remodeled, mended and bound, that she take a little money and invest it in one or two shirt waists. If she feels she can only get one, then she buys a dark silk, blue or black, with possibly a little figure upon it in white. If she feels that she can afford more, then there are innumerable cotton ones that may be gotten at very reasonable prices, but these, of course, will have the added expense of the laundry, for they cannot stand being worn many times without being laundered. The dark blue silk blouse, made with large sleeves, turned-over collar, so that the throat has an opportunity to be cool, may be worn with almost any colored skirt. If, in addition to this, my girl can get a plain black surah waist, then I would suggest that she trim the collar and cuffs of it with narrow bands of the coarse black lace, which is so much in vogue. It is not expensive, and does not claim to be anything more than it really is.

Possessed of the shirt waists and the freshened skirt, there will be worn the ribbon or folded belt, of which one grows less tired than of the leather one, and I want to remind you that, to look tidy, your skirt must not sag in the back down from under your belt. To prevent this, place two hooks, one on each side of the placket hole, on the belt of the skirt; then have the eyes to correspond on the inside of the belt proper, and fasten these so that the belt will draw the skirt into position. In the silk blouse have a thin lining, but in the cotton ones I do not think any is necessary, as for them you will, of course, use the zephyr or better quality gingham, which is sufficiently thick not to need an inner lining. Do not attempt to wear white linen collars and cuffs with your silk blouse unless you can afford to have them always immaculate. They certainly give a very attractive look to any costume but they soil very easily and the expense of laundering them is apt to be great. White belongings, not absolutely clean, are distressing.

ABOUT YOUR HAIR

YOU will never look cool in summer unless you learn to arrange your hair properly—that is to say, to bid good-by to the heavy bang which is on your forehead, and which will, after a few hours, look frowzy and become uncurled. Draw part of this back and pin it down with small lace hairpins, and have the very shortest fringe possible, if, indeed, you wear one at all. If your forehead is low and broad you can say farewell to the bang, and parting your hair in the centre draw it back in the neatest way possible. Instead of the soft, full loops that retained their position during the winter, braid your back hair and pin it closely to your head. This done one's coiffure will be neat all the day long, and if you have a well-shaped head it will bring out its outlines to perfection. I do not want any girl to think that I wish her to lose her good looks, and if she doesn't look well with her hair parted then let her elect to wear it rolled off her forehead, or if she has a very high forehead then she must have a short fringe or bang, with the ends just turned to soften her face. Do not wear fancy pins or ribbons during the day. In the evening, though, it is quite proper for you to put among your locks anything that you may choose. By-the-by, it must be remembered that I am talking now to the busy girl who wants to look her best in the summer time, and who yet has not the half hours in which to rest, and who cannot wear dainty house dresses, as does the girl who has no occupation in the outside world.

THE REAL SECRET

THE real secret of it all is, of course, that perfect neatness in one's appearance which is best expressed in the garb of the Quakeress. No matter how warm the weather may be I think it may be said of them that no one has ever seen either a Quakeress or a Sister of Charity look warm, and it cannot be denied that it is because of their perfect neatness. Boots that have their laces broken and knotted, shoes that are shedding their buttons, parasols that have become faded and soiled, dresses that were made for special occasions and are too gorgeous for workaday life—these are a few of the things that are assumed by too many girls in summer time. Neatness of dress and perfect cleanliness of body are necessary to the girl who wishes to look cool. I would advise the busy girl to take a tepid bath before she starts out, and to dust her neck and arms with that luxury that most women will economize to buy, a little toilet powder. And during the day she should wash her hands as frequently as possible, being careful always to use her own towels. The using of soap or towels that are the property of other people is something that I cannot commend.

After achieving neatness in one's appearance there must follow what I call neatness of mind. If you want to keep cool and calm all day long you must have regularly placed in the closet of your mind the work which you are to do, and it must be arranged, as far as possible, so that the heaviest part may be done in the morning, when you are in the best condition for it, and that the lightest is left until the afternoon, when you are less fresh, when the work of the day is beginning to tell on you, and when the work which is most important has received from you your very best attention.

A SUGGESTION OR TWO

THEN, too, you must remember that there is a right and a wrong way of working in the summer time. The little flurry which makes no difference in the winter time becomes exasperating and heating during the warm days. The wish on your part to get things through quickly too often resolves into your doing things hurriedly, and the result is—bad work. Nothing good is done in a hurry. But you must remember that there is a difference between systematic quickness and improper haste. The haste which brings the blood to your cheeks, which makes you perspire, and which is certain to make you ill-tempered, is very different from the doing of something as quickly as you can and yet as correctly.

Have all your tools, whether they be pencils, yard measures, or merely those which are in your brain, all ready to use. Then you will not lose your strength and waste your time getting them into condition. The pencils should be sharpened, the pen and ink convenient, the account book close at hand and your mind in order like the multiplication table, when you start at your work on a summer morning.

ABOUT YOUR PLEASURES

EVERY girl likes to look pretty. That is her privilege at all times of the year and hours of the day. In the summer time she wants to enjoy herself and look pretty too, but the prettiness will be all gone if she rushes into her pleasures in a careless manner and loses her look of womanliness by acting exactly as her brothers might. To play tennis, or row, or play croquet, or toss a ball about, with a rough determination, or dance until she is tired and warm looking, is certainly not a desirable thing. This sounds as if I didn't want my girls to enjoy themselves. But I do. Only I think there is a right and wrong way. I like them to indulge in out-of-door pleasures; the fresh air, the sunshine and the exercise are all good for them, but I don't like to see them take their pleasures rudely. I want my girls to be girls—sweet, pure, honest, feminine girls. And it is just as easy, and there is just as much pleasure in having the out-of-door fun quietly and coolly, as to have it in a way that will make you look hot, untidy and unladylike.

And then, too, there are other pleasures beside out-of-door ones which I want you to take coolly and carefully, and one of these is that something which always comes up in the summer time, and that is argument. I want my girls to have an opinion about everything, but I don't want any one of them to rush in "where angels fear to tread," make enemies for herself, or become heated over a discussion that amounts to nothing. One seldom convinces by excited, many-worded statements. You can't make unbelievers think your belief is right by argument; you have got to prove it by practice. So I beg of you, when the little summer-time chat begins to drift into an excited argument, that you will either remain silent or else leave those with whom you are and join people who are quieter and cooler in their discourse. Sometimes it is hard to do. We all like to tell what we believe, and a natural vanity convinces us that we can make other people see the right by the manner in which we put it. But, my dear girl, talk never convinced anybody, and being positive and a little quick-tempered when "argufying" will only result in making you warm both in body and mind.

SPEAKING OF TEMPER

WE all have a little. Sometimes it shows itself in foolish words; sometimes in sulky actions, and sometimes in a general exhibition of fireworks, as far as words and looks are concerned. If you want to look cool and keep cool during the summer time you must control your temper. When it shows an inclination to rise up you must sit down very quietly and decide whether you are to be dominated, or whether, as a thinking, reasoning being, you are going to get the better of it. I do believe there is such a thing as a just anger, but that comes so seldom that one cannot give its name to the nasty little flurry that makes one say words one regrets, and do things one is sorry for. There will be no coolness in summer time while you permit your temper to control you, and do you know, my dear, that if you master it during the beautiful days, if you kill this wicked little fox that tries to eat away the loveliness of your character, you will be surprised to find that when the dull, winter days come you will not be troubled?

I know one or two girls who pride themselves on being quick-tempered, who say, with a certain sort of vanity, "No, I don't bear ill-will, but I'm quick-tempered and soon over it." Now there is a mean little pride in that. It is quite true there may be nastier tempers, but to be vain of any kind of temper only reminds me of the peacock who parades around calling attention to his beautiful feathers, and never realizing how ugly are his feet and how hideous his cry. Do you like to knit? If you do keep in your work-wasket a little piece of rose-colored knitting, and whenever you feel the inclination to make an exhibition of your temper pick up the work, knit it into that, and after you have worked it off ravel it back to where you began. Then see how long it takes you to finish that little blanket or jacket, or whatever it may be, for remember, the only stitches that can stay in are just the ones that were put there when you were in charity with all mankind.

THE SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM

SO, after all, it seems that looking cool in summer time depends upon neatness and goodness. I don't like to think that there is one of my girls who doesn't try to reach each of these virtues. It is proper to be tidy in appearance, and sweet-tempered and gentle in manner and words. Then, too, it is womanly. And nowadays, when all over the country there are many who are ranting about the rights and wrongs of woman, it seems to me there is nothing so good to say about a young girl as that she is womanly to the tips of her fingers and the inmost recesses of her heart.

I wonder if I might ask each one of my girls to say a little prayer for my return to good health?

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Ashmore's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Side-Talks with Girls," will be found on page 27 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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The baby, sweet-faced, chubby elf,
The father's pride, the mother's hope,
With dimpled smile lisps forth the praise
Of what he calls "the bestest soap."

THAT'S BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP



This dainty maid at school has learned
Of wondrous things and far-off lands;
She's also learned from mother's lips,
What soap is best for face and hands.

IT'S BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP



With questions tending to perplex,
The mother of the household copes;
One problem she has solved long since—
She knows full well the soap of soaps

IS BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP



Dear grandma's eyes with age are dim,
But from her lips oft treasures fall.
"For healing, cooling, cleansing too,
The soap I hold is best of all."

THIS BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP

This stripling in ambition's toils,
Shaving each morn with youthful zest,
With patronizing air remarks,
"This soap, you know,
Is far the best."

MEANING BUTTERMILK
SHAVING STICK



In days of old, this man
of years
At beards and razors
loud did rave.
This cooling soap at last
he found,
And now he quite de-
lights to shave

WITH BUTTERMILK
SHAVING STICK



COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP, in addition to its unsurpassed cleansing power, has all the healing, cooling and softening qualities which a good skin demands. For Sale Everywhere. We will send, postpaid, for 12 cents in stamps a sample cake of Toilet Soap, or for 10 cents a sample Shaving Stick, each full size.

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SOME SUMMER EVENING DRESSES

By Isabel A. Mallon



UNLIKE a winter evening gown, which should suggest elaboration, that intended to be worn during the summer months at different festivities must announce in fabric and design that it is dainty, cool and inexpensive. The materials most favored are the printed and embroidered muslins, the plain and printed mulls, fancy challies, light-weight cashmeres and summer silks. For the young girl a preference is always given to the muslins or mulls. They may be made up daintily, and if they are a little mussed yield very quickly to the persuasion of a warm iron.

THE SUMMER MUSLINS

THE printed muslins show this season rather pale bunches of flowers, such as might be picked out of an old-fashioned



A DAINTY MUSLIN GOWN (Illus. No. 1)

garden, thrown here and there upon them. The embroidered ones oftenest have tiny dots, points, crescents, or stars in white thread scattered thickly over them. In making either a muslin or a mull it must be remembered that the gown will look a thousand times prettier if it is made over silk, and as the material itself is not expensive, being quite wide, one feels, for the sake of the good effect, a little bit more money may be put in the lining. Extravagance in ribbons and in inexpensive laces ceases to be extravagance on the evening gown for summer, because the light, airy trimmings give it the pretty look which it should always have. By-the-by, in arranging the neck of the bodice of an evening dress it must be remembered that Dame Fashion is particularly modest, and where the high effect is not produced the round one is, and this is really a round cut showing only the upper part of the neck and the throat, and being perfectly refined. A sash ribbon, which nowadays is about three inches wide, is always a pretty adjunct, and it may be of gros-grain, satin or velvet, as seems most appropriate.

Many pretty effects can be produced on evening gowns by yokes formed of coarse lace, alternating with velvet ribbon. When these are put on a bodice deep cuffs to match are arranged, and for little trouble and not much expense a very picturesque air is obtained. Lace skirts that have outlived their bodices are made to look new by having chiffon sleeves put in the bodice, and Figaro jackets of black passementerie carefully arranged to hide the worn parts. The usual throat finish is a band of passementerie overlaying a ribbon.

A DAINTY MUSLIN GOWN

THE muslin used for the gown pictured in Illustration No. 1 is thickly embroidered in small crescents with white thread. The skirt, which is made very wide, has for its decoration two flounces of the material, each with a row of somewhat coarse lace insertion between the hem and the upper part. The heading to the upper flounce is a double box-plaiting of narrow white satin ribbon. The bodice is a round, full, draped one with an Empire cape exactly like one of the flounces, and a high collar formed of broad satin ribbon crinkled over the straight foundation. The sleeves are of the muslin, have full puffs for their upper portion and deep cuffs for the lower, the cuffs being made elaborate by flat, alternating rows of insertion and ribbon. Around the waist is a three-inch wide sash of satin ribbon, folded over to a point in front and falling in two long ends at the back. This sash, by-the-by, is fastened on the skirt proper, so that one has no trouble in arranging it. The bodice comes sufficiently far below the waist-line to prevent its "riding up," that something which would spoil the prettiest of round waists. A bow of white ribbon is on the hair.

THE PRETTY CHALLIES

FOR the young woman who is to spend her summer at the seashore the muslin gown is not desirable, and for her I would recommend

either a chaille, a cashmere or a silk, giving the preference, however, to the first of the three. It may be mentioned that there are challies and challies. And the coarse, common-looking suiting with figures upon it has no right to assume the name of the fine, closely-woven fabric, light in weight and soft in draping, which is the real chaille. A very dainty one is that used for the gown shown in Illustration No. 2. Its background is an é cru, and the figures upon it are miniature orchids in the Magenta shade that is given so much vogue. The skirt, like all evening dresses worn by young women, escapes the floor, and has for its decoration three rows of Magenta velvet ribbon laid in circles and caught at each point with a rosette of the ribbon. The basque is made in coat fashion, its skirts reaching almost to the knees and its outlines piped with Magenta velvet. A waistcoat of coarse é cru lace laid in jabot fashion gives a rich look, and the broad collar of crimson velvet ribbon has, just in the centre, an é cru lawn tie edged with lace and arranged in a Directoire bow.

A SILKEN GOWN

THE silk fancied for evening wear is usually very light in weight and not expensive. The backgrounds are dainty in color, and little sprigs of contrasting tints are thrown here and there upon them. Pale pink, china blue, Nile green and é cru are most favored. Green is given special courtesy, and certainly in combination with white makes a most effective frock. In Illustration No. 3 is shown a pretty little gown made of Nile green silk that has white violets thrown upon it here and there. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces of white chiffon, each having under it another flounce of green chiffon, so that the color effect of greenish white is



AN ECRU CHALLIE GOWN (Illus. No. 2)

obtained. The round bodice is cut out after the English fashion, the edge being finished with a full frill of chiffon arranged like that on the skirt. The sleeves are of the chiffon, having huge puffs for the upper part, while they shape in to fit the arms, and each has a ruffle finish that falls far down on the hands. About the waist is a broad ribbon of white, the ends of which hang down on the skirt at the back.



EVENING GOWN OF NILE GREEN (Illus. No. 3)

A Piano at a Nominal Price

Chicago's largest music house, Lyon & Healy, are moving into a magnificent new building. They have a number of slightly used and second-hand pianos returned from World's Fair renting, etc., etc., which they have determined to sacrifice rather than move. They have divided them into four great classes.

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Nearly all originally sold for from two to four times their present price. Almost all prominent makes are represented, including among numerous others: Chickering, Knabe, Steinway, Weber, Decker, Steck, Fischer, etc. This is an opportunity that will not occur again, as Lyon & Healy have not moved for twenty years. Immediate attention is therefore necessary. The best plan would be to order a piano, leaving the selection to Lyon & Healy. However, they will send a list and full particulars upon application. Any piano not proving satisfactory may be returned at their expense. Address at their new salesrooms, corner of Wabash Avenue and Adams Street, Chicago. Distance is no obstacle in taking advantage of this remarkable chance to obtain a piano, for in proportion to the saving to be made the freight charges are insignificant. Any banker or the publisher of this Magazine will assure you of Lyon & Healy's entire responsibility and record of over a third of a century for honorable dealing.

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Theodore B. Starr

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THE BERRIES OF SUMMER

By Eliza R. Parker

BERRIES are particularly wholesome. They contain not only a large amount of sugar, but also a combination of vegetable acids which act as powerful tonics. All berries are delicious served in their natural freshness, but they may also be made into dainty desserts. The following receipts will be found useful in preparing dishes from the small fruits that come in such perfection this month.

RASPBERRIES served with whipped cream make a delicious dessert. Place a layer of ripe red raspberries in a deep glass dish; sprinkle with pulverized sugar; add another layer of berries and more sugar; cover with a pint of whipped cream; set on ice until chilled, and serve for breakfast. Raspberry pyramid is made by crushing a quart of ripe red or black raspberries with a pint of sugar, and adding the well-beaten whites of eight eggs; mix carefully with the berries, and beat all together until stiff; arrange in a pretty dish in the form of a pyramid.

To make a *croquante* of raspberries, cover a tablespoonful of gelatine with a little cold water and let it stand for twenty minutes; pour over half a teacup of warm water, and stir until dissolved. Stand a two-ounce mould on ice until very cold. Have a pint each of red and black raspberries picked over; dip each one in the gelatine, and press them against the sides of the mould. They may be arranged in fancy shape, or the red and black berries placed alternately. When the gelatine hardens and the fruit sticks in place fill the centre of the mould with cream prepared as for Charlotte russe; stand on ice until firm. Raspberry Charlotte, another dainty summer dessert, is made by lining a mould with split lady fingers. Whip a pint of sweet, thick cream; mix with it half a teacup of pulverized sugar and two tablespoonfuls of raspberry juice freshly pressed from the berries; set on ice until very cold; beat until frothy; fill the centre of the mould, and set in a cool place; when firm remove from the mould carefully and ornament with ripe raspberries. Raspberry Bavarian cream is made by covering half a box of gelatine with cold water; let soak half an hour, and add a little boiling water to dissolve it; sweeten with half a cup of sugar, and pour in a pint of red raspberry juice; stir until the sugar is dissolved, and strain the mixture into a tin pan; set on ice until it begins to thicken; add a pint of whipped cream; stir carefully until thoroughly mixed; pour into a mould and stand in a cool place until hard. Any fruit juice may be used in place of the raspberry.

Take a quart of ripe raspberries, red or black; mash them; add a pint of sugar and the juice of two lemons; let stand one hour; pour over a quart of ice water; stir until the sugar is dissolved; turn into a freezer and freeze, and you will have a delicious dish of frozen raspberries. Blackberries may be frozen in the same way.

To make raspberry water ice, mix a quart of black raspberry juice, a pint of ice water, and a large cupful of sugar together; add the juice of a lemon; pour in a freezer and freeze. Beat the whites of three eggs with two ounces of powdered sugar; stir in the ice and mix until perfectly smooth; remove the dasher and set aside to mellow.

WHEN serving currants for breakfast select large perfect clusters of cherry red and white currants. Dip them carefully into ice water, and place them on a sieve to drain; when dry arrange in a heap on a large glass dish, and serve in saucers with powdered sugar, in which they may be dipped and eaten from the stem. Cover a box of gelatine with half a cup of cold water; let stand for one hour; add a pint of boiling water, and stir until dissolved; pour over a quart of red currant juice; add a pound of sugar; set on the stove, and stir until it boils; pour in a fancy jelly mould, and set on ice until firm; serve with whipped cream. This dessert you may name currant gelatine.

To make currant sponge, cover an ounce of gelatine with cold water, and let soak for half an hour; pour over half a pint of boiling water; add a teacupful of sugar, and stir until dissolved; add half a pint of red currant juice, and strain into a tin pan; set on ice; stir until cold and thick. Beat the whites of two eggs, turn into the mixture, and beat all together until smooth; pour into a fancy mould, and set in a cool place to harden; serve with whipped cream. This makes a delicious dish for either luncheon or dinner.

CURRANTS make a delicious ice cream. Mash two pounds of ripe red currants; add a pound of sugar to them, and let stand for two hours. Strain and add the juice to a quart of thick, sweet cream; if not sufficiently sweet add more sugar; pour in a freezer, let stand ten minutes and freeze.

Currant water ice, which is also good, is made by boiling one pound of sugar and a pint of water together until it forms a thick syrup; take from the fire; add a pint and a half of red currant juice; let cool; pour in a freezer; when half frozen stir in the beaten whites of six eggs; mould and freeze hard.

Currants and gooseberries are very dainty and ornamental when crystallized. Select ripe, firm fruit; leave on the stems; dip first in beaten white of an egg, then in powdered sugar; arrange on paper and set in a cool oven for ten minutes; when the icing becomes firm pile in a glass dish, and set in a cool place.

A pretty way to serve blackberries with cream is to pick fresh, ripe berries over carefully; heap them in a glass bowl and set on ice; serve on saucers, with little bowls of sugar and pitchers of cream, allowing each person at the table to sugar the fruit to suit taste. Blackberries may be served with meringue as follows: Place a quart of ripe blackberries in a bowl; sprinkle with powdered sugar; beat the whites of three eggs with half a cup of sugar, and spread over the berries; set on ice until very cold. Blackberry flummery is made by placing a pint of ripe blackberries in a saucepan with a pint of water; let boil slowly without stirring for ten minutes; moisten two tablespoonfuls of corn starch with cold water; stir into the berries; let thicken; take from the fire and add half a teacup of sugar; when cool serve with sugar and cream.

Gooseberry fool is made by preparing carefully a quart of ripe gooseberries and putting them in a saucepan with a pint of water. Set on the fire to stew until tender; take off and press through a colander to remove the skins; add an ounce of butter, a cup of sugar and the beaten yolks of four eggs; beat all together until light, and pour into a deep glass dish; set on ice; beat the whites of the eggs until foaming, add half a teacup of powdered sugar, and beat until very stiff; heap on top of the gooseberries, and serve. Gooseberry whip is made by stewing and sweetening two quarts of ripe gooseberries; when cool add the beaten whites of six eggs. Put the mixture in a deep baking dish and set in a hot oven for fifteen minutes; when cold cover with whipped cream and serve.

To make English berry tarts, take a quart of ripe berries; sweeten to taste; put in shallow pudding pans; cover with rich pie crust; prick with a fork; set in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour. If the fruit used is blackberries or whortleberries add a tablespoonful of flour, and flavor with grated nutmeg; when done dredge the top with powdered sugar and serve.

A delicious blackberry pudding is made by beating six eggs and adding a cup of milk with half a teacup of melted butter, a pint of flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mash a quart of ripe blackberries; sweeten and stir into the batter. Turn into a pudding dish; set in the oven to bake and serve with lemon sauce.

Blackberry roll, a popular dessert, is made by rolling out a rich crust and spreading with ripe berries well sweetened; roll up; put in a dripping pan; spread over with bits of butter and sugar; pour a teacupful of boiling water in the bottom of the pan; set in a hot oven until the roll is brown. Serve with the sauce in the pan.

Southern tarts are made by lining small patty pans with rich crust, and filling with raspberries, blackberries or whortleberries. Heap up high in the centre; sprinkle freely with powdered sugar; wet the edges of the paste with ice water; lay on a thin crust of light puff paste; press the edges together, and with a sharp knife trim off evenly; press around the base of the fruit about a fourth of an inch from the edge of the pan, so as to push the fruit up in a cone in the centre, when the juice will run around the groove formed by pressing. Brush the crust of each tart over with ice water and bake in a quick oven.

A *compote* of berries is made by making a rich syrup from a quart of any firm berries and three-quarters of a pound of sugar and half a teacup of water. When thick take from the fire, drop the fruit into the syrup and let come to a slow boil. Skim out the berries; lay on a dish; boil the syrup low; skim and pour over the berries.

PRESERVES AND JELLIES

THE most perfect fruit should be selected for preserving. It should never be over-ripe. Raspberries, blackberries, whortleberries, gooseberries and currants require very little boiling. They must be cooked with great care in order to preserve their shape and color. Only the best quality of sugar should be used, and equal quantities of fruit and sugar allowed. The syrup should be boiled thick before adding the berries, as strong syrup tends to make the fruit firm.

To make raspberry, blackberry, whortleberry or gooseberry preserves, pick the berries over carefully, rejecting all soft and imperfect ones. Weigh the fruit and sugar; put the latter in a porcelain-lined preserve kettle with water to dissolve; boil until thick; add the fruit; let cook very slowly until clear. Take up carefully, put in small glass jars and cover. All small berries make excellent jam by boiling slow, mashing and adding half a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. If the seeds of berries are not liked the juice may be strained, measured and boiled with the sugar until firm, when a seedless jam will be the result.

To make jelly of raspberries, blackberries, currants and gooseberries, it is very important that the fruit should be at the proper stage of ripeness, otherwise all efforts to make good jelly will be unsuccessful. If the jelly does not "form" within twenty-four hours it is useless to recook it. Sometimes a day's exposure to the hot sun will improve thin jelly.

The juice of the fruit should be boiled before adding the sugar, as it will then retain both color and flavor better.

To make blackberry jelly, take fresh blackberries just ripe; pick over carefully; put into a stone jar and stand in a kettle of cold water; cover the jar and let stand in the boiling water until the berries are soft. Pour them into a jelly bag and squeeze out the juice. Measure, and to every pint allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Put the juice into a kettle and stand over a brisk fire; let boil rapidly for twenty minutes; add the sugar and stir until dissolved; let come to a boil; take from the fire; put in glasses and set aside to cool. Cover and keep in a dark place. Whortleberry jelly may be made in the same way. Raspberries are more difficult to make into jelly, and will require longer boiling and a little more sugar. The addition of a pint of red currant juice to a quart of raspberry juice will be found an improvement when making raspberry jelly.

WHEN making currant jelly, select freshly-gathered currants which are not over-ripe; mash and squeeze them through a jelly bag. Put the juice into a porcelain-lined kettle and stand over a brisk fire; let boil for twenty minutes; add a pound of sugar for every pint of juice, and stir until it dissolves. Skim; bring to a boil; take from the fire; put in glasses and stand aside to jelly. A little of the liquid can be tried in a glass before taking up, and if it does not jelly it may be boiled a few minutes longer. A clear, lighter-colored jelly can be made by using white and red currants. To make English currant jelly, take ripe currants; do not pick from the stems; weigh, and allow half a pound of sugar to every pound of currants. Put the fruit into a preserve kettle; mash and stir over the fire for twenty-five minutes. Take up; strain through a flannel bag. Wash the kettle, put the juice in it, let come to a boil and add the sugar; stir until dissolved; take from the fire; pour in glasses; let cool and cover.

Gooseberry jelly is made by picking over carefully half a gallon of ripe, sound gooseberries. Put in a preserve kettle with a pint of water and boil for ten minutes; mash and squeeze through a jelly bag. Measure the juice; return to the kettle, and add a pound of sugar for each pint of juice; boil rapidly until it jellies. Take from the fire; put in jelly glasses, and cover when cool.

THE process of canning all berries is varied but little, except in the quantity of sugar to be used, the acid varieties, of course, requiring a larger amount than the sweet. Only the most perfect fresh fruits are suitable for canning. They should not be too ripe. Berries are best sugared an hour or two before being put on to cook; a little powdered alum may be added to the sugar to aid in preserving the color and shape of the berries. They should not be allowed to cook long enough to destroy the natural flavor, but only brought to the boiling point. Put, while very hot, in airtight glass cans, and seal immediately. The jars should be thoroughly heated before filling, and the tops securely screwed on afterward.

If preferred, berries may be canned without sugar; they will keep quite as well. A quarter of a pound of sugar to every pound of fruit is the usual proportion for raspberries and blackberries, while double the quantity should be used for currants and gooseberries. All canned fruit should be kept in a cool, dark place.



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UNE strews the pathway of every bride with flowers, and scatters sunshine with a lavish hand. No wonder that the "flowery month" has always been considered the most propitious for weddings, for "then, if ever, come perfect days." As the happy event recedes into the past every woman likes to recall that she was once a bride, and a wedding anniversary furnishes an occasion for a pleasant reunion—with a certain halo of sweet memories to add to its charm.

THE WOODEN WEDDING

THE first milestone—after five years of married life—when the young wife speaks of herself as "an old married woman," is called the "wooden wedding." A cozy little dinner, to which those who were the bridesmaids and groomsmen are bidden, with a few intimate friends, is usually the favorite form of entertainment. Note-paper may be had, resembling birch-bark, which is suitable for the invitations. The dining-room may be made to look as "woody" as possible with roping of evergreen and verdure of any sort. The introduction of "Christmas trees" into the room adds much to the sylvan effect. They are to be had almost for the asking in summer.

A box made of twigs holding ferns makes an appropriate centerpiece for the table, and the cheapest wooden dishes lined with ferns will hold the bonbons and cakes quite acceptably. At each lady's place a little toy bucket or pail—the staves alternately of dark and light wood—will make a very pretty receptacle for the flowers. Wild flowers of all colors, those growing in the woods, are appropriate and plentiful in June. The city florists are always in communication with persons who can supply them when they are ordered. The little pails have the additional advantage that they may hold a little water, for wild flowers wither so quickly. The wire handles should be bound with ribbon and tied with bows.

The name-cards of real birch-bark should have at the top the date of the marriage and the present date, and under these the guests' names all written in dark green ink. On the reverse side of the one given to the bride her husband might write the summing up of all wifely duties, quoted from the famous game of "oats, peas and beans":

"Now, you're married, you must obey,
You must be true to all you say;
You must be loving, kind and good—
And help your husband chop the wood."

While the groom may be reminded of his responsibilities in the same vein, changing the first line—

"Now, you're married, this happy day,"
and the last—

"And keep your wife in kindling wood."

The candle shades may be bought very cheaply of plain white crimped paper, decorated with bits of evergreen. The colors of the flowers should be repeated in the bonbons and cakes, the green background of ferns harmonizing all shades. The bride should wear her wedding dress. The more old-fashioned it be the more interesting.

THE TIN WEDDING

COMES with the tenth anniversary. If a dinner be given, the table may be made beautiful with pink roses and syringa placed in a bright new tin dish, in the centre. Four dishes, holding the pink and white bonbons, cakes, etc., may be set in the midst of tin rings (used for baking cakes in circular shape), the edges of the plates resting on those of the tins. These rings filled with roses and syringa will make pretty wreaths around each prominent dish. If a more elaborate decoration be desired any tinsmith can make a flower-holder in the form of the initial of the groom's name and that of the bride's maiden name—one to be placed at each end of the table.

The little round stands of twisted tin wire, made for the teapot, turned upside down and lined with pink laced papers, make dainty receptacles for salted almonds or small bonbons. If, as is now fashionable, small "individual" dishes are supplied for the almonds new heart-shaped "patty pans" will answer the purpose.

Cards of heavy Bristol-board, very lightly covered with mucilage, may be entirely enveloped in tin foil, and so smoothly that the artifice will not be suspected. The guests' names may be scratched upon the surface. A small tin funnel at each lady's place will make a pretty bouquet-holder.

THE CRYSTAL WEDDING

THE fifteenth anniversary may be effectively celebrated by an "afternoon tea" out-of-doors, if the "happy pair" be the fortunate possessors of a lawn and shade trees. A few little tables in sheltered nooks—and a larger one for the more important dishes—are suggestive of pleasure at first sight. In the centre of the large table I would place a cut-glass dish, holding a mass of red roses.

As one is confined to glass dishes for everything at a crystal wedding its lack of color is better supplemented by red flowers than those of other shades.

A glass dish or vase filled with roses, geraniums or carnations might ornament each of the little tables, for the lavish month of June is so prodigal of blossoms.

It is the custom in Russia to serve tea in very thin glasses, in preference to cups, and as it is taken with lemon, instead of cream, it is much more dainty in appearance. The Austrians also prefer glasses to cups for their coffee, and the habit once formed no cup seems thin enough. Any excuse to use glass is admissible. The lemonade and ices are, of course, served in tumblers and glass saucers. Instead of sugar for the tea and coffee the crystals of white rock candy may be used, and are no mean substitute. A profusion of cut glass on the large table makes, of course, an attractive decoration in itself, but the pressed glass now imitates it very nearly and is wonderfully cheap.

Should a dinner be preferred every possible device for using glass should be taken advantage of.

A large piece of looking-glass bordered with red roses, or other flowers if desired, may be placed on the table, a glass bowl of flowers in the centre. If one be not fortunate enough to have inherited old-fashioned glass candlesticks with long pendent prisms, ordinary glass ones are cheap and easily procured. The shades may have a fringe of cut-glass beads around them, that, catching the light, has a pretty, prismatic effect.

For name-cards small, round, beveled mirrors, three inches in diameter, may be easily inscribed with the names of the guests in any colored ink preferred. Wreaths of tiny blossoms painted along the edges would, of course, greatly enhance their beauty. Should these prove too expensive a simple white card, around the edges of which crystal beads are thickly sewed, forming a sort of a frame, may not be an unacceptable substitute.

THE LINEN WEDDING

MAY be celebrated twenty years from the "day of days" in a woman's life. It must be confessed that, although it furnishes an excellent opportunity for pretty presents in embroidered doilies and all manner of other napery, it is less suggestive to a hostess as a "theme" for an entertainment. A dinner, to which only intimate friends and the families of bride and groom are invited, seems more appropriate than any more ambitious observance of the day.

The invitations may be written on squares of linen in indelible ink and inclosed in envelopes of the same material. The elaborate folding of napkins is no longer in vogue, but the fashion might be revived on such an occasion when linen is to be made the prominent feature. Any pretty draw-work or embroidered linen may be appropriately introduced. Napkins folded to represent a succession of scallop-shells or fans may surround and conceal the dish holding the flowers in the centre of the table. No flowers are so suitable for the occasion as the pretty blue blossoms of the flax plant, but they are hardly vivid enough by themselves to be effective, as the table is so severely white. Bright poppies and yellow-hearted daisies mingled among the blue flax make a charming centerpiece. Small squares of fine linen with fringed edges may be embroidered with the guests' names in blue or red (Kensington stitch) in bold English writing, and will answer very well for name-cards when made to adhere to squares of Bristol-board by means of a little flour paste.

Nothing makes a better surface for water-color painting than linen, and imagination may run riot if the hostess be an artist. Upon every dish a round, fringed doily should be placed.

A really dainty flower-holder may be made by placing a slender thin glass tumbler in the centre of a round piece of fine linen, edged with lace an inch or two wide. This should be drawn up and plaited around the edge of the tumbler and tied with narrow ribbon in many loops. The lace stands out like a ruffle, making a border around the flowers.

THE SILVER WEDDING

IT is usually at about this period in life, the twenty-fifth anniversary, that the "family purse" is at its highest point of prosperity, which may be one reason why the twenty-fifth anniversary is more generally celebrated than any other, and almost always by a dinner.

No color harmonizes so well with silver as rose color, particularly by artificial light. I would suggest a profusion of pink roses as nearly as possible of uniform shade, and the decorations of the table of the same color.

When one has reached one's "silver wedding" day one has presumably reached that period of life when one is not indifferent to the advantages of the light being strained through rose-colored candle-shades. It thus blends mercy with justice. Beautiful shades of filigree silver may be had, and lined with pink silk are exquisite. Fac-similes are now made in plated ware. Pretty shades are also made of artificial pink rose petals.

The bonbons should be pink, the little cups of crimped paper holding them silvered.

The name-cards, pink and silver-edged, should be stamped in silver with the interlaced letters of the names of the quondam bride and groom, and the guests' names written in silver ink. The invitations should also be engraved in silver, and as colored note-papers are now fashionable a delicate rose color will be found a pretty ground for silver lettering.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

THE bride and groom now grown old may celebrate the event with less fatigue and excitement by giving a reception, rather than a dinner, when they have reached a half century of wedded life.

It is to be hoped that the aged couple have many willing hearts and hands of children and grandchildren at their disposal, who will relieve them of any exertion or responsibility in making ready for their guests. If the purse be sufficiently well lined with the precious metal a golden wedding may be made like a scene from the Arabian Nights. Florists may deck the rooms with masses of yellow roses, the table may be laden with gold plate, or dishes of gilded silver, but for those who would rather spend their money in lifting other people's burdens, or save it for the loved ones who are to come after them, pretty effects may be obtained at little outlay of anything but time, patience and good will.

Portières of corn-colored cheese-cloth bordered with chrysanthemums of yellow tissue paper, mingled with sprays of natural leaves, may be hung at the doorways and gracefully looped back. Any one with the usual complement of brain and fingers may make the flowers by the dozens in a short time, if one have a model. Over one doorway the date of the marriage and the present date, in figures a foot long, should be placed, composed of yellow flowers. These may be tiny paper roses, artificial buttercups or immortelles. In another doorway a huge wedding ring of yellow flowers may hang by a wide satin ribbon. Fresh yellow flowers—if only buttercups and dandelions—should ornament the room in as great profusion as may be possible.

On the table a gilt-framed looking-glass may be placed, and if one end be carved while the other is plain, flowers may be heaped at either end to conceal the difference.

Buttercups are not to be despised, and it is better to choose any flower that may be had in abundance. A large dish of the golden blossoms should ornament the centre of the mirror. A yellow satin ribbon tied around the dish will conceal it. Brass candlesticks will be fairly good substitutes for gold ones. Candle shades of gilt lace paper may be had at fifteen cents apiece, or yellow crimped paper ones may be trimmed with artificial buttercups. Pretty *bobèches* are made by twisting the stems of half a dozen of these flowers together so that they appear to be growing around the base of the candle.

Gilt lace papers should line every dish whenever possible. Oranges, salads covered with mayonnaise dressing, golden spongecake, cakes with orange icing, yellow bonbons—anything of the color of the precious metal is appropriate for the table decorations.

It would be less fatiguing for the aged couple if some daughter were to receive the guests until most of them were assembled, when they might enter the room together to the music of a wedding march on the piano.

The bride may no longer wear her wedding dress, but it might be upon exhibition, or perhaps some fresh, young granddaughter might, in wearing it, personate the bride of fifty years ago. With a coiffure like that in vogue at the time of the marriage, she would doubtless look quaint and pretty, and have no more hearty admirers than the aged groom and the gentle bride, to whose grandmotherly heart the sight will bring no tinge of jealousy.

On such an occasion the heart of every guest worthy to be present should echo "Tiny Tim's" famous toast, "God bless us, every one!"



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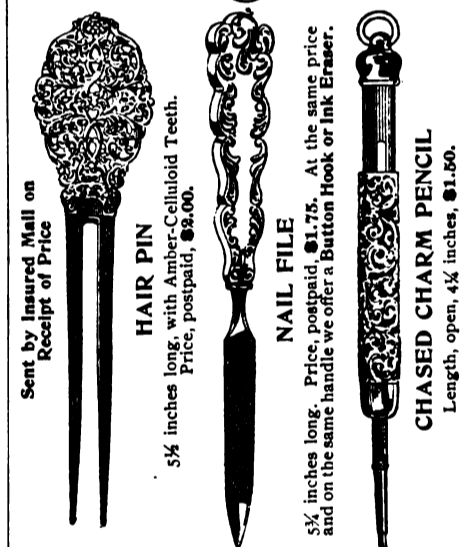
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JUST AMONG OURSELVES
 EDITED BY MRS. LYMAN ABBOTT

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



TIME seems to set his pace according to the temper of his passenger—to the cheerful and busy he appears to run; he gives no chance to linger by the way among the flowers; the vision of sunlit cloud, of verdure-clad hill and fertile plains is caught only to be lost immediately. But to the sorrowing and morose traveler Time seems to lag and all the way is monotonous and tiresome. Nothing charming is in the landscape and the sky is unvaryingly dull. To the debtor Time moves swiftly and the days of reckoning follow one another with alarming speed, while the creditor finds those same days much too far apart and too slow in coming. To me Time pushes on so fast that I feel like the rider on a swift horse who reaches out to pluck the blossoms as he hurries by and finds he has caught only a few broken twigs. May, in which I meant to gather so much, was but just here; and now

“Our June
 Warms toward the solstice, and we feel upon
 Our life the joy, not burden, of its noon—
 Prelude, like sweetest cadence of a tune,
 To the full chord that shall be sounded soon.
 “Then golden lilies in the garden gleam,
 And roses blow, and orioles build and sing,
 And sparkles flash upon the brimming stream,
 And butterflies go by on yellow wings,
 And fireflies shine, and brighter than the spring
 Are stars and moons, nights, days and everything.”
 And how shall we enjoy them? We must bid Time tread more slowly and let us breathe these clear, sweet airs, and see the beauty of the days and the glory of the nights, and rest a little in their refreshing “golden times.”

THE criticisms you make I think are unjust to working-women. What can you expect of them? They have been kept down, body, mind and soul. Don't begrudge them a “lounge” once in a while. The truth is that although they have been deprived in every way, they do make good workers. Scores of women are doing man's work, so-called, and doing it as well as he ever did it.

Far be it from me to treat any woman unjustly or unsympathetically. It is hard to be understood on this subject. I know too well how indispensable and important rest is to women, and the difficulties attending women's competing with men in business are so great that I wonder so many women succeed at all. The point I tried to make is best expressed, perhaps, by you: “Do not let them take up any work as a makeshift, but drill them for the cares which may fall upon them.” Promptness, accuracy and fidelity are qualities which are as important for a woman as for a man. A man in the stress of business soon finds he must possess these in a large measure or fail; the failures are not few. A woman is so accustomed to rest upon other qualities—charms of person or a certain dependent refinement—that she has not realized what the new order of things requires. Whether the new order is the best is a question not yet decided.

Man goes into business for a life-work; his domestic life is to be helped, not hindered by it. Woman goes into business temporarily; her domestic life hindered, if not destroyed by it. This fact and certain differences of a physical character make it evident to me that a hand-to-hand struggle with men in the business world is an abnormal condition for women, and the future must find some way to avoid it. My associations, my personal experience and years of observation have increased my sympathy for so-called working-women. I dislike the way that word is commonly used, for I have little respect for any woman who is not working in this needy world. The criticisms I made, or seemed to make, were intended to be in the interest of wage-earners, and to inspire them to seek for themselves those necessary qualities which, as you say, have been lost to them by heritage and bad training. If women must go into business let them do it courageously and faithfully.

WILL you kindly tell me where I can find the verse “The Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit”? INQUIRER.

You will find it in Isaiah 54:6. I trust in seeking to help others bear their sorrows you will find your own growing lighter. You will certainly have strength given to you if you seek it at the unfailing Source. I am glad that the JOURNAL is a comfort and a help to you.

WE mothers should begin to teach our children in their earliest months, or as soon as they can talk. I believe that the reason so many grand, intellectual, ancient men are known to us is because they were taught something good as soon as they could lisp. The Romans began to instruct their children at three years of age. The mind of a child is like a garden:
 “A soil which breeds
 Of sweetest flowers or vilest weeds;
 Flowers lovely as the morning light,
 Weeds deadly as the aconite.”

I do not know how you can fix a time to begin to instruct your child. From the moment of its birth that instruction begins whether you recognize it or not. That mothers neglect to recognize the readiness of a very young child to learn about the world he lives in, and the race he belongs to, is true. A baby not yet able to walk, allowed to creep about on the warm ground on a summer's day, and shown a clover leaf and a grass blade, will learn very quickly to distinguish between the two, and a foundation of discernment will be laid. The little one will recognize a picture of “Jacky Horner,” or “Mary, Mary, quite contrary,” before it can speak, and with a little effort the pictures of great men can come to be quite as familiar long before the words written about them can be read. The trouble is that too often the mind of the mother is set on trifles, and she has nothing of value to impart to her children.

I HAVE a little child who, though certainly the deepest “influence toward all that is lovely,” calls also for a great deal of patience daily, almost hourly, and I have my own house in which to welcome the dearest and most thoughtful of husbands on his return from the day's labor. I am not very strong, and do all my work except the heavy washing, so I am often very tired, in spite of every endeavor on the part of my husband to lighten my labor. I have my ideal of what a wife and mother should be, and it has sometimes seemed that the more I struggled and prayed the more I realized my utter inability to reach it. It is one thing to be patient and sweet when strong, and well, and unweary; quite another when utterly tired out, and every nerve is tingling because of needed rest. Shall I tell you how I found the help I needed? George Fox has expressed it better than I can: “I found something within me that would not be sweet, and patient, and kind. I did what I could to keep it down, but it was there. I besought Jesus to do something for me, and when I gave Him my will He came into my heart and took out all that would not be sweet, all that would not be kind, all that would not be patient, and then He shut the door!” My circumstances have not changed at all, but within is the peace that I had not been able to reach, though Jesus had been my Saviour for years, and promises that were not fulfilled in me before are now my own. J. S. R.

THE ideal is to have a well-kept house the wife may be sacrificed, and awake to find herself a thorn in her husband's flesh if not in her own. If the ideal is to be the helper, encourager, uplifter in her home, leaving the things and the service to take a subordinate place, she is more likely to manage the daily routine better. It is the old, old teaching this, that in one's self lies the secret of success or failure, and the secret may be found, as you have found it, by any one who will seek it.

IT seems to me that I must say a word to “Perplexed” even if I raise a storm of disapproval. When it is time to get baby to sleep pick up the last paper or a good book. If you only read one chapter you will get up feeling refreshed; you will have forgotten your worries for a few minutes and will go to work with a fresh heart. Stop making so much pie and cake for your family, and feed them more bread and butter, plain sauce and fruit. I know what I am talking about for I have four children and have never been very strong. I hire my washing done even if, in order to pay for it, babies and I have fewer things. By-and-by they will grow up and will appreciate their mother if she can keep in touch with the great world. Never mind about the fashions now while the children are small, but make everything as easy for yourself as you can without being lazy. I never trouble myself if, when my child is going to play in the sand-pile, she does not wear an ironed apron, but I want it to be a clean one. Don't forget to ask God for His help and guidance. FRIEND.

I STOPPED a few minutes ago in the midst of my work for a few minutes of rest on the couch with the JOURNAL for company. I read the letter signed “Perplexed.” I should like so much to see her and talk to her. I was brought up in a farmer's kitchen. I know how to do all kinds of work. I am married and have two boys. I have not a college education; still my work is hard for me as I am not strong, and I often have to rest; but with it all I have wished for a college education; how much better I could help my boys in their studies. In society how a good education places one on the level with the cultured and refined, and one must go out, too, in order not to mildew. Oh, my dear sister, prize your education even above gold and silver. When your little ones are older try to go out all you can. Get interested in your church doings. A little outside work rests one. It does not take long to learn housework, and you can do that now you are married; but you cannot go to college. Above all try and keep happy for your children's sakes. A BUSY WOMAN.

These two letters ought to give our perplexed friend some comfort and some practical help. Out of the mouths of many witnesses truth is confirmed.

Although these sympathetic words may not exactly fit the needs of the one to whom they were especially addressed, they will, I am sure, suggest to some lonely, despondent ones a desire to make friends of those young people to be found in nearly every church, who are associated for mutual help and combined service.

A. F. H. Abbott

TO settle a discussion would you please inform me as to the relative power of man's and woman's intellect—which is the most capable of teaching in our public schools and imparting information to others?
 If it would not be asking too much would you give some statistics or refer me to some one who will?
 M. N. B.

I do not think that any one has ever yet measured the relative power of man's and woman's intellect. One is best adapted for certain kinds of work, and the other for other kinds. Both men and women make good teachers, and both make bad teachers; one may be best adapted to one kind of teaching, and another to another. As a rule, I think the average woman can deal with little children better than the average man can. We have lately been learning that the teachers of little children must be well prepared and possess good qualities of mind. It has been a disgrace to our school system that anybody who could “read, write and cipher” was thought capable of teaching in the primary department. The long and careful training now given to the kindergartners—those teachers who take children of the most tender age—is an indication of the growth of a truer idea of education. If by the word power you mean great force and strength in the sense in which it is used generally of mechanics, I should say that men had the more powerful intellects, as well as the more powerful physical organizations, but if you use it in the sense of ability to accomplish great things, I should say it was impossible to measure which has the more powerful intellect, man or woman. We speak of a powerful microscope and we speak of a powerful engine, yet the two are as unlike as possible. Man, as a rule, has his particular sort of work to do in the world, and woman has hers; each needs for that work the greatest exercise of mental, spiritual and physical abilities. It is time we were done with quarreling about which is the greater, with envyings and jealousies. Calm, unselfish consideration of what each individual can do, a wise appreciation of the God-given qualities, physical, spiritual and mental, and their fitness for particular work, will accomplish more than all the clamoring for rights and place.

MY method of dealing with my little ones may be a help to tired and busy mothers. My eight babies all thrive and learned to walk quickly. When my baby gets old enough to sit alone and shows a disposition to creep I get a dry-goods box about three feet square and one and a half feet deep. Into this I put a warm, soft blanket, a string of spools and other toys. Baby soon learns to catch hold of and pull herself up by the sides of the box, and very soon to walk around it. My baby is just ten months old, and stays in her box the greater part of the time. She can walk about the room holding to my finger. Even when babies are of an age to run about everywhere this box will keep them safe and clean while mother does her work, feeling safe about her darling. I would advise young mothers not to handle their little ones too constantly; require them to lie flat on the bed for an hour, at least, each day. It strengthens the back and teaches them to use their limbs, for they will kick to amuse themselves. A. M. L.

Our grandmothers used to make use of some such contrivance for the safety of the baby, for whom they did not think of employing a nurse, and could not have done so if they would. A little more freedom would be better for the babies who are held in the arms or tucked too closely in the baby carriage.

MARY W.—Your query in the March JOURNAL has attracted my attention, and I desire to offer a possible solution to your problem. I also have experienced this peculiar and undesirable depression, and cannot honestly attribute it to the causes given by our excellent friend, Mrs. Abbott. First, however, I will caution you not to place too much trust in my words, for I am only one of the young business men, such as Mr. Bok has described and advised so accurately, and have yet to gain the experience that makes the talks of our older associates so valuable to us.

In my case it is a question of “heart trouble,” fortunately not the kind that life insurance agents take such exception to, and I hope some day to outgrow it; perhaps you will also. This I attribute to what my medical friends call “reaction,” and I think it is caused by the “action” being intense. My business is such that I do not stay in one place more than a few weeks, and in consequence am for many long months away from any friends or social diversions. There is, however, one exception. In the church and Christian Endeavor Society one may always meet congenial people. Being so much alone my two evenings in the week spent with the little coterie of thoughtful, earnest workers at the church are keenly appreciated, but when I put on my gloves and start for my room again the reaction comes, and with a deep sense of despondency.

Concerning the cure I think Mrs. Abbott is right in her last paragraph answering your question. As the King's Daughters say, “Look out and not in.” If we cannot be thinking for others we can, at least, by work, study, reading, or even sleep, occupy our attention and leave no time to parley with the demands of the heart. I claim to be quite cosmopolitan and a great lover of books, but am not in sympathy with Miss Ashmore when she speaks of being satisfied with books alone—perhaps because I am younger. I enjoyed reading Drummond's interpretation of the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians in his “Greatest Thing in the World,” and do not think when I praise it that I in any way prejudice Mrs. Abbott against her young friend. FREDERIC G.

Although these sympathetic words may not exactly fit the needs of the one to whom they were especially addressed, they will, I am sure, suggest to some lonely, despondent ones a desire to make friends of those young people to be found in nearly every church, who are associated for mutual help and combined service.

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HEART TO HEART TALKS



THIS is the month of flowers. I have just laid down a book called "A Tour Around My Garden," and I read what I am sure you will enjoy: "There are very few blue flowers; pure blue is a privilege which, with some few exceptions, Nature only grants to the flowers of the fields and meadows. She is parsimonious in blue; blue is the color of the heavens, and she only gives it to the poor, whom she loves above all others." We often hear the words common flowers, and I am especially thankful for June, because even roses are common in June. So some are called June roses, and I love to see very old, dismal-looking houses covered with the June roses, and I think many will give thanks with me as they read: "Thanks, oh, Lord, for all that Thou hast created common! Thanks for the blue heavens, the sun, the stars, murmuring waters and the shadows of embowering oaks; thanks for the corn flowers of the fields; thanks for the songs of the linnet; thanks for the perfumes of the air and the sighing of the winds among the trees; thanks for the magnificent clouds gilded by the sun at its setting and rising; thanks for love, the most common sentiment of all; thanks for all the beautiful things Thy stupendous bounty has made common."

SHE WAS SATISFIED

I DO not know who wrote the letter—it was on a piece of very common paper and written with a pencil. She thanked me for the words of comfort in the JOURNAL; she gave me her benediction, and she signed herself "Satisfied." The signature startled me. Who was she? Was she old or young? I am sure she was not rich (in money). She asked nothing; she was "satisfied." What satisfied her? Who satisfied her? It is a great thing to be satisfied. Of course animals are satisfied, and if the animal is at the top in us I suppose we can be satisfied. A good dinner or a comfortable bed satisfies some people. But it was evident to me that this woman had a heart, and when you strike that region it is not so easy to be satisfied. I wish all hungry, unsatisfied people could take comfort from their restlessness. I once heard an essay on the genius of unrest, and the speaker showed how much we owed to restless people. All discoverers have been restless, and there would be no interest in the sweetest words ever uttered to humanity if there were no restlessness: "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." I am quite certain in my own mind that this woman had met Jesus Christ. And when one can say, "I have seen the Lord," all other sights are not necessary to that person. The truth in the old hymn comes with force to such:

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

Nothing satisfies a hungry soul but personal love, and we are slow to apprehend that these natures of ours are too large to be satisfied with less. And infinite love—it takes an "infinite love for an infinite stilling"—satisfies! I feel like congratulating this unknown woman. She is evidently content with such things as she has, and I am quite sure that in the way of things she hasn't much, but you must go on with that sentence to get satisfaction: "Be content with such things as ye have, for He hath said, 'I will never leave you nor forsake you.'" Ah, now we get to where few things are enough. The more love the less need of things, and the less love the more hankering after things. A woman told me once who lived in a grand house that the happiest days husband and wife had ever known were when they had two rooms, and rag carpets on each. There are people who are envying the rich, when, if they knew that the highest in many of these people was starving, they would cease to envy and begin to pity.

I WISH WE COULD BE ALONE

I WAS very much interested in hearing of a millionaire who said to his wife, "I wish I could see a table like those I saw in my boyhood." He had lost his appetite and everything had been done to coax it. "Well," said his wife, "what was on the table?" "Oh," he said, "corned beef and cabbage, and turnips and potatoes not mashed." She smiled and said he should see such a table. So she had a room prepared at the top of the house, and the simple snow-white linen on it, and the farmer's dinner was on the table; no butler, no servant present, and they sat down. "Oh, wife," he said, "I wish we could always be alone." So you see, after all, the things did not satisfy that millionaire. But you say my trouble is not there; it is not things I want, but love. Well, why not come to the fountain, instead of being disappointed in the streams? The fountain is always accessible. "With Thee is the fountain of life," and life is love. There is a perfect love, and that is what you want, but you seek it at the streams, and they run dry. The trouble is you do not come. Coming means leaving something behind always. You cling to this and to that and the other thing, and you will not come that you might have life (love), and have it more abundantly. Alas, so many go on like the rag-pickers that I see come to the barrels in the morning, and they do get something; they have a bag with them to put their treasures in, but they all come out of somebody's else cellar. So we pick a little comfort here and there, thankful for anything. Oh, it seems enough to make the angels weep when all God's happy universe is at our disposal.

AMERICA'S SOCIAL QUEENS

SHE had an ambition to be one of America's social queens. What a pity her ambition was not higher. Why not have taken in eternity and been ambitious to be the daughter of the King of kings, and have consecrated all the God-given gifts to the highest service? Oh, what mistakes women, to say nothing of men, are making. Their ambition is bounded on the north by self-interest, on the south by self-interest, on the west by self-interest and on the east by self-interest. And the length of time for all that they covet to be enjoyed is a few short years, and then a boundless eternity. It seems to me if our eyes were really opened to see things as they are all we would need would be to read the daily papers to discover how poor is worldly ambition. Suppose the ambition is realized and you become one of the social queens of society, how long will you reign? I am thinking of one now who did attain the height of her ambition, but all the art that money could command could not hide the incurable disease, and her reign, of course, was short. Not that I do not think it right to be ambitious. I do, but I would have an ambition worthy of an immortal nature. I would have you say:

"Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine."

And that means eternal life, that means a reign of brightness, a reign of God-like nobleness, and then you will know power. There is a fascination in the word; we were made to have power, made to reign, made for a throne, and all that is necessary is to put in the word imperishable. Oh, dear Daughters, do aspire, do strive for a crown, but let it be an incorruptible crown, a crown of life. Error is always the shadow of truth, and it is so infinitely sad to read, as sometimes we are permitted to do, the tragedies of human life, to see a perfect trust given to the human, the sinful human, the will utterly yielded to be led just where the sinful guide would take us. The question most vital of all questions, "Is it right?" is put aside, and blind passion is taking the reins. I think the time has come when righteousness should be preached not only in the pulpit, but especially in the homes, and the one question, beginning when the children are young, should be, "Is it right?"—a good question for us older ones also.

KEEPING THE COMMANDMENTS

OH, the untold agony so many might have been spared, the wrecks not only in themselves, but in other lives by simple unrighteousness, and all might have been spared if the question had been faced in time, "Is it right?" Oh, how we need a strong morality these days! I shall never forget what I heard a boy say to his mother once who asked the question about his associations at school. "They are very religious," he said, "but they do not seem to be very moral." If ever there was a time when the moral law should be seen and felt it is now. It might be well in many quarters to look at an old code of law called God's Commandments, and look them over carefully—there are ten of them. It will not be enough to repeat them like parrots in a large congregation, but to take time to think of them, and settle it that it will not be for any good here or hereafter to break one of them. There are men in State's prison to-day who never dreamed that they would get there just by breaking the law under which they lived, but they are there. I know these Commandments are very old-fashioned, but I still think it would be well to have a revival on this line. There is more than one old fashion that had better come back. Among rare old things it would be refreshing to see downright truthfulness. I know that some will smile to think what a failure they would have on their hands in business, for example, if they should be strictly truthful. Well, you must determine first of all what success is, and it might be well to try your hand at that old sum: "What shall I profit a man" (or a woman either) "if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" You must first determine which is of the most consequence, yourself or money, and settle it whether you will sell yourself or not. If you do, be assured you will have met with a tremendous loss, and no matter what you believe or do not believe, you will find that out.

HOW RICH

I SAW these two words as I looked out of the window of the elevated car. There had been other words on the sign-board, but they were torn off, and only these two words remained, "how rich." So I put them in the form of a question, not knowing, of course, what the whole sentence had been, "How rich are you?" Then I fell to thinking about riches, and in what riches consisted. I am sure we make great mistakes about riches. We generally mean money. Is he rich? Is she rich? And only money is meant. Real riches consist in being rich in thought, rich in aspiration. Only think how many so-called rich people are positively poor. They have things, but they themselves are such poor things. It is only money used that makes people rich, and unless the money is converted into brains and heart the person with the money is poor indeed. I remember once being on Broadway when a friend met me whom I had not seen for a long time. She asked me where I lived. I had no home at the time (we were boarding), and I thought of the dear old words, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place." And really to have answered the question, "Where do you live?" the most natural answer would have been, "We live in God. In Him we live and move, and move and have our being." But if I had answered thus I should have been thought to be most peculiar, and yet only the people who live in the will and love of God are rich. So that we may very easily make mistakes and call rich people poor people, and poor people rich people, for the rich are so often poor, and the poor so often rich. How rich? Just as rich as you think you are and no richer. If you are hopeful you are rich, if you are fearful you are poor.

A good many years ago when rich men were fewer than they are to-day I was quite interested in seeing for the first time a man who was associated with the millions. He was pointed out to me in a public assembly. I looked at him, and then said to my friend, "And that is Mr. —?" "Yes," she said; "he is very depressed at this time; he has lost a great deal of money, and I heard he said a few days ago that he feared he might yet have to go to the poor house." I replied, "Why, he is there now; any one who fears he will go to the poor house is there; fear is the real poverty." Our thinking determines more than we have taken in. Any one under God's blue sky can feel rich if he will take in the riches God gives him. And all God's best gifts are free to all—no one has a corner on the best things. The blue sky above is for all, the air we breathe is for all, and so go on through the best gifts till you reach the Giver, and His love is for all. Now suppose you dissatisfied people just look this way and take in the gifts you have not counted. No better receipt could I give for happiness than "count your mercies."

Margaret Bottoome

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THE APARTMENT HOUSES OF PARIS

By Maria Parloa



It is impossible to give a true picture of any phase of life without putting in the little things. Many of the usages common in the domestic economy of France, and which seem so strange to the American, cannot be comprehended without a knowledge of the little things upon which they depend.

The study of the domestic life of this people is most interesting and instructive. Little things count for so much. So many things that at first sight we might think small, prove, on investigation, to be a means to a most noble end. Later on we will see this when the reasons for the taxing of so many things are shown.

DWELLING-HOUSES IN PARIS

WITHIN the city limits, single dwelling-houses are comparatively few. Such houses are generally the homes of very rich people or of high officials. The greater part of the inhabitants of Paris live in apartment houses.

All the buildings in the city have the same general coloring, cream or dark écru. The building materials for the walls are generally limestone, a rough stone (which the French people call quartz), bricks and plaster. No matter what the material used may be the outside walls of the finished houses have the same general appearance. If brick or rough stone is used the walls are plastered with a cement which becomes as hard as stone, and which has the general appearance of the limestone. The plastered walls are generally paneled. Where the limestone is used there is, as a rule, much ornamentation, as the stone is so soft it is easily chiseled. The monotony of color is relieved by the ornamental iron railings around the balconies and windows. The fronts of stores are often finished in iron, which is painted in some quiet color. Exposure to the elements tones down the light limestone and plaster. When a building becomes very much soiled stagings are erected as for painting, and the walls are then washed. Because of the universal use of this light building material, even on the darkest days Paris is not gloomy. The finest houses do not face the street. In the heart of the city the entrance to them is through a court. Immense doors of wood, iron or bronze shut this court off from the street. Some of these courts are planted with evergreens and flowering shrubs. The finest houses generally have gardens at the back. A large detached house is called a hotel, a small detached house a pavilion. These are often in the courts in the older parts of Paris. They are rarely more than two or three stories high. Buildings in Paris are long generally and narrow in proportion to their length. Each building, no matter how long or short it may be, has one number. For example, a building may be so long that there are four shops on the ground floor. Each of these shops has the same number, as has also the entrance to the apartments. If you are looking for a certain number on a street you cannot estimate the distance you must walk, as you would in America, for it all depends upon how long or how short the buildings are.

THE APARTMENT HOUSES

THESE houses are generally six stories high; sometimes, however, there is a seventh story with attic rooms for servants and storage. The house is divided in this manner: *rez-de-chaussée* (the ground floor), *entresol* (first flight up), the first floor (up two flights), the second floor, and so on to the attic. When engaging rooms by letter the fact should be kept in mind that the first floor in France is what would be called the third floor in America. In houses where the apartments are large, and people generally keep servants, the top floor is reserved for servants, each tenant having two or more servants' rooms. The main staircase goes only to the fourth floor, there being a back stairs from the ground floor to the top of the house. This is called a service stairs, and is used by tradespeople and servants. In the poorer houses, where the apartments are small, the service stairs are often dispensed with. In these houses the very poor tenant the attics. The small apartments may consist of from two to four or five rooms. The rooms, as a rule, are very small, and so arranged that there can be no privacy nor escape from the odors of cooking. The large apartments generally consist of entrance hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and four or more sleeping-rooms. The arrangement of the large apartments is such that one can have privacy and freedom from the odors of the kitchen. The French apartment does not often contain a bathroom.

SAFETY OF THE APARTMENT HOUSE

ONE of the most comforting things about the French apartment house is the feeling of almost absolute safety which one has. You retire at night with the feeling that there is little to fear from fire or burglars. There is comparatively little wood used in the construction of the French house. The primitive modes of heating do away with flues and pipes all over the house. The elevator shaft, which in case of fire in an American house is like an immense blowpipe fanning the flames to greater intensity, is wanting. It is true if there should be a fire in your room the many hangings and the quantity of furniture in it would be food for the flames, which would be disastrous to you, unless you were able to make your escape quickly. But danger could only come from your own carelessness with light or fire. The walls and floors are generally lined with brick, and a fire seldom gets beyond the room in which it starts. When one climbs long flights of stairs, or shivers in cold rooms and corridors, one may find a few grains of comfort in the thought that these conditions lessen the danger from fire.

Juno could not have put the hundred eyes, which she took from the head of Argus, in the tail of the peacock. I am sure that some of them were given to the Paris *conciergerie*. This necessary adjunct to every apartment house never seems to sleep. No one can pass in or out of the house night or day without being observed by the *conciergerie*. The entrance to the house is always through a court or a long corridor. One must pass the *conciergerie* on the way to the entrance to the house. The court or corridor is shut off from the street by the means of a large door or gate. In some houses this door is always kept closed, and one must ring to enter, but in others you need not ring until you reach the door of your apartment. In nearly all the houses this outer door or gate is closed at nine o'clock, but if you ring it will be opened at any hour of the night.

RENTS AND VARIOUS TAXES

THE rents vary with the floors. The least desirable floor is the *rez-de-chaussée*, and this is generally rented to shopkeepers who do business in the front part and live in the back part. The rooms on the next floor, *entresol*, are lower studded and not so finely decorated as on the floors above, and so the rent is less. The first floor—two flights up—is generally the most expensive. As one goes higher up the rent decreases slightly, but there are exceptions to this. When the view from the upper floors is fine the apartments command better prices; especially is this true if there is an elevator in the house. However, elevators are the exception and not the rule.

When the rent for the apartment is fixed the tenant knows that this is not all. There are many small taxes that bring one's rent to a much higher figure than would appear at the first glance. In the first place the *conciergerie*, who has charge of the house and lets the apartment, expects one per cent. of the first year's rent. In some houses the tenants pay a certain amount toward lighting the entrance and stairs; they also pay for the use of the carpet on the stairs. In France the windows and doors are taxed. The tenant must pay tax on every window and door in his apartment. I think I understand now why the windows are so large: of course, fewer are required to light a room. All the furniture is taxed. This tax is fixed not on the value of the furniture but on the amount of rent you pay. You may have furniture in an apartment that you pay five thousand francs for, which is twice as valuable as the furniture of a neighbor who pays a rent of ten thousand francs, but you will be taxed only half as much as your neighbor, because your rent is only half as much. This makes the work of the assessors easy, but seems hardly fair to the taxpayer. People who pay a rent of five hundred francs, or anything under five hundred, have no furniture tax to pay. Then there are the yearly fees to the *conciergerie*, water tax and the thousand and one little fees which count up in the months and years, so that although rents are lower than they would be in the same locations in America, the taxes and fees bring them up to a higher price.

The halls and stairs are lighted by the *conciergerie* and the outer doors are opened and closed by the same person. The lights are kept burning late or early in proportion to the rents. In a house where the apartments rent for five or six thousand francs the lights burn until midnight; where the rents are lower the lights are put out by eleven o'clock, and the tenant finds himself in utter darkness if he comes home late.

DUTIES OF THE CONCIERGE

THE occupants of apartment houses in America have, in the janitor, something that approaches the French *conciergerie*, but great as is the power of the janitor in America it is not so great as that of the *conciergerie* in France. Nor are the duties of the American janitor so complex and constant as those of his French prototype. In a sense the French *conciergerie* must be on duty night and day. For this reason two persons are required. The position is generally filled by a husband and wife. The landlord gives them the rent of their apartment and also a small salary. They must furnish their rooms themselves, and as these rooms are nearly all exposed to the view of all passing in and out of the house the furniture must be good. A large door, the greater part glass, opens from the corridor into their living room; there is also a large window. The husband or wife is always in this room, unless they are on the sidewalk or in the corridor. In any case one of them is always where all persons passing in or out can be seen. They answer questions, receive letters, papers and cards, and direct tradespeople where to find the persons they have business with. The *conciergerie* has charge of the whole house, the sidewalk and the courtyard. They keep the sidewalks, court, corridors and stairs clean. They light the gas in the halls and put it out; they show the apartments and stores when they are to be rented. They see that all the refuse is taken down to the court by the servants or tenants early in the morning or at night, that it may be removed by the city carts. They are obliged to be very strict in these duties. They also see that the tradespeople and servants use the service stairs, not the main entrance. They are generally able to tell visitors if the person they are in search of is in or out, thus saving them from climbing the stairs on a fruitless errand. They must have decision of character, else they could not control all the elements they come in contact with. It will be seen that they are a necessary and useful class, but they are, as a rule, disliked.

THE FEES OF THE CONCIERGE

THE jokes about the *conciergerie* indicate that he is in France all-powerful, as is his American cousin, the janitor. But he must have his side of the picture, which, of course, is rarely given to the public. His position must be a most trying one at times. One can fancy how some people would always be kind and considerate with him, while others would be most overbearing and exacting. If a tenant can prove that the *conciergerie* has been remiss in his duty or impertinent he can be discharged in twenty-four hours. This power on the part of the tenant is a check to open rudeness or discourtesy of any kind, but the *conciergerie* has it in his power to make you suffer in a thousand small ways. He may forget to deliver a message until it is too late, or important letters may lie for a day at the bottom of his letter box. When one's friends call he may forget that you are out. There is no end to the petty annoyances which he has the power to cause one. It is true, if one can prove these things against him, one can have him discharged, but there are things that it is most difficult to prove. However, the tenant is fully aware that the *conciergerie* can do all these things and in such a way that nothing can be proved against him. On the other hand the *conciergerie* knows the power of the tenant to have him discharged.

The salary of the *conciergerie* is small, and were it not for outside work and fees he could not live on what he receives from the landlord. As I said in the beginning this position is usually held by husband and wife. In writing or speaking of them the gender and number are indicated by the articles, *le, la, les*; the noun does not change. The husband generally does some outside employment that occupies him part of the day. Sometimes they work at a trade in their apartments. It must, however, be clean and not noisy. It may be millinery, dressmaking, tailoring, etc. In very nice houses it is rarely the case that the *conciergerie* work at a trade in their apartments, the odd jobs they have outside and the fees they get from the tenants being sufficient.

In former times the tenants gave the *conciergerie* his fuel. It was done in this manner: When the sacks of wood or coal were received a few pieces were taken out of each sack and given to him. This mode of paying a fuel tax was unsatisfactory to the tenants, and so it is now given in money, each tenant paying the *conciergerie* a certain sum. It is generally in proportion to the rent, and varies from two to twenty francs a year. When the tenants go out of town for the summer they are expected to pay something for the oversight which the *conciergerie* has of their apartments. Guests in a house usually fee these people, because that insures prompt delivery of the mail.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the Paris tenant has many expenses which are unknown in America. These little taxes and fees are a constant surprise to the American, but if one studies the customs of the people they will be found everywhere.



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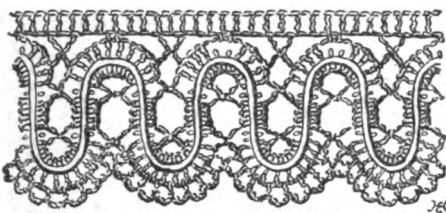
DAINTY DESIGNS IN CROCHET

By Margaret Sims



NE great charm of crochet is that it fills up pleasantly one's leisure equally well by the fireside in winter or on the shady piazza in summer. Unlike embroidery it does not suffer through being taken up at odd moments, and there are no silks for the wind to blow away, or needles to thread and lose—simply a crochet hook and a ball of wool or cotton to take care of. The designs given below are all suitable for pretty, light summer work.

For the charming bureau scarf and dainty feather-edge doily I am indebted to Miss Alice Luka's skillful fingers. The pattern



FEATHER-EDGE BORDER (Illus. No. 3)

of the scarf is easily adaptable to other purposes, such as tidy ends, table mats or doilies, while the feather-edge doily may be increased or decreased in size at pleasure. The border in Illustration No. 3 harmonizes with it. Illustration No. 4 is very pretty worked in wool for the edge of a flannel skirt. The stars in Illustration No. 5 are particularly effective, and especially suited for bordering fine round linen doilies.

GUIPURE LACE BUREAU SCARF

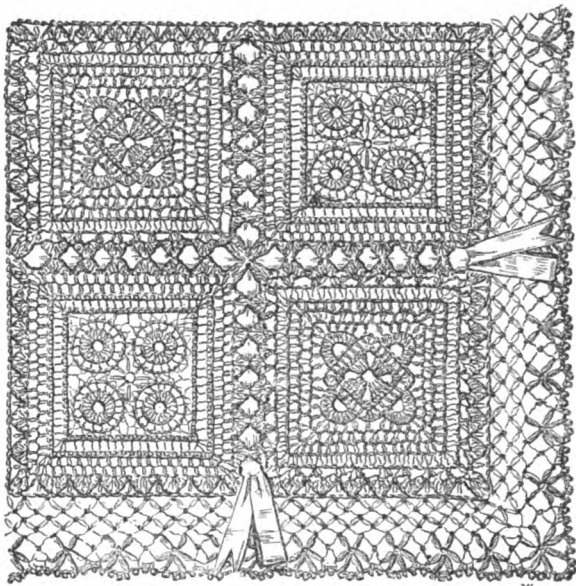
THE lace design for making a bureau scarf in Illustration No. 1, is most effective when worked in linen thread No. 80, either in white or écreu. The squares should measure each about five inches when finished. For the square inclosing four circles, begin with 10 ch close in a circle, into this work 16 d c, into these work 32 tre, that is 2 tre into every d c, taking up both front and back of the st. Then 1 tre in every other st with a picot between made with 5 ch and a tre worked into top of tre made before the 5 ch. This finishes one circle. The remaining three are made in the same way and connected in working by 3 pi on the two inner sides, leaving 1 pi free on each side next the centre. To fill in the centre star, make 5 ch, catch into pi, 4 ch, 1 d c into first of 5 ch, 4 ch, catch into connection of 2 pi, 4 ch, 1 d c into top of previous d c; repeat till the star is complete. Now begin on the outside with a d c and 3 ch between into every pi except the four corner ones; into these work 2 d tre with 3 ch between; at each side work a d tre into the connections. Into every st of this row work 1 d c, increasing at the corners; into the d c work 1 tre into every third st with 2 ch between, again 1 d c into every st, into the d c, 2 tre into every third st with 3 ch between, work 4 tre into 1 st at the corners; repeat this round, working the 2 tre under the 3 ch; increase at the corners. For the last round 2 d c under 3 ch, 6 ch, 1 d c in top of

WORKING THE SQUARES

FOR the alternate square make a circle with 15 ch, then work 4 groups of 7 d tre with 5 ch between each group. For the next row 1 d c into each st; increase at the corners by putting 3 d c into 1 st; next row 1 tre into every second st with 1 ch between at the corners, 3 tre into first and a tre on either side without missing a st; next row 7 ch, miss 7 in the centre of one side of the square, then 4 single in following stitches; turn, 18 tre in loop of 7 ch, 1 d c in third st from where the 7 ch started; turn, 1 d c in every one of the 18 tre, taking up both front and back of the st; then work around the corner with d c and repeat on all four sides; next make 9 clusters of 3 d tre on each half circle, and 1 at each corner with 5 ch between each cluster; the top st of each of the 3 tre are retained on the needle and worked off together; next round 1 d c in centre of 5 ch, then 5 ch, 2 tre in centre of next 5 ch with 3 ch between 5 ch; repeat; next round 2 tre under every loop with 2 ch after each 2 tre. Next row 2 d tre with 2 ch between; under every 2 ch retain last st of second tre on the needle and work off with next tre. Next row under every alternate 2 ch, 1 tre, 5 ch, 3 tre, then 5 ch; repeat. To finish the square repeat the last round of the first square; connect the picots as shown in the design.

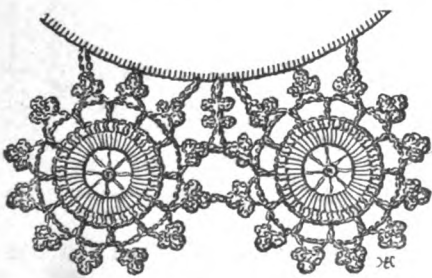
BORDER OF BUREAU SCARF

ONE d c in picot between the shells of d tre, 2 ch, 1 d c between each d tre, 2 ch; repeat from the beginning; where the



GUIPURE LACE BUREAU SCARF (Illus. No. 1)

squares join work 2 tre between first and second d tre, 2 tre between the second and third, 1 tre between the third and fourth on the last shell; repeat on the first shell of next square. The next row is worked in knot st, after that 1 d c in knot, 5 ch, 1 d c in next knot; repeat; these two rows are repeated. For the next row 1 d c in third st of 5 ch, then 5 ch, 2 d tre in same st, 2 d tre, 5 ch and 1 d c in third of next 5 ch, 9 ch; repeat all around. Next row 1 d c in fifth st of 9 ch, 8 ch; turn, 2 d tre in third of 8 ch, 1 d c between clusters of d tre in last row, 5 ch 2 d tre in same loop, 3 ch, 1 d c in 5th of next 9 ch; repeat. For the finishing row 1 d c in top of first shell, make 2 picots of 5 ch, 3 d tre between shells of last row, work them off together at the top 3 picots of 5 ch, 3 d tre in same loop, 2 pi, 1 d c in last shell of previous row, 3 ch, 1 d c in next shell; repeat from the beginning. Catch the first and last picot together on each scallop. The width of the border can be increased to any amount by repeating the row of knot stitches with that immediately following it. For a large bureau it would be advisable thus to add considerably to the width of the border. A satin ribbon of any color harmonizing with the tone of the decorations around it can be used. Deep orange in combination with écreu linen thread forms the happy combination from which our illustration is taken. The scarf can be made of any desired size and shape on account of its being made in small sections—no mean advantage in view of the great variety of artistic shapes now in vogue for dressing-tables.

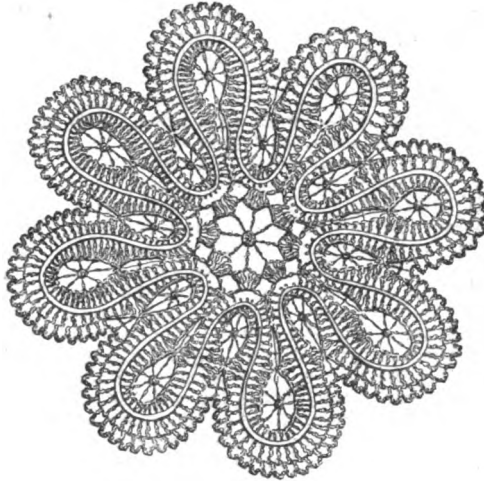


BORDER FOR DOILY (Illus. No. 5)

second of the 2 d c, 2 more d c under same 3 ch, 2 ch, miss 2 tre and 3 ch and work in between the next 2 tre, 5 d tre with 1 ch between each 2 ch, and repeat all around. This completes the first square. The effect of the design when finished is greatly enhanced by having the squares alternated instead of being all alike; the idea is both novel and pleasing.

FEATHER-EDGE DOILY

THE doily in Illustration No. 2 is worked on feather-edge braid, the open spaces being afterward filled in with spider webs as in lace work. Begin on the inside, work 3 d c in one loop, 1 ch, then 5 d c in successive loops of the braid with 1 ch between, then 2 ch, 1 tre in 4 loops, keeping the top of each st on the needle and working them all off with the last st, 2 ch, 2 tre, 1 d tre all in the next loop, 2 ch, 1 tre, 2 d c in next loop, 2 ch, 4 tre in next 4 loops, work off as before, 2 ch, 1 d c in 16 loops with 1 ch between; repeat. For the opposite side catching together between the shells and at the two first of 5 d c, 5 ch, miss 3 loops; repeat from the beginning. For the outer row work d c without ch be-



FEATHER-EDGE DOILY (Illus. No. 2)

tween on the inner curve and groups of 4 tre with shells between exactly opposite those on the inside row. On the top curves 1 d c in every loop with 5 ch between each. For the last row work 1 d c under each 5 ch with 5 ch between. For the inner row in the centre of the doily work in every 5 ch, 4 tre, 2 ch, 4 tre. Catch the bars of the spider web filling into each 2 ch. A set of these mats worked with a delicate colored silk will be found pretty to stand the pieces of china and silver that adorn the dressing-table, upon.

FEATHER-EDGE BORDER

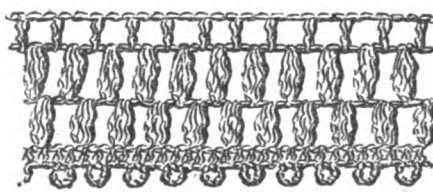
THIS border in Illustration No. 3 is made with the same braid as the doily. Begin on one side of the top with 1 d c into a loop, 6 ch, miss 2 loops, 4 d c in successive loops, 4 ch, miss 1, 10 d c, 2 ch, catch into 4 ch opposite, 2 ch, miss 14 d c, 2 ch, catch into 4 ch opposite, 2 ch, miss 14 d c; repeat from the beginning for the required length. Along the top work *, 2 d c under the 6 ch, 5 ch; join 2 curves by means of a crossed tre divided at the top by 3 ch, 5 ch; repeat all along from *. Over this row work tre with 1 ch between. The inner curves are filled in the same way as the outer ones, except that at the outside edge d c are worked in every loop with 3 ch between; this is repeated for the finishing row.

EDGE FOR FLANNEL SKIRTS

ALTHOUGH particularly appropriate for fine wool the design in Illustration No. 4 looks well in cotton, whether fine or coarse. Begin with a row of ch the length required; into this work 4 d tre, keeping them all on the needle until the fourth st is made; 2 ch, miss 2 and repeat. The next row is the same. Along the edge work picots with 2 d c between each picot. To make the pattern more open, work 3 d tre instead of 4. The row of open work at the top should be omitted for flannel skirts.

BORDER FOR DESSERT DOILIES

DIRECTIONS for working this effective but simple star border in Illustration No. 5 should hardly be required, the drawing shows the method so plainly. The centres are started on several strands of cotton wound over a pencil. Care must be taken to make twelve spaces over which to work the picots. The circle of linen should be buttonholed all around and cut out. The stars are then caught on to the edge and attached to each other in working. The effect when finished is charming. A monogram can be worked in the centre of the doily in cream or écreu linen to match the crochet thread.



BORDER FOR FLANNEL SKIRT (Illus. No. 4)

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THE ART OF TRIMMING A HAT

By Emma M. Hooper



To attain great success at home dressmaking or home millinery one needs a natural taste for the work, but that fact need not prevent any one from following both arts or trades for their own use. Experience and observation, combined with a determination to do and dare, will in the end turn out pretty and becoming designs in the matter of hats and bonnets. Personally I would not advise any woman to make her bonnets if she can afford to have them made by a competent milliner.

A BECOMING BONNET

ONE of the most stylish milliners that I know claims that it is more important to have one's headgear individual and becoming than in the height of the reigning style. With this end in view try on the hats or frames, and select one that harmonizes with you, even though when held in the hand it does not look as well as some other shape. If your face is large get something of more than an ordinary size. Large hats having a scoop effect are usually becoming to a full face. A broad head requires a long, narrow effect, like a boat-shaped toque. Avoid a jaunty hat if you are over twenty-five years of age. It is equally unnecessary for a woman of forty to wear too old looking a bonnet. Wear a style of bonnet suitable to your appearance, rather than one to accord to the number of years you may possess, for appearances are apt to be deceptive. The narrow English walking hats are only becoming to round, full faces. The much-abused and more worn sailor hat is not appropriate for a long or thin face, one that is careworn or delicate, or for a woman over thirty. This I know will meet with protests, for women of fifty wear the sailor hat, but that does not right its visible inappropriateness. The small, oval toque is the most universally becoming of all shapes, and even this will make some women look old, unless the trimming is made to combat this. Large flats or plateau shapes are convenient, because they may be bent into any becoming shape. Large or small hats or bonnets are easier to trim or to make becoming than those of a moderate size. Very expensive straws are a snare; the popular shapes come in cheap form, and when trimmed look as well on the head. It is poor economy to pay two dollars for a bare hat and trim it at home, when you might have paid only one dollar and fifteen cents for the hat and had it trimmed by a milliner.

FACING AND COVERING

WHEN a shape is to be covered plainly with velvet the hat should be laid on the material and the fabric be cut the shape of the brim, allowing half an inch for turning in at each edge. Two pieces are cut, the outer edges seamed together, and the parts then put over the brim, pulling and pinning it in place until sewed. The top of the crown is covered with a round piece, and then a bias band put around the sides. All piecing is done toward the back. The bias lining is put in the crown last, so as to hide all of the stitches. If an elastic is worn sew the straight piece with a tiny black button on the left side and the loop on the right. When a full facing or brim is wished the material is cut bias, turned under one edge and shirred in several rows, leaving a tiny ruffle on the edge. Full crowns are made of velvet, etc., shirred on the edge of a large, round piece twelve inches in diameter, the edge sewed around the bottom of the crown and the fullness pulled in shape. Sometimes to keep it stiff such a crown is lined with crinoline lawn. When the brim is finished with a thick silk wire on the edge it is all that is required, but when a fold of velvet is preferred it is cut on an exact bias two inches and a quarter wide and doubled. The raw edges are turned toward the crown on the under side, sewed with stitches that are invisible on the outside, and the rest then turned over, leaving a smooth bias double facing three-fourths of an inch wide. While sewing it on it must be shaped to the hat edge so as to lie smoothly. Lace brims are made of guipure lace over silk wire frames with the edge projecting a trifle, making the part toward the outer edge smooth, while the top of the lace by the crown must be gathered to fit in the smaller space. To lift a flat or plateau shape from the head sew a band of stiffening covered with velvet, a twist of ribbon or small flowers where the head fits in the hat.

BOWS OF THE SEASON

BOWS are made of black moiré or velvet cut on the bias, or moiré, satin or fancy striped ribbon from three to six inches in width. The black piece moiré is difficult to manage gracefully, except by an expert. Less than two yards of six-inch ribbon is nothing on a hat, even with flowers and lace, and four yards are usually allowed. An elegant chip model lately seen was simply trimmed with seven yards of reversible moiré and satin ribbon and two Rhinestone brooches. Never sew your bow too tightly to the hat or it will look stiff. Buckles of jet, steel and Rhinestones are very fashionable in the centre of a bow or in a loose band passing around the crown. Rings are new as ornaments, and appear over bow loops and centres and loose, puffy crown bands. Long loops need a support in the way of a centre strip of flat bonnet wire stitched lightly and invisibly to the ribbon. A bow made of ribbon three inches wide has the ends cut off straight, wired on each side, and a narrow, single row of jet spangle trimming sewed on the sides and end. The loops are trimmed in the same manner. The broad Alsatian bow is of two or four long loops tightly strapped in the centre and placed at the back, front, side or side front of a hat. The Virot bow consists of two broad loops placed at the back and pointing forward, one on each side of the crown, like two huge wings. The butterfly bow is made of several loops and ends, looking as light and airy as a butterfly, and perked up in an unexpected manner. The dress tie bow is only used on a sailor, English walking or Amazon shape, and is of ribbon narrowly folded and tied in two loops and ends exactly like a man's dress tie.

RING AND SERPENTINE BOWS

THE ring bow is made of a half-yard corner or end of piece velvet sewed or hemmed an inch deep all around, and the centre point rounded off. Form a loop on either side of the middle by putting the velvet through two jet rings, leaving a full, flat piece in the centre, which is caught down as well as the rings, leaving the loops to stand forward and the pointed ends for the sides. Such a bow may form the front and sides of a tiny toque, with a small tip at the back of each ring, and some small flowers, as violets, at the back drooping over the hair. The serpentine bow has had, and continues to have, quite a run. Take a piece of moiré, velvet or satin cut on the bias, five inches wide and twenty-seven long; run together at each end, so as to make points or head and tail of the serpent, and gather it along the raw edges as a frill. Two like this are stitched against the crown, one point up and the other down, showing two inches of the hat between; aigrettes of flowers or feathers usually rise out of each bow. The Marie Antoinette bow is used on hats and dress skirts, of piece velvet, moiré or satin cut on the bias, and an inch and a half wide. The piece is folded and sewed like a milliner's fold, and wire run in each loop, which will be from three to eight inches long, and bent out wide and irregular, like the bowknot and Empire designs on silks, tapestries, etc. Any number of loops may be used, and all bent differently, so that they are kept open in appearance. A new and odd-looking bow has two tall wired loops going up, with two shorter loops and two pointed ends down; a jet ring is slipped over each tall loop half way down, and small, fancy pins are used to hold the other loops in place.

The spider bow is of black velvet ribbon in several loops and ends, apparently imitating a thousand-leg spider, with a brooch in the centre, which is very appropriate when it represents a jet spider. Rosettes, large and small, are used of ribbon or piece velvet. They are worn any and every where, and often serve as the base of an upright tip, aigrette or single flower stem. Many hats have a full band of ribbon around the crown and a large bow at the back, with an immense Rhinestone buckle in front bent to the shape of the crown, and on one side of it a rosette of piece velvet, say in yellow, while on the other side of the buckle is a turquoise blue rosette, the hat and ribbon being brown. The giant moth bow finishes the list of stylish bows. This is made of two pieces of bias velvet a quarter of a yard wide, which are hemmed, leaving the edges raw. Two of the four ends go at right angles up, the points out, and two down. A large loop goes on each side between the eight-inch points, and a thick twist finishes the middle, which is put on separately. Moiré and satin may also be used for this bow.

FLOWER AND FEATHER EFFECTS

SINGLE tips, small and narrow, are used as aigrettes, and two tips often finish off a rosette or flat bow. Wings of lace are used in front of a toque or bonnet in pairs, and small feather wings are used, as two, four or six, set on all crisscross. Jet wings, buckles, pins and ornaments are very fashionable, also jet or gold embroidered crowns. Rhinestones or paste ornaments are simply a "rage." Violets and roses are the favorite flowers, and are massed together or droop loosely over the brim, crown or at the back. Rolled brims have flowers tucked beneath, resting against the hair. Forget-me-nots are in small, close bunches or long sprays. Yellow cowslips, buttercups or jonquils are worn on black and brown hats. I may say that flowers are worn anywhere on the hat, according to the shape, and many of them. One, two or even four kinds of flowers will be seen on one hat. A fancy écru straw plateau illustrates a pretty trimming of violets and three-inch green moiré ribbon. The brim is bent up in four places, and a twisted ribbon surrounds the head band. A gross of violets is divided into six parts, and at each dent in the brim one part of violets and a rosette or loop and pointed end of ribbon are knotted against the hat. The rest are straying over the crown, with a large Virot bow at the back. A large brown straw hat has a tiny velvet facing, Alsatian bow of moiré ribbon at the right front, holding a steel buckle, rosettes at the back, where the hat is dented up and down, and violets and cowslips straying everywhere, in and out of the bows, over the crown and dropping over the hair from the left back. A tiny flower bonnet has a crown of heavy black silk lace, with gold thread embroidery; brim of small black flowers having yellow centres, and ties of two-toned yellow and black No. 9 satin ribbon tied in a small, square, chin bow; at the back a high trimming of the flowers, as a spray, and two ostrich tips. Toques for young ladies do not have ties.

For an evening bonnet have a saucer frame covered with cream guipure lace, and edged with jet spangle pendants; in front have a loop and end of colored piece velvet, with a double twist at the base holding a Rhinestone ring or brooch; back of this place two lace wings and a black aigrette. An Amazon-shaped hat, reminding one of a wide walking hat, narrow in the back and wider in front, has a crown band of brown moiré ribbon tied in a dress bow in front, with high loops and ends on the right side, and upright bunches of violets and cowslips on the left.

FASHIONABLE COMBINATIONS

GREEN rough straws are trimmed with a loose twist of brown satin ribbon, which is tied at the back in a large Alsatian bow. In front there is a bow of three colors; a loop of cream-colored ribbon over the brim, and pointed end up, knotted in the centre with green; close against this the same effect in brown and tan, and then one of green knotted with cream, with a large spray of pink rosebuds and brownish leaves at the back of the erect ends. At the back there is a rosette of brown, and buds drooping over the hair. Black hats have a bow of green velvet, two loops forward, two pointed ends back on the left, sprays of mignonette in front and dropping low at the back, while the right side has an Alsatian bow of Magenta moiré ribbon and two fans of cream guipure lace. For a white hat of large size, a Leghorn or écru straw, there is an immense yellow velvet Alsatian bow at the back; in front a bunch of yellow, lavender and golden brown chrysanthemums; under the upturned brim on the left and back of the hat are shaded violets falling like a fringe over the hair.

NEW CRÉPE DESIGNS

A WIDOW'S bonnet deserves attention for the veil, which is of soft crépe, having a half-yard hem at each end and one two inches wide along the sides. This is thrown across the bonnet with the deep hems on the sides—one side fifteen inches longer than the other—and pinned in a line with the rolls, two of which, a finger thick, go around the diamond-shaped bonnet. In front is the widow's ruche; ties of white crépe lisse four inches wide and twenty-seven long, with an inch hem on the sides, two-inch hem at the end and three tucks above. Crépe is now used for wings and all of the different bows that are made of velvet or ribbon on other hats. Black flowers are worn with crépe and dull-finished gros-grain ribbon. In Paris a tiny plaiting of white tulle is worn in all crépe bonnets. Black silk crowns, lace brims, gros-grain ribbon and black flowers are made up for mourning wear, not including crépe. Brussels lace veils, short, with round or square edges, are worn even when no other crépe appears, these being edged with one or more folds of fine, light crépe. For evening use in complimentary mourning, not including crépe, there are bandeaux of gros-grain ribbon, black violets and jet rings, or purple violets, jet and moiré ribbon.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Miss Hooper's answers to her correspondents, under the title of "Hints on Home Dressmaking," will be found on page 30 of this issue of the JOURNAL.

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POMONA'S TRAVELS

(Continued from page 6 of this issue)

away, wondering, I expect, how Mary, Queen of Scots, could have been so stingy.

But although we could see so much sitting on benches, I didn't give up Jone and the bath-chairs, and day before yesterday I got the better of him. "Now," said I, "it is stupid for you to be sitting around in this way as if you was a statue of a public benefactor carved by subscription and set up in a park. The only sensible thing for you to do is to take a bath-chair and go around and see things. And if you are afraid people will think you are being taken to a hospital you can put down the top of the thing and sit up straight and smoke your pipe. Patients in ambulances never smoke pipes, and if you don't want me walking by your side like a trained nurse I'll take another chair and be pulled along with you."

The idea of a pipe, and me being in another chair rather struck his fancy and he said he would consider it, and so that afternoon we went to the hotel door and looked at the long line of bath-chairs standing at the curbstone on the other side of the street, with the men waiting for jobs. The chairs was all pretty much alike and looked very comfortable, but the men was as different as if they had been horses. Some looked gay and spirited, and others tired and worn out, as if they had belonged to sporting men and had been driven half to death. And then again there was some that looked fat and lazy, like the old horses on a farm that the women drive to town.

Jone picked out a good man, who looked as if he was well broken and not afraid of locomotives and able to do good work in single harness. When I got Jone in the bath-chair with the buggy top down, and his pipe lighted, and his hat cocked on one side a little, so as to look as if he was doing the whole thing for a lark, I called another chair, not caring what sort of one it was, and then we told the men to pull us around for a couple of hours, leaving it to them to take us to agreeable spots, which they said they would do.

After we got started Jone seemed to like it very well, and we went pretty much all over the town, sometimes stopping to look in at the shop windows, for the sidewalks are so narrow that it is no trouble to see the things from the street. Then the men took us a little way out of the town to a place where there was a good view for us, and a bench where they could go and sit down and rest. I expect all the chair men that work by the hour manage to get to this place with a view as soon as they can.

After they had had a good rest we started off to go home by a different route. Jone's man was a good strong fellow and always took the lead, but my puller was a different kind of a steed, and sometimes I was left pretty far behind. I had not paid much attention to the man at first, only noticing that he was mighty slow, but going back a good deal of the way was uphill, and then all his imperfections came out plain and I couldn't help studying him. If he had been a horse I should have said he was spavined and foundered with split frogs and tonsillitis, but as he was a man it struck me that he must have had several different kinds of rheumatism and been sent to Buxton to have them cured, but not taking the baths properly, or drinking the water at times when he ought not to have done it, his rheumatisms had all run together and had become fixed and immovable. How such a creaky person came to be a bath-chair man I could not think, but it may be that he wanted to stay in Buxton for the sake of the loose gas which could be had for nothing, and that bath-chairing was all he could get to do.

I pitied the poor old fellow, who, if he had been a horse, would have been no more than fourteen hands high, and as he went puffing along, tugging and grunting as if I was a load of coal, I felt as if I couldn't stand it another minute, and I called out to him to stop. It did seem as if he would drop before he got me back to the hotel, and I bounced out in no time, and then I walked in front of him and turned around and looked at him. If it is possible for a human hack horse to have spavins in two joints in each leg, that man had them, and he looked as if he couldn't remember what it was to have a good feed.

He seemed glad to rest but didn't say anything, standing and looking straight ahead of him like an old horse that has been stopped to let him blow. He did look so dreadful feeble that I thought it would be a mercy to take him to some member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and have him chloroformed. "Look here," said I, "you are not fit to walk, get into that bath-chair and I'll pull you back to your stand."

"Lady," said he, "I couldn't do that. If you dunno mind walking home and will pay me for the two hours all the same, I will be right thankful for that. I'm poorly to-day."

"Get into the chair," said I, "and I'll pull you back. I'd like to do it, for I want some exercise."

"Oh, no, no," said he, "that would be a sin, and besides I was engaged to pull you two hours, and I must be paid for that."

"Get into that chair," I said, "and I'll pay you for your two hours and give you a shilling besides."

He looked at me for a minute and then he got into the chair and I shut him up.

"Now, lady," said he, "you can pull me a little way if you want exercise, and as soon as you are tired you can stop and I'll get out, but you must pay me the extra shilling all the same."

"All right," said I, and taking hold of the handle I started off. It was real fun; the bath-chair rolled along beautifully, and I don't believe the old man weighed much more than my Corinne when I used to push her about in her baby carriage. We were in a back street where there was hardly anybody, and as for Jone and his bath-chair, I could just see them ever so far ahead; so I started to catch up, and as the street was pretty level now I soon got going at a fine rate. I hadn't had a bit of good exercise for a long time and this warmed me up and made me feel gay.

We was not very far behind Jone when the man began to call to me in a sort of frightened fashion, as if he thought I was running away. "Stop, lady!" he said, "we are getting near the gardens and the people will laugh at me. Stop, lady, and I'll get out." But I didn't feel a bit like stopping; the idea had come into my head that it would be jolly to beat Jone. If I could pass him and sail on ahead for a little while then I'd stop and let my old man get out and take his bath-chair home. I didn't want it any more.

Just as I got close up behind Jone and was about to make a rush past him, his man turned into a side street. Of course, I turned too, and then I put on steam, and giving a laugh as I turned around to look at Jone, I charged on, intending to stop in a minute and have some fun in hearing what Jone had to say about it, but you may believe, ma'am, that I was amazed when I saw only a little way in front of me the bath-chair stand where we had hired our machines! And all the bath-chair men were standing there with their mouths wide open staring at a woman running along the street pulling an old bath-chair man in a bath-chair! For a second I felt like dropping the handle I held and making a rush for the front door of the hotel, which was right ahead of me, and then I thought as now I was in for it, it would be a lot better to put a good face on the matter and not look as if I had done anything I was ashamed of, and so I just slackened speed and came up in fine style at the door of the Old Hall. Four or five of the bath-chair men came running across the street to know if anything had happened to the old party I was pulling, and he got out looking as ashamed as if he had been whipped by his wife.

"It's a lark, mates," said he; "the lady's to pay me two shillings extra for letting her pull me."

"Two shillings?" said I. "I only promised you one."

"That would be for pulling me a little way," he said, "but you pulled me all the way back, and I couldn't do it for less than two shillings."

Jone now came up and got out quick. "What's the meaning of all this, Pomona?" said he.

"Meaning?" said I. "Look at that dilapidated old bag of bones. He wasn't fit to pull me and so I thought it would be fun to pull him, but, of course, I didn't know that when I turned the corner I would be right here."

Jone paid the men, including the two extra shillings, and when we went up to our room he said, "The next time we go out in two bath-chairs I am going to have a chain fastened to yours and I'll have hold of the other end of it."

(Continuation in July JOURNAL)

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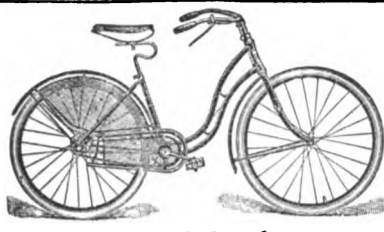
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FLORAL HELPS AND HINTS
BY EBEN E. REXFORD

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

Mrs. C.—The Begonia you sent me is the Metallica. INQUIRER—By all means plant Roses grown on their own roots.

Mrs. W.—Specimen sent, Cherokee Rose. Not hardy at the North.

Mrs. H. B. B.—I can give you no information about preserving flowers in sand.

M. M.—Othonna can be procured of all dealers in plants. Consult the catalogues.

M. S. T.—From your description I judge your plant is a variety of the Japanese Iris.

AMATEUR—The Box Elder is of very rapid growth. That is a' t' all the merit it has as a tree.

Miss P.—Nasturtiums do not do very well in a rich soil. They make a rampant growth of branches, but produce few flowers.

M. D.—If your Rubber Plant grew for a time, but is now "standing still," it is probably taking a rest. Plants cannot be expected to grow all the time.

Mrs. T.—Pansies never succeed in the house. The air is too warm and dry for them. These flowers love moisture and coolness. It is the same with Violets.

M. E. H.—Very few flowers do well in entire shade. Pansies do as well as any, but they are improved by some sunshine. Why not try Ferns on the north side of the house?

Mrs. M. K. I.—If you cannot obtain good leaf-mould at your florist's send to some friend living in the country, and ask him to procure some of the genuine article for you.

G. F. C.—You can increase your stock of Chinese Lilies by removing the young bulbs which form about the old ones. I do not know how old they would have to be to bloom.

Mrs. B.—Young plants of the Carnation should be planted out during the summer. They do much better in the open ground than when kept in pots. Keep them from flowering. Take them up in September.

Mrs. E. N. T.—The only way to make your Rubber Plant branch is to cut the top off. Do this when you notice an inclination to make new growth. You can use a portion of the top as a cutting. This plant does not branch very freely.

QUIZ—It is not necessary to cover boxes in which seeds are sown, with glass, if the atmosphere of the room in which the boxes are kept is moist, but in the living-room it is a good plan to do this until after germination takes place.

Mrs. F. T. N.—The Hermosa Rose belongs to the Bourbon branch of the family, and is not a hybrid perpetual as you imagine. It is an old and favorite variety, very double, bright pink in color, fragrant, and a great bloomer. It does well where other sorts fail to give satisfaction.

HELEN—I cannot advise you to attempt to grow either Violets or Pansies in the ordinary living-room. They like a cool, moist air, such as cannot be given them in a dwelling. The buds, if any formed, would be almost sure to blast, and the red spider would soon put an end to them.

JOSEPHINE—The pot may be full of roots, and a larger one be required, or the drainage may be imperfect, thus causing diseased roots, or insects may be at work on it. Possibly too dry an air causes it. Investigate and satisfy yourself that some of these sources of trouble exist, or are not to be found, and govern yourself accordingly.

A. C. P.—Tobacco dust, which can be bought of all florists, will drive away the louse which attacks the Aster, if it is applied about the roots, where this pest works. I have been told that the tea is quite effective, and several persons have advised an application of soot, either dry or in infusion. I have never tried it. You might experiment with it.

S. S.—The Hollyhock is often attacked by insects, especially if the season is very dry and warm. Apply kerosene emulsion, taking pains to thoroughly wet the under side of the leaves. Rust also affects the plants. I do not know of any remedy for this, but I am of the opinion that a liberal use of water on the foliage would, in a measure, prevent rust.

Mrs. M. S. P.—You must cut back ever-blooming Roses from time to time during the season, if you want them to bloom profusely. You cannot have many flowers unless you have a constant production of new branches. On these you must depend for blossoms, and unless you cut the old ones back there will not be many new ones to bear flowers.

Mrs. W. P. D.—The Aspidistra is not a member of the Palm family. The Camellia is not adapted to house culture. It forms its buds several months before blooming, and if kept too moist or dry at the roots, or in an air that does not suit it, it is pretty sure to drop its buds before fully developed. It should only be grown by those having greenhouses.

JESSIE—I cannot tell what the trouble with your Jasmine is from anything your letter tells me about it. You say it is potted in good soil, but does not grow. The soil may not be the kind required by this plant. It requires a rich, rather light and sandy loam. It should be exposed to sunshine, watered moderately when not making growth, and the foliage showered daily, after sundown or in the evening.

J. F. C.—If your Abutilon drops its buds the atmosphere of the room in which you keep it may be too dry or too hot, or the drainage may be imperfect. You can remove the young plants of Calla which form about the old one, if you desire to increase your stock, or they can be left to help furnish foliage, and, ultimately, to give more flowers than can be expected from a plant confined to a single crown.

M. R.—If you wish to transplant Ferns from the woods take a good-sized basket with you, and lift the plants—small ones being preferable—with as little disturbance of the roots as possible, and put them in your basket with some soil adhering. If you have some distance to go cover the basket with a wet cloth, or pack moist moss about the plants. Give the plants a shady corner to grow in, and set them out in a soil as nearly like that in which they grew as possible.

READER—I have never seen the "seven-colored Rose," and cannot believe that it exists. A plant might have flowers of seven colors, by grafting, but this wonderful variety is not graded, it is claimed. There may be a variation of shades, giving light and dark colors, but I do not believe there is any variety of Rose bearing red, white and yellow flowers on the same plant, unless they are from grafts. Ask any reputable florist and I know he will tell you the same thing.

Mrs. W. V.—Throw away the bulbs which were forced in the house last winter. No matter what your friends tell you about keeping them over for the next season, I tell you they cannot be depended on, and surely you do not care to plant bulbs which possibly may—but probably will not—give you flowers. If you don't feel like throwing them away put them out in the garden, and possibly some of them may recover in time, and give you a few flowers. That is all the use you can make of them.

H. D. W.—Worms in the soil generally come from manure. Apply lime-water as advised above. Smilax requires a period of rest, and it almost always drops its leaves at such a time. Probably yours has ripened its foliage and wants to "be let alone" for a time. Do not give much water for six weeks or two months. Nasturtiums are not satisfactory in rooms where the air is dry. They are pretty sure to be attacked by the red spider. Water applied daily to the foliage, on both sides, is the only way of getting rid of this pest.

M. E. S.—From what you say about having kept your ten-year-old Agapanthus in a gallon pot up to three years ago, I judge that it has been so restricted as to root-room that it had all it could do to live, and it is not at all to be wondered at that it has not bloomed. Give a larger pot—a ten or twelve inch one is not too large—a good strong soil of loam and sand, well drained, and considerable water. This is what is called an evergreen—that is, it keeps growing most of the year—and it should not be dried off as the Amaryllis is.

TEACHER—I cannot advise any woman to embark in commercial floriculture without a knowledge of what the business demands of her. One would not expect to make a success of medical practice without a medical education. The same is true of all businesses. One must fit him or her self for them in order to succeed in them. Somehow the idea seems to prevail that almost any one can go into flower-growing and succeed at it. In thinking this they make a grave mistake. Study how to grow plants, and take care of them before you try to make money out of them.

MYRA—Before this gets into print you will have seen an article on cemetery work, in which, I think, you will find your first question satisfactorily answered. In planting shrubs avoid putting them in rows if you want a pleasing effect. Group such as are of a similar character, that is, of similar habit of growth. Do not use too many evergreens—four or five are enough for a yard of the ordinary size. These should be scattered about, rather than planted together, unless they are all of the same or similar kind, in which case you might group them at some prominent point on the lawn with good results.

E. M. J.—The best emulsion of kerosene with which I am familiar is prepared as follows: Five parts kerosene; one part firtree oil. If wanted for scale or mealy bug add twenty parts water, if for aphid add forty parts water. By agitating the oils and water with a syringe for a minute a union will take place. It can then be applied to plants with a spray or syringe. Care should be taken to have the oils and water thoroughly mixed before an application is made, otherwise some of the kerosene may get on the leaves with but little dilution, causing considerable injury to the plant, especially if the leaf be soft in texture.

MARY—The "best" Begonia it would be hard to name, because there are so many excellent kinds, and what would suit one taste might not suit another. Perhaps Rubra has the widest popularity. It is a very fine variety. So is Weltoniensis, quite different in habit. Rubra is a tall grower, with plain green leaves and coral-red flowers. It is nearly always in bloom. Weltoniensis is a bushy sort, throwing up a great mass of branches from fleshy, half-tuberous roots, with beautiful foliage, and charming pink and white flowers, borne in wonderful profusion. These two varieties are of easy cultivation, and, if not the "best," are as good as any.

SEVERAL INQUIRERS—So many inquiries came to me during the winter about the use of oil-stoves in small greenhouses that, at considerable trouble and expense, I made a test of several of the leading kinds, in order to give an intelligent opinion of their merits. Nearly all proved good heaters. The name of the one which gave me the most satisfaction I shall be glad to send to any one who will forward me their address. I have no doubt of its ability to furnish all the heat required in a small greenhouse in the coldest winter weather. If I had a greenhouse 10x12 or somewhat larger, I should certainly try one of these stoves before putting in any other system of heating. I fail to see the least injury to plants from the use of oil for heating.

W. A. P.—You will find a good brass syringe almost indispensable in your greenhouse. If you make the house 16x24 I think you will have to provide for some other means of heating it than that you speak of. The oil heating stoves are not powerful enough to supply the amount of heat you would require in extremely cold weather. You might use two of them, holding one in reserve for severely cold spells. But I think a small, base-burning, hot-water heater, such as I have frequently advised, would be better in all ways. These are to be depended on, and do excellent work, as I know from personal experience, and the quality of heat secured by their use is of the best. They cost more than oil-stoves but you run no risks when you put them in.

AMATEUR—Palms do best in a deep rather than a broad pot, as the roots have a tendency to run down, instead of spreading out. Give a soil of loam; see that the pot has good drainage; water only when the soil seems to be getting dry on the surface, and then water thoroughly. While many—or most—varieties do better in shade than in strong sunshine, they are fond of good light, which they never receive in parts of the room away from the windows. Shower the foliage daily to keep it clean, and wash it thoroughly at least once a week to prevent scale from getting a foothold on the plants. Shift to larger pots when the roots fill the old ones. The variety to which you refer is *Lantana borbonica*, often known as Fan Palm, because it is the variety from which fans are made.

Mrs. L. S.—I can send you a book on amateur floriculture for one dollar and fifty cents. I cannot give a satisfactory estimate of the cost of a small greenhouse in your locality, because I am not familiar with the prices of work, material and so forth. If you read carefully the article on greenhouses in a late number of this magazine you ought to be able to tell a builder about what you want, and from your instructions, or from the article in question, if you submit it to him, he can give you a pretty close estimate of the cost. If you will send me your full address I can put you in communication with a firm that send out small greenhouses, which can be easily put together, at a very reasonable price. They furnish all the material required for the house, leaving you to put it up and supply the heating apparatus.

Mrs. C. L. R.—The larvae of the white worms found in the soil of pot-plants can be destroyed by liberal applications of lime-water. This will also kill the worms. Destroy these and you will not be troubled with the little flies you speak of. In using the lime-water, enough must be given to thoroughly saturate the soil in the pot all through. To apply it in teaspoonful doses, as some do, is of no use. The lime should be fresh. Use a chunk as large as a teaspoon on an ordinary pailful of water. The lime will dissolve, and a white sediment settle to the bottom of the pail. Pour off the clear water and apply this to your plants. You need not be afraid of its being too strong as water can hold only a certain amount of lime in suspension. Worms in the soil almost invariably come from barnyard manures. I have given up using them as fertilizers, depending wholly on Food for Flowers, which is just as good for the plants, and never breeds worms.



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A Very Satisfactory Garment

Supports Stockings and Underclothes from Shoulder. Perfect fit. Hygienic. Sold by leading dealers. Send for Catalogue. LADY CANNASSERS WANTED.

THE C. N. CHADWICK CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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.

EVELYN—A call after a large reception is not necessary.

DULCIE B.—It is not good form for a girl of sixteen to have men visitors.

TWO—It is usual for the people who desire an acquaintance to make the first call.

VERDANT—In calling on two ladies who live in the same house a card should be left for each.

C. A. S.—It is in better taste to have another lady or a maid go with you to the dancing class.

FAITH—In beginning a letter, "Dear Mrs. Brown" is more formal than "My Dear Mrs. Brown."

M. N.—I do not know of any firm that sends out work of the sort you desire, to be done at home.

BELEINDA—A married man in writing to his wife should address the envelope to "Mrs. Henry Brown."

H. C. G.—I do not think it proper to go skating with gentlemen unless some other ladies are in the party.

WE TWO—I do think it in bad taste to have one's picture taken with a young man to whom one is not engaged.

FRANKIE—When a young man is engaged to be married it is usual for him to call on his betrothed in the evening.

A SUBSCRIBER—A young man going to the theatre with a party of ladies, whether in a box or not, would wear evening dress.

BUTTERCUP—An olive complexion is a dark one which is perfectly smooth and clear. Pale yellow is generally becoming.

COUNTRY GIRL—The thumb does not count as a finger. (2) The wedding ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand.

G. M.—It is not necessary to call on all the ladies who receive with the hostess at her dance, but simply on the lady of the house.

T. Y. J.—It is not customary in good society for a girl of fourteen to go out to places of amusement or to evening parties with young men.

EARLE—If your hands are well kept, even if they are large and dark, there is no reason why, if you like them, you should not wear rings.

GENEVRA—One leaves one's card when coming away from a tea. It is customary to remain about twenty minutes at an afternoon affair.

M. M. M.—A pretty tea-gown fitting the figure may be worn at an informal afternoon tea, but not at one for which invitations have been sent out.

CONFIDENCE—I think that if you have your mother and sisters as intimate friends you should be satisfied with mere acquaintances in the outside world.

MAUDE—A good companion should be able to read both in French and German, to write well, and most important of all, be of a cheerful disposition.

VIOLETTE—It is not customary for the gentlemen at a wedding party to kiss the bride; that is a liberty only taken by the immediate members of the family.

VIVIEN—I think it is usual when one is singing in public for the accompanist to come out first, seat himself at the piano, and then for the singer to appear.

C. G.—A lady walks on the inside of the pavement whether that should bring her to the right or left side of the man. A lady precedes a gentleman on entering church.

M. L. B.—I perfectly agree with you that it is not advisable to permit your cousin to be so familiar with you, and I would suggest that you tell him what you think at once.

RENE—Rubbing vaseline well into the feet every night tends to make them white and soft and to keep them in good condition. Warm, not hot water makes the most desirable foot bath.

OLIVE—Send your story to the magazine with the shortest note possible, making your address very plain and inclosing a sufficient number of stamps to have your manuscript returned to you.

NATALIE—If a young man tells a young woman that he loves her, and does not follow this declaration with a proposal of marriage, I should advise her to have as little to do with him as possible.

RESPONDENCY—I could scarcely say that it was wrong for you to sit out the dances with a man friend, but I don't think it is in particularly good taste to make one's self conspicuous in any way.

M. H. I.—I certainly would not advise your marrying a man who deliberately deceived you, and in addition to that made you appear as of no importance before his own family and their friends.

M. AND E.—It is customary for a girl to be at least nineteen years old before she makes her debut. (2) I do not think it proper, even when one knows a man quite intimately, to accept presents from him.

G. H.—It is not proper to accept jewelry from a young man to whom you are not engaged to be married. Nor is it in good taste to invite a young man whom you have just met to come and see you.

MAUDE S.—If your hostess should open the door for you she would let you precede her, although she might say just before you started, "Go to the right into the parlor," or, "Go up-stairs into the library."

PUZZLED SUBSCRIBER—Send your manuscript direct to the editor of the magazine for which you think it will be suitable. (2) It would be wisest to call your step-father by whatever title your mother prefers.

MABEL—It is usual to engrave the initials of the engaged couple and the date of the engagement upon the engagement-ring. (2) I should advise your consulting a doctor in regard to the condition of your skin.

TRIXIE—When a gentleman whom you have just met expresses a desire to see you again and you think he would be an agreeable acquaintance, invite him in your mother's and your own name to call upon you.

A. J.—I do not think it is in good taste to permit one's self to get in the habit of calling one's men friends by their Christian names. You must remember, my dear girl, that when you show familiarity you invite it.

F. M. B.—There is no excuse for a young woman speaking to a man whom she does not know simply because he happens to go to the same church with her, and she thinks she would like to make his acquaintance.

N.—I do not think there can be any real love that has not respect for its foundation, nor should I think that a girl of sixteen, that is the average girl of sixteen, would quite comprehend whether she felt a real love or not.

A GUEST—In asking to be excused from the table one directs one's request to the hostess. (2) As you are visiting the youngest daughter of the family you would call the brother "Mr. Brown," and the eldest sister "Miss Brown."

NEW SUBSCRIBER—One congratulates a prospective bridegroom and wishes all happiness to the lady who is to be married. (2) Simply because one is introduced to a person, it is not necessary to continue the acquaintance unless one wishes.

M. H.—When a man friend has shown you a courtesy and expresses a desire to be able to be polite to you again, all that is necessary for you to do is to thank him for his kindness and express your willingness to do something pleasant for him.

HELEN G.—If what you did was simply silly the easiest way to make the young man forget it is not to refer to it, and to prove to him by your good manners that you are decidedly different from what he supposed you to be before he knew you.

ANXIOUS—One would not write "Mrs. John Brown, *nee* Lottie Smith," because one is not born with a Christian name; instead, one would write "Mrs. John Brown, *nee* Smith." (2) The teaspoon should be left in the saucer and never in the cup.

THE WASP—I certainly do not think a well-bred girl would make a hoyden of herself by throwing anything at a young man even for a jest. The girl who is rough and rude with men can only expect roughness and rudeness from them in return.

S. AND R.—When walking with a lady a gentleman takes the outer side, but unless it can be done with ease he does not change every time a corner is turned. Except in the case of an elderly lady or an invalid, a gentleman does not take a lady's arm.

INQUISITIVE—I think it would be very wrong for you to let a young man know that you cared for him when you were certain that the reason he did not express his love for you was because he could not ask you to be his wife because of his poverty.

NINA—The reason for leaving two of one's husband's cards and only one of one's own is because a lady never leaves a card for a gentleman, consequently her card is for the lady of the house, while her husband's are one for the gentleman and one for the lady.

H. G. T.—Your knife and fork should be laid well to one side of your plate when it is passed for a second helping. After you have eaten your soup the spoon is left in the plate. (2) Even if the gentleman is only going to make a short visit he should remove his overcoat.

JANE—When the bridegroom lives at such a distance from the bride's home that it would be most inconvenient for any of his friends to accompany him to his wedding, it would be quite proper for the best man and ushers to be selected from among the bride's friends.

WEAKNESS—I think it very improper for a young woman to go to a ball with a young man alone, and very wrong when she comes home at three o'clock in the morning for her to ask him in the house. Personally, I disapprove of young women going to public balls under any conditions.

EVELYN—I think one can always begin again and try to do what is right. Half of the battle is fought when one recognizes what is wrong and concludes not to do the same thing again. Ask God to help you be a better woman and to give you strength to keep out of the way of temptation.

ICICLE—If of the two men who have proposed to you you say you care as much for one as for the other, I can only say that if this is true you had better decline the offer of each, and wait until you meet a man whom you know you love better than all the world, and choose him to be your husband.

BESS—A birthday cake, like a bride's cake, is very often done up in boxes, and each visitor takes one home; if, however, it is cut by the hostess, it is then eaten at the time. (2) A table-card simply has the name of a guest upon it, and one is laid at each cover to show where the visitor is to sit.

W. L. S.—I think, my dear boy, that I would not ask a woman to marry me until I was quite old enough to suggest that she should set the day. I do not believe in long engagements. At nineteen you may adore a girl who, when you are twenty-five, would seem uninteresting and stupid to you.

H. M.—A girl of fifteen would wear her dresses quite to her ankles. I should not advise you to wear a braid of hair, but, instead, give your own hair a chance to grow. Brush it with regularity and ask your doctor to give you some good tonic to apply to the scalp. A girl of fifteen does not wear her hair up.

L. S.—I do not believe that washing the face with a good soap and then rinsing off the soapsuds and removing the shine which naturally results with cold water is injurious to the complexion. I should be inclined to imagine that the condition of your skin came from some other cause than that of bathing it well.

DOUBTFUL—I have never heard that it was necessary in giving a dance to arrange dark corners so that people might retire to them who wished to have *the-a-lles*. (2) I would not believe all the gossip that is told me about my friends, and I should refuse to listen to any about the man whom I expected to marry.

E. G.—There would be no impropriety in your suggesting to a girl friend, with whom you are very intimate, that she present to you a man whom you have always desired to meet. (2) If you care so very much for a man whom you feel is perfectly indifferent to you I should advise your seeing as little of him as possible.

PHILO—At a daytime wedding reception the guests seldom remove their bonnets, although, of course, heavy wraps are frequently laid aside. At an evening affair one would go in full dress without anything on one's head. The ushers present the guests to the bride party. The bridesmaids are spoken to by the people they know, but it is not necessary that they should be addressed by everybody.

SHIRLEY—If the knife and fork are properly laid on the side of the plate when it is passed for a second helping they will not fall off. Your custom of laying your knife and fork on your bread-and-butter plate might answer in your own home, but bread-and-butter plates are unknown at many tables. (2) Butter is not served with dinner, and the bread is usually broken and one lays it just beside one's plate.

BEATRICE M.—My dear little girl, notwithstanding your great desire to see how I look, I cannot have a picture taken. All of us have our own little fancies, and one of mine happens to be that while Ruth Ashmore lives she shall only be known personally by those who are dear to her by ties of blood or affection. After she is gone she wants to be remembered not by her photograph, but by some kindly word that she has said to one of her girls.

J. S.—There is nothing absolutely wrong in wearing the college pin of a man friend, but personally, I think it is rather better taste not to do it. (2) The question of calling on Sundays is one that must be decided for one's self. I do not believe in making it a visiting day, but I think many a young man has been kept out of mischief by being allowed to take tea and spend Sunday evening in a family where he realizes how desirable it is to do what is right.

Perfect Freedom With Health and Shapeliness

So much deception is practiced, we are obliged to state that all Genuine Jackson Corset Waists have "Patented Feb. 23" stamped on them. We prefer that you should ask \$1.50 to us your local dealer for them, or send \$1.50 which includes postage, and we will send you a

COMBINATION CORSET WAIST
which is **The Only Waist** that permits your figure to develop naturally, gives your hips perfect freedom, frees you from the annoyance of broken stays, and over which you can have your best gown made; one in which you can fulfill your society demands or household duties, and have the weight of your clothing borne by the stronger muscles; one which gives trimness of outline to the figure and in no way restricts its free motion, and which is made for American women over American models.

KEEP the glow on your cheek, the symmetry of your figure, the shoulders square, the dress good fitting, the back and spine strong.

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Aid nature in the development of a graceful figure. The best is none too good for America's daughters. Go to your Retailer for it. If he hasn't it, write to the Big Retail Stores in the large cities, they keep them, or address

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EXCEL ALL OTHERS FOR SUMMER WEAR

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ON YOUR BOOTS and SHOES

"THE BEST" NURSER
Prevents WIND COLIC. Suction easy—Easily cleaned. Nipple cannot collapse. Highly indorsed by Physicians. "THE BEST" is PERFECT—and is the First and Only Practical air inlet bottle. REFUSE IMITATIONS! All druggists, 35c. By mail postpaid, 50c. Circulars free. THE GOTHAM CO., Warren St., New York.

BREAST SUPPORT FORM
By its use the weight of the breasts is removed from the dress waist to the shoulders, giving ventilation and a perfect shape bust, free and easy movement of the body. ALL DEFICIENCY OF DEVELOPMENT SUPPLIED. When ordering send bust measure. Price, free by mail, \$1.00. Agents Wanted
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"MIZPAH" VALVE NIPPLES
WILL NOT COLLAPSE.
Make nursing easy, and prevent much colic, because they admit air into the bottle as the milk is drawn out, and prevents a vacuum being formed. Sample free by mail upon request, with valuable information for cleansing and keeping nipples sweet and healthy.
WALTER F. WARE, 512 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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 CRIB FOR THE BABY

A VERY pretty and useful crib for the baby may be made at slight expense, by using a basket covered with muslin. A framework is constructed of pine wood, very light, consisting of four legs, a tray for baby's things about three inches from the bottom, and at the top another tray to place the basket in. The top tray need have only two strips of wood for the bottom, simply to keep the basket from falling. Paint the framework white, and when dry fasten four castors to the legs so that it may be easily rolled about.

On the top of the two longer sides fasten brass rods by means of brackets, the same as are used for draperies at the windows. On the rods hang muslin curtains that are arranged so that they may be moved back and forth. Have these curtains long enough to hide the tray at the bottom. On the two ends of frame suspend other curtains of same length as first. Hang these two on cords fastened to the crib at either end by large, brass-headed tacks.

For the basket purchase a clothes-basket or any square one that pleases you, only let it be deep. Cover and line this with either blue, pink or yellow cambric; sateen is preferable. Over this drape the muslin, fastening on the lower inside; draw over the top, fastening again on the lower outside.

When this is done, put the basket in the top tray, and fasten to the strips on bottom of tray by means of stout string drawn through the bottom of basket. The sides of tray will keep the basket from moving. Now cut a strip of muslin, hem it and gather it, and fasten along the top edge all around to finish it off.

From an old comforter cut three or four pieces the size of bottom of crib. Sew them together and cover with the sateen for a mattress. On top of this is placed a pillow, and the crib is ready for the baby.

This will be found very convenient, because the baby's toilet articles, etc., can be kept together on the tray underneath, and where the crib is the baby's things may be.

The size of the basket must be determined by the length of time you wish to keep baby in it. The basket should be bought first and the frame made to fit it.

The one of which this is a description is thirty-two inches long by twenty-two wide. The basket is twelve inches deep and the stand sixteen inches high, making the top of crib about twenty-six inches from floor. It had better be made larger rather than smaller than this. MAY H. GEORGE.

I should think this might be a very pretty, useful and inexpensive way of solving the baby's sleeping arrangements.

SCRAP-BOOKS

INEXPENSIVE, yet pretty scrap-books for very small children may be made by cutting leaves of required size of bright-colored cambric—paper cambric is good on account of its stiffness—and sewing the leaves together in the centre so that the colors, pink, scarlet, white, etc., may come alternately.

For a larger child one can be made by cutting leaves of preferred size of heavy pasteboard, and covering leaves of pasteboard with bright-hued paper.

After the leaves are all covered paste a narrow strip of cloth over the back for binding, and the book will be ready for the bright-colored pictures. E. ROSE REESE.

KINDERGARTEN TOYS

PLEASE inform me in your column where I may obtain "kindergarten playthings" for my little grandson four years old. A. I. B.

The "playthings" in kindergarten work are really the means by which instruction is conveyed. They amuse and charm at the same time. The various gifts and occupations mentioned in the article on "Kindergarten Work at Home" in the January number of the JOURNAL, can be obtained through our Premium Department.

HEALTHY CHILDREN

GROWING children of both sexes need plenty of good brown bread, puddings of oat and Indian meal, potatoes in various digestible forms—not fried—and milk and light, nourishing soups. Nor must these articles take the place of good roast meat. A child's sense of hunger is a sharp reality and he soon becomes faint with it. Children grow more between twelve and seventeen than they do in all the years of life that follow. It is in this time that bone and muscle, nerve and energy are to be manufactured and stored up against middle life, the time when they will begin to need them.

Do I not know how absolutely insatiable a boy's appetite can be? He will devour a hearty dinner of roast beef, mutton or veal, vegetables and pudding at twelve o'clock, and be far gone in the pangs of starvation before five.

But it is not only in regard to food that parents are negligent. Sleep, which gives clearness to the eye and buoyancy to the step, and makes walking in the open air a joy and an ever-increasing delight—sleep is ruined or spoiled in a dozen different ways. Children's parties and evening entertainments are the means used to rob many children of their growth and vitality. While children are in school they have no business with "social life." School work and the necessary daily exercise in the fresh air and sunshine are as much as should be permitted. Between these and their growth they are sufficiently taxed.

All children should go to bed early, comfortable, easy in mind, in a well-ventilated room, and should be allowed to sleep until they waken of their own accord. If they sleep at all they will not fail to waken just as soon as it is good for them. And if they don't sleep? Then they are on the sure road to a fit of indigestion or brain disease.

Many children enter the schoolroom at nine o'clock day after day looking wan and heavy-eyed. I shudder at the ill-health they are storing up for the future. It is sad and strange to see how easily mothers, often good mothers, too, in other respects, shut their eyes to the beginning of this evil in those dearer to them than their own life—their children.

The children now standing on the threshold of manhood and womanhood sink into premature decay and fall by the wayside at an age when strength and ability should enable them to withstand prolonged effort in the schoolroom—and all for want of proper systematic attention to health. Parents must put a stop to the causes which excite ill-health, and not rush to the doctor to cure their children. All the medicine in the world cannot counteract the effect of foolish, persistent neglect and continued indulgence. F. R. W.

Nothing in this world is so important a factor in a child's well-being as care in its diet

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besides being an acknowledged beautifier, has many refreshing uses. It prevents chafing, sun-burn, wind-tan, lessens perspiration, etc.; in fact it is a most delicate and desirable protection to the face during hot weather. It is Sold Everywhere. For sample, address

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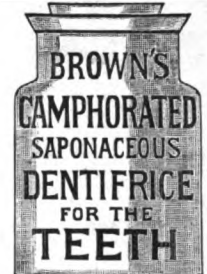
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is between the teeth—where the ordinary brush does not clean. That is the reason the PROPHYLACTIC TOOTH BRUSH is universally endorsed by dentists. It cleans between the teeth. In use, follow directions. Sold everywhere, or 35 cents by mail, postpaid. A book about the teeth, free.

Florence Mfg. Co., Florence, Mass.

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"How to Choose and Use Perfumes"



Souvenir (mailed on receipt of 4 cts.) Artistically illustrated with portraits of beautiful Society ladies, who recommend our Perfumes. Also contains many valuable Toilet Hints. Ask your Druggist for "Eastern Star" Perfume or send 50 cents for 1 ounce bottle, delivered by mail. FOOTE & JENKS, Perfumers, Jackson, Mich.



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Cottolene

Is clean, delicate, wholesome, appetizing and economical—as far superior to lard as the electric light is to the tallow dip. It asks only a fair trial, and a fair trial will convince you of its value.

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THE WHITE MOUNTAIN FREEZER CO., Nashua, N. H.

EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE

The Domestic Editor, during Miss Parloa's absence, will answer, in this column, questions of a general domestic nature.

N. D. A.—Read answer to "Gay" in this column in regard to weavers of silk portières.

CONSTANT READER—Ether is said to be efficacious in removing water or grease spots from silk.

C. E. W.—A lump of camphor placed in the boxes in which your silver is kept may prevent it from tarnishing.

L. M. W.—Full directions for removing tea stains were given in the JOURNAL for October, 1892, a copy of which will be sent you on receipt of ten cents.

MARYON M. A.—If the stains upon the bird's-eye maple dresser and the oak dining-table have penetrated very deeply it will be necessary to have the wood scraped and refinished.

LILLIAN—Window shades in a medium olive, or any of the drab tints, will be suitable for the house you describe. (2) Dotted Swiss may take the place of lace curtains in either sitting or bed room.

M. F. B.—The grape juice should be heated to the boiling point and poured into hot bottles. The corks should then be driven in firmly, cut off even with the tops of the necks and covered well with cement.

K. E. C.—If your window shades are but slightly soiled take them down carefully, spread them flat upon a table and rub them lightly, first with a dry cloth, then with one that has been dampened with benzine.

ANITA—Grease may be satisfactorily removed from a carpet by the use of naphtha. Use it only in the daytime, not allowing any light or fire in the room for some time after, as naphtha is extremely inflammable.

MOLLIE G.—White woodwork and white and gold paper for the parlor, and quartered oak and old blue or tan paper for your reception hall would be in good taste. (2) Lace or dotted Swiss curtains would be pretty for your bedrooms.

GAY—If you will write to the "Domestic Editor," inclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope, you will be furnished with the addresses of two weavers of silk portières, from whom you will be able to obtain information regarding the warp used by them.

READER—Use very hot water for removing the candy from the plush chair, being careful not to wet the plush any more than is absolutely necessary. This may leave a small water mark on the plush, but it seems to be a question either of water or candy.

SUBSCRIBER—The round, fluffy balls used in tacking comforters are made by winding the yarn many times around two fingers. This should be doubled, after being slipped from the fingers, and tied tightly through the middle by a length of yarn. This is used to fasten it to the comforter. When securely fastened trim the balls evenly.

MARYLAND—To make cheese-straws, work to a smooth paste three ounces of grated Parmesan cheese, two ounces of flour, a little salt and cayenne pepper and the yolk of one egg. Roll this mixture upon a pie-board until about an eighth of an inch thick, and five or six inches each way across; cut in very narrow strips, place upon buttered tins and bake quickly to a light brown tint. Small rings are sometimes cut and baked in addition to the straws, and before placing on the table the straws are thrust through the rings, forming fagots.

SUBSCRIBER—Half a pint of milk, fourteen ounces of lobster chopped fine, a quarter of a pound of butter, two even tablespoons of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne pepper and a pinch of mace are the ingredients required for lobster croquettes. Have the milk boiling, and stir in the butter and flour rubbed to a smooth paste. Add the salt, pepper and mace. Mix with the lobster and put on ice for several hours to harden. Then mould into croquettes. Dip in egg, roll in crumbs and fry a golden brown in deep lard. Garnish with parsley and serve hot.

A. R.—A frame for your photographs may be made as follows: Cut heavy cardboard in the shape of panels. Cut square openings in these panels through which your pictures may be seen, and cover the cardboard with a large piece of China silk. This may be cut from the centre of each opening toward each corner of the same, drawn to the back of the cardboard and securely pasted or glued down. The pictures may then be arranged, and, lastly, a second piece of cardboard fastened on the back of the panel, covering the whole. Water-color paper may be substituted for the China silk, and a delicate spray painted upon it if desired.

SUBSCRIBER—Neat chamber suits may be procured from the manufacturer and painted with enamel paints in any desired tints. The floors may be stained in the manner described in the JOURNAL for May, 1892, and rugs laid down. It is absolutely essential that you have in your dining-room a dining-table, chairs, and a small table which may, in a manner, take the place of a sideboard. Sash curtains of scrim, in addition to the shades, for dining-room windows, and draperies of the same, or of dotted Swiss, edged with lace or ruffles of the same material, for the chamber. Suggestions in regard to the furnishing of a hall were given in the JOURNAL for May, 1894. Have unpainted pine or hardwood tables and chairs for your kitchen.

BEGINNING—Unless you have all the materials necessary to make a Turkish ottoman the making will prove more expensive than it would if ordered from an upholsterer. Curled hair should be used as stuffing, and velvet will prove the most durable covering. The padded sides are finished with a deep, heavy fringe falling nearly to the floor. The Turkish ottoman should be fully as wide as a couch, but not quite as long, and be perfectly flat from end to end. (2) The bathroom floor may be either tiled, finished in hardwood and polished, or simply covered with an oilcloth. One or two rugs will be found indispensable in any case. It is also desirable to have a small closet or cabinet where may conveniently be found all toilet accessories. A small medicine closet is also indispensable. Have a standing rack upon which to dry the damp towels before they are thrown into the hamper, which should stand in a convenient corner. Some receptacle should also be provided for clean towels. The bathroom should, in addition, contain one or two chairs, a mirror, a sponge-holder, etc. A very important item in regard to all bathrooms is the arrangement of the light. Care should be taken that the window shades work properly and that they shall be of a color that will render it impossible for them to be seen through. If possible, a heavy curtain should be hung at the window nearest the bathtub to protect from draughts, etc., the person who is bathing. (3) The custom of suspending antique plates by means of wire to the dining-room walls no longer obtains. (4) The wood-work most suitable for the dining-room mentioned would be of oak. Use sage green or old blue tints in both wall paper and carpet. (5) Lace curtains in a parlor should hang straight from the poles. (6) Only the most delicate perfume should ever be used with table linen.

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There are many carpet sweepers made in Grand Rapids and elsewhere, but the kind you want is made only by The Goshen Sweeper Co., Grand Rapids, Mich. If your dealer does not sell our Sweepers, send us your address and we will direct you to a dealer who does.

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5 1/2 feet long and 33 in. wide

A Perfect Fur Rug \$2.00 each. Made from selected skins of the Japanese Angora, they are moth proof, and have long, soft, silky fur. The colors are Silvery White, Light Gray and Dark Gray. We also have a beautiful Glossy Black Fur Rug at \$3.00. Same size. Comfortable, luxurious, elegant. For Parlors, Reception Halls, or Bed Rooms. Sent C. O. D. on approval if desired. No home should be without these Rugs.

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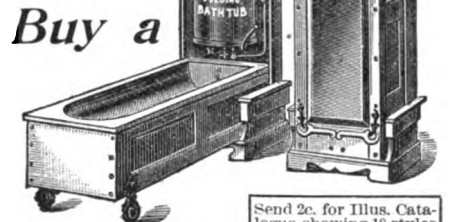
Oriental Floor Cushion

No well appointed home is complete without one or more of these exceedingly artistic Oriental effects. We manufacture these CUSHIONS ready for the cover. 2 1/2 ft. square, filled with Coil Springs, Upholstered to proper form. Light, strong, durable. Sent by express on receipt of price, \$2.00.

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Don't let that annoy you, but Buy a



Mosely Folding Bath Tub

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Gas Iron, \$3.00

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H & S OIL GAUGE Tells you when the lamp is full; fits any lamp; out of sight; easily adjusted. Send inside measure of the oil hole. 20 cents, silver.

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FOR ALL STOCKINGS
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there is only one hose supporter which cannot cut the stocking. All genuine WARREN HOSE.

SUPPORTERS are made with Warren Fasteners with Rounded Rib on Holding Edges—all other supporters must cut the stocking. For sale everywhere. Made by George Frost Co., Boston.

Women's Congress

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Most Stylish Shoe Made. Very comfortable—no seams to irritate or draw tender feet. Fine Vici Kid uppers; best Patent Calf trimming up the front. Hand turned. Widths AA to E, all sizes. Wide or narrow toes.

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But on same quality, sizes, widths and styles of toe, pointed patent leather tips, same price. These shoes sell for \$5.00 more at retail stores.

Low Cut Congress and Ties in black or tan, same quality, sizes, widths and styles of toe. Pointed tips. No trimming up the front. Soft, cool, comfortable and dressy for summer wear, at **\$2.50**. Sell at retail stores for \$3.50 and over.

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\$1.50

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All Shoes Delivered Free in United States at your nearest post or express office, on receipt of price. Selling direct to the consumer, we save you the profits of middleman and retailer. Send size and width usually worn—we will fit you. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send for catalogue. MANUFACTURERS' SHOE CO., Jackson, Mich.

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Price 40c. up. Send for circular.

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Philadelphia Shopping
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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.

ERNESTINE C.—Very dark red and reddish brown for the school dresses; try the grayish blue and ré-séda; mignonette green for best wear.

LILLIE—Use plain silk for full leg-of-mutton sleeves, vest, short, wide revers and epaulettes ruffles. Finish the edges with narrow jet spangle gimp.

ONE SUBSCRIBER—Let a boy of eleven wear shirt waists. If large for his age you can put him in shirts for best, but twelve is the usual age for this.

MRS. EDNA R.—A personal letter was sent to your address and returned to me. If you will forward your correct address I will again mail the letter.

SUBSCRIBER—You can wear your circular skirt if it is fully three and a half yards wide. (2) You can use brown on tan, lighter brown or beige shades or mixtures.

M. C. B.—The only way to lengthen your white lawn is to cut off the worn edge of the hem and insert two bands of embroidery above and below the drawn-work.

A. M. B.—Steam is the only thing that will remove the gloss, but instead of taking the garment apart steam each portion by holding a wet cloth on an iron and place the glossy bit over the steam arising.

JANE—White duck and piqué dresses will be worn and made with a four-yard gored skirt, short, full blazer or double-breasted Eton jacket, and very full gigot sleeves. (2) Cotton or silk blouse or a double-breasted vest.

M. M.—Your bridal gown of satin should have a demi-train and be untrimmed, unless you have a handsome flounce of lace for the front; leg-of-mutton sleeves, high, pointed corsage and full epaulettes and yoke of *point de Venise* lace.

MRS. R. M.—Wear crêpe one year and lighter mourning for the second year. If you do not wear crêpe, then use plain black for one year, and during the second year gradually wear gray, lavender, black and white and then resume colors.

MAN—Medium long capes and long and short, full or godet-back jackets will be worn. (2) You may use changeable green silk or black moiré with your fancy cord goods. The new material will answer for panels on the skirt, revers, crush collar, etc.

ENO—Send out the cards two weeks before the date set for the wedding. (2) Brides' and bridesmaids' costumes were described in the March issue of the JOURNAL. (3) Traveling gown of mixed tweed, serge or cheviot, with an untrimmed four-yard skirt, long, frock coat basque, having short revers and epaulettes ruffles and leg-of-mutton sleeves.

A. C. B.—It is impossible to tell you now the styles for a year hence. (2) Make the dress with a four-yard skirt and leave it untrimmed. Large leg-of-mutton sleeves and a godet or umbrella-back basque. Add a crush collar and short, wide revers of changeable silk; epaulettes ruffles of the goods. Correspondents should give an idea of their appearance when asking for a design.

BELL—The most fashionable skirt is four yards wide, has a gored front and sides and godet back, which is also gored and laid in four narrow plaits at the top. (2) Black grenadines will have a silk foundation and be trimmed with rows of ribbon or lace insertion; large gigot sleeves, round waist, having round stripes of the insertion, and either lace epaulettes or those of the material edged with lace.

MARY—When in such haste inclose a stamp for a personal letter. (2) Combine changeable tan and green silk with the girl's dress. (3) Trim a black Henrietta with narrow bands of jet spangles and wear a crush collar and jabot of cream lace. (4) Have a four-yard untrimmed skirt for the tan; large leg-of-mutton sleeves, basque with pointed front and full, umbrella back. Add a narrow crush collar, a twist on the wrists and short, wide revers of black moiré.

LITTLE MILLINER—Hats will be trimmed with a profusion of flowers, lace and large ribbon bows at the back, the flowers in front with fans or drapings of lace, or a large Alsatian (broad, flat) bow drawn through a ring in the centre. Another very fashionable style has a crush band of lace, velvet or ribbon, with a large buckle in front, a bow at the back pointing forward, flowers in front above the drapery, and long-stemmed flowers, like violets, at the back, falling over the hair.

IGNORAMUS C. C.—Misses of your age wear white, pink, yellow or pale blue, fine, all-wool crêpon, made up with white lace and satin ribbons. White is certainly the more girlish, and the gown should have a gored skirt four yards wide, with a round waist and very large leg-of-mutton sleeves. The collar and belt of satin put on in the soft crush style, and a bertha ruffle of guipure lace seven inches wide. When in a hurry it is always better to send a stamp for an immediate reply.

J. L. S.—Colors and materials were written of in the March issue of the JOURNAL. (2) The dress you describe is too showy for the street. (3) A simple yellow and black dress for house, theatre, etc., wear would be a yellow crêpon or challie having black figures, very small; four-yard skirt, gigot sleeves, round waist, having a circular basque piece; crush collar and belt of black moiré, with yoke and sleeve ruffles of black lace, or the latter of the goods edged with several rows of No. 1½ moiré ribbon.

A CONSTANT READER—All writers do not agree about the becomingness of black. I think it can be worn at any age, with accessories of a becoming color. (2) Besides your usual number of petticoats you need a silk lining to your black net, with a bias ruffle on the edge to hold the net out. The net should be sewed to the same band only, and have a finish of three rows of lace insertion or satin ribbon as a trimming. The waist should then introduce lace as epaulettes, with a crush collar as well. Wear with this colored chiffon jabots and, for a change, colored velvet crush collars, having a bib or jabot of cream lace.

ORPHAN HATTIE—If you send me your address I will send you more help than I can give now in this column. If you read THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL each month I am sure that you will see that we write of plain as well as fancy articles of dress. In the March issue you learned of the new goods, and you can make a ten-cent gingham up after the pattern given for a more costly one. Small girls wear gingham and outing-cloth, which is really a cotton goods, at ten to fifteen cents. These dresses are made with a full, gathered skirt; sleeves gathered into the armholes, and round waists trimmed with a shoulder ruffle of the goods. These are the simplest styles. The smallest child may wear a loose Mother Hubbard, having ties from the side seams knotted in the back, and a little square yoke; but send me the address for your own assistance.

Makes hard water soft
—Pearline. Every woman knows just what that means to her. Washing in hard water is so difficult, and the results so poor! **Pearline** reduces the labor, whether you use soft water or hard. But use **Pearline**, and it's just as easy to wash with hard water as with soft water—and the results are just as good. **Pearline** saves more things than your labor, though. We'll tell you of these savings from time to time. Keep your eye on **Pearline** "ads."

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

444 **JAMES PYLE, New York.**

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FRANCIS PATENT HOOK & EYE

SAVES SEWING. KEEPS HOOKED.

THE EYE TO WHICH HOOK IS HANGING IS LIKE THIS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CLOTH IT IS PUT IN BY PASSING THE POINT THROUGH THE CLOTH AND THEN BACK AGAIN

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It is the solidified sap of a tree growing in Mexico. The sap is gathered much the same as we collect Maple sap in this country. It is about the color of rich cream, sweet tasting, perfectly clean and absolutely harmless. **This is the only GUM used by PRIMLEY in making his**

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The BEST and PUREST Gum Made Sold by all Dealers. Insist on PRIMLEY's

Send 5 outside wrappers of either California Fruit or PRIMLEY's Pepsin Chewing Gum, with two 2-cent stamps, and we will send you "The World's Desire," by H. Rider Haggard and Andrew Lang, or any other one of our 1,700 fine books. Send for list. **J. P. PRIMLEY, Chicago, Ill.**

VANISH LIKE SMOKE

What becomes of pain when successfully treated? We say, it vanishes like smoke. But sometimes smoke only vanishes in appearance. It is really scattered, and continues to exist elsewhere, although perhaps in different form. When thoroughly treated, however, it vanishes entirely, never to trouble anybody again. Just so it is with pain. Half-way treatment may relieve by changing its location and character. Thorough treatment does away with it altogether. If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest or limbs, use an

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER

HOW WE ARE ABLE TO DO IT!

These spoons were made up especially for the World's Fair trade, by **THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd.** and were left on their hands. In order to dispose of them quickly we make this unheard-of offer. **SIX SOUVENIR SPOONS** (after-dinner-coffee size), **PLATED WITH HEAVY COIN SILVER**, with **GOLD-PLATED BOWLS**, each spoon representing a different building of the World's Fair. The handles are finely chased, showing head of Columbus, and dates 1492-1898 and wording "World's Fair City." They are genuine works of art, making one of the finest souvenir collections ever produced. Sold during the Fair for \$9.00; we now offer the balance of this stock at **ONLY 99c**. Sent in elegant push-lined case, properly packed, and express prepaid to any address. Send Postal Note or Currency. Money cheerfully refunded if goods are not as represented. **LEONARD MFG. CO., Sole Agents** Department A 85, 20 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

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THE STAY THAT STAYS Can't break, can't wear out, everlasting elasticity.

Put up in yard lengths, the same as whalebone, also in short lengths, muslin covered. Sample set for one dress by mail, 25 cents. Sold everywhere.

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Greatest Award TO CHICKERING PIANOS

AT THE World's Columbian Exposition 1893—Chicago—1893

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371 WORLD'S FAIR OFFICIALS COMMENT THEM most strongly, in autograph letters which I reproduce in an Illustrated Souvenir Catalogue telling the whole story; sent free; ask for it. Sold on Terms to Suit by Dealers, or, where is none, by GEORGE F. BENT, Manufacturer, 323 to 333 So. Canal St., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

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Send for Samples of **Wilde's Combination Suits**
James Wilde, Jr., & Co.'s name on every suit.

Consisting of a two-garment Knee Pants Suit, extra pair of Pants, and a Hat or Cap, for Boys from 4 to 15 years old, all for \$5

Don't confuse these with the "wooden" looking suits that are advertised by other houses. Ours are far superior in material, style and general make-up to any other combination suits ever offered.

Goods sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination.

If you will leave selection to us, send \$5.00 Post Office or Express Order; we will promptly express the suit; if suit is mailed send \$5.50. If not satisfactory return at our expense and we will refund money or exchange suit.

FRANK REED, Manager

MUSICAL HELPS AND HINTS

All questions of a musical nature will be cheerfully answered in this column by a special corps of musical experts.

J. J.—Wagner was born in Leipsic, May 22, 1813.

FREEPORT—"Quire" was the old-time way of spelling choir.

CENTRAL STATION—Clara Louise Kellogg is the wife of Carl Strakosch.

TACONY—Mr. Reginald de Koven is married and is at present residing in New York City.

MARTHA—"Kélar Béla" was the *nom de plume* of Albert von Keler, a Hungarian composer.

IVY LEAF—"Jephthah" was Handel's last oratorio; it was written while he was partially blind.

WESTOVER—Antonius Stradivarius, the celebrated violin maker, lived in the seventeenth century.

RUTH—Mascagni resides at Leghorn, Italy. He is very happily married and has several children.

SAN REMO—It is, we think, generally conceded that Beethoven stands at the head of all composers.

P. F.—John Philip Sousa was born in Washington, D. C. His mother was a German and his father Spanish.

RUFUS—An anthem is a musical composition usually set to words from the Bible, and sung in public worship.

LISBETH—Tennyson's song of "The Brook" has been set to music. (2) Calvé, the prima donna, is not married.

N. P.—The "key-note" of a composition is the note from which the scale commences and by which the key is named.

DOROTHY—If you will send us a stamped and self-addressed envelope we will forward you a list of songs suitable for your voice.

ADAMS—Ole Bull died at Lyso, his summer home in Norway, in August, 1880. He was buried at Bergen, a few miles from Lyso.

BILTVILLE—Wesley's Advent hymn, "Lo, He Comes," is said to owe its origin to the excitement in London during the severe earthquake shocks of 1750.

WILLIAM N.—Henri Marteau, the violinist, is a Frenchman. (2) The opera of "La Traviata" is founded upon Dumas' "Dame aux Camellias" (Camille).

WILTSHIRE—The subject of the opera of "Lucia di Lammermoor" is taken from Sir Walter Scott's novel, the "Bride of Lammermoor." The scene is laid in Scotland.

TAUNTON—By the "strings of an orchestra" are meant only the instruments played with a bow. Those in ordinary use are the violin, the violoncello, the double-bass and the viola.

G. E.—A "madrigal" is a musical setting of a mediæval poem or song usually written for from three to eight or more voices. (2) Theodore Thomas and his orchestra are still in Chicago.

RED FORK—The lines:
"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak,"
were written by William Congreve.

T. S. O.—Gounod's death occurred in Paris, France, in October of last year. His wife is living. He had amassed a large fortune as the result of his musical labors, and was probably the most wealthy of all French composers.

CORRESPONDENT—"Rinforzando," abbreviations "rinf." or "riz.," is a term used to denote the sudden and momentary crescendo of any phrase short or subordinate in a musical composition. (2) "Secondo" means the second player in a duet.

QUERIST—It is almost impossible to specify exactly the number of times a year a piano should be tuned. If you secure a good man to do the work he will advise you as to the number of times that it will be necessary to have the work done. You may rely upon his advice in the matter.

KENTUCKIANS—The JOURNAL's prize of one hundred dollars for the best original set of waltzes was awarded to Mrs. Frances J. Moore, of London, Ontario. The full piano score, under the title of "The Aberdeen Waltzes," was given in the JOURNAL of February, 1894, a copy of which will be mailed you on receipt of ten cents.

FLORENCE—In the opinion of almost all teachers of the piano, there never comes a time in the career of a pupil when he or she may dispense with the practice of exercises. In order to be a good piano player a certain amount of technique is required, and the only way to obtain and keep it is through the constant practice of good exercises.

CLINTON—Although custom has, to some extent, sanctioned the use of the organ throughout the entire marriage service at church weddings it is doubtful if it is thereby justified. The wedding service is one of the most solemn of all church services, and nothing should be permitted either to detract from its religious character or to withdraw one's attention from its administration. The use of the organ, except to accompany singing and for a processional and recessional, is certainly defensible only when it is so skillfully and softly played as to please and not disturb. Then it is bound to become, to many, at least, by its very beauty, a source of distraction from the beauty and interest of the service. The same objections may be urged against the use of the organ during the communion service, for then the mind of the communicant should be wholly engrossed with the service, which to most persons, it may be safely asserted, is impossible, whether the music be good or bad.

PIGGLEWITCH—At an evening musicale it is wise to limit the performers to either the amateur or professional ranks, as the enforced contrasts are apt to be to the detriment of the former. However, there is no rule in the matter, and it is certainly a matter which rests only with the hostess for decision whether or not she shall add her talents to those she has engaged for the entertainment of her guests. It is not usual to have distributed programmes at a social musicale; if the event be given for any special purpose, and if tickets are sold for it, then the patrons of the entertainment expect to receive programmes. Neither is it usual in the former case to announce either the selections or the performers. A clever hostess will contrive to present a few of her most musical guests to the performers early in the evening so that the artists may enjoy the social side of the musicale. Do not attempt, if you have a large number of guests, to have every one meet every one else. See that the most congenial people meet, and that no one is left to solitary meditation, but do not attempt general introductions at a large affair. For further information in regard to musicales we refer you to Mrs. Hamilton Mott's article on "An Evening Musicale," published in the JOURNAL of December, 1892, a copy of which will be mailed you on receipt of ten cents.

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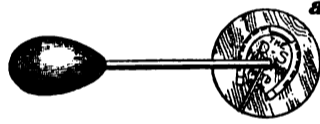
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THE OPEN CONGRESS

In which any question of general interest will be cheerfully answered when addressed to the editor of "The Open Congress," care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia.

KITTY—The population of Paris is 2,269,000. WATERVILLE—Dr. Talmage is a Presbyterian. LIZZIE—The birthday stone for September is the sapphire. GOSHEN—Florida was admitted into the Union on March 3, 1845. SCHALLER—The salary of the Governor of Massachusetts is \$8,000. OLD SUBSCRIBER—The birthday stone for those born in November is the topaz. JESSIE R.—In the German language every noun is commenced with a capital letter. THORNTON—In writing the names of religious sects capital letters should be used. H. W.—The longest bridge in the world is that over the River Tay at Dundee, Scotland. TRAVELER—A child born of American parents in a foreign country is an American citizen. MARJORIE—The colors of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution are blue and buff. LOVAL—The motto of the Prince of Wales, "Ich Dien," is from the German, and signifies "I serve."

MRS. H. D. F.—The English way of pronouncing "golf" is to leave out the sound of the "l" and call it "gowf." COLORADO SPRINGS—It is impossible to give a short rule governing the proper uses of the words shall and will. MOLLY BAWN—We cannot advise as to the investment of money. (2) James Gordon Bennett resides in Paris. EMMA AND KATIE—The birthday stone for February is the amethyst; for August the moonstone and for October the opal. ALINE—A sketch of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson appeared in the JOURNAL of April, 1894, a copy of which will be mailed you on receipt of ten cents. SACRAMENTO—The rose is the national flower of England. (2) Upon the death of Queen Victoria the Prince of Wales will be declared King of England. BEN—A sketch of the widow of Stonewall Jackson was given in the JOURNAL of September, 1893, a copy of which will be mailed you on receipt of ten cents. SIBYL—Accrued interest in building societies is the interest which is earned between the last meeting of the fiscal year and the first meeting of the new year. GLOVERSVILLE—An "income tax" is a tax imposed on all persons having incomes above a certain amount, whether the income be derived from land or labor. TILLY—Grape fruit (shaddock) belongs to the orange family. The name grape is probably given from the resemblance in flavor of its pulp to the wild grape. C. E. B.—Madame Modjeska has been twice married. Her first husband's name was Modjeska. Her present husband is Count Charles Bozenta Chlapowski. BURTON—The old United States war ship, the Kearsarge, which was wrecked in February of this year, was named after Mount Kearsarge, Washington, D. C.

CHARLOTTE—Red denotes courage; blue, truth; white, purity; green, jealousy; yellow, inconstancy; black, mourning; brown, melancholy; gray, remembrance; violet, sympathy. BALTIMORE—A Roman Catholic, if nominated, would be eligible to the Presidency of the United States. It has happened so far that no one of that religion has received the nomination. INDEPENDENCE—Mrs. Cleveland's maiden name was Frances Folsom. She is a graduate of Wells College, Aurora, New York. Both the President and his wife are members of the Presbyterian church. COMMISSIONER—The income of the Peabody Education Fund is distributed among the Southern States including West Virginia, and applied to the support of the Peabody Normal College in Nashville. COUNTRY WOMAN—White frost is the ordinary frozen dew or hoar frost. Black frost occurs when the cold is so intense as to freeze vegetation and cause it to turn black without the formation of hoar frost. LIME RIDGE AND ARDRA—Applications for membership in the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution must be made to the General Society, Daughters of the Revolution, 64 Madison Avenue, New York City. DORA—In classical mythology Psyche was the deified soul or spirit, the beloved of Eros, by whom she was alternately caressed and tormented. She was represented as a young girl with the wings of a butterfly. A butterfly was her symbol. EMMETTSBURG—The only Roman Catholic who has ever held the office of Chaplain of the United States Senate was the Rev. Charles Constantine Pise. He was appointed through the influence of Henry Clay and did not hold office long. COUNTRY GIRL—Nom de guerre is French for an assumed or supposititious name. (2) Transcendentalism is that system of philosophical inquiry which by depreciating experience loses sight of the relation which facts and phenomena sustain to principles. GRACINE—The late Mr. George W. Childs resided in Philadelphia during the winter months. He spent a portion of each day in his business office at the Ledger Building, and was always glad to receive visitors. (2) Mr. Childs belonged to the Episcopal church. BURLINGTON—New York was the capital of the United States from March, 1789, to 1790; Philadelphia from 1790 to 1800, and Washington has been ever since. (2) Marshall Field, of Chicago, is married and has two children, a son and a daughter, both of whom are married. K.—The first dispatch over the Atlantic cable was a message from Queen Victoria to President Buchanan. The principal part of the message was the Queen's expression of a hope that the cable would form a bond of union and friendship between Great Britain and America. CLARA P.—The gentleman should always be introduced to the lady, in some such form as the following: "Mrs. —, will you allow me to present Mr. —?" (2) If it is absolutely necessary for you to pass in front of any person you should say either "excuse me" or "pardon me."

DENVERITE—The sixth, thirty-second, thirty-eighth, fifty-first, one hundred and second, one hundred and thirtieth and one hundred and forty-third Psalms are called the "penitential Psalms." In Episcopal churches they are read upon Ash Wednesday, and in Roman Catholic churches upon days of special humiliation. HAWTHORNE—Ordinary social correspondence, when forwarded by the hands of any adult socially equal with the sender, should not be sealed. If, for any reason, a letter must be sealed, then the post or some other method of letter conveyance should be used. There is no doubt whatever about the correctness of this view. ELEANOR—The Venus de Medici was five feet eight in height, and this is held by many artists and sculptors to be the most perfect stature for a woman. The medium height for women is five feet five, and a woman of that height should weigh one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. (2) The colors of Jefferson College are black and pale blue. DEBORAH—Mizpah or Mizpeh is a Hebrew word meaning a "place of prospect," or high, commanding point. Farewells were often spoken at such places, hence the use of the word on souvenir rings. As a motto the word is associated with the scriptural sentence, "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another."

WESTOVER—There have been several claimants to the honor of having invented the telephone but it is generally conceded that Professor Alexander Graham Bell was the first to demonstrate and explain its operation in the spring of 1876. With his name, Edison, Blake and several others have been associated and several other patents have been taken out. BLACK HAWK—Ad valorem means "on the value." An ad valorem duty is a certain percentage on the value of the article imported, while a specific duty is a duty on the article itself, without reference to its value. (2) General Pope was given the sobriquet of "Saddlebag John," because, when asked upon one occasion where his headquarters were, he replied, "In the saddle."

ADRIAN—The beginning of a postal service in the United States dates from 1639, when a house in Boston was employed for the receipt of letters for or from beyond the seas. In 1672 the Government of New York Colony established a post to go monthly from New York to Boston; in 1702 it was changed to a fortnightly one. A post-office was established in Philadelphia in 1693. MOUNT OLIVER—The Constitution of the United States provides that "no person except a natural-born citizen at the time of the adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the office of President, neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained the age of thirty-five years." The Constitution also provides that "no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust in the United States."

ESTHER—Can you not in some carefully chosen words signify to your friend's father that you are "grown up" and that you do not wish to be kissed? He probably has not realized that you were anything but a child, and he doubtless looks upon you as he does upon his daughter, who has been your companion for so long a time. We are quite sure that he will appreciate your feelings, and that neither he nor his daughter will be offended with you. MARGIE—Brides do not always wear gloves at weddings nowadays, preferring that the solemnity of the marriage ceremony shall not be marred by the awkward pause which is apt to ensue while the bride's glove is being removed so that she may assume the wedding-ring. But there is no reason why gloves should not be worn, and you should please yourself in this particular. If your gown is a light one wear gloves to match it, and carry your flowers, of course. BRIDE-ELECT—The souvenirs that you propose giving your bridesmaids should be sent to them before the wedding day. (2) For women's correspondence the stationery most liked is the smooth finish in white or cream tints, with envelopes to match. The number of the house and the name of the street and city are often engraved upon the upper right-hand corner of the paper. If the residence is in the country the name of the house, as well as the name of the place, are engraved in the same way. PERPLEXED YOUTH—The best man takes the details of the marriage ceremony off the bridegroom's shoulders as far as possible. He joins him at his house; goes with him to the church; carries the fee for the minister; sees that the groom has the ring, and knows and remembers where it is when needed. He stands beside the groom while the ceremony is performed; escorts the maid of honor from the church to the bride's house; presents the guests to the bride at the reception, and if there is a "breakfast" he proposes the bride's health; sees the happy pair to the carriage, and then only are his duties done. He dresses almost as the groom does, only his trousers and gloves should be darker. ENID—A fortune-teller generally proves one of the most lucrative forms of entertainment at a bazaar. A lady should be selected for the post of fortune-teller who has a knowledge of palmistry; she must also be quick at reading the expression on the faces of her listeners, and detecting when she has made a correct hit, then follow it up. A certain amount of mystery should surround her; she should have a draped and Oriental-looking corner of a room or small tent, with shaded lights and sweet-smelling perfumes burning, and her dress should be of an Eastern character, her countenance being so disguised that she will not be recognized by acquaintances. A fee, of course, is charged for the information given, and for entering the fortune-teller's tent. GRACE—The key of the Bastille, which was sent by Lafayette the year after the destruction of the Bastille to Thomas Paine, who was then in Paris, to be forwarded to Washington, is among the curiosities on exhibition at Washington's old home, Mount Vernon. (2) The Electoral College is a name informally given to the electors of a single State when met to vote for President and Vice-President of the United States, and sometimes to the whole body of electors. (3) The expression "Fifty-four forty, or fight," was one of the party cries during the administration of Tyler, in reference to the Oregon question. On the occasion of the passing of the bill organizing a territorial government for Oregon up to that parallel of latitude—namely, fifty-four degrees and forty minutes north of the equator, Oregon was claimed to be the property of the United States. A certain element in the Southern States opposed the annexation, holding that if the Northern States were to expand beyond the Rocky Mountains the Southern States should also have Texas added to their number, lest the existence of slavery should be imperiled. The affair was finally adjusted in 1845, at which time the annexation of Texas was accomplished.

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