

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

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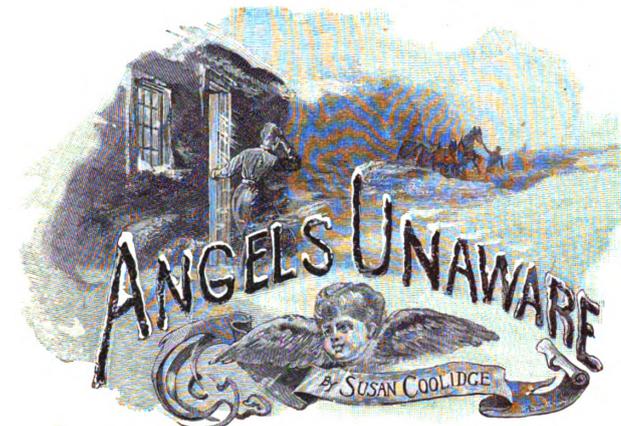
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THE early spring of our North America is a fickle and unscrupulous season. Sharp contrasts delight her, sudden changes are her peculiar joy. To follow warm days with cold blizzards; to tempt the unwary out minus overcoats and galoches and then overwhelm them with a worse than January rigor; to run the temperature up and down the gamut of degrees from zero to midsummer heat, seems to afford a peculiar satisfaction. And when, as sometimes happens, her victims drop by scores into untimely graves, behold! this hypocritical early spring officiating as chief mourner, with a mist of tears, a face as sweet as one of Raphael's Madonnas, and hands heaped with votive blossoms.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that three elderly and highly pecunious gentlemen of New York, who left that city on a morning in April under skies of tender blue-gray, suffused with golden sunshine, should have found themselves at half-past seven of the same evening struggling in a snow bank in the outskirts of the little village called Pot Haven. Of them it might truly be said that "going out to shear they came back shorn." Their errand, a secret and informal conference with a financial magnate, who chanced to be spending a week at his country-seat had to do with one of those mysterious redistributions of a great railroad property, which puts money into the pockets of a few rich men and takes it from a myriad of poor ones. All had gone successfully, and chuckling over the idea of the coming coup, they had turned their horses heads city-ward—for tempted by the beauty of the weather, they had driven out in a light open trap belonging to the younger of the three, only to find a snow-storm under way and steadily increasing. The wind was in their faces, the sleet fierce and cutting, their recollections of the road became confused by the blinding shower, and more than one wrong turn was made before Fate landed them, with a broken pole, in a drift four or five feet deep, exactly where they did not know.

Mr. Joy Rollins, the oldest and richest of the three men, fell undermost; Mr. Saltonstall on top of him, and Perry Pugh, owner of the team, crowned the heap. He was up in a moment, and, with an activity worthy a younger man, tried to rein in the kicking and struggling horses. It proved a job beyond his strength, and seeing a house close by with a lighted window, he began to call for aid.

"Hallo! House! House, I say! Is there anybody there? Come and help me!"

The door opened and Mr. Perry Pugh uttered a forcible "Pshaw!" for the form which appeared on the threshold was that of a woman, whose petticoats fluttered wildly in the wind as she leaned forward to see who called.

"Is there a man there?" shouted Mr. Pugh in extremity, as the off-horse made another desperate plunge.

"No," came back the answer in a clear, youngish voice. "There isn't, but I'm just as

good. Hold on one minute and I'll be there."

She ran rapidly in and as rapidly returned, having thrust her feet into India-rubber boots and buttoned on a cloak. Another second, and her hand was on the bits of the nearest horse.

"I can hold him," she panted. "See if some of the others can't undo the harness." Her hand seemed to possess some calming influence over the horse for presently he stopped raring. Mr. Pugh's animal also quieted down, so that he was able to help in the unharnessing. Soon the horses were free.

"Now," said the woman, "you and me'll have to lead them to the barn." She pointed to a dark blotch in the grayness, and with confident steps led the way toward it. Perry Pugh followed as best he might. He heard her slide a door back, then the rattle of a horse's feet on a wooden floor, but he saw nothing.

"I've tied that one," said the woman coming back. "Here, give me the reins of yours. I know the way. Jim'll fetch out a lantern directly."

"Why didn't you send this Jim in the first place," demanded Mr. Pugh with rather scant courtesy as he followed the sound of the hoofs under cover. "Instead of coming out and getting wet yourself?"

"Couldn't! He's not to home," was the concise answer. "Besides he is too small, only twelve. But he can carry a lantern, and he will, when he comes in."

She was hitching the horse as she spoke, seeming to find by instinct the stall and the ring in the darkness.

"We'd better get back to the others; it's snowing worse than ever," she said, when the business was concluded.

Mr. Saltonstall was trying to help Joy Rollins on to his feet out of the debris of broken carriage, lap robes and snow.

"Hurt, Rollins?" asked Mr. Perry Pugh rather anxiously.

"Not much. Shoulder is a little stiff, but it is nothing serious. I'm half frozen, however. Did you say there was a house near?"

"Yes, sir, and there's a good fire in a stove," put in the invisible girl. "You'd better all come and get warm. It's no use trying to do anything with the carriage till we can see. I'll just pick up the robes though, it won't improve them to get soaked." She heaped them in her arms as she spoke.

"This way, sir," she said; then, noting a stagger on the part of Mr. Rollins, she put the other strong young arm under his.

"Lean on me," she said. "You needn't be afraid. I'm as strong as a horse."

Strong she was. Mr. Rollins, who was more shaken up than he liked to confess, found himself half carried over the drifted sidewalk and up the two little steps of the porch, and deposited close to the fire in a comfortable rocking chair with calico cushions. He sank into it with a sigh of relief, while the girl—for a girl she proved to be, a girl of four or five and twenty, with a fresh, but by no means, pretty face, and a strong, well-built figure—hastily pulled forward two other chairs, one with rockers and no arms, and the other with arms and no rockers.

"Now, before you sit down, you'd better let me give you a brush," she said. "You're all white with snow."

Suiting the word to the action and the action to the word, she produced a stout whisk-broom, and in short space the snow was on the floor, then in a dust pan and then cast into the stove to melt at its leisure.

"I hope your feet are not damp," she said to Mr. Joy Rollins, who, as the senior of the party, seemed particularly to attract her notice. "You haven't got on any rubbers."

"Rubbers were the last thing we thought of when we started," said Mr. Perry Pugh. "The morning was as dry and warm as could be."

"Yes, so it was here, but I sort of mistrusted it, too. You take your shoes off, sir, and I'll put them to dry."

There never was such a quick girl! In one minute, as it seemed, she had the shoes drying, and old Rollins's feet on a "cricket" with a blanket shawl to keep them warm.

"That's comfortable," he said, with a little groan of contentment. "I'm greatly obliged to you. I wonder if I could have a cup of tea without putting you to a great deal of trouble."

"Why of course you could!"

"And would it be possible—would it inconvenience you too much—to—to—in fact to give us all something to eat?" put in Mr. Saltonstall, gravely. "We lunched earlier than usual, and, if I may judge my friends by myself, are ravenously hungry. It must be eight o'clock. By Jove!" consulting his watch, "twenty past, and I forgot about the train. When does the next pass this station?"

"There isn't any more to-day, except the 'owl' at eleven thirty-five, and that doesn't stop."

"We must make it stop. I'll telegraph, Saltonstall. You authorize me, of course? Shall I sign your name?"

Mr. Saltonstall answered with a nod.

"But," said the girl in a bewildered tone, "what difference would a name make? They

don't stop whenever they're told, do they?" "Oh—my friend here is—has something to do with the management. They'll stop for him. And now, Miss—?" He paused questioningly—

"Savary's my name. Berry Savary."

"Ye gods and little fishes!" said Perry Pugh to himself. "What a name for the nineteenth century!" Outwardly he bowed, and went smoothly on—

"If you could, without too much trouble, give us a little supper."

"That's just what I'm trying to think out," said his hostess frankly. "You see Jim and me was going to have clams and dipped toast for tea—"

"Clams and dipped toast! Ambrosia!" interrupted Perry Pugh.

"Yes, but you see there are only a few clams, not half enough for you gentlemen, if you're properly hungry. I wish I'd known and I'd have dug more. We only—"

At that moment the door was flung open, letting in a fresh whirl of snow, and a boy with a tin pail in his hand.

"Oh Berry, I hope you haven't been scared about me. Me and old Brooks went out to the south oyster bed, and got caught in the snow and couldn't get back. We had to scull all the way against the wind, and you'd better believe—" here he took in the fact of the visitors, and relapsed into bashful and curious observation.

"What's in the pail?" demanded his sister.

"Oysters. Uncle Brooks says—"

"Never mind that now. Light the lantern and go out to the barn, see if two horses that are there are fastened up all right, and give them some hay"—with an interrogating glance at their owner—"Then keep on to the telegraph with a message this gentleman'll give you, and if Noble's gone home, go after him and tell



"The guests ate and praised with gusto, and Berry beamed upon them while she served the edibles with a sense of real satisfaction."

him it's important, and got to go right off. Then stop at the tavern and tell Mr. Spives that the depot carriage must come here at eleven, to take three gentlemen to the 'Owl.' Hurry Jim, and by the time you get back there'll be something good and hot ready for you."

Jim was evidently under excellent discipline. He went without a word. Berry hastened into the next room which seemed a sort of supplementary kitchen, and presently smoke, and a clatter of stove lids, issued therefrom. Mr. Saltonstall nodded to old Rollins and remarked: "There's a girl with a head on her shoulders. I'd like to put her in charge of section ten in place of that dunce of a Royse. She'd make a first-rate railroad agent to make the men stand round."

"The kind they used to have in the old colonial days," remarked his friend. "I only wish they'd take to manufacturing them again of the old patterns, as they do the chairs and sideboards. No nonsense about her."

A smell of roasting coffee began to curl from the outer room, and presently Berry reappeared. In a series of rapid dashes—she seemed to do everything in dashes—she pulled a round table to the fire, spread a napkin on it, arranged cups and saucers, and set a pile of plates to warm in the glow of the stove grate. The smells without grew more outrageously appetizing each moment, and the hunger of the amused and observant guests more imminent and keen.

"Here," cried Berry, darting in with a small covered dish, "are the clams. What there is of 'em. There's just one small heap apiece, but they'll keep you from quite starving till I can get the oysters fried. And here is your cup of tea, sir."

She placed a little brown pot by Mr. Rollins's side, set a plate full of crisp toast in the middle of the table, and vanished again.

"Heavens! What clams!" cried Mr. Perry Pugh, after his first mouthful.

"They were of the small, round variety for which Pot Haven is famous, and were indeed delicious, tender, very hot, and imbued with a concentrated flavor which seemed the result of some peculiar method of cooking. Alas, there were very few of them! When the last drop of their gravy was soaked up, the three hungry millionaires felt their appetites but whittled for what was next to come."

The next course consisted of oysters, crumbed and fried to perfection, and of small, hot muffins of graham flour, crisp and flaky, which Berry called "Pop-downs"; also the best coffee that any of them had ever tasted. Following, there was a dish of apples, baked in some marvelous manner, which converted each into a half-jellied globe of translucent sweetness. The guests ate and praised with immense gusto, and Berry beamed upon them while she served the edibles with a sense of real satisfaction.

"Grandmother Savary taught me to cook," she said, in answer to a question from old Rollins, who seemed ten years younger from the influence of this unexpected good cheer. "Mother died when Jim was a year old, and I wasn't but thirteen, and she took us both. She was a natural born cook, I've heard folks say, and she knew all the old ways, so I learned them, too."

"Dear me, I dare say she could make chicken pot-pie," said Mr. Pugh. "I remember how good it used to taste when I was a boy."

"Cornbeef hash, perhaps, such as my mother used to make," ventured Mr. Saltonstall.

"Chowder, not unlikely," put in old Rollins, "and hoe-cake like we had at home, half a century ago."

"Pork and beans, with a dash of molasses"—suggested Saltonstall.

"Corn-bread, pan-dowdy, doughnuts," added Perry Pugh.

Berry nodded, smiling to each of them in turn.

"Every one of them," she replied. "I never saw such corn-beef hash as grandmother's, or such beans either. As for her pumpkin-pies!—no one ever began to touch them unless it were me, and mine never quite came up to them, and they never will. I just wish you could stay long enough and I would make you one, and a pot-pie, too."

There was a cordial good-will in her voice that was contagious. She was clearing away the supper things as she spoke, and Mr. Saltonstall now brought a chair and begged her to be seated.

"You have tired yourself quite enough for us," he said. "Sit down now and tell us a little about your plans and your brother's. What are you going to do with him? Is this house your own?"

"No; grandmother had a five years' lease of it, which is all but up. We must leave it, and I'd like to leave Pot Haven, if I could. Jim's got to earn his living, and I must do something to help; but I don't know much about anything except cooking, and no one wants that here. Almost everybody does their own work, you know. There's very little chance for any one in such a place as this."

While she spoke, Mr. Joy Rollins was "taking stock" of her. For half a century his keen eyes had scrutinized the face of affairs and the souls of men. Very little escaped them. He noted the set of her head, the clear gaze of her honest eyes, the wholesome pink of lips and cheeks, and the air of vigorous capacity which accompanied her every movement.

"She is of the old kind," he thought. "They don't make 'em now."

It was nearing train time.

"Let me catch that tear in your overcoat together before you go," said Berry to Mr. Rollins. She did so, then fetched his shoes, dry and warm now, and helped him on with them and with the coat, as simply as if he had been her father.

Mr. Saltonstall rolled up a bank bill and tried to slip it into her hand.

"What's that for?" she demanded, sharply.

"It's a trifle in recompense for all the trouble you've taken for us," he replied.

"To pay for it!" cried Berry Savary, with a flash of her eyes. "No, sir! That's not the way in our house. It wasn't much I could do, but such as it was you are kindly welcome to it. We Savarys don't expect payment for giving strangers a meal who are split in snow drifts at our doors."

"Saltonstall," cried Mr. Perry Pugh, suppressing the fact that his own palm concealed a rumpled bill, "I am surprised at you!"

"My dear," interposed Mr. Joy Rollins, "You are a good girl and you shall have your own way. We are not a bit too proud to accept your hospitality, but you must let us thank you. You've taken care of us all, of me in particular, as if you were my own daughter—and a good deal better," he added to himself.

His look restrained his companions from making any further attempt at payment. Presently the depot hack, a wretched old barouche of antiquated model, appeared; and with a hearty good-bye they departed. Berry, as she washed and put away her dishes, half thought that the whole visit had been a dream. But dreams do not send back letters.

Ten days later, this missive came to Pot Haven—

DEAR MADAM:—

Your visitors of last Tuesday hope you have not forgotten them, as they certainly have not forgotten your kindness to them on the night of the storm, or your excellent cookery. I am instructed by them to make you a proposition. Would you feel inclined to quit your present location, come to New York and cater for a lunch club of sixteen gentlemen, all middle-aged and respectable? They will guarantee the rent of suitable rooms, together with the wages of one woman servant, and all expenses, and pay you in addition fifty dollars (\$50) a month. Besides this, I, personally, will undertake to find work for your brother in the employ of the R. C. & Y. R. R., with which I am in connection; where he will have fair pay and a chance to work up if he has the right stuff in him.

Please let us have your definite answer by Tuesday, the 20th. The rooms will be ready on May 5th, in case you decide to come. We should wish to consider the agreement binding for one year, at the expiration of which both parties shall be free to make other arrangements if desired.

Yours very truly,

This was eight years since, and for that length of time Berry Savary has presided over, what her clients call, the nicest luncheon place in New York. The bright little corner room used by the club, has a sanded floor, duly swept into patterns by a broom every morning; this by the special request of Mr. Saltonstall, who remembered such a one in the kitchen of his youth. All the chairs are wooden ones, with "patch" cushions, to suit the desire of old Mr. Cauleoupe, another of her customers. There are plants in the windows, and on cold days a snapping wood fire; it is a pleasant place. The club pet her a good deal and are very good to her, but they keep her existence a profound secret, only now and then letting in some eminent stranger from out of town, as a great favor, to eat such a lunch as, they truly say, cannot be found anywhere else in the city. Berry orders everything. The only restriction upon her freedom is the rule that the same thing is not to be sent in oftener than once in five days. There are two hearty dishes always, with a sweet of some sort to follow; and such brown bread, and white bread, and muffins as are not to be had anywhere else. Sometimes it is chowder; sometimes tricedded chicken, or baked fish with a savory stuffing; or grandmother's hash, or fried liver and bacon, which no one in the world, save Berry, has the secret of doing in exact perfection; but always, whatever it is, it is perfect of its kind.

And Berry has a wonderful knack for remembering and suiting the individual tastes of her "old gentlemen," as she calls them. Her Indian puddings and fried mush are a perpetual astonishment to them; her pumpkin-pies and Marlborough tarts, the ideals about which they talk among themselves to the discomfiture of their several chefs and high-priced caterers.

Once Berry proposed to them that she should take some lessons and learn new dishes.

"They say croquettes are good," she urged. "And there's something called a *volouté* that folks seem to like."

Her list was cut short by a groan of disapprobation from the company.

"My dear—croquettes and *vol au vents* are exactly what we came here to escape from," cried old Cauleoupe. "For heavens' sake stay as you are! If you once learn those French messes you are a ruined woman."

So Berry stayed as she was, and pets and cossets her old millionaires—of whom she does not stand in the least in awe—according to the old-fashioned models. Mr. Joy Rollins is, perhaps, her special favorite. "He's so nice and kind," she tells Jim. And though this is not exactly the estimate in which that eminent financier is held in Wall street, he really is so to Berry. He invests her little savings for her in wonderful ways, so that they double and redouble in no time, and her balance in bank is rolling up into a respectable sum. Meanwhile, she has her evenings free, and with Jim for an escort, can see and do all manner of pleasant things equally unknown and impossible to the dwellers in Pot Haven. The "old gentlemen" have a pleasing habit of leaving concert and theatre tickets on the table for her use.

"Isn't it just like what the Bible says about entertaining angels unaware?" she tells Jim.

"That snow storm didn't amount to anything; it was melted in two days, and yet all this has come of it."

"Hum!" muttered Jim. "Pretty fine angels they are, I guess."

Jim has learned a thing or two, you see, during his training in the employ of the R. C. & Y. R. R. Company. But "angels is angels does," Berry truly holds, and Jim's disclaimers count for nothing with her.

SONG OF THE HUSKER

By GEORGE HORTON

HARK! Far on in the field over yonder,
'Tis the cornhusker merrily sings.
Oh, why is he happy? I wonder,
As the ears in the basket he flings.
As he hears the dry covers asunder,
And reveals the smooth grain gleaming under,
And the ears in the basket he flings.

"Ah, here is a plump one, and yellow;
And here is another as fine,
And that was more fair than its fellow,
And this has a color divine!"
So his voice, by the distance made mellow.
Has a musical cadence and swell, oh,
A swell and a cadence divine.

Blithe husker, cease not from your singing,
Though my sadness I cannot control;
While the ears you are carelessly flinging,
I ask how it fares with my soul.
These words in my brain keep a-ringing:—
What harvest to God am I bringing?
Should death tear the husk from my soul?

SOCIAL SLAVE MARKETS

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX



I HAVE heard and read so much during the last few years on the subject of our modern slave market, that I have set myself the task of looking into the matter a little to see if such an institution existed. By the slave market I mean the marriage system of society in America.

By "society," I do not refer to that local circle of our metropolis, where a few hundred people mix together in social pleasures; but to the intelligent, cultured, and interesting thousands who are scattered broadcast all over America.

It has been said, and is every day repeated by some preacher, author, journalist, or lecturer, that the marriages of to-day are matters of bargain and sale! That the American mothers sell their daughters to the highest bidder, irrespective of his morals, brains or manners; and that the American girl is as much a slave as was the African woman of the South, forty years ago.

I hear young men make these assertions frequently; and I have no doubt there is some foundation for their impressions. A way back in the days of Robin Hood, when "Alan-a-dale" went a wooing, the old script says:

"The mother, she asked of his house and his home,
"Tis the blue vault of Heaven, quoth Alan-a-dale!"

The mother was not very well pleased with this reply, but the daughter was, and she followed Alan-a-dale to her sorrow; for he was a highway robber—not one of the modern kind who operate on Wall street, and whose bold robberies delight mothers-in-law, and make wives proud—but the old-fashioned style of robber, who hid in ravines and behind trees, and waylaid lone travelers, and stopped their cries by strangling or knifing, if they objected to being robbed.

It seems to be a matter of some justification when a mother asks a young man how he intends to take care of her daughter. The young man who finds it difficult to support himself, will not, as a rule, find it easy or agreeable to support a family. And mothers who have seen the outcome of many such marriages among their friends, are excusable if they object to the rashness with which many young people enter into the serious state. When love exists in all its beauty in two hearts, deprivation and poverty will not be as hard to bear as the loss of each other would have been.

The trouble is, love in its full strength and beauty so seldom dwells in the heart of both husband and wife through the vicissitudes of life. When the honeymoon wanes, and practical existence begins, the wife often becomes ambitious for a more showy manner of life, and more pleasures; or the husband becomes restive under domestic restraints, and disillusioned with his wife. Then poverty becomes a burden, and marriage seems a mockery.

I have heard mothers reason in this superficial way more than once:

"Since men are so fickle and unstable in love, I would rather my daughter should marry a man of means, if possible; and at least, possess the comforts and pleasures which money provides, if the union itself is not productive of happiness."

The casual observation of the world at large, and marriages in general, would cause the average minded mother to reason in this way. It is an undeniable fact that some of the most ardently devoted and absorbed lovers become the most dissatisfied husbands and wives. I call to mind a number of such cases among my immediate acquaintances; and I think any one of us can do the same by looking about among his circle of friends. The man who was the most insanely in love with his affianced of all the men I ever knew, and who was unable to talk of anything or any one else, became the most indifferent of husbands before the honeymoon ended.

The lady's mother objected to the marriage.

"Because I am poor," he said to me.

"Because he has not the *spiritual* love for my daughter which alone can prove enduring and render marriage a success," the mother said. And her words proved true.

We shall have unhappy marriages, and disillusioned husbands and wives so long as women think selfish, petty, tyrannical thoughts, and men think only of the physical woman. There must be a mental and spiritual companionship between man and wife, or the most

ardent attraction and infatuation cannot last long or produce happiness.

But, as men with well-developed mental and spiritual natures are hard to find, and scarce in the matrimonial market, I suppose mothers will continue to desire a good home for their daughters who marry. In all my observations I recall but two mothers who have endeavored to force their daughters into marriage with rich men. I have seen many mothers *object* to their marriage with poor men; but I have known of but these two cases where they urged an unwilling daughter to marry a man she disliked because he had money. Both mothers were silly-brained women, with small intelligence, and both daughters refused to be sold.

I have read of many cases where daughters married rich men to save their fathers' business honor, or to shield their parents from poverty. I do not know of any such cases out of books, but no doubt they exist.

American girls are altogether too independently reared to become slaves in the matrimonial market, it seems to me. I can imagine a daughter compelling her mother to marry a second time whether she wished it or not, but I cannot imagine the reverse. I once knew a girl who actually drove a timid little mother into obtaining a divorce from her husband who had bullied and abused her all her life. But when the daughter came home from boarding-school she took the domestic reins in her hands, and drove the bully out.

American mothers seem to me pathetic slaves to their daughters' whims and caprices. No doubt many fashionable women rear their daughters with false ideas of the importance of money, and low ideas of the value of morals in men; and thus reared, it is an easy matter for a young lady to be bought by a moneyed suitor who has no moral or mental worth. But to coerce, argue, or drive an American girl into an unwilling union I believe as impossible as to drive a Texas steer or a mustang pony against their will.

The most unhappy wife I know to-day is a woman who married an immense fortune with a man attached to it. But she married of her own free will and desire, knowing that the man was a selfish, brutal crank. She is reaping what she sowed, and is hourly praying for death to release her, as she is too refined to brave the shame and mire of the divorce court.

One of the happiest couples I know, can be classed among the poorest people, financially speaking, of my personal acquaintances. What makes their poverty harder to bear is the fact that they have seen better days; but their love for each other is so genuine and sweet, and their companionship so perfect, that they find great happiness in helping each other to keep cheerful, in trying together to rebuild their fallen fortunes, and in planning little surprises for each other. I think they are happier in their poverty than they ever were in their affluence, for each has discovered the true value of the other.

The American girl and man has an exaggerated idea of the value of money. It is the result of our sudden growth as a nation and the great wealth our country has developed in so short a time.

We have made the Old World stare with the glitter of our gold and the size of our diamonds; and it is the American daughter who is ready to sell herself for a fortune in order to keep the world staring, and not the American mother who is trying to sell her daughter. She may be very well pleased when she sees that her daughter is choosing a rich husband instead of a poor one, but she is quite too subjective a being to undertake to force that rather awe-inspiring creature—her daughter—into a marriage not to her taste. She knows it would not be wise and she refrains.

Perhaps many a mother urges or consents to a loveless marriage for her daughter because her own love dream ended in such bitter sorrow and disappointment.

The woman who marries money and is unhappy, is not so unfortunate as the one who marries for love and has her illusions dispelled by a neglectful or faithless husband. No other sorrow could be so great as that, and the mothers who have suffered it may think their daughters are saved a like grief by leaving love out of their lives.

Yet, it seems to me, this is false reasoning. At all events, no happiness can possibly come to a woman, with a heart, who marries a man she does not love or respect, and whom she values only for his money.

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Mr. Beecher As I Knew Him

By Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher

IN SIX PAPERS

FIRST PAPER



IN these reminiscent papers it will be my aim to embody my more personal memories of Mr. Beecher, as he was in his private home-life, from my first acquaintance with him to his departure from our home. Of his public labors there is nothing for me to say; they are known and read of all men.

Pleasant as will be the surroundings of the publication of these memories in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, I should not have ventured to bring them forth but that misleading portrayals have almost seemed to make it a duty to present a plain and unvarnished view of the inner-side of that life "all of which I saw, and part of which I was."

MY FIRST MEETING WITH HIM

MY first meeting with Henry Ward Beecher was in the early part of May, 1830. He was a classmate of a brother of mine, in Amherst College, and very close friends. The two were just out of their



MR. BEECHER, AT 17

[At the time of his engagement] The first portrait ever taken of Mr. Beecher

freshman year when, together with another college classmate, they walked from Amherst to my father's house at West Sutton for their spring vacation. At that time young Beecher was not quite seventeen years old, but so young and boyish was his appearance that no one would have thought him more than fifteen—an age when boys are usually awkward and painfully bashful. For that reason my family feared we might not be able to entertain or make the young man comfortable. But awkward he never was, and his roguish mouth, his laughing, merry eyes, his quaint humor, and his quick repartee soon dispelled all such anxiety.

Before the first evening he spent at our house had passed, none of the family felt him to be a stranger. Each of the trio were equally ready for talk, music, fun, teasing, or repartee, but the youngest one, with twinkling eyes, was the most expert, at least in the last two accomplishments.

After supper I prepared to wind a skein of silk (spools not being common in those days), by putting it over the back of a chair; but young Beecher insisted upon holding it for me. It was astonishing how thoroughly knotted and tangled became that nice skein of silk during the operation, but one did not have to look for the reason far beyond the merry twinkling eyes of the young man opposite. After spending half of my evening in untangling it, the work was at last done.

"A very badly tangled skein, was it not?" he quietly remarked.

"Rather more troublesome, I think, than if I had put it over the chair," I replied.

"It was a good trial of patience, at any rate," was his response to the laughter which had been with difficulty repressed, but now no longer restrained by those who had been watching the proceedings.

This is, perhaps, a simple thing to notice; but it is given to show how natural it was for Mr. Beecher, from his youth, to amuse and enliven all about him by his unfeigned store of good-nature and mirthfulness. Even my quiet, gentle mother was not exempt. At the same time, in all his sportive ways he had always the most winning gentleness to all womankind. My mother enjoyed his fun. Often, in later years, when sorrow had encompassed her, she used to say:

"Henry always brings sunshine and makes me feel young."

My father was absent with some of his patients when the young men arrived, but returned in the evening when all were laughing heartily at some story Henry had just told. Father stood in the doorway—tall, dignified and somewhat stern, at such a tumult. When aware of his presence, my brother at once introduced his classmates. He received them courteously, but a little of the sternness—or, rather, surprise—still lingered on his face as he took the chair which, in the most natural manner, Beecher was the first to bring.

Little by little the same subtle influences which had pervaded the whole evening's enjoyment stole over father's face, and long before it was time to retire, they were telling mirth-provoking stories as cheerfully as if they were boys together.

When, at length, the "good-nights" were exchanged, I left father and mother by the fire, while I made some preparations for breakfast.

As I returned to the room, father was saying:—

"Well, he is smart! He'll make his mark in the world, if he lives."

"Who, father?" I asked.

"Why, that young Beecher."

Such was Henry Ward Beecher when I first saw him; and, truth to tell, he was not remarkable for his beauty. But who, in youth or old age, after spending an hour with him, ever thought of that, or believed it, either?

HIS BOYISH SPORTIVENESS

HIS love for fun and sport was always present with him. Just before the time of his first visit to us, scarlet-fever had swept through the town where we lived. Our "help" had been taken home very sick, and no one could be found, at this crisis, to take her place. So, with a very large family, mother and myself did the work together. Leaving brother to entertain his friends, we were obliged to be most of the day busy in dairy or kitchen. But these young collegians appeared to find those places the most attractive, and mother's smiling way of meeting all their pranks was a source of perpetual delight, specially to young Beecher. He became very fond of mother. He always insisted he fell in love with my mother, and took me because he couldn't get her,— "doing the next best thing," as he was accustomed to say.

One day, in taking bread and pies from the old-fashioned brick oven, with the long-handled "fire slice," as the shovel was called, mother called me from the dairy to remove some ashes which had fallen on a pie; but Henry sprang forward with boyish agility, saying—

"No, no! let us do it, please," and taking it from her hand, without her dreaming of the intended mischief, the three inseparables went to the garden, and seating themselves under the old apple tree, quietly ate up the whole pie!

This labor of love accomplished, two of the "helpers" were not quite eager to proclaim the service they had rendered. But young Beecher demurely walked in, and handing mother the empty plate, said, with a quiet smile:

"See how nicely we have cleaned the plate!"

HIS HABITS AS A YOUNG MAN

YOUNG and impulsive, ever ready to respond to the wishes of those who took pleasure in his society, and "thinking no evil" of those around him, it was singular



MRS. BEECHER, AT 17

[At the time of her engagement: then Miss Eunice White Bullard]

that he was never tempted to participate in many of the indulgences of the day, so common among all classes at that time the same as it is to-day.

But, as a young man, he was unusually free from any bad habits. He never smoked, nor used tobacco in any form, either as a boy, youth or full-grown man. He never indulged in a drop of liquor. His language was as pure among his companions as when in a parlor. He rejected all indulgences. As a young man he never played cards: indeed, he never knew one card from another. He avoided all these habits in his later years, although he had no prejudice against the playing of cards for others—if played for amusement and at home. After coming to Brooklyn we both learned to play backgammon. It was a quiet game, and he said it helped him to a good night's rest, if his labors during the day had excited him so much as to threaten to retard his usually sound sleep.

MY ENGAGEMENT TO HIM

ON his first evening at our home my brother chanced to ask him if he had heard of the engagement of a class-mate of his to a young lady of their acquaintance.

"No! and I don't believe it," he said.

"Why, he told me himself!" was the reply.

"Well, he was hoaxing you," said young Beecher. "She knows nothing of music, and he would never marry any one who couldn't sing. I know I never would!"

Short-sighted mortal! In the course of the evening it was proposed that they should have some music, and Beecher was asked to get his flute. He did so, and then asked me if I would not sing with them.

"I can't; I never sang a note in my life," I answered.

Six months after he asked me a very important question. It was done very abruptly, and, with his usual earnestness, urged an immediate answer. After awhile he was referred to my parents.

"But you know I can't sing, and you remember what you said of your classmate's engagement."

"Oh, well! that was six months ago," he quietly replied.

This interesting incident occurred on January, 2nd, 1831.

The Saturday thereafter, he rode over to our

PREACHING HIS FIRST SERMON

DURING this time, I was with an aunt in Northbridge, Massachusetts, resting after a long session of teaching, and Mr. Beecher came there during this visit to teach for the first time through a vacation. And here, where he taught his first school, he also preached his first sermon. Evening service was being held in the little, old school-house where he taught, and the villagers had requested Mr. Beecher to take charge of it for that evening. At first he was surprised, but he quickly collected himself and consented to preach. How well I remember the look of surprise—almost scorn—on some faces, when he—this lad of seventeen—rose to address them. Some thought it a farce, until he began to speak. Then, attention came levelled at him, and for nearly an hour scarcely one in that audience moved in his seat. The sermon was an earnest one, simple yet eloquent. Not once did he hesitate for a single word. Sentences followed sentences as smoothly as if they were uttered by a minister of long experience. Never did he in Plymouth pulpit, or on any other platform, hold an audience more fully under his control, so thoroughly spell-bound than in this, his first effort. I do not mean that he never preached better or more eloquently in later years—that would be a foolish assertion. But this was a simple, quiet country village, where, doubtless good, sound doctrine

was given to the people, but with little of the earnestness, or eloquence which so quickly touches people who have never been accustomed to that mode of preaching. He preached in the little old school-house until his school closed, and I think the people who heard him then, and some of whom still remain, have never forgotten or ceased to love the young man who came to them so



Room in which Mr. Beecher was born, June 24, 1813, at the old Beecher homestead, Litchfield, Conn.

house to speak to my parents, and ask their approval and consent of his wishes. It was to them a startling announcement. My mother was grieved, but my father was angry.

"Why, you are a couple of babies!" he said. "You don't know your own minds yet, and won't for some years to come!"

But fifty-seven years have given ample proof that we did.

Father was mortified and angry that he should have been so blind. The young man's very youthful appearance had blinded them—both he and mother.

But how could he resist his earnest appeal? In after years mother often spoke of that scene, and how wonderfully Henry swayed that strong, proud man, my father, by his modest, but earnest manner, and finally overcame all opposition.

Surely, the future man stood reflected in the boy of seventeen!

His youth and the idea of a seven years' engagement, with the very natural fear that before that time expired he might repent of his imprudence, were father's only objections.

My father was drawn to Henry Ward Beecher from the first evening he was with us, and his manly way of pleading his cause in this case, gave father a clearer insight into the strength and nobleness of his character than he had received from their former intercourse; and when young Beecher left, after this interview, my father said to mother:

"Boy as he seems, he will be true to our daughter; I have no fears on that score!"

EARNING HIS ENGAGEMENT RING

ONE day, not long after this interview, he walked from Amherst to Brattleboro, Vermont, to give a temperance lecture—his first public address. After speaking, he walked back the entire journey, using the money, sent to take him there and back, for books—only reserving enough to buy a simple gold ring. That ring, worn out by hard labor while at the West and mended time and time again—the mending paid for by sewing at night while others slept—was, when we came to Brooklyn, so thin it could only be mended by lining, was worn long after that until, after a quarter of a century's use, it could be no longer repaired. To-day it rests close to me as I write—sacredly kept as the result of Henry Ward Beecher's first earnings by public speaking at the age of seventeen!

I once heard a young lady say, showing her engagement ring: "There! I always said I would never be engaged if I could not have a diamond ring."

And then I thought of the old worn ring, so carefully treasured, which, half a century ago, cost eighty-five cents, and questioned if there was on earth a ring more precious.

Dear Sister WE ARE ALWEL P MA HAZ A BABY P THE OLD SOW HAZ SIX PIGS P

MR. BEECHER'S FIRST LETTER

[Written at the age of five]

HIS FIRST DISBELIEF IN DOGMAS

THE long years of our engagement were happy ones, but since they were of more importance to ourselves than to others, little need be said of them here.

When through college, Mr. Beecher began at once his theological studies in Lane Seminary, of which his father was president. That far western State being too far from Massachusetts for any more vacation walks, we did not meet again for four years. It was not long after entering upon these studies, and in constant association with people more or less deeply interested in theological topics, that his mind became greatly troubled over the disputes which then ran high between the old and new schools of the Presbyterian Church. Slowly, but steadily, he began to question many points in the doctrines so strenuously held or disputed over by both schools. Many incidental remarks of his, and discussions with my father at various times while at college before he left for the West, come up before me, showing that even in those early days, he was dissatisfied and uncertain how far he could accept many of the old Calvinistic dogmas. And this uncertainty increased, as his judgment became clearer and more mature.

To the never ending regret of myself and children, when over forty years ago, we left Indianapolis, all our letters from earliest childhood, from parents, brothers, sisters and friends, and all of our seven years' correspondence, was most unfortunately destroyed. As postage, sixty years ago, was twenty-five cents on each letter, we could not write often; but as no account was then made of the weight of a letter, we contrived to write on double folio sheets, making up in length for what we lost by such long intervals. Love and theology were about equally divided in those letters between Mr. Beecher and myself. After Mr. Beecher left for the West and began his studies there, I think theology predominated in his letters. His uneasiness and dissatisfaction increased painfully as his studies drew toward a close, and he was very free and full in his expressions of it in his letters to me. Anything in our Brooklyn life that recalled those lost letters was always a source of pain and sadness. But since Mr. Beecher left us, their loss is inexpressibly greater. In writing of him, or anything connected with his life or opinions, that loss is the missing link, which, if found, would be of priceless value.

[In the November Journal, Mrs. Beecher's second paper in the series will appear.

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SOCIETY WOMEN AS HOUSEKEEPERS

BY ADA CHESTER BOND

So much is written in the newspapers of the social doings of the wealthy women of New York that one is apt to form an impression that every home duty is sacrificed by these women for the gaities which metropolitan society offers. This is, however, not so. Many of these women are model housekeepers. Of course, servants are indispensable, but the art of managing servants has become as great as the art of doing the domestic machinery with one's own hands.

One example is Mrs. Cyrus W. Field, wife of the great financier. She employs a butler and numerous servants. Mrs. Field has been married over fifty years. She was born in New England, and still believes in taking care of her own house and doing her own marketing. To be sure she is no longer young, and often is not able to go out, but only on rare occasions does she delegate the power to make purchases to her servants.

Mrs. William C. Whitney, wife of the ex-Secretary of the Navy, is really one of the busiest women in New York society. She has a splendid home, entertains largely, employs a large number of servants, has a family of children, and yet she finds time to attend to her household duties, and never delegates any of her authority to her servants.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton, wife of the Vice-President of the United States, conducts her home much the same as does Mrs. Whitney. She is absolutely the head of her own establishment. She engages her servants, and does all the ordering for her table; she also devotes much time to the care and education of her children. She is a prominent leader in society, and fulfills all her home and social duties because she is a model of system in her methods.

Though Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew employs a butler and three servants, she is as absolutely the queen of her own home, as her husband is the king of after-dinner speakers. She does all the shopping for her family and pays cash for each purchase, a plan that cannot be improved upon.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger is another notable instance of a woman who attends to her social, literary, and household duties without delegating any of her power to her servants. She does it because she is systematic. Her purchases in the market are wisely made, and the menu at her dinner-parties is as often of her selection as that of her housekeeper.

In the case of Mrs. Burton Harrison, one finds a woman thoroughly in touch with everything about her home. As her book on home decoration shows, she is an adept at taste in a room, and there is not a picture, piece of bric-a-brac, or ornament in her home which is out of harmony with its surroundings. Mrs. Harrison is a Southern woman, and though reared in a home of wealth, where others did her bidding, she has all the qualities of a good housekeeper.

All the ladies of the Vanderbilt family are thrifty and business-like. They inherit these traits, and they are bringing up their children to follow their example. They each keep a bank account, make all their own purchases, and employ and discharge their own servants. They also help in the education of their children, go into the kitchen now and then, and are noted for being excellent cooks.

Mrs. Calvin S. Brice, wife of the United States Senator from Ohio, lives in New York a good portion of the year. She employs five servants, but she finds time to supervise her own home affairs, and occasionally to do the marketing, in addition to going out a great deal in society. Mrs. Brice is a good musician, and she writes very pretty verses; but, best of all, she is a good housekeeper, and more than a fair cook.

Mrs. George J. Gould, who was Miss Edith Kingdon, is a famous young housekeeper. She cares nothing for society—none of the Goulds do, no matter what is said to the contrary—but devotes all her time to her husband, her children and her home. She does all her own marketing, knows how to select a good joint, and, better still, knows how to cook it. Mrs. Gould is the wife of the prospectively richest man in America. She has millions at her command, yet she does not squander a penny. Her husband gives her a fixed income for household expenses, and a liberal allowance each year for clothing.

Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt lives in a splendid old mansion, and has a big force of servants at her command. She is one who believes in the old ways. She inherited hard sense from her father, Peter Cooper; she does all her own marketing, and instructs her servants to do as she wants them. She supervises the kitchen as well as the parlor, and her daughters have been brought up the same way.

Mrs. Charles A. Dana, the wife of the editor of the "Sun," is a thoroughly old-fashioned housekeeper. Her servants do as she tells them. She makes all her own purchases, and superintends the preparation of all meals.

I could name at least a score more of well-known women who successfully manage their own homes, and yet who find time to devote to society, to literature, education and music. But I have named enough to satisfy my purpose. On the other hand, I could name a score of women whose homes are absolutely run by their servants. Everything is in the hands of the butler or housekeeper. Mrs. Astor is, perhaps, an excellent example of this; she employs twenty servants, and a butler and chef. She never makes any purchases for the household, and gives few instructions as to what she wants served for meals.

best, from a gastronomic point of view, of any given in New York. Madame de Burrios, widow of the famous General of that name, who occupies a big house on Fifth avenue, and goes out a great deal into society, follows Mrs. Astor's example very closely. Her butler is in supreme control. It is so, also, with the Belmonts. The late August Belmont was noted for his elaborate dinners, and his widow is his alter ego in hospitality. For twenty years their household has been under the control of an English butler and a superb French chef. These two men attend to the entire affairs of the kitchen and the table; and with a housekeeper to look after the other interests of the house, Mrs. Belmont has little or nothing to do.

And thus things go on in Vanity Fair. Some may prefer the old way, and some the new; for it would be a queer world if all people thought alike!

UNKNOWN WIVES OF WELL-KNOWN MEN

*X.—MRS. WILLIAM MCKINLEY

BY MARY M. HALL



THE wife of the now famous author of the McKinley bill, is an excellent and interesting subject for this series of "Unknown Wives of Well-known Men." Her fitness, which is dependent not only on the fact that little or nothing is known of her beyond the limits of her home, and of the small coterie in which she reigns in Washington, is peculiarly evident, when the heroism of her life of suffering is considered, and her bravery in meeting and overcoming pain noted. The life of such a woman, while interesting in its facts, is useful above all else, as an example.

Mrs. McKinley, whose maiden name was Ida Saxton, was born in Canton, Ohio, in June,



MRS. MCKINLEY

1847. The families of both her parents were among the earliest settlers in that city, Mr. Saxton's father establishing the first newspaper published there, and one of the oldest in the State, the Canton "Repository." This priority of inhabitation gave the family a position in society to which their wealth and personal attractiveness added not a little, and Mr. and Mrs. Saxton were fortunate enough to find, as their children grew older, that in addition to inheriting their fortune and position, they seemed likely to possess also more important and practical personal qualities. Especially was this true of their oldest daughter, Ida. From her mother came a brightness and cheerfulness of disposition which have aided in making of her life what it is, while to her father she is indebted for the practical ability, business knowledge and strength of character which are hers. James Asbury Saxton was a man of strong character, great influence and practical beliefs. He secured for his daughter an excellent education, complete and effective in its later application, in the local schools and afterwards at a seminary in Media, Pennsylvania, which she left at the age of sixteen. Her ill-health, which even at this early age, was a constant menace to her accomplishment of all that her ambition desired, interfered greatly with her school work; but by the exercise of care and the best of medical treatment she was able to complete her course of studies.

Immediately upon her return from school, her father believing in the advantages to a woman of actual and practical business training and experience, took his daughter into the employ of the bank with which he was connected, and

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

Table listing names and dates: Mrs. Thomas A. Edison (January), Mrs. P. T. Barnum (February), Mrs. W. E. Gladstone (March), Mrs. T. De Witt Talmage (April), Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew (May), Lady Macdonald (June), Mrs. Joel Chandler Harris (July), Lady Tennison (August), Mrs. Will Carleton (September).

*Any of these back numbers can be had at 10 cents each by writing to the JOURNAL.

for three years she held the position of assistant to him. At the end of this time she went abroad for a six months' tour of England and the Continent, with her sister and a party of girl friends, chaperoned by one of her former teachers. On her return from this trip she began her social career in Canton, and from this time until the date of her marriage, January 29, 1871, no one of the younger girls of that city received more attention or commanded greater affection than did she.

Her real knowledge of her future husband begins about this time, although they had met before her journey abroad in one of the numerous, unromantic and ordinary ways known to modern Cupid. Immediately after her return, however, Major McKinley began to pay her marked attentions, and after a lengthy courtship, was able to announce his engagement to Miss Saxton, and receive the congratulations which were showered upon him. The engagement was brief, and has been followed by as happy a marriage as could be desired.

For a while after their marriage, Major and Mrs. McKinley boarded; but finding this mode of life unsatisfactory, they took themselves to housekeeping in a street near Mrs. McKinley's old home. Here on Christmas Day, 1871, their first child, a daughter, was born. She lived to be only three years of age. A second child, also a daughter, died in infancy.

Although delicate from childhood, Mrs. McKinley's actual invalidism dates from the birth and death of her second child. Her mother's death occurring also about this time, it was deemed advisable that she and her husband should leave their own home and remove to the Saxton homestead, in order that Mrs. McKinley might have constant care, and be at the same time a companion to her father. This house, a large, three-story brick dwelling, surrounded by broad porches, is the architectural personification of the family who reside within its comfortable walls. Luxury, comfort, elegance, wealth, but at no time display or ostentation does it evidence, and as much of happiness as can be crowded into it does it contain. In this house, a few weeks only before General Garfield's election, and after his nomination, Major and Mrs. McKinley entertained—on the occasion of a Soldiers' and Sailors' Reunion in Canton—all of President Hayes' family, Governor Foster, General Crook and General and Mrs. Garfield. Quite a handful of distinguished guests for a hostess—and an invalid hostess at that—to entertain; but no one who knows Mrs. McKinley will need to be told that she proved equal to the occasion.

In her assistance to her husband in his political life, Mrs. McKinley's achievements have not in any way been deterred by her ill health. When political honors were first offered Major McKinley, his wife did everything in her power to overcome his reluctance to accept them. Believing firmly that his talents and integrity would be of the greatest value to his State, she was able to convince him of his duty, and from that first moment to the present time, she has encouraged him by her faith, and aided him by her practical advice and assistance. She has never wavered in the belief of her husband's convictions; in all his political attitudes she has been his strongest and unswerving advocate. She knows him and believes in him. It will readily be perceived that Mrs. McKinley is a firm believer in the McKinley Tariff, and is convinced that protection is of vital importance to the country. "But she is such a devoted wife," laughed a friend recently, in speaking of her, "such a model wife, believing so completely that what her husband does is right, and encouraging him to continue in so doing, that I'm perfectly convinced that if the Major were to enunciate a doctrine of Free Trade, Mrs. McKinley would be his first convert."

Though Mrs. McKinley is not actively artistic, except in the beauty of the needlework which she does, she is an appreciative admirer of fine paintings and statuary. She does not care for music, but is an enthusiastic attendant—so far as her health will permit—of good dramatic performances. So great is her fondness for them, that last winter she and Major McKinley arranged to be in New York for several important "first nights." Her reading is confined almost exclusively to newspapers, but she is a close student of them, and of public opinion as evidenced by them.

Deterred by her unfortunate ill-health from actively serving in the many charitable undertakings and committees in Washington—her winter home—and Canton, Mrs. McKinley performs her many charities unostentatiously and away "from the sight of men." Unable to receive the poor who come to her, or to investigate personally their worth, she intrusts to some member of her family her large almsgiving. Her fingers are almost never idle; and whatever of her handiwork is not sent to adorn the homes of friend or relative, will find its way to charitable bazaars and fairs; or into the hospitals for distribution among invalids less fortunate than herself.

Both Mrs. McKinley and her husband are members of the First Methodist Church in Canton. In Washington they attend—when Mrs. McKinley is able to be taken—the Foundry Church.

Their home in Washington has been at the "Ebbitt," where they have a charming apartment. Here they receive their intimate friends in the quietest but most hospitable manner, this constituting Mrs. McKinley's only participation in social life.

In appearance Mrs. McKinley is anything but the conventional invalid. Her gowns are always fashionably made and trimmed, and the beautiful laces, fans, and knick-knacks which she wears heighten the feeling of disbelief in her invalidism, which a first glance causes. A second glance at the face, however, shows that constant and acute suffering has been her portion. Her hair, which since a severe illness last winter in which her life was despaired of, is worn short, is now gradually turning gray. She is about five feet four inches in height, and weighs about one hundred and thirty pounds.

A VERY HIGH TEA

BY EMMA C. DOWD

Miss Ethel Dessaix gave a very "high tea," And invited Alberta, Judith, and me; We were each offered tea in a wee china cup, And small crispy cake, which was soon eaten up. Then with farewells, Judith, Alberta, and I Went home to cold turkey, baked beans, and mince pie.

FAMOUS MEN BEFORE MY CAMERA

BY ABRAHAM BOGARDUS



For all the mementoes of a busy life there is none that I esteem more highly than the chair which for forty years all sorts of men and women, big and little, great and small, young and old, have occupied during the time I photographed them. It is an ordinary looking chair, built of good substantial wood, covered with leather, and warranted to stand a good deal of hard usage. I am pretty safe in saying that it has been occupied by more prominent people than any chair in America. Six presidents have sat in it, besides such men as Thomas A. Hendricks, James G. Blaine, John A. Logan, William H. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Ole Bull, General Hancock, William Cullen Bryant, Professor Morse, Mr. Beecher, Dr. Talmage, Horace Greely, Wendell Phillips, Bayard Taylor, Thurlow Weed, Schuyler Colfax, General Dix, and scores of United States Senators, Cabinet officers by the dozen, Congressmen by the score, editors, clergymen and physicians almost without number.

General Hancock was a man who wanted everything thoroughly explained to him. When he called upon me to have some photographs taken, he evinced such interest in photography and its progress that I felt it a pleasure to explain the subject to him as well as I could in a brief way. He was one of the finest looking, as well as one of the most dignified men I ever photographed, and in his manner he recalled the days of old when knights were bold. He conversed in an easy, graceful way on all sorts of topics, but particularly about photography. The instantaneous plate at that time was the greatest point in the art. He was deeply interested in my work and accompanied me into the dark room where he saw his own photograph developed. He wrote me afterwards that it was the best photograph ever taken of him; and I guess this was so; for after his death the Government officials in Washington sent me for one of his portraits, and it is now engraved on the two-dollar bills.

I have had the honor of photographing some of the wealthiest men in the world. I recall very distinctly the morning that William H. Vanderbilt came in to my studio. It was at a time when bank checks bore the engraved head of the man who kept large bank accounts, and Mr. Vanderbilt wished to have a fac-simile on his bank checks. He came with a representative of one of the big engraving establishments, and expressed great surprise that the work took such little time. He was very agreeable in manner, and asked many questions about the work. I gave him four sittings, took him in a great many positions, and in less time than it takes to tell it I was through with the work. He laughingly said that he thought he was in for a morning of torture, and was much gratified when I told him that science was reducing the "torture" every day.

Jay Gould is a hard man to get into a photographic studio. It probably is because he hasn't time. But how I came to get a good portrait of him was through a friend. Mr. Gould had promised to give this friend a photograph of himself, and had, time and again, excused himself for his neglect by saying that he had none. This friend came to me, arranged for a sitting, and the next morning appeared in my studio with Mr. Gould. The latter did not know that he was to be photographed—at any rate, until within a moment or two before he reached my place of business. He has a splendid head, a good, strong face, and makes an excellent picture, but the day he came to me he was arrayed in very light and very thin summer clothing. This was at a time when photography had not advanced to such a point that it could take a person's picture if the clothing worn was white or of a light color. I explained to Mr. Gould that if he wished a good picture he should wear a black coat, and one of a little heavier material. He looked about the room in a nervous sort of way, glanced at his friend, and then in a low voice said to me, "I am afraid I haven't time to change my coat. If you wish to make a picture of me you had better do it now, and take me as I am."

William Cullen Bryant, the grand old poet, used to like to visit my studio. He dropped in there on several occasions. He was not a man of many words, but I found him pleasant and affable, yet dignified. He usually spent a half-hour or so in examining the specimen pictures on the walls, and I remember on one occasion he pointed out to me some of his classmates in college, famous men who joined the great majority long before the author of "Thanatopsis" did. He had a splendid head, and there was no difficulty in making a good picture of him. He would very often drop into my studio on his way home and explain that he was in receipt of a dozen or so of letters from people who wanted his photo-

graph, and as he was ever polite he always replied by sending one of his pictures.

Horace Greely dreaded the camera more than any man I ever saw. He was brought to my studio by Whitelaw Reid, now Minister to France, and Sam Sinclair, famous in his day as one of the great workers on the "Tribune." The great editor had just been nominated for the Presidency of the United States. He came into my studio with an armful of papers, threw himself carelessly in the chair, adjusted his glasses, turned to the editorial page of the "Tribune," began reading one of his own articles, and, without raising his eyes to me, said "Fire away!" He had a great armful of papers which he threw on the floor at his feet. When I was ready to take the picture, I posed him properly, and made a very good impression. I took him in several positions and I noticed that every time there was a moment's delay with the camera he picked up his papers and began reading with avidity. At the same time I took a group portrait of Greely, with Whitelaw Reid on one side and Sinclair on the other. I doubt if any of those pictures are in existence. But the photograph then made at the first sitting of Greely alone is the one generally accepted as the best likeness. I have in my possession a letter from him acknowledging the receipt of the pictures—at least I suppose that is what it does, for it has taxed the ability of experts in chirography to decipher it. I regard it, however, as a pleasant memento of the great journalist and statesman.

Of all the photographs of Henry Ward Beecher, the last one I took of him I regard as the best. He came to me upon invitation. He was quite stout, and panted a little as he reached the head of the stairs leading to my atelier. He sat down on a chair near by, rested for a moment, then made a tour of the room and examined the pictures on the wall. He pointed out a number of his acquaintances and made some pleasant remarks about each. When he looked at the picture of Rev. Thomas De Witt, he said in an earnest voice, "That man was one of the noblest on earth." He rested very easily in the chair while I took his face in half-dozen positions, and when he arose to go said, "I hope you have made a good job of it," and then, in a laughing tone, he went on to add that none of his pictures were satisfactory to his friends. "The truth is," he continued, "my eyes look as though they were just popping out of my head; something like the eyes of a lobster."

Of the hundred thousand men and women I have photographed, the man who made the deepest impression upon me was the most interesting man I ever saw. He was the possessor of the best head. He was tall, the well-known preacher. The youngest person was a child three days' old. The oldest person was a man one hundred and eight years' old. The biggest man I ever photographed was the Chinese giant, and the smallest was a tiny child. I have photographed a good many twins, but only once in my life twin brothers, who had reached the age of seventy-two years.

A DAINY GLOVE MENDER

A LADY never goes with unmened gloves, and a dainty woman likes to have the little belongings that tend to make her gloves

fresh and new as pretty as possible; so out of her imaginative brain has sprung this arrangement of threads, needles, scissors, and mender, all prettily grouped and ready to be fastened on the dainty silk apron, in the pockets of which are the gloves that are to receive attention. An ivory ring has tied on it a pretty bow of bright yellow ribbon, one end sloped off to a point, the other cut out in a vandyke. In the pointed end are stuck a row of very fine needles, the size that will not break the kid, and yet have sufficiently large eyes to carry the thread. The threads—the regular ones used for sewing gloves—may be gotten at most of the large glove shops, and are in the various shades of tan, gray, pearl and black. They are drawn over the rim, are loosely braided to keep them straight, and then are allowed to fall in a fluffy string. The little ivory ball, small enough to slip up in the finger of the glove, has a hole through the point, and through this is drawn a narrow, yellow ribbon, which is then tied in a bow and looped over the ring. At the other side a yellow ribbon holds the scissors in place, and when the industrious woman sits down to mend her gloves nothing is lacking; there is the needle, thread for it, the tiny mending egg that exposes the rip or tear, and the scissors that carefully clip the thread when the work is all over. If it were preferred, blue, pink, green, or, indeed, any color liked, might be used for such a chatelaine; but the yellow, especially when a bright color is chosen, is to be preferred to all others.



AN OPEN SECRET

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE

Laugh, my young daughters, and keep your hearts gay— The secret of happiness lies In holding the sunshine and driving away The shadows that sometimes arise. Remember this truth in your childhood years— That laughter is better than tears.

This to you, maidens—'tis sunshine that wins. The light of a true loving heart— Shining out through eyes that doubt never dims— Is the secret of beauty's art. 'Tis also the secret of love, my dears, For smiles are more potent than tears.

Better than beauty that fades from the face, This elixir of wondrous art; It glorifies age with magical grace, And warms the deep fount of the heart. No charm so able to hold and to win As love-light that shines from within.

THE TOTEM POLES OF ALASKA

BY MARY J. HOLMES



WAS very anxious to see the famous totem poles of the Indians, and, in my ignorance, fancied they were as thick as blackberries, and expected to find one in front of nearly every rude hut on the shores of the bays and inlets of Alaska. How, then, was I surprised to learn that these relics of the past were fast disappearing, and that only one or two are to be found on their native soil, except at Fort Wrangel, where there are several still standing, forming a kind of shrine which every tourist to that far north country visits. What is a totem? may be asked by some young reader of the JOURNAL not yet versed in Indian lore, and I reply: A totem is a tall cedar post, or tree, sometimes fifty feet high or more, set up before the door of the wealthier Indians and curiously carved with the faces of men and animals. It is just as the ancestors of the totem in Egypt narrate events in the case of the man who built them.

Each totem was divided into families which took for their emblem, or crest, some animal, such as the eagle, or bear, or wolf, or cat, and the carvings on the totems show the descent and intermarriages of these families. Usually the husband's crest is represented first, and if he is a Crow, the figure of a crow takes precedence, followed by an eagle if his wife happens to be an Eagle, and so on through the subdivisions of the family tree. Only the aristocracy can afford a totem, as the cost is enormous, and frequently ruins the man who erects it, for the occasion is one of great feasting and hilarity to which the whole tribe is invited, and as the festivity lasts for a week or more, the host nearly beggars himself before it comes to an end. In addition to the drink and the food, which is provided by canoes full, souvenirs are expected as at our grand dinners, and blankets and calico and money are freely distributed, the wealth and importance of the chief increasing in proportion as he gives away. Some of these totem raisings, or pot latches, have cost from one to two thousand dollars, and the owner is poor for the rest of his life, but feels amply repaid for the distinction to which he has raised himself by the grotesque-looking trophy in front of his house.

Such in brief is the history of the totem poles; and as our boat drew near to Fort Wrangel the passengers were on the qui vive to see them, as this was their only chance. In spite of the pouring rain a hundred dripping umbrellas and mackintoshes were soon on the wharf and in the main street of the wretched little town, where no horse or mule has been for years, but which is ordinarily full of dogs and children and squaws. Now, however, owing to the rain, the dogs had the right of way, while the children and squaws stood in the doors of their houses laughing derisively as the long procession went by, and thinking us, no doubt, a set of lunatics, and wondering why we should care so much for what was of so little interest to them. It was a walk of nearly half a mile, over wet grass and sand and seaweed, before we reached the totems, which are all near each other, and two or three of which I will describe. In front of one house there were two poles, one for the husband and one for the wife, who belonged to the Eagle clan and was so represented with the figure of a child, a beaver and a frog below her. The man, who was a Crow, figured with a tall hat, then a crow, a child, three frogs and an eagle, his wife's coat-of-arms. His two pot latches must have ruined him; but, as compensation, he could admire himself in his tall hat and think how far he was above his neighbor who boasted but one totem.

Another post, considered the most wonderful of them all, has on the top the figure of a bear looking down at the prints of his feet carved on the pole. Near this house there used to be a cross beam, with three solemn-looking frogs in a row, while other carvings, equally fantastic, are to be found near. The Crow, however, takes precedence as, according to Indian mythology, he first made the world, and then a woman, who is the supreme representative of the Crow family, and quite superior to the man, who was made last, and is head of the Wolf tribe. A Crow never marries a Crow, but rather a Whale or Beaver or Frog, the man taking the totem of his wife's family and fighting under her flag.

But with the advance of civilization the old customs are passing away, and the totem will soon be a thing of the past.

A HINT FOR SCHOOL-GIRLS

BY CAROLINE B. LE ROW



It is a trite saying that "Everything has two sides," and it is quite as true of the human body as of many other things. Do you go to school? If so, you carry books to and from the classroom—a great many books, probably, because it is customary for many different branches to be studied at the same time. Do you not carry this big pile—heavy, too, in proportion to its size—upon your left arm? Certainly; it is quite natural to do so, and thereby leave the right hand and arm free for use. Did you ever stop to think what effect this weight upon one side of the body was having every minute upon every other part of it?

Now, consider the matter for a moment. You have an adequate idea of the spine, its construction and location, as well as of the relative position of the other organs of the body; and, do you not see how, when the arm is extended to sustain a weight upon one side, the spine is, in consequence, pulled out of its upright position? and, as a further and natural consequence, every vital organ is more or less disturbed? Pile up five or six medium-sized books—it may be well to add an atlas to give an extra awkwardness to the load—grasp this in your left arm, and rest the whole burden upon your hip. There! Now consider that you keep this position for a certain length of time each day for five days in the week, and for forty weeks in a year, do you wonder that your left hip and shoulder are higher than the right ones? That you are crooked, round-shouldered, narrow-chested and one-sided—in side as well as out? It would be strange if you were not; and if, as a result of the inward wrench, you have not a backache, or sideache or headache, or a torpid liver, or weak lungs, or indigestion, or sleeplessness—some physical ailment or other, which neither pills nor powders, plasters nor poultices seem able to cure.

Curvature of the spine is a medical term of such dreadful significance that the mention of it makes even the physician sober. There is no deformity, pain or disease, which may not result from it, so one of these results being too terrible to be understood, except by the sufferer himself. In many cases this trouble is directly traceable to carrying a load of books upon one side. Yet, the books must be carried if you go to school. Yes; but, fortunately, there is more than one way of doing so. In the first place, do not carry more at a time than are absolutely necessary. Sometimes this is done because the added weight or bulk is too small to be considered of much account. If a study hour is allowed during the session, as is the case in most schools, use it so profitably that one or more books can be left in the desk, instead of being taken home. Then, by all means, have a strap or a bag for the rest of them, that no part of your strength may need be given to keeping them together, and then carry them in front of you with both hands, or with one hand, first on one side, then on the other, the weight hanging from the shoulder. The burden managed in this way will be, instead of an injury, a positive benefit, if you stand erect with shoulders well thrown back; and is similar to the effort made to carry a basin of water on the head, without spilling it. All girls want to be beautiful and graceful, but how few realize that, by a disregard of some simple matters—disregarded often because of their very simplicity—they are not only effectually destroying all grace and beauty, but allowing themselves to drift into a state of semi or entire invalidism for their whole future lives.

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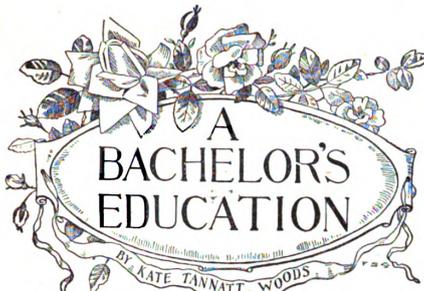
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REAL after peal of merry laughter rang out over the transom above the door of Breen & Hatherton's law office, in the brown-stone block where various signs ornamented the niches between the large windows.

Other offices opened from the rooms devoted to the legal business of the gentlemen above mentioned, but the doors were always closed save those which led into the luxurious apartments of Smart & Norton, two intimate friends of Breen & Hatherton. Lawyers seldom quarrel among themselves, the quarrels of other people prove too remunerative, and the special departments of law which these friendly neighbors followed in no way conflicted. They were known all over "Lawyers' Row" as the "Jolly Bachelors," and merry sounds were not uncommon in and around their rooms. They were popular young bachelors, too, and were generously remembered by the fair sex with invitations to all manner of entertainments. In temperament, they were totally unlike; in matters of social life they seldom agreed, and yet they were the best of friends.

"I wonder what is up now," said Ned, the elevator boy, as he listened to the laughter which stole away into every corner of the halls. "Those men have no end of a good time," he said to himself. "Nobody asks them to come in by nine o'clock, or how is it at them to get up in the morning."

Yes, they were jolly. Something remarkable had happened and three members of the quartette were laughing at Mr. Jack Breen, the senior member, a reserved bachelor of forty-five, who had just announced his engagement to a lovely young lady. It seemed incredible; and his friends were inclined to consider it a good joke. He was the very last man of the group to be suspected of such a proceeding. He had said again and again that no amount of money or persuasion would induce him to resign his liberty; and yet, here he sat telling his friends that it was all settled, and the wedding would take place in two weeks.

Even his partner was surprised, and gave a low whistle. "Awfully sudden, isn't it Jack?" "Yes, it surprised me; in fact, I am not quite sure of my own identity yet."

"Who is the lady?" "Berenice Putnam." "Whew!" ejaculated one of the friends. "How did you happen to meet her? She has been out of society for some seasons on account of her mother."

"That is the reason I chanced to meet her," said Breen, calmly. "Has she any money?" asked Mr. Smart, the flippant member of the group.

"Really, I never asked her," was the sarcastic response.

"She is a fine girl," said Hatherton, who felt a pang of honor to stand by his partner. "But Jack you are the last man I ever thought of marrying."

"So I thought," was the laconic reply. "You have been a very Joey Bagstock for styness," said Smart. "Why I never saw you show the slightest attention to any girl."

"I never did." "Come, tell us all about it," said Norton. "Positively, Jack, you have given me such a turn, that I shall decline my dinner to-night."

"I told you it was sudden," said Jack, "and such matters are not to be jested about, I assure you. We have been associated here for ten years now, and when I repeat that I am as much surprised as you are I am simply telling you the truth. As old friends you have, in a way, a right to know something of the affair which must be considered as told you in confidence."

"The 'Jolly Bachelors' will never, never tell," said the irrepressible Smart. "It is like you to make a clean breast of it," said Hatherton, who loved his partner like a brother.

Mr. Breen threw away the cigar he had been smoking, wiped his lips with a dainty mouchoir, and began.

"You all remember old Skinflint, my wealthy client, and his houses on Bancroft street which I have charge of."

"He wished me to call upon Mrs. Putnam, whose husband was at one time interested with him in the property; it was necessary to obtain a release from her. As you know, she has had a shock and is very feeble. When I called Miss Berenice came into the hall to see me, and entreated me to make matters as easy as possible for her mother, since her health was so poor, and she had suffered much from the persecutions of Skinflint. I had thought very charming as she stood there pleading for her invalid. I am fully convinced that many women are always most beautiful in their own

homes; that is, the kind of woman who are best fitted to make homes."

"True, most noble philosopher," said Hatherton.

"Well, Miss Berenice stood there without one thought of herself or her surroundings, and pleaded with me, as if I were a monster, to care for her precious invalid."

"We had a terrible time with the mother; she refused to sign the papers, although Berenice entreated and coaxed her like a petted child. It has been a pretty difficult piece of business, and I have been obliged to call there several times, for old skinflint is obstinate and exacting. Every time I have called I have seen Miss Berenice in a new phase."

"She is simply perfect, boys." This solemn assertion caused Smart to laugh aloud, made Norton walk hastily to the window to hide his smiles, and led Hatherton to say, "Then you are the very man for her, old boy."

"You may laugh if you will," said Jack; "I am not one of the spooney sort, as you know; but a woman who has so much tact, patience, gentleness and good grit, will prove a woman worth winning; she deserves a better fate than wearing herself out in a sick room."

"Better exhaust herself in waiting upon Jack Breen, Esquire," said Smart.

"If Jack Breen has not manliness to shield her and care properly for her, he had better die here and now," said the lawyer with a flash of his dark eyes.

"Beg pardon," said Smart, "you must not mind my nonsense, Breen; go on with the story; I have admired Miss Putnam for years, at a distance."

"You would admire her more if you knew her," said Breen, quietly. "She has taught me some things already. When she came to me the other night and placed a little jewel case in my hand, saying: 'Please take these, Mr. Breen, to use in the settlement of this case, and

"Tell us how it was settled," said Smart, "I am dying to gain a little experience; they say matrimony is a contagious disease."

"If you do not stop scolding he will tell you nothing," said Hatherton.

"I only want to know how our good old Breen was caught at last," said Smart.

"I do not know myself," said Breen. "I am telling you the truth. When I went in, Berenice was making some toast for her mother, and they insisted that I should take tea with them. After a suitable time, I said: 'I am convinced of the justice of their claim, and had so arranged matters that they would henceforth be exempt from further annoyance. They were overjoyed, especially Berenice. She seemed like another girl. She brought out her mandolin and played for us, told stories, and joked with her mother, until the old lady said to me in a burst of confidence, when Berenice had quitted the room: 'Do you know, Mr. Breen, it is the first time she has touched her mandolin since her papa died, and she has been so good to me.' After a time the old lady fell asleep in her reclining chair, and we sat there by the open fire chatting like old friends. The only thing I can remember is, that I asked Berenice to marry me, and she refused."

"You don't mean it," exclaimed Smart.

"I thought she would catch at the hook at once," said Norton.

"Boys," said Jack Breen, with a very serious face, "your education is at fault; I assure you that a refined, delicate and cultivated woman will never give a hasty answer to such an important question."

"Refused you?" said Hatherton. "I cannot quite understand it."

"I can," said Breen, "she was perfectly right—"

"Gold lieth deep, But mica greets the day." She said she could not marry any one without a full knowledge of his tastes, views of life and religious belief; besides, it would be impossible to burden any man with the care of her mother. I protested, and made plea after plea; but she stood firm while expressing her

Then it was that the Governor's wife, who had been a school-mate of Mrs. Putnam, came to the rescue. She was one of those royal souls who never forget old friends, let fate or fortune do their worst, and the moment when the news reached her, and in a little flying note from her god-child Berenice, she insisted upon acting as chaperon. It was she who ordered the modest *chrousseau*, who made all the arrangements for the wedding in church, because the mother would keep a promise made to her dead husband; and she it was who went with Jack to superintend the furnishing of his new home, a home which Berenice was not to see until after the ceremony."

"I know that child's artistic soul," said Mrs. Aphorh, "and it should be fed; she has done nothing but think of others for years, and now we will think of her. It will be the easiest thing in the world for her to rearrange matters if she chooses."

During this busy period, Jack amused his legal friends by asserting over and over again "that he was just beginning to obtain an education."

"I never dreamed," said he, "that such prosaic things as tables and chairs could prove so interesting. Do you know, Hatherton, that Mrs. Aphorh has tried a dozen places in search of a dainty sewing chair for Berenice? I have acquired a good bit of knowledge which will help us out in that case of Durkee & Lynn."

A few days after, Jack discovered that a kitchen range was connected with a famous patent law case, and that the carpet in his hall was bought up by a syndicate which threatened to do serious injury to the legitimate trade in such articles. Everything in the house met a question of political economy, or social science."

The man who put in Jack's coal gave him some new ideas of the tariff, and the old German who was filling mattresses in the fourth story—because Mrs. Aphorh insisted "that one could only be sure of good hair and pure, when it was done in the house"—told Jack a story of fraud which led him to regard his own profession as remarkably honest. The men who were frescoing the drawing-room not only taught the lawyer something concerning "tints" and "tones," but their relation to health; and, when the plumbing was reached, Jack went out and spent hours consulting the best authorities in sanitary science, before he could decide how his home should be fitted up.

Paint, paper, coal, china, glass and furniture all demanded serious attention, and Jack who had hitherto flattered himself that he had been liberally educated, now found himself lamentably ignorant.

He became so interested in questions of rental from the standpoint of those who were working for him, that his own property acquired a new interest in his eyes, and the taxes of the poor man was not "a mere fad of certain reformers."

As to matters of etiquette, with the aid of Berenice and Mrs. Aphorh, he found himself only able to come to the surface after a plunge into the ocean of proprieties.

In Mrs. Putnam's sick room all the new and dainty appliances which modern science had created to render the sum of human wretchedness less, made him quite ashamed of his former negligence concerning the quiet sufferer he had known. He had long conversations with Mrs. Putnam's physician, and found another world of thought open to him.

Like most honest men he had studied well in college, he had a superficial knowledge of the ills which burdened humanity, and the influence of the mind upon the body, but little patience with invalids.

"Positively, Hatherton," he said to his partner, "it is quite a shame that we know so little of our own bodies."

There was very little sentimental nonsense about the wedding of Berenice. She would gladly have escaped the ordeal of a church wedding, but for her mother's insistence. When Jack saw the woman he was about to marry, hold her mother's head on her breast in a mute caress just before they drove away to the church, he thought her far too brave and good for him to claim as his own. There was an absence of tears; but a slight drawing about the girl's mouth told him, better than words, how her tender heart ached without one relative to bless her on her bridal day; and yet the girl was not thinking of herself, but of the invalid she must leave behind.

Jack was a proud and happy man as he walked down the aisle of old Trinity with his wife upon his arm; and he was prouder and happier still when he met her dear delight in the home he had prepared for her.

Her mother was there to welcome her, thanks to the good doctor, and Jack found the world none the less lovely for the motherly greeting she gave him. Smart had said one day "It will be an awful bore, old fellow, for you to see an invalid always about"; but Hatherton, who was made in a finer mold, said quickly, "I remember reading somewhere that the presence of an invalid in a family sanctified the whole household, for it kept them from being selfish, and proved a blessing."

"My dear son," said the invalid, "I shall not be here long, and I want to thank you here and now for your kindness."

It is a little curious to observe how Jack's education extends itself. Every Thursday evening the "Jolly Bachelors" dine with Mrs. Breen, and to top the evening discussion take a wide range, while Berenice smiles upon her husband's friends and bids them welcome in such a cheery manner, that Hatherton, Smart and Norton, all declare Jack the most fortunate of men; as for Jack, he is fond of quoting Sir Richard Steele:

"To love her is a liberal education."



"She seemed like another girl. . . . She brought out her mandolin, and played for us"

whatever you do never let my mother know that I have given you these jewels; they are very valuable; my father gave them to me not long before his death, when he was considered a rich man. Use them all if I need be, but spare my poor mother further annoyance; she has suffered much from your client, and I am only too grateful to him for sending a gentleman like yourself to arrange with us; you have been so quick to catch my signals, when to speak, and how, that my dear mother imagines you to be her friend rather than her enemy's counsellor. I am sorry to trouble you so much, but the doctor tells me that mamma is liable to leave me at any time, and I shall make her happy at any cost. There she stood with her beautiful eyes full of tears, while I had her diamonds in my hand. Somehow I felt at that moment as if my education had been neglected. Even a Harvard man finds a supreme moment when the egotism and nonsense is knocked out of him, and I began to reflect upon all the mean things I had said of women in general, and young women in particular. I tried to return the jewels, but she looked so hurt I could not insist. It is a peculiar case, if you look at it in a purely legal aspect. The old lady has lost a certain document which invalidates her claim, and prevents her from receiving any income from the property. Now, my client knows this, and insists that she shall resign all claim to the estate, or pay an enormous sum for the taxes and the repairs which have been placed upon the property. I went to Skinflint and told him that I must resign the case; he protested; but I told him that I did not want money enough to take it from the widow and fatherless, and I was convinced that Mrs. Putnam's claim was just. Then I went around to their flat to tell the ladies, or at least to tell the daughter, that I was ready to fight for her."

"Did you sell the jewels?" asked Norton. "Yes, to myself; my bride will wear them."

warm thanks for my great consideration and kindness. So we parted. Now you know why I took that sudden trip to Washington. When I returned I called upon her, and something in her manner led me to think that she was my sincere friend, if she had refused me. I ventured once more to ask her to become my wife, and after some delay it is settled. She is good enough to accept me with all my faults. No, no, boys, don't congratulate me; console with her. Ever since she consented to take me, I have been finding out my ignorance in a thousand things."

Mr. Breen arose, lighted a fresh cigar, and went out. His confession had cost him a greater effort than his hearers knew.

"There goes a good man spoiled," said Smart.

"Nonsense," said Hatherton, "it will be the making of him."

"Why don't you go and do likewise then?" "Because I cannot find any woman whom I dislike sufficiently to punish with my crankiness every day in the year."

Jack Breen's engagement was a nine-days' wonder. Many refused to believe it; some wondered why he had chosen Berenice Putnam, and more why he had cared for a wife at all, when he had such comfortable bachelor quarters. A few malicious people, the wasps of society, insisted "that Berenice Putnam had laid a plot to capture the fortunate lawyer"; while others knew he was too shrewd to overlook the fact that the western investments in real estate, made long since by Mr. Putnam, were likely to bring forth a rich harvest. There was another faction, to which the Governor's wife belonged—the kindly people, who rejoice in the happiness of others, and especially in the joy of lovers of any age—these good people thought Mr. Breen a very fortunate man to win such a prize.

As for Berenice, she had little time to think of herself; her mother required all her care.

TO ENTERTAIN AN EVENING PARTY

Bright Hints by Women who Have Made Home-Evenings Pleasant

ETIQUETTE OF EVENING PARTIES

By Mrs. A. G. Lewis

HERE are no iron-clad rules with regard to party etiquette; yet there are certain usual forms observed in good society about which no one can well afford to be ignorant. These forms are not mere conventionalities. They are, like the accepted rules of a well-ordered home, helps to both entertainer and guest.

WHEN ISSUING PRINTED INVITATIONS

To the effect that "Mr. and Mrs. A. — will receive their friends on Friday evening, December 8th, at nine: residence, 12 H avenue." The invited parties understand perfectly well that full evening dress, flowers, gloves and carriages are the proper thing. In case the invitation cannot be accepted, "regrets" must be sent; otherwise a favorable answer is understood. To such a reception no person except those named upon the envelope is expected.

INVITATIONS TO AN "AT-HOME"

are usually the ordinary, engraved visiting card of the hostess, to which she adds in writing, "At Home Friday evening, December 8th, from 8 to 10." These, inclosed in dainty white envelopes, are sent out at least one week in advance of the evening named. An "At-Home" gives unlimited liberty of dress, ranging from a street costume with bonnet and dark gloves, to full—though quiet—evening toilette. After six o'clock dress coats are the rule. The hostess receives in full toilette, assisted by ladies similarly dressed.

TO A PARTY OF TWENTY GUESTS, OR LESS, the hostess writes personal notes, which may be sent as late as the day preceding the event, though three or four days earlier assures the guest that he or she has not been taken up at the last moment to fill the place of some one who has declined. "Very Bohemian," advises the person invited that the matter of dress is not important. To an informal party like this a visiting friend may be taken along.

THE QUALITY AND STYLE OF STATIONERY

is quite an important item. No refined lady will use that which is either cheap or showy. The best is never too good. That which is plain, with no ornamentation, except, perhaps, a monogram, without gilt edge, yet of finest texture and dainty pattern, is always to be preferred. It costs less than the "latest novelties" which often tempt the taste and purse. But let no delusion of style lead a hostess to send out other than pearl, cream or the delicate mode tints, except when a "color-tee," or something out of the conventional line of parties, is attempted.

WHO SHALL BE INVITED

is always a question more or less perplexing to hostesses. As a rule it is well to consider whether or not one's guests would be congenial. For a formal reception, or an "At-Home," it matters not so much how many kinds of people are brought together. Courtesy to host and hostess requires that for the evening, at least, there shall be cordial exchange of civilities; and there is little danger of dullness since everybody is sure to find somebody with whom to be social.

SPECIAL ENTERTAINMENT

is not required for a formal reception. Orchestral music is usually furnished. To arrive; to address the hostess and host; to be presented to new people; to pass through the rooms greeting friends and acquaintances here and there; to test the skill of the caterer, then to make one's adieux is the leaven of conventional routine at large receptions. Musical and literary members, for the purpose of bringing out some promising young artists, are often introduced. It is always in good taste, and certainly a kindly courtesy, to thank and commend those who have contributed entertainment worthy of praise.

SMALLER PARTIES MAY BE ENTERTAINED

with music and readings. The hostess is fortunate if among her invited guests there are amateurs who are willing to assist in this way. Novelty parties, such as "Color Teas," Frost, Harlequin or Pantomime parties; tableaux, which reproduce pictures familiar to the company; living statuary, in color or white; guessing tableaux or amateur theatricals, though involving considerable previous preparation, carry the evening's enjoyment along with very little danger of failure.

FOR CHILDREN'S PARTIES

there is no end of pretty novelties. Among them are marches led by some older young people; familiar stories represented by calligraphic exercises; acting verbs; *tableaux vivants* grouped from illustrated copies of such familiar books as "Alice in Wonderland," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," or even "Mother Goose"; ring games around the favor tree, etc., etc., are all charming diversions. In a word,

THE ETIQUETTE OF EVENING PARTIES

consists in obeying that quick sense of kindness which always prompts those receiving to do all in their power for the happiness of their guests; and, for the guest to divine the time and place and how to assist their host and hostess to so direct the evening that all may spend it happily and in proper fashion.

A "BONNET AND NECKTIE" EVENING

By Edna Warwick

Outer whimsicality and absence of all stiffness in an evening party the "Bonnet" party cannot be excelled. Invite from ten to twenty of the nicest girls you know, and ask each to bring with her a pair of scissors, a thimble, and an old bonnet frame of any age, size, or shape; if some of them come from grandma's trunks in the garret, instead of from last year's hat-box, so much the better. The frames must be absolutely bare, but each young lady will be asked to contribute enough material—old ribbon, silk, velvet, artificial flowers, or feathers—to trim an average bonnet, allowing generous measure.

Send invitations to as many young men as girls, and ask each to bring of any stuff whatever, enough to make a necktie, whether "four-in-hand," "puff," "claudent," or plain straight bow. And tell each one to come provided with a thimble.

When your guests have assembled the first step is to divide the company into pairs. The "partner cards" having all been drawn, the lady and gentleman holding No. 1 go together to the tables where the frames, ribbons, etc., have been arranged; and while he chooses a bonnet and the materials which he thinks most appropriate, she picks out from another pile the piece of goods which she thinks will make him the most becoming necktie. Then they procure a supply of the needles and thread provided by the hostess, and sit down to sew; while pair No. 2 come forward, and so on until each lady is busily engaged with a gentleman and a necktie; and each gentleman is giving his attention to a lady and a bonnet. As neither is supposed to give the other any help or advice, the fun is endless.

At the expiration of the time set, the hostess rings a bell, and each pair of contestants present themselves with bonnet in place, and necktie arranged with all the art its fair maker can muster. As he comes before the committee every gentleman must, if requested, make a little speech, pointing out the chief merits of his production, and the difficulties which attended its manufacture. When the review is over, the committee—consisting of the hostess and, if possible, several other non-contestants—retires to compare notes, and soon the award of prizes is announced. Two of these will be sufficient: one to the gentleman who, all difficulties considered, has produced the most artistic and becoming bonnet, and the other to the lady whose necktie is pronounced most satisfactory. The prizes may be necktie or handkerchief cases, court-plaster cases (for the needle wounds), scarf-pins, hat-pins, bonbon boxes in the shape of hats, etc.

A "COBWEB" PARTY

IN WHICH AN EVENING'S FUN IS ASSURED

THE rooms, halls and stairs of a wide house, all tangled in a web of strong twine, its guests struggling, twisting, tripping and weaving themselves together in their endeavors to unravel the meshes, while the host stood o'od laughing at the sight: that was the "Cobweb."

It was startling to find those familiar rooms in such a haze of gray twine. The staircases were pitfalls; the dressing-rooms, traps. Every one warned every one else, and then went ignominiously down. Never had the maidens in the Whist Club been so demure; with thoughtful gaze they looked ever modestly downward. When all had worked their way to the hostess, they were told to draw lots from trays of numbered cards; one tray for women, another for the men. Each was given at the same time a little stick, on which to wind the string which fate had sent. The men's strings started at the hall table, the women's at the rug by the library door.

There were cards at their beginnings, like those which had been drawn. After one had found the right twine, one was to wind it up, following whithersoever it led. But to begin: The library doorway was an impassable web, one string after a turn or two about a sofa, passed directly through that doorway, and was caught on a far-away corner of the rug. The only thing its owner could do was to throw the stick in too, and then dizzily to convolve to it through an adjoining room; the noisy, struggling crowd was left behind, and a most perilous voyage was accomplished all alone, after shoes, shoulders, hair, hands, sash, had been snared in turn.

Then groups of two or three began to find themselves "knotted up," and the oddest things came about. "Excuse me, Miss Eigh, but this string—" as a grave gentleman passed his arm about somebody's waist.

"Pardon me, Mr. Bea," and a soft hand loosened the cord threatening to strangle Mr. B.

Four times did a certain string lead back across a great parlor to one same rocking-chair. That string deserved a prize, and got it. The grandest web was swung between the baluster rails. There the unfortunate men who had drawn those threads which composed it, let themselves down, and climbed up again till its last mesh was gone. Incredibly soon the balls were all wound. There was no need for hurry. There was no prize for the first one through, but one could not help hastening through that combination.

Many strings led to prizes; dainty trifles, painted by the artist daughter of the house. The others had spiders at their ends, made of larch cones and wire.

A "MILITARY" PARTY

By Mabel G. Foster

ASSEMBLY will sound on April 14, 1890, at 67 Blank St. Please report to Miss Dash." In response to this dainty, hand-decorated invitation, some twenty-five young people gathered on the specified evening at Miss Dash's home. In the dressing-rooms

the guests found streamers of red, white and blue ribbons for their adornment, and they were then ushered into the parlors by two small boys, clad in army uniform. The rooms were tastefully decorated with flags and bunting; guns and swords were stacked about, and the hostess wore a red, white and blue toilet. After "Assembly" had been sounded on the piano, the guests were detailed in companies of four, each in charge of a Corporal of the Guard. They were told that they must make a charge upon *enemi*, the blues and kindred enemies. This was to be done thus: each company in turn was to entertain the assembly with some performance—tableaux, charades, pantomimes and the like.

Half an hour was given the companies for arrangements and rehearsals, the resources of the house being put at their disposal, after which the entertainment was given. At the conclusion of the performances the enemy was declared vanquished, little banners were presented to the members of the company which, by common consent, had done the best fighting, and the "supper" call sounded. On the tables in the supper room, were stacked flags, and the place of each guest was designated by a tiny flag bearing his or her name.

PRETTY POLLY'S "PI" PARTY

By Jean M. Turner

PRETTY Mistress Polly enjoyed a reputation for delightfully original evenings, but I think her last idea was best of all. In an upper corner of her invitations appeared a cleverly-drawn pie, and in a lower corner, "Pi—December 27, 1890." Some thought her spelling was bad; others consulted the dictionary, and waited.

When we were all seated, for convenience, in groups of four, each was presented with a pretty souvenir, bearing a number. Then the fun began. Little slips were distributed, typewritten, apparently in a foreign tongue for the first line read: "*Houtuit eth rodo ell woror ell.*" But when, in ten minutes, time was called, there were several who had made out four lines of an ancient Christide song. The next task was to find the real names of twenty cities in a list which began with "Thinanswog," "Belinsaler," and "Bunghider," and a little longer time was allowed. The third slip contained fifteen startling statements, such as, "Eli Whitney wrote 'The Excursion,'" "Napoleon invented the cotton gin," "Wordsworth was called 'The Little Corporal,'" etc., the problem being to put the proper subjects and predicates together. After several more rounds of original pi came the final test. Each guest was given a paper arranged like this:

No. 24, Mr. Brown, Six Words			
4. early	23. preserve	6. love	
12. maiden	2. if	19. fortune	

This meant that Mr. B. was to go about till he found six papers bearing his number (24). From each he would get one word, and these six words he was to arrange in a quotation (with a personal application) to be immediately written down and handed in. As everybody was moving about at the same time the search in each case was a long and merry one.

After this the prizes were awarded to those who had presented the best and poorest sets of answers during the evening; they consisted of pretty china "pie-plates"; a "pie-knife," paper-cutter; a real mince pie and a copy of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." At supper the cakes, meringues, and even the ices were served in pie shapes, and a huge paper-crust Christmas pie held favors.

TWO NOVEL IDEAS

By Mrs. N. R. Harrington

WHAT will entertain a large party very pleasantly will sometimes not do at all for a small one. The "Fagot" party is especially suited to informal gatherings. All that the hostess needs is an open fireplace and a few friends on whom she can rely. The invitation asks each to "bring a fagot and tell a story"; the fagot consisting of a small bundle of sticks, eighteen inches in length. There is to be no light except that of the flickering flames. Each guest in turn places his or her fagot on the fire, and while it burns tells a story, recites a poem, or recall some interesting bit of personal experience. A vote may be taken at the end of the evening, and prizes given accordingly; but this is not necessary.

The "Quotation" party is for a rather larger gathering, and requires more preparation. The invitations bear appropriate quotations. The rooms are decorated with them, and the whole atmosphere is literary. The guests being conveniently seated, the hostess draws a quotation from a basket, and reads it aloud. The first guest is given a minute to name the author; and if he fails the point goes to the first who gives the correct name. Then it is number two's turn, and so on. This may be varied by calling an author's name, a point taken from that author. A topic may be named and appropriate quotations called for; or quotations may be written in groups on slips of paper, and one slip given to a lady and gentleman together.

NEW HINTS FOR HOSTESSES

By Alice M. House

NOWADAYS hostesses are on the alert for something new in the way of entertaining evening parties; and clever girls are constantly evolving devices from the crevices of their brains. The following ideas have at least the value of containing many hours of enjoyment for evening parties:

AN "AUCTION" EVENING

THE "Auction" party was surely invented for the hostess who wants to abandon her guests to delicious fun. The auctioneer, who stands at the head of the table, has two decks of cards; the bidders, who sit around the table, have ten beans each. Six cards drawn from one of the decks are placed at intervals on the table, face down, and covered with the packages on sale, the deck being left in front of the auctioneer. Holding the other deck behind him, the auctioneer proceeds to sell its cards in twos, threes, fours or fives, deciding before offering them what bid will buy them. There is a deafening chorus when the auction opens. "One bean!" "Three beans!" "Five beans!" Only the most profligate offers ten beans in the first rounds. If the cards are knocked down to him, he is out of the auction. If he buys with seven or eight beans he can bid two or three beans for the next cards, or combine with his neighbor and divide the cards, if their combination buy any. When the deck has been bought up, the auctioneer calls out the cards in the impoverished deck on the table in front of him. The persons holding the cards answer and discard them, as they are called. But six of the cards will not be called for. The cards on the table are then turned up and the persons who hold the corresponding cards buy the packages that have covered them. The auction continues till the last article has been sold, the fun growing more and more intoxicating as it progresses.

HOW TO GIVE A "CALICO" PARTY

A BIG barn makes the best setting for a "Calico" party, sheaves of grain and pyramids of pumpkins decking the floors, stalks of corn hanging from the rafters and weird Jack o'lanterns grinning in dark corners.

Cut and fold the calico the size of note paper, and have the invitations printed on the face of the sheet. Fashion the envelopes of the same calico stiffened. Calico may include lawns, gingham, satens and curtain calico, and the bizarre air of the costumes lifts the party out of the ordinary.

ONE OF THIS SEASON'S NOVELTIES

A "PEANUT" party will be another of this season's novelties. If written invitations are issued, have two peanut shells painted in water colors on one corner of the paper. The hostess provides herself with a quantity of peanuts, and conceals them in every imaginable spot in the rooms where she is to entertain her guests—behind pictures, under mats, among the flowers, everywhere there are peanuts. After the guests have all arrived, a small bag is handed to each one, and the company are told that whoever first fills his or her bag with peanuts wins the prize of the evening. Then begins the merry hunting—here, there and everywhere—for peanuts. A pretty way is to have the bags made of silk, with a ribbon or cord and tassel at the top, and a fanciful design of peanuts on one side; they are then preserved as dainty souvenirs.

THE "OBSERVATION" PARTY

A SIXTH sense would be a boon to a man at an "Observation" party, when he finds his five senses "steeped in forgetfulness." There are blanks on his card for ten articles he is given ten seconds to see; for the ten instruments in the kinder symphony he hears but does not see; for the five spices making up the brownish powder he is given to taste; for the contents of the five bottles uncorked for him to smell, and for the five articles passed, when he is blindfolded again, for him to feel.

FOR A LITERARY EVENING

IF the party is to be blue-stocking in character, there is the widest choice from the *conversations* and *causerie française* to the "Progressive Topic" party. A "European" party, confined to those who have traveled in Europe, has a foreign cast of its own. Each tourist brings some picture from the other side, the success of the evening lying with the guests.

A "Curio" party calls for a curio for each guest, and a description for each curio. Pieces of Chinese workmanship, rare specimens, odd relics—endless things, in fact—may be carried to a curio party, and a medley of curious information result.

"PROGRESSIVE CONVERSATION" PARTY

FOR a "Progressive Conversation" party, cards are provided with topics or questions for each lady. When the bell rings, each man finds his partner and converses on the topic assigned till the time is up, and he passes to the lady above, and so on, till he has conversed with every lady. The balloting then begins, the ladies voting for the man they found most entertaining, the men for the lady. The largest number of votes call for the head prizes, the least for the foot prizes.

LAST YEAR'S LATEST PARTY

THE "Novelty" or "Razzle-dazzle" party, is a progressive party, but differs from every other, for it is a patchwork of them all. It varies with the hostess that inspires it, for given the cue, each hostess chooses her own games. Cards, polo, halma, angling or target shooting may be arranged alternately; or, doubling the games, checkers and the "spider and the flies," may be placed at one table.

A GROUP OF PRETTY SCREENS

By Maude Haywood



THE treatment and decoration of screens must necessarily prove an interesting subject to all engaged in the beautifying of their homes. They are indispensable in every household. While their uses are manifold, they are in themselves extremely decorative, giving infinite scope to the talents of those possessing artistic ideas and clever fingers, amply repaying the labor bestowed upon them by either needle or brush, by setting off the work to the utmost advantage. In their manufacture it is not necessary to use expensive materials in order to secure effective results, although, on the other hand, large sums can, if desired, be spent on them with advantage. Good taste in their choice and arrangement is, however, absolutely needful, and they should be suitable and in keeping with their surroundings.

With some people there is an innate sense of the fitness of lines and harmony of color which go far towards the attainment of success in decoration. In designing a screen, much has to be taken into consideration. Its style and manner of treatment must depend entirely on its future use and position. These should be carefully studied, and the whole design planned before actually beginning to carry it out. Artists often make, not only a small outline sketch of what they intend their finished work to be, but also wash in the general scheme in water-color, in order to have a definite guide to work by. Much failure and loss of time among the inexperienced is due to vagueness of aim. It is not meant, on the other hand, that the sketch should give more than a very general idea of the finished whole; nor that it should necessarily be strictly adhered to in every minute particular, for then it would be a hindrance by cramping the artist's freedom, and its legitimate use would have been altogether missed. Its object is to be helpful by its suggestiveness.

Where a screen has two or more folds, it is important that the subjects on each should harmonize well together. It is best, when possible, to have one design running through the whole. The effect is more pleasing and artistic than where each panel has a separate interest, or a different story to tell. In the former case, that is to say, if the design extends over more than one panel, they should never be finished separately, but set up and painted all together, because they are, in fact, one picture and must be treated as such.

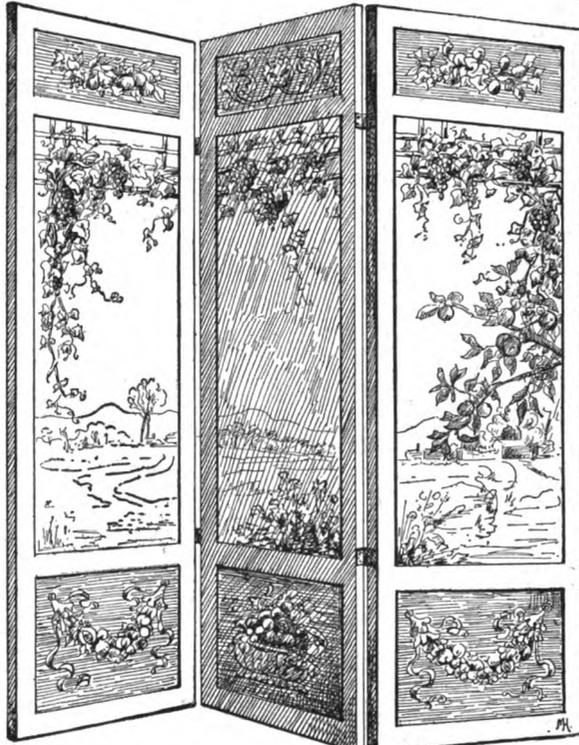
If money is an object it is always best to buy the mounts first, or at least, to ascertain their exact dimensions, because, if the artist has not taken these precautions, an unusual size or shape may have been selected in making the design, with the result that the choice of action lies between the two alternatives: of having a frame made to order, which in many cases proves quite an expensive affair; or of cutting down and altering the panels, which often spoils the original scheme, and wastes both work and material.

In the choice of mounts, if a screen is intended primarily as a shield from draughts, do not choose one which stands on feet, or has open-work below, for in that case its principal object will have failed, inasmuch as the cold air will still have free access to the apartment, or cosy corner.

As to shape, height or size, the widest range of choice is permissible. quaint or odd effects are often sought after, but good taste will always stop short of extravagance. In a three-fold screen the outer leaves are sometimes made narrower or shorter than the middle one. The very ornate frames in the rococo style are out of place in an ordinary apartment, while those of simpler make, belonging to a somewhat earlier period, are particularly suitable for the setting of Watteau subjects. Bamboo and rustic mountings are much liked for use in summer cottages. The latter can be very successfully manufactured by the school-boy during his holidays, or even by his elder sister if she possesses—like many a country girl does—an elementary knowledge of carpentry, a most useful accomplishment added to a skill in painting and embroidery where the aim is for inexpensive home decoration as well as for securing a truly artistic effect.

A HANDSOME DINING-ROOM SCREEN

AS a question of taste, also, no matter how beautiful, intrinsically, a heavy, handsome screen, such as that in illustration No. 1, might be, it would manifestly be out of place in a dainty white-and-gold parlor. It is, on the contrary, especially adapted for a dining room, and would also look well in a hall or library. It is somewhat elaborate in design, but could readily be simplified by substituting some plain or figured material for the painted garlands and groups in the upper and lower panels. Plush, silk, embossed paper or leather might be used, according to individual preference. The framework can be of natural wood, oiled or varnished, or would prove effective

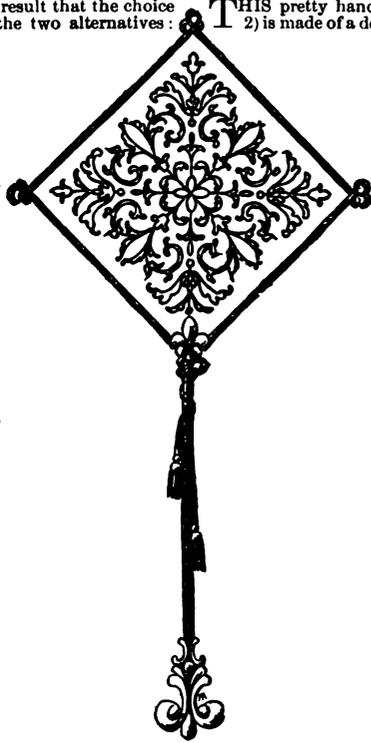


A HANDSOME DINING-ROOM SCREEN (Illus. No. 1)

made of cheap pine, covered with leather. The material for the panels may be of tapestry canvas (woolen, if painted with the dyes), burlap, ordinary oil canvas or of bass-wood. The design should be painted broadly and boldly, although carefully, rather suggesting the detail than working it out too minutely. Aim especially for rich, deep coloring, avoiding all crudeness or harshness of tone.

A VERY PRETTY HAND SCREEN

THIS pretty hand-screen (Illustration No. 2) is made of a delicate-toned silk or satin, having upon it an outline design in gold cord. In enlarging the subject it will be noticed that only one-eighth need be drawn; from this a tracing can be taken, with which the whole pattern can be transferred, reversing it where necessary. After the cord has been applied, the screen is made up by stretching the silk upon a square piece of cardboard measuring six or eight inches each way; the backing is mounted on thinner cardboard of the same size, the two are joined together, and finished with a heavier gold cord and tassels.



A PRETTY HAND SCREEN (Illus. No. 2)

EMBROIDERED SCREENS

A SMALL single screen gives an admirable opportunity for the display of skill in fine and elaborate embroidery—where the housewife has patience and ability for the undertaking. In these days of haste and hurry we have too little of such work. Exquisite and harmoniously blended color effects can be obtained fairly rapidly by darning in soft shades of silk. The background may be of mail-cloth, Roman satin, or other suitable material, or may be also darned. When much time and labor is to be spent on a piece, great care should be exercised in the selection of the design, that it may be good both in style and drawing. This is a most important point to realize, for it is an undeniable fact that failures in embroidered pieces are, as a rule, more generally due to want of artistic merit than to any faultiness of execution.

THE ARTISTIC WATTEAU SCREENS

VERY popular always are the pastoral idylls copied from prints or photographs of designs by Watteau and his pupils and contemporaries. There is often a considerable amount of work in them, but if well executed the result is very satisfactory and artistic; and they usually prove marketable among the owners of dainty homes. It is, however, of primary importance, that the spirit and characteristic coloring of these pictures be faithfully reproduced. All the tints should be soft, delicate, and rather subdued. In the costumes, pale pinks, blues, yellows, and their kindred tones, should predominate. These subjects, are especially suited to the painted tapestries so much in vogue; the landscape backgrounds being by this method rapidly and effectively laid in. It is frequently the custom, in order to more closely imitate the old woven pieces, to copy not only their style, but also their old faded coloring. This by no means indicates that the tones should be made dirty or muddy. The secret of gaining the "old" effect is to be sparing in the use of bright pinks and reds, and to let the colder tones assert themselves. The carmines and rose tints always fade first; therefore, the flesh painting must not be brilliant. Make the reds dull and brownish, and in the pale draperies increase the contrasts by lessening the color of the local tones. In the trees make some of the foliage quite blue, and none of it very green. If possible, study an old tapestry and note carefully which colors are most affected by its age, and in what manner. To get the impression of its hues clearly pictured in the mind will be of more practical aid than any amount of written description, especially if care is taken to think out the probable whys and wherefores of the changes which have taken place.

A USEFUL TEA SCREEN

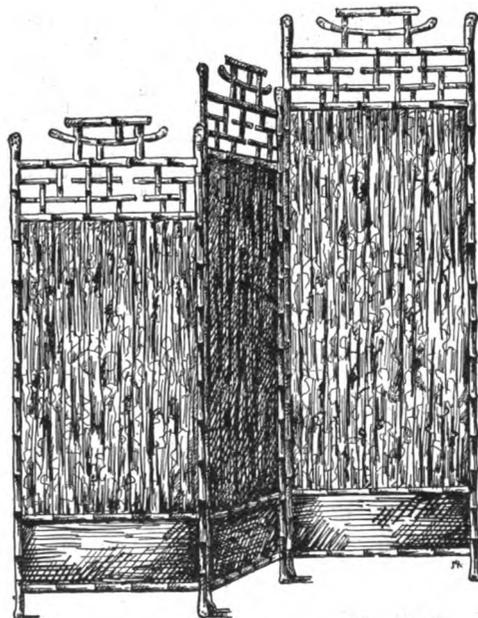
A USEFUL double tea screen is made with a folding shelf at a convenient height from the ground, for setting down the cups and saucers. The panels above may be painted or worked. A design showing the tea-plant blossom is suggested as appropriate. Japanese embroidered pieces are also very pretty for the purpose, and may often be bought very cheaply.

SCRAP SCREENS

THE old-fashioned and time-honored scrap screens will never find their way into oblivion so long as there are nurseries in the land. The children delight in them, half the joy being to watch their manufacture, and with the ready imagination of youth to weave stories about the figures and scenes as the whole progresses. The best plan is to have canvas tightly stretched in simple frames, which are hinged together, for the groundwork. These screens take a very great number of pictures, which can be gradually collected; those from the Christmas numbers of magazines, and also the colored supplements, issued by various periodicals in the holiday season, are particularly suitable. They should be cut out only as they are needed, because the shape will in each case depend entirely on the position they are to occupy.

PRETTY AND YET INEXPENSIVE

A PRETTY and inexpensive screen (Illustration No. 3) is made of figured silk or cotton goods, gathered full, in a setting of bamboo, the lower panels being of plush or furniture velvet of a deep rich color. This

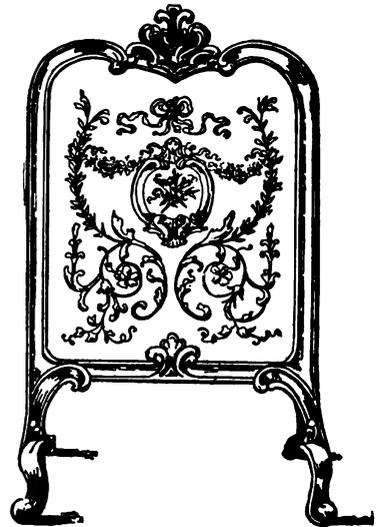


A PRETTY YET INEXPENSIVE SCREEN (Illus. No. 3)

mounting would also be suitable for embroidered or painted panels. The design could be branches of blossom, in the Japanese style, with the addition of birds or butterflies, where the artist is willing to spend more time on the work.

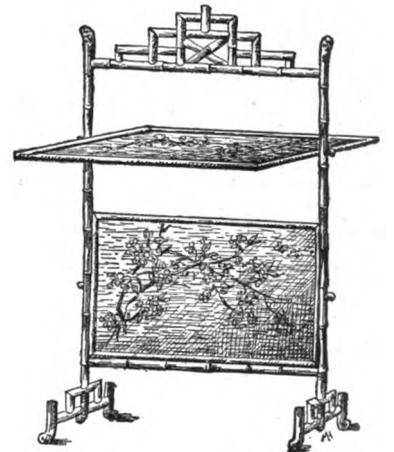
A LOUIS XVI SINGLE SCREEN

ILLUSTRATION No. 4 shows a Louis XVI single screen, which can also be made to suit various requirements, as to price and scheme of color. The mounting is either gilt or plain wood. Perhaps quite the daintiest method is to paint the design in tapestry dyes on the imported ribbed silk canvas. It comes either white or ecru, fifty inches wide, eight dollars the yard. Use the



A LOUIS XVI SINGLE SCREEN (Illus. No. 4)

Grenié colors, and outline the subject, tinting it in flatly with delicate tones, which should be shaded while still slightly damp. After being allowed to dry, it may be necessary to put a few strengthening touches here and there. It is advisable for beginners to experiment on a spare piece of silk, as the colors alter a little and grow lighter in drying. Some would prefer to embroider this screen, using any kind of



A JAPANESE FIRE SCREEN (Illus. No. 5)

silk, satin, or other goods as a background. In this case, narrow ribbon may be applied where the loops and ends come in the design, and pale shades of velvet for the flowers.

A JAPANESE FIRE SCREEN

A FIRE screen, which can be made to form, at pleasure, a double-shelfed five-o'clock tea-table, is shown in illustration No. 5. The upper panel is, in the drawing swung over, and the lower one closed. It is made of Japanese matting, mounted on bamboo. The suggested decoration is apple-blossom.

THE BACKING OF SCREENS

FOR the backing of screens it is not necessary to buy expensive materials. The Japanese importing houses sell a cheap figured stuff, like that used on the native screens, which in many cases answers the purpose admirably. Sateen may also be used. It is quite easy and saves expense to mount and back screens at home, getting a working carpenter to make the frames where it is intended to cover them, as suggested above, with leather, or with plush, velvet or other materials. For this purpose, and also in nailing on the backing, small gilt tacks or gimp pins should be used.

Besides the materials already mentioned, gilt leather, or lin-crusta, will be found a delightful background for floral subjects in oils. Paint the shadows very transparently, and load the high lights. Outline the design, but not too heavily with pure burnt sienna, using a long-haired outliner. In making light summer screens for country houses, the various makes of linen goods in cream and ecru form a bright, pretty background for painting or embroidery. If the coloring is kept delicate a particularly cool effect may be obtained, which, for the purpose, is a most desirable result.

THE MAKING AND SAVING OF MONEY

By Henry Clews



It does not require a genius to make money. The accumulation of wealth is, after all, an easy matter. It does not require education, breeding, or gentle manners, and certainly luck has nothing to do with it. Any man or woman may become wealthy, if he or she begins aright. The opportunities for gathering the nimble dollar are very numerous in this country. But there are certain fundamental rules that must be observed.

The first step to acquiring a fortune lies in hard work. I could give you no better advice than that given by Poor Richard, "Save something each day, no matter how little you earn!" Cultivate thrifty habits. Make your toil count for all that you can. Always save some portion of your wages, and then be on the alert for investment. If you do this wisely, your money will begin to accumulate, double, treble, and in a few years, perhaps, you may be a millionaire.

The beginning is the most difficult. This magnificent LADIES' HOME JOURNAL of to-day was not born full-fledged. Advancement was made from the first number issued! But the beginning was right; the foundation was sure; and so to-day the whole structure is a delight to the eye, and its fortune is made.

Lay a good foundation for your fortune. Be brave, be generous, be helpful, be honest, do not over-work, keep in good health, cultivate your mind, be pure, and to these add thrift, and you need not fear. You cannot fail. Begin rightly.

I would say to all fathers and mothers, teach your children the value of money. When they are old enough make them understand the worth of a penny. From the child's savings-bank in the play-room to the millionaire's bank account is not a long step. It is a short and easy span.

Keep a bank account.

When you have saved one hundred, or two hundred, or five hundred dollars, look about for a good investment. Do not take up this or that scheme at a venture, but examine it carefully, and if you see your way clear, put your money into it. Real estate is usually a good investment. More money has been made in real estate than you could estimate in a day. A first mortgage is, in nine cases out of ten, safe. But take advice on the subject before you invest. Go to some good conservative man and get his views. I should advise the same course if you should put your money in stock or bonds, or railway shares. In fact, I should urge, before you invest a penny, that you get the best counsel on the subject to aid you in taking the right course.

If your first investment prospers, by careful management, and by always being on the alert, you can increase your fortune by reinvesting your profits.

A man who had only a few hundred dollars left out of a fortune, called one day at a banking house and asked to see the manager, who was a man of conservative mind and fully acquainted with the best and most profitable investments.

Throwing down his roll of bank notes, he said: "Invest this for me. Use your pleasure with it. I'm going to the country for the remainder of the summer. I will leave my address with you, and you can let me know what you do with it."

The man walked out, and was not seen again for many months. His money was judiciously invested on his carte-blanche order, and began to accumulate. The house duly informed him, according to its business methods, of his good luck, but nothing was heard from him personally for some time.

Some months afterwards he presented himself at the banking-house, rosy health beaming in his face, well-dressed and portly. The manager failed to recognize him at first, but when his memory was refreshed, he recalled the circumstances of the case.

Now, this was an example of a man who more than doubled his savings by simply taking the advice of an experienced and reliable man. And this is not a solitary case. It is one of many such that happen every day throughout the length and breadth of our land.

How did Samuel J. Tilden attain his elevated position and immense fortune? Simply by the exercise of thrift and industry, together with a certain degree of common sense, the capacity for taking advantage of the chances thrown in his way, and his own smartness for turning them to the best account.

It will not do for any one to sit down and wait for the coming of wealth and fortune. Industry, persevering and untiring, is essential to the accumulation of money.

I have myself some little knowledge of the toil attendant upon the amassing of wealth, and I have the highest respect and sympathy for the man who, in the face of adverse circumstances, turns his pennies into dollars, and his dollars into millions.

The life of Commodore Vanderbilt affords singular scope for reflection on the immense possibility of a great business capacity to amass a large fortune in a few years, especially in this country. From being the possessor of a row-boat on New York Bay, he rose in sixty years to be the proud possessor of \$30,000,000. William H. Vanderbilt, his son, obtained

NOTE—This article, rather out of the ordinary run of articles published in the JOURNAL, is printed for the knowledge and interest, and to inculcate the principles of energy and economy in the minds of their boys. It is from the pen of one of the wealthiest bankers in New York city, and the hints and suggestions given throughout the article are, practically, leaves from his own experience. EDITOR, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

\$75,000,000 of this, and largely increased the fortune before his death.

It has been truly said that any fool can make money, but it takes a wise man to keep it. William H. Vanderbilt's ability was signally displayed in keeping intact this great fortune, besides adding easily once again as much more to it. I make special mention of Mr. Vanderbilt because he was not a speculator, in the true sense of that term. He was, first and for all time, an investor. And every man in this great Republic has the privilege of walking in his footsteps.

Collis P. Huntington came to New York when a boy of fifteen, without a penny. His father was a farmer and small manufacturer. Collis early showed great shrewdness in business, and unlimited energy and resolution. But success is not usually attained without long and persistent effort, and so Mr. Huntington found to be the case. But after years of hard work his fortune was made, and now he is worth about \$30,000,000. He is still, however, a hard worker, and employs, directly or indirectly, thirty thousand men.

Leland Stanford received an academical education and commenced the study and practice of law. At twenty-eight years of age, a fire wiped out his law library and other property, which led him to the west in search of better fortunes. Here his native shrewdness and energy asserted itself, and soon the dollars began to multiply. Now he is worth from \$25,000,000 to \$30,000,000.

Darius O. Mills is one of the most notable figures daily seen down town in New York. He was born in a small town on the Hudson River some sixty years ago, and began life in very humble circumstances. His courage was equal to that of a Richelieu, and his caution, conservatism, energy, and industry, were all fully developed. He has always been dependent on his own exertions, and has fought his way up in life by sheer force of his own keen intelligence and undaunted enterprise. In the battle of life he has achieved signal success. He is worth about \$20,000,000.

John W. Mackay was born in the humblest circumstances in Dublin, Ireland, some fifty-five years ago. Coming to this country very early in life, he worked for a time on board ship. During the years that followed, in whatever occupation he engaged, he labored industriously and faithfully. He saved his money, and watched his opportunity, which so very few people do. He is now twenty times a millionaire, and all by reason of hard and continuous effort and thrift.

The late James C. Flood was once a poor boy of New York city, and became worth more millions than can exactly be estimated. He made his money by shrewd and successful investment, and by the exercise of energy, self-reliance and thrift. He had a remarkable rise, but showed himself equal to the surprising good fortune which attended his strange career. And that was no small thing. It is a great matter to be able to view one's success without any untoward feeling of exultation.

The wealth of the Astors is remarkable for the way it has been kept intact, and for the steady and considerably rapid augmentation which is continually taking place. The elder Astor made a mint of money out of the fur trade, and would have continued in that business, but he found that investment in real estate was vastly more profitable. The family has steadily adhered to this line of investment through three generations.

George Peabody was a poor Massachusetts boy who, by hard industry, rose to be one of the great millionaires of his day. His fortune at one time exceeded \$10,000,000, and during his life-time he gave away more than \$7,000,000 to charitable purposes. His millions arose from pennies, by the exercise of thrift, honesty and persevering effort.

Alexander T. Stewart, "the merchant prince," amassed his millions by close attention to business and by the aid of shrewd common sense and thrift. He was reputed to be one of the three wealthiest men in the United States, Commodore Vanderbilt and John Jacob Astor being the other two. He left an estate exceeding \$20,000,000.

Peter Cooper had a hard time of it getting an education. He was born in New York, one hundred years ago, and at the age of seventeen was apprenticed to a shoemaker. He tried his hand at several trades, and got together a comfortable fortune of about \$6,000,000, through unremitting toil, conscientious devotion to duty, and economical habits.

August Belmont came to New York poor, and lived to be worth some millions. Prudence, acuteness and sagacity, were the instruments by which his wealth was accumulated. His successful career is an illustration of the fact that this country affords a fine opportunity for the intelligence, thrift and industry, not only of native Americans but of the Republic's adopted citizens.

Austin Corbin began in moderate circumstances. He took up the study of the law, but soon forsook that field for the financial world. He is a man of strict probity, energetic and genial. He has piled up his millions by constant effort, and attention to all the little details of his profession.

Cyrus W. Field is another apt illustration. He has been termed a locomotive in trousers. The simile serves to convey an idea of the indefatigable energy of the man. His indomitable resolution and his energy of character have placed him high among the distinguished men of the age.

Vice-President Morton received his business training in the dry-goods trade. Then he became a banker. In his youth he had to shift for himself. Necessity is the stimulus that men of real ability require. He amassed his large fortune by tireless effort and the exercise of shrewd common sense.

Russell Sage, as a boy, was employed in a village store. His business aptitude early manifested itself, and in six years he bought out his employer. He is one of the largest capitalists in the country, and all his millions have been rolled up by energy and thrift.

John Wanamaker, Chauncey M. Depew, James M. Brown, Anthony Drexel, Moses Taylor, George W. Childs, J. Pierpont Morgan, and a host of others, are men who have fought their way to prominence and affluence by sheer force of integrity, pluck, intelligence and industry.

The lives of all the men mentioned in this article are instances of what can be attained by any boy or man in America. They are eloquent testimony of the truth that industry, perseverance, honesty and thrift can accomplish anything. A man who is wise, careful, and conservative, energetic, persevering and tireless, need have no fear of his future. But there is one other thing. He must have a steady head, one that can weather the rough sea of reverses, from which no life is altogether free, and one that will not become too big when success attends his efforts.

Keep out of the way of speculators. Take your money, whether it be much or little, to one whose reputation will insure you good counsel. Invest your money where the principal is safe and you will get along.

But don't forget the acorns. It is from little acorns that great oaks grow. See that you begin aright early in life. Save your money with regularity. By so doing, you will more than save your money; you will make money.

HOW I MANAGE TO BE HAPPY
THOUGH A BUSY HOUSEWIFE

By HELEN JAY



DURING the early years of my married life I was often very unhappy, and the cares of housekeeping seemed to be a burden greater than I could bear. The first danger which (to quote Simon Tappertit), threatened to become

an invader of domestic peace was my false idea of hospitality. I felt that I was bound by all sacred laws to offer the stranger within my gates the best among the flesh pots; therefore, my school friends and new relations were invited to numerous dainty luncheons and elaborate dinners. I worked so hard before my guests arrived, painting menu cards, decorating the table and coaching an incompetent cook, that I appeared dull and stupid when they did come, and was conscious all the time that I was fast losing whatever wit and originality I once possessed. A special occasion was generally followed by a warning "from the powers of the kitchen," who declared themselves unable to remain where so much extra work was demanded of them. It was after many tears and many failures that I learned that the life is more than meat; and, accordingly, I saw the wisdom of so simplifying my hospitality that I could give my best and truest self to the entertainment of my friends.

Now I am "at-home" one evening of every week; and after music, readings, and, perhaps, cards for those so inclined, I serve coffee, chocolate and cake to my guests. For this purpose I keep a supply of fruit-cake in my store-room, which I supplement with fancy confections from the caterer. My maid is allowed to retire at her usual hour, as I make the coffee and chocolate myself with the aid of an alcohol kettle. So much of the happiness of the house-wife depends upon the well-being of the servant, that consideration for the comfort of the latter means increase of ease to the former. Too much conventional kills hospitality, as I have discovered since I inaugurated my informal gatherings. My friends enjoy themselves more than in the days when I attempted the unattainable. My servants remain with me longer, and I can welcome my guests with fearless cordiality, instead of nervous apprehension.

Simplification, then, was my first step toward happiness.

In furnishing my house I try not to have anything too good to use. As I can afford to keep but one servant, I dispense with elaborate draperies, brass and bric-a-brac, the care of which means too much work for one pair of hands. I do not crowd my rooms with useless little tables and delicately-covered furniture, but rely upon sunshine, easy chairs, an open fire and a few good pictures to make my home charming.

One mistake—common to young homemakers—for a time threatened to undo me. Through imitation I made all manner of domestic misfits. When calling on a friend I mentally compared her household plenishings with my own, and wondered how I could create, from my limited resources, the things of beauty by which she was surrounded.

I did not like to invite to my plain house the friend who had married a merchant prince, because I feared she would miss the luxuries of her costly environment. I had no Persian rugs, no Satsuma teacups, no Oriental hangings to show her, and the fact both distressed and mortified me.

I tried, therefore, with a limited income, to follow in her footsteps. I exchanged the cozy house, on the unfashionable street, for what the agent called a "desirably-located flat."

I gave up the happiness and comfort of my family for door-openers and electric bells. The fretfulness of the children, who suffered from the substitution of modern conveniences for fresh air and sunshine, the complaints of the maid who could hardly turn around in the tiny kitchen, and the effort to live beyond my means, made me irritable and unhappy. At last I could agree with the clever woman who declared that there was such a thing as sacrificing good living to bad frescoes.

There is a homely saying to this effect: "Cut your coat according to your cloth." That is what I now try to do. I copy no one, but keep house with reference to my income, and the tastes and needs of my husband, my children. The wonderful methods which others pursue, and the achievements of my neighbors no longer make me envious, or arouse emulation. In acting well my part, I find satisfaction and success. It used to try me greatly to have the shades of my mother-in-law and the aunts evoked, who in their day were notable housewives. I failed utterly until I gave up trying to adapt the ways and means of the past to the necessities of the present. You cannot successfully conduct a modern by applying to it the methods of the past generation. This I ascertained distinctly and fully.

After I had grafted into the home-life simplification and individuality, I adopted a third grace—co-operation. I never could afford to pay the highest wages; so, as a consequence, my kitchen became a training-school for ignorant maids who, after months of laborious instruction, left me just when they were becoming helpful. It seemed, too, that while I was trying to economize in the parlor, woful waste ran riot in the kitchen. Coal vanished as if by magic, sugar and eggs were not, while the dishes seemed to disintegrate and the household linen rend itself. One day, in despair, I determined that labor and capital should combine. I set aside a certain sum for the living expenses of the week, and then proposed to the ruling culinary power that, as mistress and maid, we should co-operate for our mutual advantage in this way. She should supply me daily with three meals as good as those we had been accustomed to have, and I would give her one-half the money she could save from the weekly allowance after the amount of breakages had been deducted.

The effect was wonderful. The old fairy story was re-enacted. The coal refused to burn, the china would not break and the linen could not tare; the sugar became friendly and the eggs helpful. Depravity appeared to depart from inanimate objects, and I soon had in my employ a shrewd, alert woman who recognized the fact that in serving my interests she advanced her own. I train my children to helpfulness, and teach the boys, as well as the girls, to sweep, dust, mend and care for their clothing. There is nothing unmanly in a boy learning to do those things which will make him comfortable and independent when away from home.

It is surprising how greatly my labors are lightened by their assistance, and how much more unselfish and considerate the children are growing under the discipline.

It used to trouble me very much if anything interfered with the routine of the household. I worshipped days and seasons, and was determined that no meal in my house should be a movable feast. As a consequence, I became the unhappy slave of my own laws. Now, method is my servant, not my master. I try to curb an abnormal appetite for dirt, and overcome the domestic sin of excessive cleanliness. My home may not be so immaculate in each minute and unseen part, but it is a pleasanter place to live in.

In all my economy of time and money, I leave a margin for the higher life. I buy and read the best books, and hear good music. Every day I make a point of going to my room, lying down and resting mind and body. This brief withdrawal from the thick of the family life keeps me fresh for the evening, when my husband and children naturally expect to find me, in some degree, companionable. I make it my point to save something of my self for those who make my home as well as for the things which make it.

The crowning grace of the home, in my opinion, is persistent cheerfulness, and I try to see the funny side of every annoyance. My children are often ill, but I discourage anxious inquiries after the health of the members of the family, believing that it is possible to talk yourself and others into any number of diseases.

The breakfast table is not a bulletin board for the curing of horrible dreams and depressing symptoms, but the place where a bright key-note for the day is struck. The supper-table is not made a battle-field, but a pleasing panorama of what has occurred during the day in the outer world.

I make a habit of forgetting disagreeable things as quickly as possible. One great factor in this result is never talking about them. I keep the genie in the bottle, for the grievances that are aired grow with every airing. In dealing with Bridget's faults it does not yield me any moral support to dwell on the atrocious acts of her predecessor.

Leaving the past to bury its dead I live simply in the present, trying to take no anxious thoughts for the morrow, thereby exhausting in advance my nervous force. So,

"I build a fence of loving trust
About to-day;
I fill it full of happy work,
And therein stay."

Simplification, individuality, co-operation and persistent cheerfulness make it possible for a woman to keep gray hair and wrinkles at bay, and she, as well as I, can manage to be happy, though a busy housewife.

THE THANKSGIVING "JOURNAL"

THE next (November) issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will be the special Thanksgiving number of the year. It will come dressed in a new and beautiful cover, especially designed for it by W. L. TAYLOR, the well-known artist. In its contents it will appeal in poem, story and article to the season which it celebrates. Its authors will not only include some of the most famous names in literature, but will introduce several new writers to our readers. In this latter respect the JOURNAL carries out its policy of encouraging the young and unknown author, as well as placing by her side names famous in this and other lands.

THE BROWNIES THROUGH THE YEAR

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

By Palmer Cox

NUMBER ONE THE BROWNIES IN OCTOBER



When trees were bending with their loads Around the farmers' snug abodes; And limbs were stooping from the top, And groaning for a friendly prop

So they might last until the day When burdens would be borne away, The Brownie band, at day's decline, Assembled in an orchard fine.

Said one: "This season of the year Is to the Brownie's heart most dear, Because it gives us such a chance Some person's labor to advance;

To climb the trees and shake each bough Is work that must engage us now Till everything is safe and sound; And when the morning comes around, How will the farmer stand and stare



To find his fruit all gathered there! A task he thought he'd have to do Himself before the week was through."

Another said: "The truth you tell; The job is one that suits us well; There will be work enough for all; The grounds are large, the trees are tall, And many bushels must be drawn Away before the morning dawn."



A third remarked: "And not alone To fruited trees must care be shown; October brings the ripened hue To squash as well, and pumpkins too; And nothing shall the Brownies leave That should attention now receive.

While others hurried off with speed To find some teams to serve their need. It was not long—for Brownies smart At such a time display their art; And in the way of service teach Whatever comes within their reach—



They harnessed up the goats and pigs, And fastened them to various rigs So they might do a proper share Of work that was progressing there.

Though goats are not designed to haul Like horses taken from the stall, They did their duty in the main, And answered well the guiding rein.

It takes some training, as a rule, To make a beast keep calm and cool, And take a heavy load along Without some frisky action wrong;

And one could hardly think to see The Brownies' teams work kind and free Who had no training on the road Or "breaking-in" without a load. But it must be a wild affair— Not worthy of a farmer's care—



That Brownies cannot soon subdue When they have work to carry through. But pigs, at times, as people know, Are obstinate and loth to go The way the driver may require, But double back with great desire To take the road that shortest lies Between them and their quiet sties.

So now and then some trouble rose When neither curbing-bit or blows Could independent spirits bind, Or serve to change a stubborn mind;

And then, in philosophic strain, A comrade did the case explain:—"This fact is known the world around Where'er the human race is found— If gentle treatment won't prevail, 'Tis not much use to kick or whale;

The bark was smooth, the trunks were straight, And though the Brownie's skill was great, Off to the ground they'd slip and slide And tumbled round on every side, Before a finger could be laid Upon a branch that rendered aid.



They little gain who strive to win By beating precepts through the skin; Thus parents, fired by anger's spark, May hit the child, yet miss the mark; The kind reproof and gentle hand Will more respect and love command.

They labored hard through all the hours; The apples tumbled down in showers; There were mishaps, you may believe.

A few did stunning falls receive



As they performed some daring feat And some one shook them from their seat. But Brownies little care for that When there is work they must be at; And those who rose both lame and sore, Would soon be at the top once more.



When early dawn came creeping there, It showed the trees all standing bare; The goats were free to come and go— The pigs were rooting to and fro; The baskets, bags, and wagons, too, Were in their place as good as new, While not a Brownie was in sight, For all had vanished with the night



We'll not convey upon our backs The heavy baskets and the sacks, But get some teams to lighter make The work that now we undertake; For well you know our task must close Before the sun his visage shows."

Then broken wagons might be seen, And scattered loads upon the green, And Brownies with all strength employed, A great collision to avoid. A Brownie, who applied the switch, Was roughly tumbled in the ditch; And one, who rudely used his toe, Was dragged for fifty yards, or so;

Now, kindness works as well, you'll find, With beasts, as with the human kind. So lay aside your whips and thongs, And keep your foot where it belongs."

A busy scene the orchard showed, Ere every tree had lost its load; Some towered tall, with limbs a few, That at the topmost portion grew;



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AT HOME WITH THE EDITOR



WAS reading some figures a few evenings since which contained the rather surprising information that nearly one-tenth of our present American population lived in boarding-houses. I have no means at hand of ascertaining whether the figures given are accurate or

erroneous. They may be somewhat in excess of the facts. Certain it is, however, that a very large percentage of people live in boarding-houses, and this percentage is on the increase. The advance in prices of edibles will conduce to drive thousands into boarding-house life this autumn who hitherto have "kept house" for themselves.

IF it be true that one-tenth of our population live and have their existence in boarding-houses, then it is not an exaggeration to say that one-twentieth of this American public are unhappy, poorly-fed, and have no idea of the comforts of a home. In no other institution in our American life is there such room for improvement as in the modern boarding-house. Good boarding-houses are exceptional, while poorly-conducted ones are the rule and can be found in every one of our cities by the hundreds. It is surprising, but nevertheless true, that the art of successfully conducting a good boarding-house, where home comforts go hand in hand with wise executive management, is mastered by but few women. Fully one-third of the women who are presiding over boarding-houses are no more fit for the position than I would be. And this statement is not based on generalities.

DURING the past few months I have taken special pains to inquire into this subject, and, besides this, I have had four years' experience of my own from which to draw. So far as this personal experience is concerned, it has been, I am led to believe, a fortunate one; but pleasant as it was I have no desire to live it over. During this recent term of investigation I have sat at not less than twenty tables, running through the whole gauntlet of boarding-houses from the most lavish to the most modest. And it is from the dining-room that I have found the most complaints to arise. Where rooms were large, comfortable and pleasant, where the chamber-service of the house was all that could be desired, where cleanliness was made a specialty, I have found the management of the table, in nine cases out of ten, so woefully lacking as to counteract all the other pleasant influences of the house. And a factor in life which returns three times all the human senses is apt to become an important one, which rules strongly over all other elements, attractive as they may be.

OF the boarding-house principle itself as a means of livelihood for women, I have naught to say except words of the highest commendation. It is a channel in our modern life through which some of the best of our American women earn a living as honorable as it is trying to body and nerves. But for the prevalence of the boarding-house system many a brave and self-supporting woman would have long ago laid down the unequal struggle which misfortunes compelled her to take up and fight. Difficult as it is, the livelihood which a boarding-house makes possible to a woman is a thousand-fold preferable to other means of wage-earning which compel many and additional sacrifices. No woman reading these words should misconstrue their purport. They are not intended to disparage the boarding-house system itself; they are entirely directed to the methods followed by hundreds in conducting the system—methods which are working incalculable injury to this branch of honorable American livelihood.

TO "run" a boarding-house is considered by hundreds of inexperienced women as one of the easiest means of livelihood. Death or financial reverses come into a household, and the first thing which enters into the female mind is: "If we could only get some boarders." To the average mind, "taking in boarders" means the giving up of a room or two in the house, and putting a little more on the table. One boarder is secured, and things seem to go so easily that efforts are put forth to secure another, and then another, and so it goes. Then the truth becomes apparent that the giving up of a room and a little more on the table, are not the only essentials, and the woman finally comes to that state of mind where "she does the best she knows how, and no one can expect more." And a good third of all the boarding-houses in this country are precisely in that condition, conducted (?) by women who ran blindly into the venture with no idea of what it was necessary to know and do to please different tastes and meet the moods and dispositions of all kinds and conditions of men and women.

MANY a woman will start out this autumn with the idea of "keeping boarders," without any more accurate conception of what she has to encounter than does a child. To such, especially, let me say a few direct words: If you have carefully weighed the requirements necessary for the successful management of a boarding-house, then I say God-speed your efforts. But be certain first what kind of a woman you must be. In brief, you must be a good financier; you must know how and what to buy; you must be versed on all the seasons and what those seasons bring to the market; you must have a correct knowledge of men and women, and know how to meet their tastes; you must be a manager in all that that term implies; you should be an expert housekeeper, as everything you have ever known about housekeeping will seem little enough to you; you must be economical and yet not parsimonious; your bump of executive ability must be unusually well developed; you must know how to perfect an excellent domestic system, and train others to adhere to it; you must be a thorough disciplinarian to your servants, and possess the utmost suavity for your boarders; you must have a mind to remember the past, think of the present, and look into the future; an artistic taste must be yours, and your knowledge how to please people must be keen and accurate. These are some of the things you must know at the outset, and once into your venture you will need to know a few additional things which at the beginning you cannot see.

THE table of a boarding-house should be made a special object of study. If that is a success, one-half of the battle is won. What appears there, and how it appears, either makes or retards the success of a house. There is nothing more uninviting to a boarder than to come to the same table with the same things on it day in and day out. To know this morning just what will be the breakfast three weeks hence; to come to the table in the morning—when everything should be fresh and sweet—to find last night's crumbs on the table-cloth; to be compelled to open the same napkin used throughout the previous day; to have charred and blackened chops served to tempt a morning appetite which it is difficult enough to coax with the most deliciously-browned chop laid in a bed of green parsley; to come to a cold and cheerless breakfast-room in winter, or a stuffy, unadorned room in spring or summer; to know that at lunch you will have served up in cold meats of the previous evening's supper; to see a vision of the same old dinner at night, repeated over and over again; to be asked to drink your coffee from a cup so thick as to make it an even thing between the vessel and the concoction in it—these are the things which make up the experience of a majority living to-day in boarding-houses. And they are all the very things easiest to avoid by just a little common sense and a trifle expenditure of trouble.

THE most difficult meal to ninety-nine out of every hundred persons is breakfast, and the average boarding-house morning table is more of a nightmare than an appetizer. No trouble is wasted which is spent on the breakfast table when the appetite must be attracted and assisted. And the service of the morning table is as great a factor in this as the edibles presented. Just in proportion as a breakfast-room and the table in it are made attractive will be the pleasure of those who come to it. Nothing acts on people so much as the surroundings in which you place them. A cheerless table means cheerless people who are glad enough to leave it stopping only long enough to nibble at sufficient food to keep the body from sheer faintness. But a boarding-house where this is made necessary will have an existence just long enough for each boarder to ascertain its character and leave it.

A WOMAN who keeps boarders is successful just in proportion as she pays attention to three of the most important things in her house: good cooking; an attractive table, and cleanliness in her rooms. By good cooking I do not mean lavishness of material, but the best of what is given, and care in its preparation. No matter if you have smaller quantities; have the quality good. A medium-sized tenderloin, done carefully to a rich brown, even if there is less of it, will meet with more appreciation at the table than eight pounds of leather-steak so thin that it curls up on the platter. Potatoes, though they are the staff of life, become more than tiresome when each recurring day sees them served up in the same fashion. Surely, there are enough methods of serving potatoes to secure variety to the eye and appetite to the palate. Variety is the very life of a table, and it seems strange that so few of our women who preside over boarding-houses realize this fact. An appetite is created in proportion to the extent to which it is catered. The sense of taste is the most delicate member of our human body. Please it, and you please the most important part of human desires. Expense is not such an essential in this as is judgment. The pleasantest table I ever sat at was conducted on the most economical principles. But no one could judge the breakfast of to-morrow from the breakfast of to-day. Each meal was different from its predecessor, and yet economy was most successfully practiced. The secret of that table lay in its variety, and in the manner in which the things were served upon it. And this brings me to the next point.

FEW housekeepers seem to fully realize the great truth that one-half of the success of a meal rests in the manner in which it is served. It is always a poor economy which begins at the table. No matter how good the edibles may have been prepared, if they are carelessly put on the table, without any regard for taste, they are spoiled for two-thirds of the guests. The best and most deliciously prepared coffee can be spoiled by the cup in which it is served. A nicked plate has spoiled many a good piece of meat. The half-wiped glasses that I have seen in some boarding-houses quenched my thirst more thoroughly than any quantity of liquids. But for fear of burning myself, I would rather have stirred my tea with my fingers than with the half-worn plated spoon, with the metal showing underneath the plate. The most delicious Java, or the most fragrant Oolong loses its flavor to hundreds of people when three-fourths of it is served in the cup, and the other fourth in the saucer. I would rather go without bread than to eat slices which have been cut in the kitchen with the same knife with which the onions have been quartered.

THE practice of diluting milk is an evil which I came across in some of the very finest boarding-houses. A woman always effectually ends her economy when she begins at the milk picher. To see a blue watery streak at the top of a goblet of milk is enough to drive a sensitive person to whisky. Water is a delicious beverage, but I should think our boarding-house women would see the wisdom of keeping it in its place, or allow the boarders themselves to mix it with their milk if they preferred that course. I have selected the smaller evils of the boarding-house table, because in them lie the greatest danger of failure, while in their remedy is the surest success. The little things of a table go far to make a good dinner, and where they are neglected there is only one result. But let close attention be paid to them, and those who receive the benefit will not be slow to notice them. Care in little things generally means perfection in larger ones, and the woman who, at the head of a boarding-house, keeps her eyes on the former can be trusted for the latter. Butter may taste just as well where each boarder helps himself from one piece; but the taste of the hostess is noticed when it is served in forms found beneath a covering of chopped ice. These are the little things which make up a successful whole, and she is a wise woman who appreciates the fact.

A FURTHER evil in scores and hundreds of the boarding-houses of to-day is the carelessness shown in the care of rooms. Just about two out of every ten chambermaids know how to air a bed. Frequently have I seen a maid making up a bed day after day without the slightest attempt at airing either pillows or sheets. So long as the pillow-shams and coverings looked smooth, the end seemed to be attained. The manner in which that maid dusted a room always reminded me of a clerk I once had who would most carefully clean the drawers of his desk and then leave them wide open while he brushed a whirlwind of dust from the top of the desk into them again. I have often wondered on what principles the majority of our chamber-girls worked as I have watched them dusting all the ornaments in a room, and then deliberately sweeping the carpet. The lower pane of a window is cleaned while the upper one is left so that you can't tell whether the day is cloudy or clear through them. The visible parts of a room are swept, while the corners are made to serve as dust accumulators, rarely touched. The mirror is cleaned so far as the arm can reach, the height of the maid being clearly apparent from a slight distance. All these things are within the power of the woman who presides over a boarding-house to remedy, and as she remedies or neglects them she makes a success or failure of her house. Servants, as a rule, will do their work just so long as the eye of the mistress is upon them. There are exceptions, but they only prove the rule. The housewife who leaves everything to her servants, has everything left undone in return. Good cooking cannot come from a kitchen into which the mistress never or rarely enters. Nor can cleanliness of rooms be expected where the eye of the mistress is not ever present.

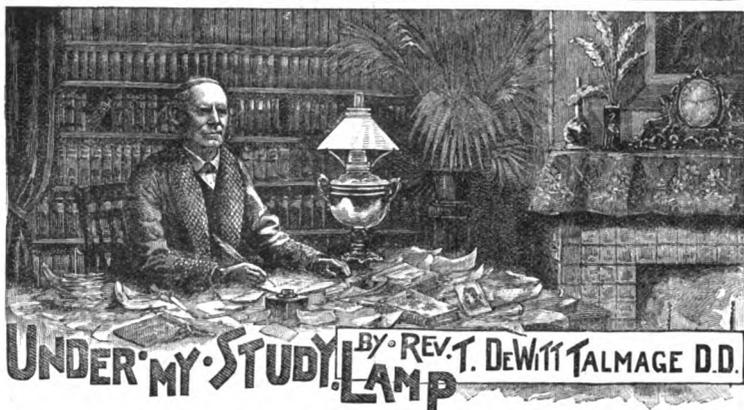
A BOARDING-HOUSE at its best is but a poor home, and this fact the one who presides over it should never overlook. Just so far as it is within her power it should be her aim to make those in her house feel that they are not boarders but members of one family, and by tact she can accomplish this. In some cases the woman who presides over the house believes it best not to mingle with her guests, and this is a far safer and more diplomatic policy than to become too familiar with them. At the same time she should know those under her roof sufficiently well to study their tastes and ideas of home life, and then meet them so far as she can. Her influence can be felt to an equal extent away from the table as though she were seated at it. The hand of a good manager is easily detected in anything, and this is especially true in a boarding-house. There is generally something wrong in a house where the boarders go direct from the dinner-table to the dining to their rooms, instead of meeting in social intercourse. In this the woman who presides over the house is a great factor. Just as theatres, newspapers, magazines, each cater to different classes, so in a boarding-house two classes of people can never be congenial. A good manager of a boarding-house should appeal to one class of guests in her prices and her accommodations, and if she be a good judge of character—as she should be—she will incur but little risk of an uncongenial company. The closer people are alike the closer will be their common interests, and the closer will be the friendships cemented.

ONE cause of much dissatisfaction in boarding-houses arises from the fact that the woman in charge attempts to conduct a well-governed house at cheap prices. She attempts more than she can accomplish, and sets a standard in her manner of talking which her purse will not permit her to fulfill. Her intentions may be of the best, but the boarders cannot live on intentions. The consequence is general dissatisfaction. From her promises more has been expected than materialized. The boarders forget that they are paying moderate prices, and remember only what Mrs. — said about the table, her rooms, etc. A good boarding-house, where the table offers only the best, where the service is good, where the chamberwork is carefully done, cannot be sustained at cheap prices. By cheap prices I mean eight or ten dollars per week, which I learn are the rates at the great average run of city boarding-houses. Good provisions are not cheap, house rents are not low, acceptable furniture costs money, capable help commands good wages, and a well-equipped boarding-house cannot be satisfactorily conducted at such prices any more than can THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL be sold at five cents a copy.

A WOMAN who starts a boarding-house should do one of two things: conduct an unpretending house at prices fixed accordingly, or a good house at good prices. There is no place between the two. An effort at combination works only injury to the one who ventures it. If you charge your boarders good prices, my good woman, set for them an attractive table, carefully watch your service, and have the best of whatever you serve with such liberality as your income will allow with a margin of profit for yourself. And see that the same principle is carried out all through your house. But do not attempt this at prices which fail to allow of an equivalent expenditure. There are enough people in this land willing to pay good prices for good things, but they demand that you shall give them. A high standard for the first two months will have no effect upon the dissatisfaction which will arise when you lower it during the following months. Never set a table any more lavishly on the first day than on the last. That only sets a false standard which you cannot sustain. Calculate carefully what you can do, and lead up to your best, always reserving some little surprise or extra pleasure for the following day. Don't draw too freely upon your resources at the start: you will have need for them all before you get through. An even, substantial table, with sufficient variety to relieve monotony, finds far more favor than the table which groans one day under its weight and has nothing upon it the next.

IF these words result in making one woman hesitate and think, who may, at this opening-time of a new season of activity, have an idea of becoming the presiding head of a boarding-house, they will have served their purpose. Before she undertakes the responsibility, let her thoroughly satisfy herself of what is in store for her, what will be expected of her, to what class she intends to cater, and what the demands of that class will be, and whether she has the bodily strength and mental capabilities to meet the demands. A boarding-house once launched is no plaything. Boarders may come slow, but months will pass quickly, and rent bills have a cruel method of regularity. If success comes it means work, and plenty of it.

ALL this is not intended to discourage any woman of good sense and a little capital who has elected to earn her livelihood through the boarding-house. It is an honorable calling, and can be made the instrument for an incalculable amount of good. What we do not want, however, are any more additions to that class of misinformed women, who, already too numerous, stand at the head of many of our boarding-houses, striving day and night to earn a living, and who, unconscious of their shortcomings, wonder why their boarders are dissatisfied and never return to them after one season. There are plenty of chances for good boarding-houses in every one of our large towns and cities, but no longer any room for that other class which it is charitable to call apologues for living houses, since boarding has long ago become a shattered hope and living is a struggle.



AUTUMN makes the ray of the study lamp welcome again. With the summer over, we long again for our own homes, our own places, our own corners of work. And yet, to me, the autumn of the year has always been a source of marvel and of mighty significance. Those know but little of the meaning of the natural world who have looked at it through the eyes of others, or taken their impressions from book or canvas. There are some faces so mobile that photographers cannot take them; and the face of Nature has such a flush, and sparkle, and life, that no human description can gather them. No one knows the pathos of a bird's voice unless he has sat at summer evening-tide at the edge of a wood, and listened to the cry of the whip-poor-will. There is more glory in one branch of October sumach than a painter could put on a whole forest of maples. God hath struck into the autumnal leaf a glance that none can see but those who come face to face—the mountain looking upon the man, and the man looking upon the mountain.

A PAGEANT OF AUTUMNAL BEAUTY

FOR several autumns I made alecturing expedition to the far West; and one autumn, about this time, I saw that which I shall never forget. I have seen the autumnal sketches of Cropsey's and other skillful pencils, but that week I saw a pageant two thousand miles long. Let artists stand back when God stretches his canvas! A grander spectacle was never kindled before mortal eyes. Along by the rivers, and up and down the sides of the great hills, and by the banks of the lakes, there was an indescribable mingling of gold, and orange, and crimson, and saffron, now sobering into drab and maroon, now flaming up into soferino and scarlet. Here and there the trees looked as if just their tips had blossomed into fire. In the morning light the forests seemed as if they had been transfigured, and in the evening hour they looked as if the sunset had burst and dropped upon the leaves. In more sequestered spots, where the frosts had been hindered in their work, we saw the first kindling of the flames of color in a lowly sprig; then they rushed up from branch to branch, until the glory of the Lord submerged the forest. Here you would find a tree just making up its mind to change, and there one looked as if, wounded at every pore, it stood bathed in carnage. Along the banks of Lake Huron there were hills over which there seemed pouring cataracts of fire, tossed up and down, and every whither by the rocks. Through some of the ravines we saw occasionally a foaming stream, as though it were rushing to put out the conflagration. If at one end of the woods a commanding tree would set up its crimson banner, the whole forest prepared to follow. If God's urn of colors were not infinite, one swamp that I saw along the Maumee would have exhausted it forever. It seemed as if the sea of Divine glory had dashed its surf to the tiptop of the Alleghanies, and then had come dripping down to lowest leaf and deepest cavern.

THE RUSTLE OF THE FALLING LEAVES

WHAT a mighty lesson there is in the falling leaves of the autumn. Verily, "we all do fade as a leaf." Like the foliage, we fade gradually. The leaves which in a week or two will feel the frost, have, day by day, been changing in tint, and will for many days yet cling to the bough, waiting for the fist of the wind to strike them. Suppose you that this beautiful leaf—which one of my children has brought to me and laid on my desk—took on its color in an hour, or in a day, or in a week? No. Deeper and deeper the flush, till all the veins of its life now seem opened and bleeding away. After awhile, leaf after leaf, they fall. Now those on the outer branches, then those most hidden, until the last spark of the gleaming forge shall have been quenched. So, gradually we pass away. From day to day we hardly see the change, but the frosts have touched us. The work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold; now a season of over-fatigue; now a fever; now a stitch in the side; now a neuralgia thrust; now a rheumatic twinge; now a fall. Little by little; pain by pain; less steady of limb; sight not so clear; ear not so alert. After awhile we take a staff; then, after much resistance, we come to spectacles. Instead of bounding into the vehicle, we are willing to be helped in. At last the octogenarian falls. Forty years of decaying. No sudden change. No fierce cannonading of the batteries of life; but a fading away—slowly—gradually. As the falling leaves of autumn, so truly are we,

DROOPING AUTUMN AND COMING SPRING

THERE is a lesson in the foliage, too; in that a leaf fades and falls only to make room for another next spring. Next year's forests will be as grandly foliaged as this. There are other generations of oak leaves to take the place of those which this autumn perish. Next May the cradle of the wind will rock the young buds. The woods will be all a-hum with the chorus of leafy voices. If the tree in front of your house, like Elijah, takes a chariot of fire, its mantle will fall upon Elisha. If, in the blast of these autumnal batteries, so many ranks fall, there are reserved forces to take their place to defend the fortress of the hills. The beaters of gold-leaf will have more gold-leaf to beat. The crown that drops to-day from the head of the oak will be picked up and handed down for other kings to wear. Let the blasts come; they only make room for other life. So, when we go, others take our spheres. We do not grudge the future generations their places. We will have had our good time. Let them come on and have their good time. There is no sighing among these autumnal leaves because other leaves are to follow them next spring. After a lifetime of preaching, doctoring, selling or sewing, let us cheerfully give for those who come on to do the preaching, doctoring, selling and sewing. God grant their life may be brighter than ours has been! As we get older, do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We will have had our day, and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble. When our knees are stiffened, let us have patience with those who go fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading, do not let us despise the unfrosted. Autumn must not envy Spring. Old men must be patient with boys. As you grow older, you must be prepared to have your place filled with a younger head, a younger mind, and more alert eye. Dr. Guthrie once stood up in Scotland, and said: "You need not think I am old because my hair is white; I never was so young as I am now." I look back to my childhood days, and remember when, in winter nights, in the sitting-room the children played, the blithest and the gayest of all the company were father and mother. Although reaching fourscore years of age they never got old. They were always at the eastern gate of life.

THE PROCESSION OF THE RACE

ISEE folks sometimes disturbed when they see good and great men dying. They worry when some important personage passes off the stage, and say: "His place will never be taken." But neither the church nor the state will suffer for it. There will be others to take their places. When God takes one man away he has another right back of him. God is so rich in resources that he could spare five thousand Summerfields and Paysons, if there were so many. There will be other leaves as green, as exquisitely veined, as gracefully etched, as well-pointed. However prominent the place we fill, our death will not jar the world. One falling leaf does not shake the Adirondacks. A ship is not well manned unless there be an extra supply of hands—some working on deck; some sound asleep in their hammocks. God has manned this world very well. There will be other seamen on deck when you and I are down in the cabin, sound asleep in the hammocks. None of us are indispensable: each is but an atom in the Omnipotent presence.

FROSTS AT LIFE'S SUNSET

YOU may have noticed at this time of the year that some trees, at the first touch of the frost, lose all their beauty; they stand withered, and uncomely, and ragged, waiting for the northeast storm to drive them into the mire. The sun shining at noonday gilds them with no beauty. Ragged leaves! Dead leaves! No one stands to study them. They are gathered in no vase. They are hung on no wall. So death smites many. There is no beauty in their departure. One sharp frost of sickness, or one blast off the cold waters, and they are gone! No tinge of hope! No prophecy of Heaven! Their spring was all a-bloom with bright prospects; their summer thick-foliaged with opportunities; but October came, and their glory went. They were frosted! In early autumn the frosts come, but do not seem to damage vegetation. They are light frosts. But some morning you look out of the window and say: "There was a black frost last night"; and you know that from that day everything will wither. So men and women seem to get along without religion, amid the annoyances and vexations of life that nip them slightly here, and nip them there. But after awhile death comes; it is a black frost and all is ended! Oh, what with-

ering and scattering death makes among those not prepared to meet it! They leave everything pleasant behind them—their house, their families, their friends, their books, their pictures—and step out of the sunshine into the shadow. They hang their harps on the willow, and trudge away into everlasting captivity. They quit the presence of bird, and bloom, and wave, to go unbeckoned and unwelcomed. The bower in which they stood, and sang, and wove chaplets, and made themselves merry, has gone down under an awful equinoctial. No funeral bell can toll one-half the dolefulness of their condition. But, thank God, that is not the way people always die! The leaves of the woodbine are never so bright as they are in late autumn. So Christian character is never so attractive as in the dying hour. Such go into the grave, not as a dog, with frown and harsh voice, driven into a kennel, but they pass away calmly, brightly, sweetly, grandly! Like the sunset of a beautiful autumnal day, they slowly and gently sink behind a bank of rest.

SUNSET IN AN AUTUMNAL FOREST

IKNOW these written words go into countless homes from the portals of which a Christian has departed. When your baby died there were enough angels in the room to have chanted a coronation. When your father died you sat watching, and after awhile felt of his wrist, and then put your hand under his arm to see if there were any warmth left, and placed the mirror to the mouth to see if there were any sign of breathing. And when all was over, you thought how grandly he slept—a giant resting after a battle. Oh! there are many Christian deathbeds. The chariots of God come to take his children home are speeding every whither. This one halts at the gate of the almshouse; that one at the gate of the prince's. The shout of captives breaking their chains comes on the air. The heavens ring again and again with the coronation. The twelve gates of Heaven are crowded with the ascending righteous. I see the accumulated glories of a thousand Christian deathbeds—an autumnal forest illumined by an autumnal sunset. They died not in shame, but in triumph! Their glories were as bright as is the autumnal foliage!

THE GOLDEN SHOWER OF THE WOODS

BUT, my dear JOURNAL readers, you who have sent me such messages of joy and greeting from your homes, let me on this beautiful autumnal day send you a message of cheer. Just as you will during this glorious month of October see the leaves fade and fall only to rise next spring, so shall we fade only to rise when we have reached the autumn of our lives. All this golden shower of the woods is making the ground richer, and in the juice, and sap, and life of the tree the leaves will come up again. Next May the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and they will rise. So we fall in the dust only to rise again. "The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall hear His voice and come forth." It would be a horrible consideration to think that our bodies were always to lie in the ground. However beautiful the flowers you plant there, we do not want to make our everlasting residence in such a place. I have with these eyes seen so many of the glories of the natural world, and the radiant faces of my friends, that I do not want to think that when I close them in death I shall never open them again. It is sad enough to have a hand or foot amputated. In a hospital, after a soldier had had his hand taken off, he said, "Good-bye, dear old hand, you have done me a great deal of good service," and burst into tears. It is a more awful thing to think of having the whole body amputated from the soul forever. I must have my body again to see with, to hear with, to walk with. With this hand I must clasp the hand of my loved ones when I have passed clean over Jordan, and with it wave the triumphs of my King. With this hand, I want to greet you, my reader, whether you ascend from a western farmhouse or from a Fifth-avenue palace. We fall, but we rise! We die, but we live again! We molder away, but we come to higher unfolding! And thus we wither as do the leaves which during these days fall in all our autumnal forests and woods, but only to come forth again in glory.

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SIDE TALKS WITH GIRLS



EDITED BY RUTH ASHMORE

This Department is conducted and edited by RUTH ASHMORE, who cheerfully invites questions touching any topic upon which her young women readers may desire help or information. Address all letters to RUTH ASHMORE, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.



HERE are girls we want to imitate; there are girls whose virtues, whose charm of manner, whose consideration attract you and me, and are the ones we want to imitate. But there are the other kind of girls too. There are girls who take their virtues and bury them, bury them so deep that one sees nothing but the outer wrapping of indifference that is about them. And these are the girls that you and I and the other girl have no desire to be like, and yet it is just as well to know a little something about these girls, and then you will know what to avoid if you want to be what I think you do—a really nice girl.

THE GIRL WHO IS CARELESS

SHE is the girl who is a never-ending source of anxiety to her entire family. From the time she gets up in the morning until she goes to bed at night she is seeking that which she has lost, and upsetting the systematic plans of everybody else. The stitch in time is not put in her frock; the buttons hang loosely on her bodice, and her hair has a continual inclination to fall; she thinks nobody notices her boots, and so she doesn't waste time, as she calls it, in putting a coat of polish on them when they are rusty, seeing that they have fresh strings when they need them, or putting on buttons if they require them. She will let a letter, an important one, wait day after day for its answer; she will keep busy people waiting, and she thinks that "it is her way" is a sufficient excuse to give anybody. Now, the careless girl, careless about her clothes and her belongings, is apt to grow careless in speech—not so careful as she might be as to what she says, and not so careful as she might be as to the familiarities she permits from other people. Just think over the careless girl and see if there is anything in which you are like her; and if there is, pray to be delivered from it as you would from great sins. For after all it is from the little weaknesses that the sins grow.

SHE OF INQUISITIVE MIND

A DESIRE to know what is worth knowing ought, my dear girl, be cultivated by you. But do you think it is worth while to know all the idlegossip, all the silly talk about which you are so eager? You begin by thinking that it is because you are interested in people, you end by having a great and absorbing desire to know everything about everybody's affairs and people grow to dread you as a most dangerous busybody. I met one of your kind the other day, and all I could think of after she had left me, was that she was a human corkscrew, who had gradually gotten out of me every particle of information regarding my life and my mode of living. What did I do about her? I simply said that I would never see her again.

"Oh, but," says somebody, "shall we never ask a question?" Certainly, just as many as you want, provided they are the right kind. You may ask, what is the name of the rose that your sister is wearing, but you need not ask who gave it to her. You may ask after the health of somebody's prodigal son, because it may please his mother to think he is kindly remembered; but you needn't revert to his follies, and ask if he has gotten over them. You have got no right, no right whatever, to ask questions that are going to hurt anybody. We have all got a tender spot in our hearts, and why should you take that sharp-pointed knife—inquisitiveness—and make the wound bleed afresh, and make the eyes fill with tears because of the pain? Perhaps it does come from thoughtlessness. But if it does, remember that the right thing for you to do is to stop at once; and whenever you feel an inclination to ask what is really an impertinent question, close your lips tightly together and ask that a seal may be set over them to shut them to all but pleasant and kindly inquiries.

THE HIGH-TEMPERED GIRL

SHE thinks it is a very fine thing to say—"You know I am so high-tempered, and then I say such bitter things; but I can't help it!" This is nothing to be proud of, and she can help it unless she has been unfortunate enough to be born without sense. Being born with a high temper is like being born with some disease, which the good doctor can cure, and there is a Doctor who can cure a high temper, a Physician who can make it sweet, considerate and lovely. You work to restrain it and He will help you to sweeten it. You know who I mean, don't you? I mean the good God to whom you say your prayers, and from whom you ask help every morning. The high-tempered girl who doesn't attempt to control her tongue, grows to be a terror to everybody; she will, when she is angry, tell other people's secrets, say the most unkind and most bitter things, and she seldom considers that an apology is necessary for her bad behavior, for she feels that having a high temper excuses her always. It is very easy to do the wrong thing, and it isn't very hard to say "I am sorry for it." But you know even this,—this expression of regret—does not make the friend you have hurt—the friend to whom you have spoken so unkindly, the friend who saw

you with your brow wrinkled, your eyes dilated with anger and your complexion livid—forget just how you looked; and she can never feel the same to you again as she did before you let her see what a high temper you have. "But isn't there such a thing," you ask, "as a proper temper?" Well, it isn't temper then; it is simply the expression of a just opinion, and it means that certain amount of dignity which every woman should possess. A high-tempered girl wrote to me the other day, and I think she took a little pride in saying that she was high-tempered. Now, I wonder if she will take my advice—subdue that high temper, never let it get the better of her. Think over this picture and see how disagreeable you may become, and, by a little thought and a little care, make yourself that most charming of young women—an even-tempered one.

THE GIRL WHO IS SUSPICIOUS

SHE is the most uncomfortable girl to live with in the world. She is as full of vanity as a peacock, or else she would not be thinking that everybody is interested in her. If you ask an intimate friend a question that she doesn't hear, she concludes you are criticizing her; if you know some people she doesn't know, and to whom you don't care to introduce her, she is certain it is because you are jealous of her. She suspects that in this world you get more kindness, more consideration, and more attention than she does. It is very likely that you do. You are not letting that green-eyed demon—jealousy—crown your whole life, and so you are pleasanter to the people you meet. They like better to be with you, and you do not annoy them by continual wonderment as to whether they are talking about you or not, whether they are thinking about you or not, and whether they are commenting on you or not. If she is a worker, the suspicious girl thinks that every other busy woman gets more money than she does; that every other one has some special influence by which her position is made easier, and she never stops to think that the greatest influence a woman can possibly possess is a cheerful manner, and the belief that everybody is going to do the very best they can for her. Life, my dear girl, is a looking-glass. The one held up before your face throws back suspicious and unkind thoughts; the one before the other girl gives her hope and belief. Whose is the fault? It is not in the mirror; that is clear and straight and sends back line for line and shade for shade; the distortion is in you. Think about that a little bit, won't you? Carry around a mental mirror; take the brush of hope and sweep out the suspicious cobwebs from your brain; your eyes will grow brighter, life will be happier, your looking-glass will give a better picture, and all the world will seem sweeter and better, and life itself more worth living.

THE LAZY GIRL

EVER since she was born everything has been a trouble to her. She finds it easier to be ten minutes late for breakfast than just on time; she believes that by leaving her work until the very last minute she can get it done just as well, and she will tell you that she hates to do it; that is a favorite verb of hers—to hate; she hates trouble, she hates exerting herself, and more than all else she hates all the rest of the world that seems to succeed when she doesn't. She is too lazy—if she doesn't have to work—to think much, and the consequence is she gets a stupid look in her face, and nobody is particularly anxious to cultivate her acquaintance; she is too lazy to keep up with the great questions of the day, and when she is told of something that has happened she wonders how that can be, that she didn't see it. And she wonders in an agrieved way, as if her just dues had been kept from her. She is too lazy to trouble herself to keep love, even if she gains it, and love has very good, strong wings and can fly away with greater quickness than she would believe. The lazy girl sometimes becomes so very lazy that she finds it difficult to tell the truth, and then she grows dangerous. An absolute sin is sometimes easier to fight than this something which many people call a petty sin. But just let me tell the lazy girl that none of the good things of life come to the woman who lazily waits for them. She is very fond of quoting that old French motto: "All things come to him who knoweth how to wait," but she isn't wise enough to understand that the knowing how to wait means the going ahead and doing that which she finds to do, for each action brings you nearer to the goal desired. I confess I specially dislike the lazy girl. I do, yes; I dislike her thoroughly. The selfishness has made her uninteresting; she takes no trouble to learn anything, unless it be how to shirk her duty; and, in life—in social life—we have a right to demand that people are of interest. The drones are of no use; unlike the queen bees, they do not even superintend the workers, they only bother them. There are so many things that it would be easy for the lazy girl to do, but she never does them, and she may be certain that the sins of omission will be judged as severely as those of commission, for only God himself knows just what is the temptation to the sinner who falls by the wayside.

ABOUT THESE FIVE GIRLS

I DO not like these girls, and I only show them to you that they may do, as we are in the habit of saying, "Point a moral and adorn a tale." I want every one of my girls to think over which one of these she is even a little bit like. I want her to think about her temper, about her habits and about her mode of life, and I want her to see wherein she is like any one of these girls, and to make up her mind that she will be the exact opposite. I want her to resolve not to have a single one of these vices, and I want her to think it out carefully and with patience. You see, the truth is I want them to be nice girls and that is the reason I give this series of disagreeable pictures. Long ago it was said of the famous painter, Hogarth, that more young men had been saved from misery and crime by his famous pictures of the progress of a prodigal than all the sermons preached, and all the advice given. Unfortunately, I can't paint as Hogarth did, so all I can do is to put in black and white the pictures of the disagreeable girls so that my girls may read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the story of their faults, and from them learn how beautiful it is to be good, loving and agreeable.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

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

H. A. D.—Acknowledge the card telling of the baby's birth by a letter of congratulation to the mother.

A READER—You commence a note to a clergyman exactly as you would to any other man, that is, "My dear Mr. Jones," or, if you do not know him very well, simply, "Dear Mr. Jones."

DAISY J.—By eating fresh bread, drinking plenty of milk, eating all vegetables with starch in them and letting all sour things alone, you should grow stouter. The figure is best developed by regular bathing and rubbing.

H. K.—When a gentleman is introduced to you it is not necessary for you to rise, simply bow. I cannot recommend glycerine, as it has the effect of darkening many skins; instead, I would advise your using cod, or strawberry cream.

MISS L.—Even if a man friend does ask you to call him by his first name, I should not advise you to do it. It is much better to have the little distance kept that results from the close observance of formalities in addressing even our friends.

L. F.—If you are determined to become a nurse, I would suggest your applying to the Training School for Nurses, at the New York or Bellevue Hospital. Your name will then be put on the list, and you will be notified when your turn comes to be examined.

NITA AND OTHERS—The best remedy for an oily skin is the bathing of it often in hot water, in which a little borax has been thrown. To darken the eyebrows I can only suggest the use of the ordinary eyebrow pencil. Constant brushing will do more to keep the hair free from dandruff than anything else.

H. B.—I do not think there is any positive authority for it except that which comes from general custom, but the lady should precede a gentleman in going upstairs. It is never good taste on a man to go before a woman; he is supposed to be either beside or behind her, so that nothing may happen to her.

LILLIAN B.—The eyes frequently look swollen and blood-shot from a bad condition of the health, from using them too much, or from a heavy cold. I should advise your putting on them as often as possible with lemon water. When you have an opportunity to rest, lie down with a soft cloth, wet with hot water, resting over your eyes.

A KANSAS GIRL—Only a small table is required for five o'clock tea. The tea equipment, and the cups and saucers are placed on it, but no plates are served, as one is supposed to take the thin wafers, or bit of bread and butter in one's hand. To make your table look pretty have your silver as bright as possible, and your linen as immaculate as the proverbial lily.

LESLIE M.—In visiting, give your card to the servant who answers the door, at the same time, for whoever you wish to see. The lady of the house should answer the bell, and it is she whom you are visiting, do not give her your card; but instead as you are leaving, put it on the table on the card receiver, and tell her you are doing this so she will not forget that you have been there.

GERTRUDE—I do not think it necessary for you to give your employer your photograph, unless you believe that he is going to be something more to you than that. You need not believe in sweethearts, because I do, and I want every one of my girls to be one of her very own; but still I think it is just as well to let the sweetheart hunt you rather than for you, by any act, to seem to invite his courtesies.

A CONSTANT READER—Almond meal affects the skin exactly as does, that is, it softens and whitens it. Use it exactly as you would soap, putting it in the palm of one hand, dampening it, and then applying it to the face, afterwards washing it off thoroughly. A couple of handfuls of almond meal thrown in the bath is good for the skin, and makes the most delightful bath, strongly suggestive of one composed entirely of milk.

M. H. F.—There will be no impropriety in sending your own and your husband's card to the friend and his wife, who are in the town in which you are visiting. It is not good form for a gentleman to take a lady's arm, and, indeed, she seldom takes his, unless it is at night, or in some great crowd during the day. Even at night a man walks on the outside of the pavement and not between two ladies. He offers his arm to the one nearest him.

L. F.—I do not think hot water would cause hair to grow on your face; and if the extremely hot and extremely cold water, such as I have advised, do your skin any good, and give it a fresh, clean feeling, then I should advise its continuance. Personally I always use soap on my face, and have never found that it had any unpleasant result. Women with beautiful skins, women, for instance, like Mrs. Kendall and Mrs. Langtry, are both ardent advocates of the use of soap.

H. P. S.—E. V. put on an envelope sent by a messenger stands for "En ville," the French for "in the city." It is not in the best taste to write it, as the English language gives a sufficient number of words to cover this. The loosening of the teeth, when they are perfectly good, results from a disease of the gums, which can be treated. I know this is true, as after a violent attack of rheumatism, my own front teeth loosened, and the gums being carefully treated, and the teeth being placed as firm as ever. Usually this condition of the gums results from the taking of a great deal of medicine, though it may come from other causes.

DELTA AND OTHERS—A Russian bath is a vapor bath followed by a cold shower and plunge; and, after that, one is given a thorough rubbing with a cotton wool. At a good bath in the cities one pays a dollar and a half, and a fee is expected for the rubber. In Russia these baths are considered of great importance, and the Russian women are credited with having the finest skins in the world. The Russian peasant takes his bath in a very crude way; he comes in weary from a long day's work, and his clothes and wraps into the big oven which is attached to the stove; after he has gotten thoroughly warm he rushes out the front door and plunges in a snow bank, then comes back, rubs himself thoroughly, and feels as most people do after a Russian bath—as if he had been made anew.

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through regulate it contains above patents, he can often regulate and tune in the same time he would tune another piano.

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"From Andante to Allegro," an illustrated pamphlet, will be sent free to any one who will mention where this advertisement was seen.

Advertisement for The Crown Perfumery Co.'s Crab-Apple Blossoms perfume. Includes decorative border and text: "THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.'S DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME, CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS. Sold everywhere, in Crown stoppered bottles only."

Advertisement for Fire-Proof Lace Curtains. Includes text: "HAVE YOU SEEN THE FIRE-PROOF LACE CURTAINS MADE BY THE WILKES-BARRE LACE MFG. CO. WILKES-BARRE, PA."

Advertisement for The Red Umbrella. Includes text: "DELIVERED FREE ON THE RED UMBRELLA 2.50 3.00 FOR GENTLEMEN & LADIES. A superior article at a moderate price. Send for our catalogue, which gives full information. CHARLES F. READ & CO. 45 BROAD ST., BOSTON, MASS."

Advertisement for Johnston's Stammering Institute. Includes text: "POSTMASTER—GENERAL WANAMAKER JOHNSTON'S STAMMERING INSTITUTE, Send for 54-page Pamphlet, Philadelphia, Pa."

Advertisement for The Christian Herald. Includes text: "SEND for free sample copy of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD. Edited by T. DE WITT TALMAGE, 91 to 95 Bible House, New York City."

SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS BY FOSTER COATES

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

BEGINNING with this issue of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, it is to be my pleasure to lead the JOURNAL boys in these homely, old-fashioned boy-to-boy experiences...

WHAT I SHALL TRY TO DO

WHAT are these talks to be about? Everything that interests a boy—his treatment of his mother, father, sister and brother; education and business; physical culture and gymnastics; games of all kinds; dress; the church; the theatre; books; travel—in fact, we shall discuss all sorts of subjects...

A BOY'S CHANCES IN THE CITY

A LETTER came to me not long ago from a little fellow living upon a big farm in Maine. He was tired of the old home, the horses, the cattle, and the drudgery of farm life...

HOW TO HELP A BOY TO GET ALONG

A BOY at fifteen years of age, in my opinion, at the most important period of his life. He is at the forks of the road. What he needs more than anything else is sympathy and advice.

THE KIND OF FATHER THAT BOYS LIKE

ONE of the best men I ever knew made companions of his three sons; the four were always together. With the boys, every thought centred about father, and with the father every thought was about the boys.

FINDING YOUR PLACE IN THE WORLD

IT is not at all likely that the first work that comes to hand to the boy will be the life-work of the man. One must keep trying, trying, trying, and no matter how unimportant it may be, do it well.

BETWEEN SCHOOL-ROOM AND THE WORLD

I CAN readily appreciate the anxiety of my little correspondent in Maine, and his eagerness for advice, for at that time in my life of which I am writing, I was hungry for a helpful word from some one who had learned by experience the things that I did not know.

WHICH IS BEST FOR A BOY?

A VERY natural question is: What line of work offers the most profit and honor? It would be difficult to answer this satisfactorily. It is undoubtedly true that there is more money to be made in commercial than in professional life.

WHERE SUCCESSES HAVE BEEN MADE

THERE are nearly seven thousand lawyers in New York city alone, and not all of these could by any possibility achieve the success of Mr. Depew.

HOW SUCCESS IS HAD IN JOURNALISM

IN the newspaper business I know of a score of men who are receiving from \$5000 to \$15,000 a year in salaries. They are the best men in the profession.

A BOY'S CHANCES IN MEDICINE

IN the profession of medicine I am told that there is opportunity for advancement for young physicians of ability who are content to begin at the lowest round of the ladder and work up.

THE BOY FOR WHOM THERE IS A DEMAND

AND so I might go on for an indefinite length, and name all the various professional and commercial businesses in New York, and point out instances of conspicuous success.

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Comparatively few cloths are suitable for Dress Garments. Samples of fabric we mail free on application with samples of trimmings and complete instructions for self measurement. No one need be discouraged at the self-measurement requirement for our system is very simple.



Our Customers Risk Nothing. Garments may be returned to us for any cause and when so returned, we obligate ourselves to pay all Express charges.

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CRIPPLES, Ladies and girls of exercise, buy a Safety Bicycle. Address: GAY MFG. CO., Elvira, O. See



The purpose of this Department is to bring the members of the Order of the King's Daughters and its President into closer relations by personal and familiar "Talks" and "Chats." All letters from the "Daughters" bearing upon this one and special purpose only, should be addressed to MRS. BOTTOME, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and she will be glad to receive them. Please do not, however, send letters to MRS. BOTTOME concerning membership in the Order, or business communications of any nature. All such should be addressed direct to the headquarters of the Order, 47 West Twenty-second street, New York city, and prompt attention will be given.

HEART TO HEART TALKS



NE year has passed away since I was introduced to the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. How lovely the year has been! How many lives have come into my life through our meeting in this magazine making my own life richer. We have, indeed, had "Heart to Heart Talks." You have written to me and told me of your joys and sorrows, introduced me to your little children, spoken of your happy homes; and some have told me of the heavy crosses they have to bear. And I have come to be your "sister" and, to many of you, as you say—"like a mother."

LOOKING FORWARD A STEP

AND now we enter on another year of companionship through the JOURNAL that many of you loved before you knew me; and this year I want to come still closer to you; I want to help you more than I did last year. I am young enough to understand, I think, how to help your little children; and I am in sympathy also with your mothers who sit "under the sunset skies," for I have the memory of a beautiful mother who does not need the help now that I would gladly give her if she were on earth again. Then I am in deep sympathy with you young mothers who have to bring up your children. There never was a time when I had

"A heart at leisure from itself, to soothe and sympathize"

as at this time. Now all this is to prepare you for a new departure I want to make. I do not think that the fact of my being president of our world-wide Order need prevent me from having a "Circle" of my own, and your joining my Circle need not interfere in the least with your belonging to, or being the leader of, any other Circle.

A "MARGARET BOTTOME" CIRCLE

WHEN we started our "Sisterhood" we called the Circles "Tens," only ten making a Circle. We soon outgrew the "Tens"—there was a need for large Circles in many places. A whole school of girls, with their teacher at their head, as at Mr. Moody's school at Northfield, made larger Circles a necessity. So now we have dropped the word "Ten" because it has become a misnomer, and use the word "Circle." So I can have a "Circle" of a hundred thousand if I choose, and I do choose to have such a Circle to be called "The Margaret Bottome Circle." I want to lead such a Circle. I want to talk to this Circle through the JOURNAL, and it will be open for all—all classes and for all creeds. I want many little children in my Circle, and I want them to write to me. The rich will be in my Circle, and I want the poor just as much. There will be no meetings of this great Circle, only as you may meet me in our Department, and whenever or wherever you may see me I want you to speak to me and tell me you belong to my Circle. Some of you I may meet in California or in other distant places, but many of you I shall never see till we meet beyond the river.

THE OBJECT OF MY CIRCLE

NOW you ask me what the object of the Circle will be? The answer to that you will find in the first article of our constitution, which says: "This society is, for the purpose of developing spiritual life, and quickening Christian activity." Your outer life interests me, as it may lead you to see that whether joy or sorrow is your portion, it all is meant to lead you to see the deeper, the higher life of the Spirit. We are really here to be made good, and what we say to our little children so often applies equally to us—"Be good." My table now is full of letters asking me such questions as these: "How can I join the Order of The King's Daughters?" "Where can I get the cross?" Another says: "Tell me as much as you can about the Order. Of course you have secrets which you would not divulge." No, we have no secrets at all. We want to serve our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and that means to serve the humanity He loved and died for, and He distinctly said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these ye did it unto me." We need to keep distinctly before us the two great Commandments—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself. These two!—Alas, the latter has been neglected! The church, as one says, has not paid enough attention to the second; the Socialist ignore the first. The good time coming is when these two Commandments will be obeyed.

IF YOU WISH TO JOIN

NO kindness shown to any fellow creature is too small to be called a service "In His Name." Your little children need to be educated in unselfishness, and there is nothing in the principles of our Order that a little child cannot understand. Undoubtedly many will join "The Margaret Bottome Circle," who are already in our Order and are leaders in it, but will join our particular Circle from the love of fellowship; but many will join who are just coming into the Order, and who write me, "Must I form a Circle to be in the Order?" "There are no Circles in this place." And yet, though they cannot form a Circle and there is no Circle in that place to join, they somehow do not wish to feel alone, though in a vast "Sisterhood"; so this will meet their want. My sister in the Argentine Republic will join. My friends who are on ranches so far from all old associations, will join. I know what an addition to my letters this will make, but I invite you all to write who want to join my Circle.

A FEW EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS

I WILL give you explicit directions now as to what you should do so that you will not write "Tell me what I am to do?" You must be a member of our Order before you ever join any Circle; you can be enrolled as a member of the Order at our headquarters in New York city, 47 West Twenty-second street. Send your name and address there with ten cents, the membership fee, and there you can get your cross which is the badge of the Order. We are an incorporated society and our silver cross is the seal of our corporation. You are not obliged to wear this cross, but no other cross can be worn as our badge; though a bit of royal purple ribbon is an emblem of membership, and can be had at the same place, so you can wear either one or both; but, if you can afford it, I would advise you to have the cross; it will cost you but thirty cents, and that will make the total cost forty cents. There may be some who cannot afford the cross—I know women who write to me from away off on the frontier, and they really have no money, no paper, no stamps. Nothing has touched me more than to receive letters written by educated women who are hedged in by their present environment so as to make it exceedingly difficult to get money enough requisite to write a letter, and yet they want to join our Order and wear this cross. I speak of this because if it comes to you to give, "In His Name," the little silver cross to one who cannot afford to buy one, I will see that your wishes are carried out. I hope there will come a time when we shall be rich enough at the Centre to do this; but that time I assure you is not now. Now another thing: do not expect an answer to your letters except through the JOURNAL, though I advise you to sign your names. I will have one place in my very little room where I will talk to the little folks who join "my Circle"; and I will have another corner for the "Shut Outs" who join and write to me; the others I will remember the best way I can. Now the books are open; send on your names, and count me from this time whatever you like to call me, always feeling sure that I am your sister "In His Name."

THE VOICE ECHOING THE HEART

HAVE I talked with you lately about Faith? You know our Order rests on three eternal principles—Faith, Hope and Love. I know I have talked with you often of Hope, and of the greatest Love, but now I want to talk with you about Faith, and I want to give you two lines to commit to memory: "Faith is an affirmation and an act which makes eternal truth a present fact." You must affirm what God affirms; declare what God declares; and then act what you say you believe—then you really believe, and not till then. I have been helped sometimes in thinking of a long ago when a little child of mine liked to have me take him to a spot—not very far from where we lived—where there was an echo. I would call "Willie!" and the echo would answer "Willie," which pleased the child immensely. Now faith is echoing God's declaration. If God says, "I am thy God," you echo—"my God!" "I am thy Redeemer," you echo—"my Redeemer"; but you must say—my Redeemer. Say it! Your voice will say much to do with your faith. There is a deep meaning in "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth." Our forefathers declared their independence and then fought it out. The Declaration of Independence came first, and then they stood by their principles. You declare your faith in God, and then say, as Whittier did—

"To one fixed state my spirit clings, I know that God is good."

Be women of faith and you will be strong women. And in no other way can you be strong women. You will never be stronger than your faith. Have faith in God!

RICHES WHICH COME THROUGH FAITH
WHEN I was a young girl a friend of mine told me of a very good, old, blind colored woman, who, she said, "seemed to know just what the trouble was with every one," and added, "She is almost a fortune-teller." There had always been a fascination about a "fortune-teller" to my mind; so I went to see the old blind saint. I sat down on a stool at her feet and she laid her hand on my head and said: "Thee lacks appropriating faith, Honey; thee believes He loves others, but thee does not believe He loves thee." Well, she did tell the truth and I should indeed have had a fortune had I always had appropriating faith. I once heard another colored woman say, as she held the New Testament in her hand, "This is the last will and testament of my Master, and I am determined to have what He left me; and He said, 'My peace I leave with you, and I'll have it if all the other heirs make a fuss about it.'" You see, she had the faith that is an "affirmation and an act," and in her case and in ours it will make "eternal truth a present fact." I want you to see that Faith is the channel through which God comes to us, and He cannot get to us in any other way; and that is what is meant by "If any man will open the door I will come in." I want you to be rich, and there is no wealth to be compared with the riches that will come to you through Faith—and power is there. Read the eleventh of Hebrews and see the wonders of Faith. There is nothing strange in all this.

LIVING OUT YOUR PRINCIPLES

NOT only in religion, but in all life, the men of Faith are the successful men. I remember the words of the Editor of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL when I expressed my astonishment at the enormous amount of advertising done by the JOURNAL. He simply said, "We believe in advertising." Suppose he had said we believe in advertising and then had not done it. Show me your faith by your works. You believe only that which you act. If you say, "I believe in God the Father," and do not act as if you had such a Father, you are mistaken—you do not believe. I remember once talking to many little cash girls from a great shop, gathered one evening at a hall; and there were besides a great many other young girls present. The first thing I said to them was: "Girls, if you could have anything you wanted just by wishing, what would you wish for?" "What do you think they said?" "A rich father!" So many of them said that, that I did not hear anything else. And it was natural; every day they saw the beautifully dressed young girls enter the shop and get whatever they wanted; because their father had given them money. And a rich father meant a brownstone house on Fifth avenue, and lovely jewels and all the things a young girl would want. Now how much does it mean to us "Daughters" that our Father is rich? Our Father is King? If it does not mean much to us or nothing, do you not see it is because we do not believe he is our Father?

JEWELS OF A PRICELESS HERITAGE

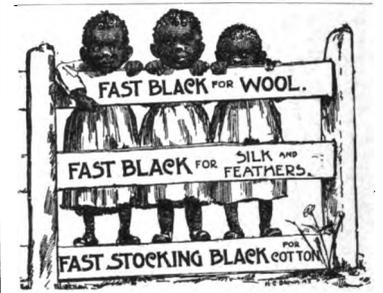
I CANNOT leave you for a month without answering such questions as—"Can I join the order? I have been so sinful." "Will you say something to me?" I am speaking to the most erring, the saddest who have written me, and I am sure of what I say—God loves you! God forgives you! God will help you—will take care of you. I do not say you will not suffer; but take suffering as a holy calling, even if it is a result of your sin for out of it and through it is to be worked character. I stood in one of the principal jewelry shops in New York the other day, and the friend with me knew the owner of the precious stones; so he took us and showed us the rarest and most costly jewels. I saw the most wonderful diamonds, and I smiled as I thought of the times when the big tears had rolled down my cheeks and I had thanked God for them, and had said: My tears are more precious to me than the rarest of diamonds. The tears of penitence are beyond all price. There is no joy in Heaven among the angels on account of diamonds, but there is over the tears of penitence. Among the precious stones shown us were pearls. I looked at them, and as I thought of their history and how the painful thing is covered in the shell, I said—"Yes, they are very beautiful, but they always suggest grief to me." O, what jewels we shall soon see! The King's Daughters will be robed in spotless white, and we shall see diamonds and pearls that can never pass away. O, "Daughters," covet the best gifts. I do not say that these earthly jewels are not beautiful. I doubt if any who visited the shop spent a half-hour in appreciating the beautiful more happily than I did. I see them now as I write, and almost feel they are mine. But if I coveted them I could not have them; but I can have all they symbolize. And we shall understand, if not here, in the beyond, all that pain and suffering had to do with our being cut into beauty.

You dear, sinful, suffering sisters, let me whisper such a sweet word in your ears—"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." He expressly said "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." You do repent. You are sorry. You are willing to forsake your sin, and now a Friend stands near you to be to you what no other friend could be—a saviour! Saving you from the love of sin, so that all your desire shall run in other channels. You will want to be good and noble. The things you loved that were impure, you will hate; and the things you did not care for, you will love. All this must come to pass. Nothing less will do. God bless you! Your loving sister I. H. N.,

Margaret Bottome



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The Daylight

"Keep cool," said the burner to the oil fount. "Don't hug me so tight then," it replied. We heard their conversation, and so make our burner in two pieces, between which the air circulates freely, and our oil fount is cooler than that of any other lamp.

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EDITED AND CONDUCTED BY MARY F. KNAPP

This Department will hereafter alternate each month with "Knitting and Crocheting," so that both of these branches of woman's handiwork may be distinctly and more fully treated. Both Departments are under the editorship of MISS KNAPP, to whom all letters should be sent, addressed to 20 Linden street, South Boston, Mass.

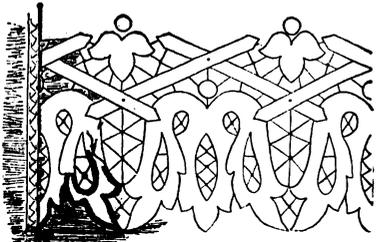
IN the August number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, the designs given for dollies and table-cover were so much admired by our readers, that your Editor thought best to devote this October number to a few more suggestions for those interested in linen embroidery. We give below a beautiful table-cover, with some exceedingly pretty centre-pieces; also a tasteful design for sofa-cushion. We shall endeavor in our November number to furnish you with further suggestions for the Christmas holidays, which, with the dainty ideas found in this month's JOURNAL, will, we hope, enable you to make with your own hands the gift thus doubly valuable to your friend.

MARY F. KNAPP.

A BUREAU OR TABLE SCARF

By EMMA MOFFETT TYNG.

THE model shows a design for the end of a scarf for a sideboard, bureau, or library table, to be done in Roman embroidery, or in over-threading wheel-work. The strip of



crash, linen or muslin has a narrow hem with hemstitching along each side, with a herringbone finish of silk on the hem itself. The cross-threads with connecting knots are put in first over the surface of the material, and then the buttonhole edge is done, which follows every part of the pattern and secures these threads. When finished, the linen is cut away from the edge, and also from beneath the silk cross-threads with a pair of small, sharp-pointed scissors. A lacey net-work in linen and also in cotton, is to be had at the art shops, to fill these interstices, and is much used instead of working the cross-threads. A strip is basted under the work quite closely, short stitches in and out around the parts of the pattern. The edges are then buttonholed, and the linen cut away between the spaces; this leaves the lace-work to show with a handsome effect. The lace-work costs a dollar and a quarter, and is a yard wide. It need not be shrunk before using. It comes in white and cream tint. A scarf end worked in white, blue, gold, or dark-brown, is very rich with the lace between. Press the ends after working, as in the linen work.

A DRAGON SOFA-CUSHION

A VERY handsome sofa-cushion can be made of duck linen—which comes in a pretty fawn shade—and can be made in a very inexpensive way. The design is conventional in its character, consisting of a dragon, with claws, and a border representing scales.



The whole pattern, including the border, is tinted with the embroidery dyes in a rich brownish shade, the design is then worked in outline embroidery, or plain outlining can be used if preferred. A brown and gold cord is put around the outer edge and makes a nice finish. The shape of the cushion may be either oblong or square, as fancy dictates; and a new fad is the addition of a pocket on the back, to hold a handkerchief or other articles.

ANNA T. ROBERTS.

AN ARTISTIC TABLE-COVER

By CLARE BUNCE

HIS exquisite cover is made of a fine quality of linen, suitable for the delicate flowers—the apple-blossoms—with which it is embroidered. The four sides are first provided with a hem five inches wide, if the cloth be a large one, or three inches if small. This hem is next neatly hemstitched, when the cover is ready for the embroidery.

The silks must be chosen of the washable sort, and of these by far the best are the Asiatic dyes of Messrs. Brainerd & Armstrong. The colors needful are cream-white, gray and two shades of delicate pink for the blossoms; two or three pale-greens for the leaves, and three shades of wood color for the stems.

First to be worked is the stem as, naturally, it is the first to grow; then, in their natural order, the leaves, buds and blossoms. These directions as to order may seem needless, but they are not, for indeed no blossoms can be artistically embroidered unless they are followed. The flower that is worked before its stem will surely not look as though it grew, but rather as though it were stuck to the branch. Here again is a point to be observed in truly artistic work: if nature be the model after the work should grow as nearly as possible after nature's fashion.

For the stem or branch is to be used the wood-colored silks, the light shade for the high lights, the medium for light shadows, and the dark for the heavy ones. The stitches, as a matter of course, are in this instance to be small, and all the work is to be done in what is known as Kensington stitch.

For the leaves the green shades are to be used in the same way, light and dark being made to express light and shade. The stitches of the leaves must all run from the central



vein to the edge, exactly as the natural leaf is veined, and care must be taken to preserve the serrated edge.

The blossoms are white, for the most part, delicately shaded with gray for the inside and with pink for the outside. In all instances of the leaf curling over, the curve must be expressed by making the outside pink and the inside white at the centre, shading to gray under the curl. The stamens are yellow, and each should be completed with a stitch running crosswise at the end. The centre is expressed by a number of French knots, all of yellow, making an effect like the natural blossom.

When the entire spray is worked, the falling leaves must be done. To give to them as much variety as possible, and, at the same time, keep closely to nature's model, these leaves should, some of them, be shaded with pink and some with gray. This, because the real leaves in falling would surely some alight upon one side and some upon the other.

The embroidery well finished, the last step is the making of the fringe. For this fine linen thread is needful, which is to be knotted into the hem at short intervals, and then tied so as to form a heading.

When complete this dainty cover will be found truly artistic and fit for any room wherein the furnishings are sufficiently light in tone to admit of its being in harmony.

So much might be said, and to good effect, too, on the subject of harmony, that I dare only touch the edges here. Be the materials ever so simple the result will inevitably be good if one but obtain what Mr. Whistler calls a symphony.

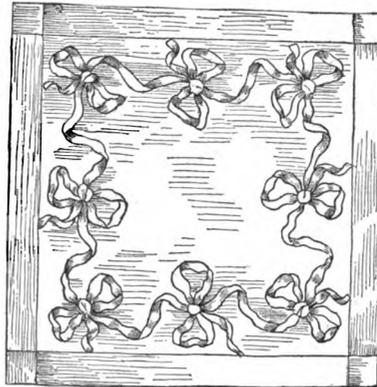
AN ACCEPTABLE CHEESE DOILY

A TEN-INCH square of linen, with loosely scattered flowers in three corners, and the word "cheese" in a fourth, in Japanese lettering, outlined with yellow silk and filled in with yellow French knots. The flowers are in long-and-short stitch in white fillosette.

A LINEN SQUARE FOR DINING-TABLE

By JULIA W. FRINK

THIS extremely effective but very simple design of square for centre of dining-table, admits of so much variety in construction that it cannot fail to appeal to even those devotees of art needlework who have plied their needles with such assiduity as to have exhausted their present resources, and who feel there is nothing new under the sun for the matron or maid who seizes with avidity the "latest," and whose desire to adopt the newest fad prevents her from seeing any incongruity in the use of lace on a dining-table. Take gold-colored satin, half-a-yard square, cover with a handsome piece lace, and around the edge sew a border of lace edging to match, three inches wide, confining the fullness mostly at the corners. A row of lace heading, with tiny gold ribbon run through, conceals the joining of the frill at the edge of square. The rest requires a dainty touch, for in the arrangement of the Louis Quinze bows lies all the success of the venture. Use gold ribbon three-fourths of an inch wide, with feather edge, placing a bow at each corner and



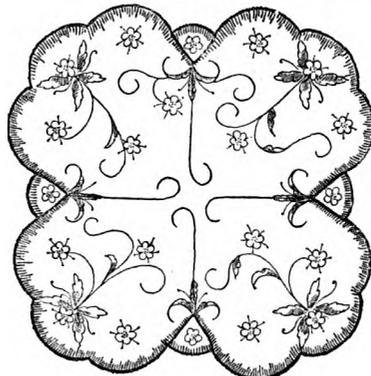
one in each intervening space, allowing a streamer to pass from one bow to the other, leaving sufficient length between to admit of tacking in the irresistible little angles which always appear awkward except when fashion decrees that everything must be in the style of the period which first introduced the design so universally in its decoration. To the conservative housewife, who does not allow the prevailing mode to influence her, and who never wishes anything but the finest linen to grace her table, a square of satin damask, with hem finished by a bit of drawn-thread work, and the captivating bows made of linen feather-edged braid, would prove most attractive as well as extremely useful to one who does not object to a few stitches taken after each necessary immersion in warm soap-suds, and by removing the decoration with a few snips of the scissors: the bows, without untying, can be made as dainty as ever if carefully ironed and returned to their places with a stitch or two.

WHITE BROADCLOTH TABLE-COVER

A TABLE-COVER of white broadcloth is elegant. Take a square of one yard and a half, and decorate it with a conventional border design, set four inches above the straight cut edge. Work in long-and-short stitch in white or any delicate color of fillofloss; work the flower forms well in with the long-and-short stitch, and couch two rows of medium-size gold thread around this. Do the stems in three rows of gold thread couched down, the stitches alternating. Couch the outside line of the leaf with the gold thread, and inside of this lay four lines, following the outline, and running each line inside of the other, until the four rows are finished, when the end of the thread must be well fastened after being drawn through. Line with India silk to the lower edge of the design. This is very Japanese in effect. EVA M. NILES.

A TASTEFUL TABLE CENTRE-PIECE

CUT the centre-piece out of heavy linen the desired size, the shape of the design. This may be embroidered or outlined according to taste. A pretty way is to embroider in



solid white. Another way is to work the little flowers in the new shades of pink. The leaves are done in delicate sage-greens. The stamens are to be worked in a darker shade of the pink, and the buttonhole-stitch on the edge is done irregularly over a gold or white cord, in the pink shade. Be sure to use only the washable silk, as these dainty additions to the table require frequent laundering.

We have received a great many inquiries concerning patterns for stamping the Dollies and Lunch Table-cover given in the August number.

To those interested, we would say we can supply the set of dolly stamping-patterns, postpaid, for 50 cents; that for the table-cover, postpaid, for 20 cents. The silk for working the same, we can also furnish. Address Premium Department of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

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WRITING FOR THE DOLLAR

By EDWARD W. BOK



COMMON question, as often asked of the literary man as any other that I know of, is: "Is there a livelihood to be made in literature?" I have heard this question answered and discussed by some of the best known authors of the day; and in this brief reply to the query I shall voice those opinions rather than advance any of my own.

MEN and women have been known to starve with the pen in their hands; while others have grown rich and famous with its manipulation. Between these two extremes really lies the truthful answer to the question. There is a livelihood to be made in literature; but to the great majority it is only a modest one. What are called the "plums of literature" fall into the hands of a few. The authors who are making good incomes with the pen as the only bread-winner are not numerous. Take a list of our successful authors, and, if you know anything about their personal lives whatever, this truth at once becomes apparent. Thousands of the men and women whose names appear on the title-pages of our books, are not authors alone—they have some adjunct to the pen. If they had not, the literary public might never have known them. Many a novel, "successful" in the eyes of the public, does not bring fifty dollars to the pockets of the author—or the publisher either.

PERSONALLY, I contend that there never was a time in the literary history of America when so many chances offered themselves for remunerative authorship. At the same time, this statement must not be taken literally, and cannot be individually applied. Literary competition has created a larger demand for pen-work, but it has raised as well the standard of the work most desired and saleable. Good literary work is to-day at a premium. By "good literary work" I mean work that is well done, and done with an eye to the public's needs and tastes. It is one thing to write well, but if the material produced is not in touch with the wants of the market, the work may go begging for a market. A good literary style, harnessed to a price of popular work, something which the public will read, is the order of the day, and therein lies good remuneration for any pen which can supply it.

IT is utterly folly to write over the heads of the people, as so many persist in doing. "Educate the public to a higher standard" is the motto which many a writer inscribes on his banner. Nothing could be more laudable. But, my friend, just be sure, first, that you have the talent for it; second, convince yourself that there is need of it, and, thirdly, don't assume the rôle of a literary reformer against your own interests. You can't educate a public by writing about something they do not understand. Strike for the heart first; then reach up to the head. A high ideal is always noble, and to be encouraged in any man or woman, but there is such a thing as putting your ideal so high that no one can see it.

TOO many of our writers of to-day regard the literary standard much lower than it really is, and pose as divinely-inspired agents sent into this world to reform things in a literary sense. I have long ago ceased to worry about the literary standard of modern literary tastes. The taste of the public of to-day is all right, my friend. It is the man who is so dreadfully anxious about it who is wrong. Don't give yourself any unnecessary alarm about the literary public. Take my word for it, it is simply able to take care of itself. If you want to make a livelihood in literature, don't join the croakers who bewail modern literary degradation. Just find out for yourself the status, and then train your pen to cater to it. You will find it much higher than you anticipated. Write to the level of the croaker and the bewailer and see how quick your manuscript comes back to you. Things are not always so black as they are painted, and this truth applies very strongly to the literary atmosphere of the present.

IF you start out to make a livelihood by the pen, with only the dollar-mark before you, you will fail unless you have a gigantic genius for blinding the editors and their public. The man or woman who writes only with the one overpowering idea in view of what the work will bring him or her, makes a great mistake, and never will make anything else. What are called "literary grinders" by editors and publishers, are never popular or conspicuous for their success. They may seem to make a hit here or there, but not very often. The lane of the "literary hack" has a very short and sharp turn, and it is generally not far from the opening of the road. An editor is quick to single out the "grinder" as her work invariably shows it, and the man or woman who is thus classified in the editorial mind is most unfortunate.

THE best literary successes of to-day are made by those who make their writing a recreation rather than a vocation. The authors who are best known to-day started with an anchor to the windward. They had something else allied to the pen. With some other source of income to make your existence sure, you can write with an easier mind and, consequently, better than if the fear is constantly with you of "What shall I do if this manuscript is declined?" Have some other resource than the pen; then, if the latter proves your mascot, you can make it your bread-winner. That is the way scores of our modern successful authors did, and that is the way to make a livelihood out of literature. Lead up to it; but don't make it your staff. Let the public first assure you that it wants your work; then you can devote all your time and efforts towards supplying the want.

TO write only for the dollar is folly. Let your work measure your income, not your income the work. The most irritating author is the one who, in her letter, obtrusively shows that all she wants is to "get all she can." In a certain sense, this is right. What is worth printing is worth paying for. Get the best prices you can for your work. That is always legitimate. But don't make the price the whole object, the sum and substance of your letter to editor or publisher. Leave something to his judgment and sense of fairness. He knows you are not working for love or for the benefit of your health. Be paid for your work, and do such work that you will be paid well. Strive for a position where you can command good prices. But don't work, and show in your work, and in every line of your letter, first, last and all the time, that you are only working for the dollar. Write what the public wants; write in a plain, popular style; take care with your work, and the dollars will take care of themselves.

REMARKS ON HUMOROUS WRITING

By MADELINE S. BRIDGES

HERE is undoubtedly plenty of fun in humorous writing for a public that is willing to be amused, but not much, generally speaking, for the humorist himself. To him it is serious work. Those weighty and philosophical screeds that make our reviews and quarters a terror to the great mass of readers, are not evolved with any more "grave and stern decorum" than are the mirth-provoking articles of the writer who is funny for all he is worth, i. e., his board, lodging and current expenses. He does not sit grinning over the work at which he expects other people to laugh immoderately; in fact, he might be compiling a dictionary, or amplifying the Lutheran Catechism for all signs apparent of the frolicsome nature of his task. The late lamented Artemus Ward used to declare that he often laughed aloud over the preparation of his comic copy; but it was "only when he realized how very little there was to laugh at."

The first humorous poem I ever wrote struck me as rather sad, when it appeared in print. I had been greatly surprised beforehand, by its acceptance and an encouraging word or two from the editor. It was an entirely new departure from my chosen path in the realms of sadly sentimental prose and verse, and I had never supposed I was capable of anything in the way of humorous writing. The only thing connected with my efforts that seems at all funny to me, is the receipt of prompt payment.

Much has been said on the trials of editors of comic journals, but much more, I think, could be said on the trials of their contributors. I cannot see why any sympathy should be extended to the possessor of unlimited power, as the editor undeniably is, in his sphere of jurisdiction. As a rule, his mental being is not at all impoverished by the sympathy he extends to claimants for consideration—this, at least, is the view of the claimants. It is certainly true that he is largely relieved of responsibility by the present usage of printed slips conveying disappointment or "tidings of comfort and joy" to the author.

One curious fact in my experience as a humorous writer, is this: that the humor taken from actual occurrences, the real happenings of the ridiculous, and transcribed as closely as possible, meets with more instant appreciation and wider circulation than the best purely imaginative work of the same kind. And this also is another odd fact, that may be of use to aspiring beginners, that an elaboration of wit, which one editor will dismiss as poor and pointless, another will welcome as apt and distinctive. A like rule will apply to one's own judgment. I have often found that a piece of work which seemed to me every way finished and fitting, and which had received unbounded (non-professional) praise, met with a surprisingly cool reception where appreciation was most important, while some little unprized sketch—a trifle—received in the same quarter an unlooked-for approbation. Truly, as a veteran journalist and publisher once remarked to me, "Among the greatest of our modern mysteries is the success of literary ventures"; and nowhere, I think, is the mystery more marked than in the sphere of humorous literature.

LITERARY QUERIES

Under this heading, the EDITOR will endeavor to answer any possible question concerning authorship and literary matters.

- X. Y. Z.—Voltaire is the author of "Candide."
T. R.—Mabel Collins is no relation to Wilkie Collins.
M. D. L.—The Millford Bard is John Lofland, an English poet.
C. A. J.—Send your letter in our care, and we will forward it.
C. W.—Specific addresses of authors cannot be given in this column.
B. I.—I do not know of the book you mention, or where it is to be had.
A. L. K. C.—See Annette, in this column, who asks the same question as you do.
A. R.—The author you refer to is a woman, her full name being Elsie Marlitt.
A.—The author you mention is not to be found in any biographical dictionary or encyclopedia.
M. N.—The "Globe," "Mail" and "Empire" are the three most prominent papers in Toronto.
E. G. L.—There are two writers by the name of Jane G. Austin, one English, the other American.
SARAH K.—The author of the novel "Rutledge" is Mrs. Miriam Coles Harris, now residing in New York city.
JOSIE—I cannot give you the information you desire. No two magazines offer the same compensation for literary work.
R.—Richard Henry Stoddard, besides doing a great deal of literary work, is the literary editor of the New York "Mail and Express."
LOUISE—Hezekiah Butterworth is not a pseudonym. It is a proper name, and belongs to one of the most popular authors in Boston.
OLIVE—Fannie Belle Irving, is the author's real name; she wrote only the one book, but contributed largely to the magazines.
WILHELMINE—It is perfectly proper, under the circumstances, to write to the magazine again. They have probably overlooked the matter.
L. S.—It is impossible to answer your questions in this column. "Woman's World" and "America" (price \$1.50) would be a good book for you to read.
G. P. C.—Any publishing house will be apt to issue the work for you on the terms you suggest. Write to them for estimate of cost, giving all the particulars you can.
TO SEVERAL INQUIRERS—This column is not intended to search out authors of poetical lines; only questions on general literary matters can be answered.
ANXIETY—Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton is the correct name, but he is generally spoken of as "Bulwer," who wrote "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Eugene Aram," etc.
T. M. H.—Periodicals that Pay Contributors," by Eleanor F. Cook, price \$1.00, would give you the information you desire. We will send it to you on receipt of price.
W. H. C.—See Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors," which you will find in any public library. It will give you in chronological order a list of Sir Walter Scott's works.
G. W. P.—A type-written title-page is sufficient for copyright purposes. I cannot give the cost of the work as you suggest. Send to some publisher and ask for an estimate.
J. B. M.—It is impossible to say. An author is apt to unconsciously imble much from what he reads, and use it in his writings; hence the charge so often made of plagiarism.
R. A. C.—Dowd's "Physical Culture," and Blakie's "How to Get Strong" are excellent works. The "Health Exercise" is good, provided you follow the instructions regularly and systematically.
A. F. B.—I know of no objections to reading "St. Elmo," "Jane Grey," the best work of Charlotte Bronte, owing to the plot, strength of character drawing, and excellent literary style.
C. R.—Such a work as you describe would be desired by most publishers. You had better write to D. Lothrop Company, Boston, or Roberts Brothers, of Boston, who make a specialty of such publications.
N.—The principal syndicates are: American Press Association, 32 Vesey street; Associated Literary Press, Tribune Building; Batcheller & Co., Tribune Building; The Book Syndicate Press, all of New York city.
S. K.—It is impossible to advise you as to what French books it would be suitable to translate. You must use your own judgment. Translations, however, as I have said before, are not very marketable commodities.
D. L. F.—It is doubtful if there is a market for such a work as you mention. So many works of the kind have been issued. Write to some publishing house. It is advisable to give the names of all authors you quote.
N. M.—(1)—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" excited a great deal of controversy when published, and much was written in reply. (2)—Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, (3)—"The Youth's Companion" was established in 1827.
E. B.—There is no magazine devoted to such a purpose. Contribute to your local papers. Do not attempt the older magazines until you have had more experience. Bear in mind, they have the ablest writers to select from.
L. A.—"La Tulipe Noir" has been translated, but doubt if "Partie Carree" has. A publisher would not be apt to issue a work that has been previously translated. You are not precluded from translating a work that has been so treated before.
HOPK HARLAND—It is hard to advise you under the circumstances. You certainly deserve success, and I can only suggest that you continue in the work. Try to obtain a department in some prominent paper where your specialty will be of value and paid for.
T. K.—The New York Photo-Engraving Co., or the Massachusetts Engraving Company would do such work for you. You must send two copies of complete work to Librarian of Congress. Therefore you must have the usual copyright notice printed on page.
A. G.—I cannot answer all your questions in this column. You must use your own judgment what to write, and send it to the newspapers and magazines. The New York papers have their staff of writers but are glad to receive anything new and of interest.
H. N.—(1)—A few lines addressed to the editor, giving full name and address, may accompany the manuscript. (2)—Write to a publishing house and ask them to read your work. (3)—The more carefully you prepare and punctuate your manuscript, the more it will be appreciated.
ANNETTE—Judging from your letter, I should say that you are well prepared for the work you speak of. Like everything else, it takes time and hard work to make progress in literary work especially. Read and study the best authors for style, and write to the best of your ability; practice makes perfect.
Q. F. G.—(1)—I presume your article would be more appropriate for a magazine for older readers. (2)—You can print your booklet as you suggest, but it would be advisable to get some jobbing house to place them on the market for you. The Massachusetts Engraving Company, New York, would make the sketches and do the engraving for you.
A. BLANCH S.—The J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia; Charles Scribner's Sons, Harper & Brothers, D. Appleton & Co., of New York; Houghton, Mifflin & Company, of Boston, are all among the leading publishing houses. We cannot mention any magazines that specially desire "poetry"; on the contrary, the supply far exceeds the demand. Periodicals that Pay Contributors" (price \$1.00) will be of use to you.

BEGIN TO THINK NOW.

The Chautauqua Reading Circle is largely made up of mothers who are reading for the sake of their children. They cannot bear to have that separation in tastes and sympathy which is inevitable when young people are studying constantly and mothers are mentally inactive. You can surely spare forty-five minutes during the day. A busy mother writes: "I gave up waiting for time, and took it." This autumn and winter the Chautauqua course includes American History, Government and Literature, subjects which appeal to all patriotic Americans. Begin to make up your minds now. Don't put off a consideration of the matter. Write to Chautauqua Office, Drawer 194, Buffalo, N. Y.

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ORDER IN THE HOME

Men very often reproach us with a want of system in ordering our daily lives. Perhaps we are peculiarly open to this reproach, and perhaps we are not. It seems to me more a matter of temperament and individual training than of sex.

In spite of their airs of superiority, men are often far more unsystematic than we are. We all know the chaotic state to which some households would be reduced if the feminine portion of them was not constantly on the alert to remedy the carelessness of their lords and masters!

Children absorb knowledge in a thousand ways without direct instruction. They are learning from unsuspected teachers, while they seem to be occupied solely with their own little pursuits.

The spirit of order must reign in a home before the children can acquire it, and no one can bring it there but the mistress. If she begins early in her married life it will not be hard to win.

I have found it a great help to have a servant's duties clearly written out for her and kept where she can see the list. Extra work, not included in the daily routine, has its allotted place.

As soon as the babies are old enough to learn anything, teach them to put the playthings in their places. Make them feel ashamed of leaving things for their mother to pick up.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON SCOVILL

MARJORIE'S EXPLANATION

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

BABY choked in his sleep one day, Only a harmless choke, 'twould seem, But Marjorie settled it, in her way: "I 'spect," she said, "be swallowed a dream."

CHILDREN BEFORE THE CAMERA

By A. BOGARDUS



It is a duty to have a good photograph of every member of the family. It affords interest and pleasure at all times, and in case of death its value is beyond estimate.

This same advice will apply to the short dress: the more open the work on the waist, the better the effect. It is well to have one foot bare, or both if preferred.

It is not advisable to have too many relatives along to assist. The mother and nurse are enough, and often the nurse alone is sufficient.

When the child is old enough to walk do not insist on a standing picture. A sitting picture, with the limbs nicely arranged, is preferable to the straight figure, and is more artistic.

If the child of five or six years is disposed to talk with the operator, let it do so; it shows their interest in the matter. The little boy may want to know whether his finger ring is going to show on his picture, or he may brag about his pretty baby sister who is coming to-morrow.

Let the half-grown girl wear her party dress. See to it that her hair is long enough to be thrown back loosely so as to expose the ear; do not plaster her hair unless you wish to make her look old; her well-rounded arms should be bare, and when tastefully arranged in half reclining posture, with face turned enough aside to show its contour, you will have a pleasing and artistic picture.

It is well to have the school boy or girl photographed in school dress, with books under the arm, or satchel swung. Such a picture will be highly valued in after years.

If the parents would confer a favor on their children and have their lasting gratitude, let them have their pictures taken frequently. Some families have them pictured every birthday; the pictures make a very interesting collection at the time, and, when grown up, the man or woman can see just how they looked and how they dressed at the different ages.

BABIES' SOCKS AND SACQUES

Many mothers have asked for directions for knitting or crocheting babies' socks, jackets, blankets, etc. The Curtis Publishing Company publishes for twenty-five cents a little book called, "Reliable Patterns, No. 2," by Mary F. Knapp, with full directions.



HOW TO BECOME STRAIGHT

PERHAPS "Alice S.," who inquired in the February JOURNAL how to keep children straight, has already been abundantly answered; but possibly she or others would like to know the following exercise which has been proved very useful even with grown persons, and is simple enough for the smallest child.

Stand up and place the arms by the sides, at full length, with palms of the hands to the front. Keep the fingers together and straight, and the elbows stiff. Throw the head back so as to look at the ceiling, and raise the arms sideways until the thumbs touch above the head, repeating several times.

The last position the shoulders are necessarily flat, and to stop and take this exercise at intervals during the day, as well as morning and evening soon produces a marked change in stooping shoulders.

It will be noticed that it is excellent also for expanding the lungs, and older persons will enjoy taking the motions more slowly and filling the lungs as the arms are raised, exhaling the breath as they return to position.

WASHING BABY'S SOCKS

Will some one kindly give directions for washing socks; either crocheted or knit, or both? CONSTANT READER.

CRADLE SONGS

I BELIEVE that children are much sinned against by the editors, and not the least of it the songs that are sung to them. They usually get their first ideas from songs; yet how carelessly we choose that which means so much to them.

The one song that still holds its place in the nursery, and I always feel that it is a duty to protest against it, is Dr. Watts' cradle hymn. It has its merits, and the authority of a church to support it; yet, I believe it to be the worst of sinners.

"Twas to save my child from dying, Save my dear from burning flames, Bitter groans and endless cryings, That the best Redeemer came."

Here we have made an unnecessary demand on the child's sympathies. I have sorrowed many a night—for I was brought up on the song—over that poor, unfortunate babe, and an impression of gloom, which nothing can efface, connected itself with my religion.

A PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY FOR CHAFING

COMBINED with an antiseptic and healing substance, such as boric acid, the newer treatment is to cleanse the irritated surfaces with tepid water, in which a small portion of boric acid has been dissolved, and then dust them with a powder made after the following formula:

Pure zinc 1/2 oz. Pure silicate of magnesium (i. e., pure talc) 1/4 oz. English precipitated chalk 1/4 oz. The chalk may be performed or not, according to fancy.

THE VIRTUES OF GLUE

I HAVE read your letters for three years, gaining much valuable information, and feel now like adding my mite. How many mothers know the value of glue? I always keep a bottle of glue in my nursery, and my uses are many.

A REMEDY FOR COCKROACHES

COULD you tell me how to get rid of cockroaches? Mrs. H. A. J. This is a burning question with many housekeepers. When they are firmly entrenched in a kitchen it is very difficult to get rid of them.

A BARROW-COAT

WILL you kindly tell me in your column of answers to correspondents what an infant's barrow-coat is, whether worn in daytime or at night? Also, what length and width to make the flannel bands, and how long to continue using them? Mrs. T.

The barrow-coat, also called the pinning blanket, is like a flannel skirt, only open all the way up the front. It is made long enough to turn up and pin over the baby's feet. A flannel band should be about twenty inches long and five wide. It should be simply torn off, not hemmed or finished in any way.

FOOD FOR DELICATE BABY

I VE had great trouble raising my baby, but finally, after all my friends had given me by saying, "that child can never live," and other hopeful things, my physician told me to try peptonized milk, and it has made a healthy, hearty child, with sixteen teeth, at thirteen months of age; and no one has had a chance to say, "I told you so." B. T.

Peptogenic milk powder can be used in preparing the milk; or pancreatin, or any of the preparations for peptonizing milk.

Advertisement for Nestle's Milk Food. Text: 'As a diet in Cholera Infantum Nestle's Milk Food is invaluable'. Includes an illustration of a baby and a woman.

Advertisement for FERRIS BROS. 'SENSIBLE WOMEN GOOD SENSE CORSET WAISTS. THOUSANDS NOW IN USE.' Includes an illustration of a woman in a corset.

Advertisement for 'MIZPAH' VALVE NIPPLES. Text: 'WILL NOT COLLAPSE. Make nursing easy, and prevent much colic...' Includes an illustration of a nipple.

Advertisement for 'The Best' NURSER. Text: 'NURSER prevents sickness, wind colic, indigestion, is self-cleaning, and easy to use...' Includes an illustration of a baby.

Advertisement for INFANTS' and CHILDREN'S WARDROBES. Text: 'Outfit No. 1, 9 pieces, \$10; Outfit No. 2, 15 pieces, \$12. Two dresses, postpaid, \$2.75. AGENTS WANTED.'

Advertisement for INFANTS' HEALTH WARDROBE. Text: 'New style baby's outfit 26 pattern, 60c. Short clothes 26 pat. 50c. directions, kind, amount, material required. Mrs. F. B. Phillips, Keene, N. H.'

Advertisement for BABY WARDROBE PATTERNS. Text: 'Complete outfit, 25 improved patterns for infants' clothes. Also 25 of short clothes. Either set with full directions for making, amount and kind of material, by mail, sealed, 5c. Patterns absolutely reliable. HINTS TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS, a book by a trained nurse, free with each set of patterns. Mrs. J. BRIDE, P. O. Box 3038, New York.'

Advertisement for B. WARD A. ROBE B. CONSULTING Y. Text: 'B. of every garment in the most quiet, New York, improved styles; per-outfit, 25 pat., 50c.; short clothes, 25 pat., 50c.; kind, amt., mat'l required, valuable hygienic information by professional nurse, and portfolio of babies, from life, free, with each. New England Pattern Co., 9 Faculty St., N. Y.'

Advertisement for MRS. SARAH J. SCHACK'S DRESS REFORM. Text: 'Abdominal-Hose Supporter. Corpulent figures reduced and made shapely in from three to six months. By wearing the Supporter women need no longer suffer from weakness of their sex. For circulars and information inclose two-cent stamp. Agents wanted Address: EARL MANUFACTURING CO., 231 Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.'

Advertisement for MOTHERS! Text: 'Do you wish \$1000 with which to educate your child when he is twelve years of age? You can have it. For particulars, address F. P. FRENCH, Sec'y Children's Endowment Society, Minneapolis, Minn.'

Advertisement for SAVE THE PRICE OF THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. Text: 'by sending for our New Perfection Family Syracuse. Has no equal; price, \$1.50, by mail. Or, our New Perfection Fountain Syracuse, price, \$2.50. MONROE DRUG CO., Unionville, N. C.'

Advertisement for WHY HAVE WRINKLES? Text: 'Rico Cream will prevent them. It is the best known preparation for beautifying and cleansing the skin, and keeping it soft, and smooth and healthful. Rico Cream has met with universal favor among the society women of Boston. It is purely vegetable and contains not the slightest harmful substance. Sent by mail for 50 cents. JOHN MEDINA, Paris Hair Store, 463 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.'

Advertisement for \$100 FOR SOME ONE!! Text: '\$100 for some one!! 118 Cash Prizes from \$1 to \$100 for largest lots of words. Send dime for "Favorite Saws" and Rules. WESTBORO SAW CO., Westboro, Mass.'



A Department devoted entirely to an interchange of ideas among our band of JOURNAL sisters. Address all letters to AUNT PATIENCE, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 433-435 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

If you miss parts of your letters when they come to you again in this corner of ours, do not think that your pleasant words of appreciation of the JOURNAL, and especially of this part of it, are omitted because I do not care for them. Quite the contrary. Those with whom THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is the first and the last thought of the day, and the object of much anxiety and labor through all the days, treasure such expressions—they are our encouragement and our joy. The cheery words which you send often mean more to those who receive them than you imagine. They are a mental stimulant.

THERE is no home to which we would not carry help, no heart we would not strengthen for life's best endurance and action. If we know by your testimony that we succeed, it gives us the highest happiness. And as we begin again the occupations of the busiest part of the year, it is with gratitude we find ourselves inspired to better service by the assurances of your affection. Is it not true that we may, each in her own place, have a part in the great work of love which God is doing for the world, and shall we not here, "Just Among Ourselves," take a new pledge to do our very best in our home, in our neighborhood, everywhere, to give brightness and purity and love? Thus may we make of the winter of our discontent a songful and beneficent summer.

I HAVE been married a year, and but recently began housekeeping. My house is not large and few women would require help; but I, not being strong, cannot bring mine to look as my neighbors', and so I fret. I am a poor manager; no one realizes it more fully than I; and yet, at times, I attack my work with such vigor as to make things charming in a short time. Kitchen work is horrible to me, and at entertaining I am so awkward as to disgust myself, and not infrequently a flood of tears follows my departing guest. Oh, could I but read, and not come in contact with people who smile, at my clumsy efforts to make them comfortable!

Do not be discouraged. You may learn to "manage." Sit down quietly and plan your work. Do not try to copy your neighbors' houses nor their methods. Make your own little home such as you would like to have it, just so far as you can, and then, whatever you do, stop fretting. Endeavor to interest yourself sincerely in your guests. Listen sympathetically to what they say, and seek for topics of conversation which will be pleasant to them. Put out of your mind all thought of how you are appearing, or what your neighbor is thinking of you, and I give you the word of an experienced woman that you will be counted a charming hostess. Selfishness and self-consciousness, those arch-spoilers of our peace, are really, I think, at the bottom of your trouble.

NOTICE in "Aunt Patience" Department a communication from A. I. R. upon raising money for Sunday-schools "on the five-cent plan, etc." and closing with this question: "Have any one experience to give?" In the Sunday-school of the First Methodist Church of Omaha, Nebraska, four months ago, the sum of ten cents was given to each scholar with which to raise funds to aid in building a fine new church. One little fellow of six years, Carl D. W., gave to the school fund \$21.04, as a result of his efforts in making and selling candy.

Table with 2 columns: Amount raised, Expense for material, Total cleared. Values: \$35.64, 14.60, \$21.04.

If a member of the infant class, six years of age, can accomplish so much, what might older members of a Sunday-school do with five or ten cents capital? A. J. S.

Carl is an unusual boy. Children of his age are not usually capable of making good candy. Often when children are credited with "raising money" it is not by their actual industry, but by an indirect sort of begging. Older persons may use children as cat's paws to get money, and there is great danger in such conduct. I find that children, ten, twelve, or even fourteen years old, have to be unusually careful and skillful to make candy, or other things which shall have a real market value, to any such amount as you mention. A mission band, of which I have some knowledge, has tried this plan. The members have been instructed that the work must be their own, and that they must not demand in payment more than the thing made and presented for sale is really worth. Carl's is very likely an exceptional case, and does not need the caution; but it is a misfortune for children to be subject, through their church, Sunday-school and missionary organizations, to influences which will not cultivate in them principles of industry and honesty in business dealings.

WE have had the step-mother problem discussed, now I would like some ideas in regard to getting on amicably with mothers-in-law. There is many a good old lady who occupies that position, who makes it unpleasant for the daughter-in-law by objecting to her way because she never did that way, not realizing that times are changed. How can we gain the love and confidence of such an one without sacrificing our own ideas in regard to things in general? TROUBLED ONE.

There is no way in this world to avoid difficulties in such relations except by making the law of love the rule of life. You will say that is just the difficulty. The offending one is not ruled by love. And that is very true. But almost every evil can be overcome by good, and a double portion of patience and gentleness on your part will do much, if not everything, to smooth away the difficulties. Yield where you can consistently, and where you cannot, maintain your own way, not in obstinate sullenness, but in sweet-tempered firmness, and your way may be accepted finally.

I FEEL I must say something in defense of the farmer and the dear old farm. Now I am a farmer's wife and thank God, for the peace and quiet of farm life. When I'm through town and see children playing near the d. awful railroad and think how often precious lives have paid such dreadful penalty, and homes have been darkened; or see little boys, almost babies, running behind a loaded sleigh to catch a ride, or before spirited horses, then I feel very thankful for "The lonely plantation with its safe play grounds, under mother's own watchful eye."

Where can we find such pure, innocent pleasure for our little ones? What occupation can a man follow that will give him so many hours with his family? At our house the evenings are the most precious part of our home-life. Even our little three-year-old says, "Time for papa to come; must have clean face, clean apron too, so my papa will say—those ladies who dress see how any mother can regard it as other than a sacred duty to care for the precious little bodies. I cannot separate it in my own mind from intellectual training. It seems a part of the beautiful whole. Neither can I call such work "bodily sacrifice." "Janet" if you have given a true picture of your home-life I pity you, not because you are a farmer's wife; oh no! but because there must have been such a mistake somewhere. You say the "planter never repents"; I should certainly think he would, of some things at least. I cannot think of a farmer's wife who looks as though she were kept "purposely" at work all the time. If she is it is her own fault. On the other hand I know many who ride and drive when they are dressed as well as ladies in town, and always have help during the busy season, and as many labor-saving conveniences as the farmer himself. Perhaps the difference lies in the location of our homes. I cannot bear that any should try to prejudice girls against marrying farmers. Some of the most noble men our country has ever known, came from farm-homes. And they are better opportunities for farmer's sons-to-day than ever before. Girls, these young men will look to you to be true, noble wives. A CONTENTED WIFE.

Thank you for this view of the lot of a farmer's wife. Undoubtedly, much does depend upon the location, but more upon the disposition with which the work is taken up. There is an old saying that love begets love, and it is true.

FOR a long time I have scarcely restrained myself from writing to you, and I am convinced that now I must to save my peace of mind. I want to tell "Janet" and "Mrs. John Smith" just what I think of them. "Mrs. John Smith" will find that she never can be a great general if she can't conquer a sink full of dishes without complaining; and that her husband and children will appreciate her a great deal more if she does her work with a light heart and a ready hand and has a pleasant word for them, than they would if she had the wisdom of the wisest. I hope she and "Janet" will study Rev. T. De Witt Talmage's talks, and try to realize how hard the lives of others are. Perhaps they may see some places in their own lives that are a great deal brighter by contrast.

If "Janet" will read this JOURNAL she will be reminded that she is doing wrong by the one who ought to be the dearest and best friend she has in this world. I should delight to live on a plantation. I did live on a farm before I was married, but now I live wherever my husband can get work, for he is a sawyer. I miss a garden and all the pleasant things that go with a farm very much; but you know we have to earn our living. I hope "Janet" and "Mrs. John Smith" will take a more practical view of things, and do the best they can in the place God has assigned them to. Yours truly, LILLIAN.

The making of a home is the most beautiful work a woman can do, and it matters little whether her home be a small one in an isolated place, or a large one in the midst of great activities. Each in her own place, reigning over her own kingdom, whether it is small or great, is either a noble success or a dismal failure. Within herself lies that which decides whether it shall be the one or the other. This is a truth never to be lost sight of.

I AM a busy woman at work in a telegraph office, but I find time to read my JOURNAL "between times," and I prize it highly. I like the helpful thoughts it gives to women, and consider it the best magazine printed to-day. Will some one suggest a good way to remember what one reads? I forget so easily things I want to treasure in memory, sometimes only remembering a part of an article, and more often, retaining but a scrawny idea of what was very interesting. Yours truly, L. A. B.

This is a question which is often asked and is not very easily answered. Slow and thoughtful reading, giving time for assimilation, and a habit of distributing the thoughts suggested and the facts learned, into their relative places with other thoughts and facts stored in the memory, is a general statement of what might be specifically explained if there were room for it here. Then, too, remember that reading is not more exclusively for filling the memory than eating is for filling the stomach.

I FEEL as though I must write and tell "Janet" my sad experience, and I hope it may be a warning to her and other wives who think themselves neglected. Husband and I were married seven years ago, and moved on a farm. We had a lovely home (inherited it), but in a little while I longed for my lost city amusements. Husband seemed to me morose and sullen. He didn't call me his angel as much as formerly; probably by living with me, found out I was merely human, and I resented his giving it out. Soon we had a little one to love and care for, but she did not seem to draw us nearer together although we were united in loving her. We both worked very hard, much harder than ever before in our lives, and we seemed each to blame the other because our life went from bad to worse. Finally, my husband concluded to change his business. We prospered in this world's goods, but we were poor in love and happiness and drifted farther apart day by day, he engrossed in business, and I utterly sick of life without love. It seemed to me that had God not given us our little daughter, I would sunder a tie which only seemed a mockery. Four months ago my poor husband broke down completely, and now is in the nearest infirmity. Victim of complete paralysis. Do you think I cherish the prospect of my dear "Janet." I only cry to my aching heart "Oh, if I could have known, so I might have had more patience!" We cannot know how dear to us our loved ones are until we lose them, and then we see how much better we could have been, how much happier we might have made them.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are—it might have been! We might have been happy all those years. Be patient; your husband's ways and yours are not alike. God made you different. Realize that if you are not happy each day of your life you never will be; and the truth may come to you, as it has to me, when you will see your own short-comings. God help us both. Yours in sorrow, MAY.

Although anonymous letters are not usually worthy of any attention, I make this one an exception. There are experiences which we would willingly give for the sake of warning to others, which we can only give under cover of darkness or behind a screen. Sometimes, though not often, an editor may make use of such experiences. I have hesitated long about reading this letter even "Just Among Ourselves," yet the lesson is one many of us need to learn. We cannot understand fully the circumstances of even the nearest and dearest of our friends. We need to be gentle and tender and patient with our own, and our dearest ones have need to be gentle and tender and patient with us. Such deep sorrow does not always come as the result of our lack of consideration, as has come to this dear sister. We must thank God that it does not. And may such comfort as our Heavenly Father knows how to pour into the most sorrowing heart, be given to her, and peace fill her heart.

I AM interested in trying to raise some house plants. I am very fond of flowers. I have no plants; in fact, I don't raise any, for we have lived on a farm until the last year, and it was as much as I could do to take care of my little children and raise chickens, and do a great deal other work on the farm. Since we have come to town I should like very much to get some slips—cuttings of any kind of house plants. How can I do it? F. S. C.

You can raise some plants from seeds which you may buy for five or ten cents a paper. A seedsman's catalogue would help you decide, and for a small sum he will send plants by mail. Gradually you will come to know others who enjoy raising plants and you can exchange with them. House plants will give you a great deal of pleasure if you are patient and will give them regular care. It is not so much the amount of labor you bestow upon them as the regularity of it.

I PRESUME you will smile when you read my request, but as you have so kindly given us all permission to write you on any subject we may be interested in, I venture to ask that we may have some future number have one or more articles on a woman's duty to her husband. I feel a desire to embrace any woman that I hear say: "My husband is the best in the world," or "I have such a kind husband"; but the one who speaks "ill of him leaves me with a heart-ache. Not just give you an idea of how I believe in doing: Set the table neatly and cook up the dishes for him; dress as becomingly as if you were looking for your lover, and try to keep a smile on your face. If there are nice dishes or linen that you don't really like to use every day, do use them at least Sundays, not always wait for company for your best efforts to be put forth. I know of some who ordinarily eat on the kitchen table, use the cracked dishes, sit at the table of butter, and save apple pies, until company comes; then, as by magic, out comes the dining-table set with silver and all the nice edibles. I consider it the worst kind of deceit. Whether your husband is a day laborer or a merchant prince give him the best you can, and let company take the blame. The highest compliment my husband can give me is to say, "Well, little never does any better for company than she does for her family." I don't dispute that it often requires more cooking; but don't get out of your way for display. Mrs. B. W. F.

The JOURNAL has had a great deal to say about the duties and privileges of wives, and will have more to say in the future. The particular sin you emphasize is not confined to wives. Husbands are guilty of it too. Vanity as a presiding genius in a household will cause the father to purchase lavishly where it will catch the eyes of neighbors and visitors; the meagre provision for the family table, while ample and luxurious meals are served for company, is not always to be charged to the carelessness and indolence of the mother. Home-making must be the joint work of husband and wife. The difficulty is that the same thought and judgment are not used in managing the home which are used in business. A sort of "haphazard" way of doing things is too common. Is not the code unconsciously adopted in many a mismanaged home something like the following?—If there is money in the pocket to-day, spend it as far as it goes, if the purse carrier is generously inclined toward the home; if not, deal out grudgingly what must go there, and put the rest in "the business," or hide it away at interest. If there is no money, let the pinch come in the home on mother and children, and charge the lack of money to waste and folly in the house-mother's management, or, cruelest taunt of all, to the mouths to feed and feet to shoe. The custom of using the best linen and dishes on Sunday and family festival days is a charming one, and it is astonishing how very plain food is made to please the eye and the palate by very simple devices in the manner of serving. After all, it is the abundance of love in the household, or the lack of it there, which makes the difference between the family where the daily meals are mere feeding times, more or less comfortable, and the one where they are the most delightful hours of the day.

HALL'S BAZAR COLLAR FOUNDATIONS, OR, Pressed Linings Designed from Butterick Patterns



THE most popular, and, to nearly all women, the most becoming garment is one with a large rolling collar. Those who have undertaken the task of making such a collar can best appreciate the need of a foundation or lining pressed securely into the correct shape. The Bazar Collar Foundations supply this want.

These Foundations are made of strong buckram, in white or black, held in shape by wire around the edges. With them any novice can make the collars (as given by the corresponding Butterick Patterns) fit about the neck without a crease or wrinkle. Smooth effects are impossible to produce without them.

The illustrations show the permanent appearance of collars when made on these Foundations. Dress-makers know their value.

Advertisement for Hall's Bazar Collar Foundations, showing various styles like "MEDICI," "HENRY II," and "BOLERO," with prices and contact information for Hall's Bazar Form Co.

Advertisement for MME. McGABE'S CORSETS, featuring illustrations of corsets and text describing their features like "Unbreakable, Flexible Side and Expanding Back."

Advertisement for M. HEMINWAY & SONS' SILK CO., featuring a circular logo and text about their "HAND SEWING SILK" and "LADIES!"

Advertisement for YPSILANTI UNDERWEAR, featuring an illustration of a woman in a dress and text about "Dress Reform" and "MEN'S COMBINATION SUITS."

Advertisement for "PERFECTION DRESS STAY," featuring an illustration of a dress stay and text about its benefits for dress-making.

Advertisement for "NEW MUSIC!" featuring an illustration of a gramophone and text about a new march and other musical offerings.

Advertisement for "DRESS CUTTING" by B. M. KUHN, featuring text about the tailor method and contact information.

Aunt Patience



HINTS ON HOME DRESS-MAKING

BY EMMA M. HOOPER.

MISS HOOPER invites, and will cheerfully answer, any questions concerning home dressmaking which may be sent to her by the JOURNAL SISTERS. While she will answer by mail, if stamp is enclosed, she greatly prefers to be allowed to reply through the JOURNAL, in order that her answers may be generally helpful. Address all letters to MISS EMMA M. HOOPER, care of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa.

COMBINATIONS OF THE SEASON

HERE is a rumor to the effect that the fashionable dames of Paris are going to crush the combinations of contrasting sleeves and vests; but this rumor is not carried out in the gowns brought over by our high class modistes, nor in the advanced fashion-plates or letters. Velvet, silk and woolen goods are still mingled with excellent effect, all three appearing on one gown, or any two of the three materials mentioned, and silk gimp as well. Two shades of a color appear on some lovely gowns, the lighter answering for yoke, sleeves and a panel, with gimp matching the darker tint. Individual fancies are followed, but they must combine style, appropriateness, becomingness and originality. Happy the dressmaker or wearer who possesses this unmistakable combination.

FASHIONABLE BODICE ACCESSORIES

THESE may be of velvet, velveteen or the dress goods edged with gimp. Dress necks have a flaring Medici collar for elaborate costumes, wraps and jackets. A half-flared collar stands quite high, and then rolls over for an inch, making it stylish for a visiting or home toilette. The ordinary high collar is like the poor—"always with us." If the owner of a pretty neck, one may wear house dresses made with a corded neck, even a tiny V, in front, and finish with a turnover frill of lace, silk or chiffon. Velvet collars are often worn without a line of white next to the neck, but it is a trying fashion that is not always a success. Evening toilettes have low, round necks, and reception and dinner gowns are cut with a V halfway to the point in front, and one about three inches deep in the back, unless a Medici collar is worn. Revers of the dress goods, tapering to the waist-line, are becoming to stout figures, and are edged with narrow gimp. Corsets and girdles from the side seams are of various depths and shapes, according to the figure, and may be hooked or laced. Jacket fronts bid fair never to go entirely out, and are very becoming to slender or flat-chested figures, as are the armhole trimmings of lace, passementerie or velvet, shaped round the armholes and widening at the sides, back and front. Narrow, flat vests and draped plastrons are worn, the latter giving a very dressy effect, fastening on the left shoulder after hooking the dress in front, rounded out to fit at the throat, and then falling in soft folds to a point at the waist-line. Such an accessory should be arranged on the future wearer.

SOMETHING ABOUT SKIRTS

THE handsomest skirt fronts are "broken" in front by a few plaits run in the bell, which makes them more becoming to stout and thin figures than the close-fitting belt, sheath or *fin de siècle* shapes that reveal the contour of the form. Bias back-seams will be worn when a narrow and not very full back is desired. Bias side-seams have made their appearance, but all bias-cut skirts sag more or less, and are difficult to hang, hence their unpopularity with home dressmakers. The five-gore skirts are stylish for demitained house dresses, and should be trimmed with gimp down each seam. The two gores joined to the front are of the second fabric when made for a combination gown. Material that is sufficiently wide will still be made up crosswise of the goods, bringing the single seam in the back. The top is corded when a slender appearance is desired. Sometimes the outside material is finished separately from the lining, edged with gimp, and passes over the round waist. Again, the outside is drawn down in graceful folds to show a facing of contrasting material. Flounces on the edge are amply full. Skirts are generally four yards wide before arranging them over the lining.

Folded side breadths are lapped over a narrow front of brocade, etc. A neat finish for the foot is a band of silk, cut bias, and corded five times. All skirts are wide at the lower edge, even if the fullness at the belt is cut away. Fan and box-plaited backs appear; also, full gathered ones.

QUITE A PRACTICAL HINT

A KINDLY correspondent sends the following hint, which was given some time ago, and has probably escaped the attention of some of our readers: "You can make a practical use of a woollen pie-crust roller, the model being twelve inches long and seven wide. Cover with two layers of Canton flannel, and you will have a fine pressing board for the seams of basques and sleeves. It can be held in the lap while pressing the seams, and the effect seems better than if a flat board had been used."

A FEW PRETTY GOWNS

FOR house wear through the fall, black-ground challis is made up with a China silk vest and velvet ribbon the chief shade of the bright flowers. A favorite combination shows green velvet on the collar, wrists, edge of the basque and as bows heading the flounce, with pink, yellow or red silk for the vest. A black brocade, or faille, skirt, made with three ruffles across the front and sides, is worn with a coat basque of velvet, having a light brocade vest, a round waist of China silk figured with a color, or a plaited surah waist. For dressy evening wear, a cream challis, figured with lavender, has a round waist shirred in the back, and in plaits from the shoulders in front, with a pointed grille of wide ribbon folded narrowly in the back. Turn-over collar, bertha and wrist frills of *point d'esprit* lace, having narrow ribbon run in the top to draw it up, and then bowed. Plounce of lace similarly arranged on the front and sides of the skirt; fan-back, lapped side breadths, imitating a wide kilt plait.

BODICES FOR ALL

HIGH darts are fashionable, but they do not give a fine form in spite of being so very English. Darts should be snipped above and at the waist-line, and pressed open. Sew bone casings on full; soak whalebones in tepid water before putting them in the casings, then push them in firmly and catch with a few stitches. When they dry and harden they will take the shape of the seam and fit better. The best whalebone now sells for twenty-five to thirty cents a yard length, but it pays to buy the very best. Narrow coat-tail backs, short hips and pointed single or double-breasted fronts are becoming to stout figures; also collars fitted low on the dress, though high in effect, and mediately high sleeves. Flat buttons, or hooks and eyes, should fasten the front, which may be trimmed with a slender pointed vest, or revers, tapering to the waist-line. A wrist trimming of two or three rows of flat gimp, etc., makes the arms look shorter. Two side pieces, in place of one, should be used in bodices where the belt is over twenty-eight inches. The bias effect to bodices is still liked, and is given by taking in the second dart from the back very deeply. The seamless bodices on slender figures require a soft woolen or silken goods, and though called seamless, they only dispense with the side form, dart and sometimes the centre back seams. The effect given by draping the fronts at the armholes, and again at the centre, lower down, over a yoke of contrasting goods laid smoothly on the lining, is a charming one for flat-chested figures. Lapped fronts are worn; also, round fronts with coat-backs commencing at the side seams.

DRESSING BABY BOYS



ONE might imagine, from the many letters written upon the dressing of small boys, that the mothers of these coming men were totally ignorant of their apparel, which is really not the case. But they expect some startling difference in the attire of girls and boys from the time they are short-coated. Until babies are a year old, dress them alike. After that time, for a year, the chief difference is that boys do not wear gimpes, and do wear many one-piece dresses, which are buttoned in the back, have three box or five side-plaits, back and front, coat sleeves, rolling collar and a belt of the goods crossed with pointed ends in the back. The plaits are stitched to just below the waist-line, and then fall free. Striped and plain flannel, gingham, cotton chevrot, flannelette, piqué and cashmere are the materials selected for such dresses, which may have the collar, sleeves and belt edged with embroidery when of cotton goods. Children of this age wear cotton dresses through the winter, over warm flannels. Black shoes and stockings are worn with all dresses. From two to three years the same materials are selected, and are made up with a more boyish air. The skirts may now be gathered or plaited, the round waist is corded, buttoned in the back, and trimmed to imitate a square neck, or a Zouave jacket, with embroidery. Another design has three box-plaits, back and front, or a vest of tucked nainsook is set in the front. Rolled and sailor collars are worn. The sleeves are of the coat shape, slightly full on the shoulders; or may be in the shirt style, gathered into cuffs; embroidery is the chief trimming. The skirts fall halfway between the shoes and knees, and are of two to three breadths, according to the material. The waists are in three pieces, and are cut to give a wide appearance. Useful piqué dresses have a round waist and kilt skirt, with cuffs, collar and bretelles, edged with cotton passementerie. The heavy cord piqué is made up with a tucked linen vest, sailor collar and cuffs. Gathered skirts are preferred to plaits.

DRESSMAKERS' CORNER

Under this heading I will cheerfully answer each month any possible question on Home-Dressmaking sent me by my readers.

EMMA M. HOOPER.

MRS. ROSA L.—A letter sent you on May 27th. has been returned, stamped "Not called for."

GIRLISH—Certainly, use the black cashmere that you have, and read answer to "Rosabelle" before making it up.

MRS. WM. W.—Read answer to "Serviceable," and trim with velvet collar and cuffs to soften the poor complexion.

ASKAW—You have set your sleeves too far under, which twists the under seam askew and makes them draw. Raise this seam an inch on the bodice.

A. R. G.—A good at-home dress would be one of dark blue cashmere. This will not show wear as quickly as black, and the color does not fade by much service.

MRS. D. G.—The finely corded dimity is very pretty for infant's dresses, to change with those of nainsook. It is from thirty-five cents a yard; trim with nainsook embroidery.

BABY'S MOTHERS—A silver brush, comb, powder-box and soap dish for the baby basket will cost about eleven to thirteen dollars. While fur rugs are used for baby carriage robes during the winter.

DRESSMAKERS—I have written of velveteen dress facings several times. They are sixteen to twenty cents, one and a quarter inches wide, and each roll contains three yards; ample for four.

BEATRICE L.—Trim the edges of your red-and-tan flannel wrapper with a feather-stitching, using wash silk to match the red shade. As it is only half light in the fit, a lining of cambric will answer.

LADY BETTY—The velvet accessories are in good taste, but as you will wear the dress under a fur jacket have beignaine, royale, satin duchesse, or tulle, clear dark-green and a bright navy-blue are becoming to a rosy brunette. Black and brown furs are the preferred styles.

A FRIEND—I would recommend a fine all-wool cashmere rather than a colored silk-worsted kerchief. Clear dark-green and a bright navy-blue are becoming to a rosy brunette. Black and brown furs are the preferred styles.

HONOR—Your name is of Irish extraction. Willow-green is a grayish-green. Cigale is a new bright stem-green. Marise is brighter than the other, and is a clear dark-green. The fashionable browns are of a golden or reddish cast.

POVERTY STRUCK—In a small town of 5000 people \$150 per year ought to dress you very neatly. Why "hunger for extreme novelties." Only a small class of women can afford these, and I do not know that they are the happier for so doing.

Mrs. E. V.—You forgot to close a stain, and, unfortunately, the same occurred a few weeks ago. Woolen goods will dye any darker shade than the original, but brown, navy-blue, black, dark gray and green are safer to select than a fancy or very new color.

MISS DORA V.—I am sorry that you were so disappointed, but your letter did not bear any state in the address, and there are several towns of the same name. Correspondents can not be too careful in giving a full and correct address when requesting a personal reply.

Mrs. S. A. H.—Since you ask the question I will say that your letter is not written in a terse style. It is too long, decidedly roundabout, and contains much matter entirely foreign to the subject of dressmaking. "Demi-train" means one from five to twenty inches on the floor.

SERVICEABLE—Dark mixed or striped marine-blue, reddish-brown or slate-gray chevrots, camel's-hair, serges, etc., will answer for a durable shopping and walking dress for winter. There are also twilled American flannel dress goods in cheviot patterns that wear forever and a day.

FIRST BRIDE—Golden-brown Bedford cording, or ladies' cloth, trimmed with velvet and gimp, for the visiting gown, and a diagonal striped chevrot, or camel's-hair for the evening dress. Pen-down caps are worn with a silk front. The wrapper have of striped flannel, and feather-stitch the edges.

MISS LOUISE V.—Use velvet flowers with a feather-trimmed hat. Dotted black velvets are mostly worn. Tan or gray glazed or sueded gloves. Black hose are universally worn with all house coats or jackets are worn with old woolen skirts. Have a silk-plaited or shirred waist, but not a jersey, as the latter are *passé*.

D. S. M.—Black hose are still the universal fashion for babies and children, women and men. A boy of five years wears his kilts just to the bottom of the knee or shorter. Have a white shirt and blouse waists for a variety. Tie a sailor knot of surah under the rolling collar of the blouse or waist. Rolling collars of linen are also worn.

A. S. J.—A rosette of dress goods may be cut bias or straight, double or single if the edges are frayed out. Cut the same width, gather along one edge, pull up the thread and fasten with a needle and thread, using the assistance, as the thread is tightened. For a hat use ribbon and gather one edge in the same manner. Both must be full, loose and fluffy.

SECOND BRIDE—If you write me what dresses you now have that can be remodeled, how much money can be spent on new gowns, what kind of a place you are going to live in and what position in social life you will occupy, I can probably assist you in selecting a proper wardrobe; but to write "I am to be married in December. What shall I buy?" is rather indefinite.

SKIRT—Use one extender twelve inches long, and lace it twelve inches below the belt. Ten inches below the extender run a casing on the inside of the lining from one back seam to the other, and put a tape in this, which is drawn up to form the "tie-back," keeping the fullness of the skirt evenly divided on each side, and drawing-stitch takes the place of the short extender.

BERLIE—A bertha is a bodice trimming of lace, embroidery, or some soft material that drapes after the same fashion. Lately berthas of lace have been greatly used and are of three-inch lace gathered up either side of the front, and having a border of satin stripes, silk brauching off to the shoulders and coming to a point again in the back. Others are rounder in effect and commence across the middle of the bust.

ROSABELLE—I am sorry to refuse your request, but it is impossible for me to criticize such a well-known article through these columns. When in doubt regarding becomingness of black, brighten the dress with a draped vest of yellow, red, old-rose, etc. A garniture of gold-and-black gimp and a yellow China silk plastron would certainly improve your complexion. Remember the line worn saying, "Yellow on yellow makes yellow look white."

D. P. V.—Pink is more inclined to fade than any other color, but try a piece of it in a solution of warm water and beef's gall. If successful then wash all of the garment, rinse quickly in salt water and dry in the shade. You can fully extend your dress with an evening dress. A cream or pink China silk would answer for any evening entertainment a miss attends. It should have long baby-waist, short sleeves and gathered skirt, with a full gimpes and long sleeves of silk muslin or chiffon.

PAULINE—I presume you have made up the fawn Henrietta ere this, but every inch of space was occupied when your letter reached me. The shade is correct for a blonde. Trim it with a narrow silk, or silver and silk, gimp. Have a shirt and a "broche" in front, fan back and row of gimp at top of belt. High sleeves, standing collar and a plain coat basque or a pointed coat-tail, having cuffs fully extended to the wrist. A narrow pointed vest of silk, and tapering revers of the dress goods could be added if you wish the front trimmed.

AMELIE—Apply to some of the large dry goods stores in St. Louis, your nearest port, or Chicago. Such beads are sold by the dozen and string. Gauze will be worn, but of the kind having a border of satin stripes. Silk muslin must be made over satin or surah, which has a ruffle on the entire lower edge. A full gathered skirt of the muslin, hemmed or finished with a frill; short bustled corsage fully extended to the wrist in soft folds; puff sleeves; low round neck; laced in the back; deep frill of muslin or chiffon, double or single, on edge of bodice and sleeves; frill on neck turned over on the outside.

FALL FASHIONS.

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THE COMING STYLES,

as shown in the accompanying illustrations (Butterick's), favor high collars, Louis XV sleeves, panier bodices, and many other devices calculated to bewilder those who do their own dressmaking. How to cut, fit and shape such difficult garments is the great problem. It involves too much work to ask any friend or long-suffering member of the family to pose for you, and unless you have *Home Bazar Form*, the amount of your dressmaking bill is apt to reduce the number of your dresses.



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SOME PRETTY AUTUMN BODICES

By Isabel A. Mallon

THEY really ought to be called bodices rather than blouses. Because a blouse always suggests a something that is loose-fitting and which has rather a dowdy air. Every one of us knows what it is to see skirts and blouses, and for a while the jersey, and the jersey alone, seemed the resource left if one wished to make any use of the skirt; but now there is the picturesque, pretty and decidedly becoming bodice which may be made of material suited not only to one's appearance, but also to one's purse.

A SMOCKED CASHMERE BODICE (Illustration No. 1) is of pale rose-colored cashmere, of a fine light quality, which will lend itself easily to the smocking chosen for it. It is smocked to form a round outline, quite a distance below the neck, the smocking being drawn in to form the collar, which is finished with a soft frill of lisse. The fullness is drawn down and the skirt portion comes outside the black skirt over which it is worn, while a jeweled belt, clasped just in the centre, seems to hold it in position. The sleeves are full and high, shirred in at the wrists with a pretty frill finish in harmony with the neck dressing. The hair is softly waved, drawn back off the head, and knotted low on the neck.

Such a bodice as this would be prettily developed in cashmere in any color, in silk, in light cloth, or in any of the large class of

possibly, girdle of the velvet; or if you have only one small piece, and there is no other trimming on your bodice, have a velvet collar. It will be certain to be becoming to you, and as it is one of the special fads of the good modiste who knows how effective it is, you can follow her example and arrange your velvet collar.

FASHIONABLE BELTS

AMONG the pretty belts shown for wear with blouse bodices are those of gold galloon, about an inch and a half wide, finished with a pointed buckle of what seems like finely wrought gold, and in which sparkles here, there and everywhere, finely cut steels that are quite as bright as diamonds. Another very pretty belt, but one which has to be handled with a little care, is made of imitation tortoise shell, with facets of steel set straight about it, the mode of clasping being the ordinary one of a hook and eye of the shell. Other belts that may simply come from the side seams, or encircle the entire waist, are of open-work gold passementerie, set with imitation turquoise, rubies, emeralds or sapphires. These, of course, are usually put upon what might be called evening bodices; that is, those of any light silk or cashmere, and intended to wear at home when visitors are present. None of them are very expensive, and they really make the bodice look very rich. In buying them it is advisable to take two, so that one may be cut in half, used for the collar, and then when it has become a little tarnished from the coiffure resting against it, the other half of the belt can form a fresh collar.

For ribbon girdles black velvet, or, indeed, velvet ribbon of any sort, is fancied. Though it must not be understood by that, that the soft silk ribbons are not also in vogue. As far as the girdle is concerned one is given a great deal of license, and the more unique it is the better is the general woman satisfied with a belt about her waist.

A NATTY SILK BODICE

SOFT surah silk (Illustration No. 3.) makes most effective bodices. They require a somewhat heavy lining if they are to be worn during the winter, but for the early fall a very light silk lining is all that is required. Frills of chiffon, of the plaited silk, or of embroidered lisse are all liked on these bodices, and are usually becoming. The bodice illustrated is of white surah silk, laid in soft plaits from the shoulder down to the waist, and having as a finish a deep added skirt of the silk, very finely plaited. The joining is concealed by a white ribbon girdle, prettily knotted in front, and with ends that extend below the skirt portion. About the neck is a frill of embroidered chiffon that extends very nearly to the waist-line, in cascade fashion. The sleeves are full and high on the shoulders, but shaped into the arm at the elbow, and have frills of chiffon arranged as turnback cuffs for the wrist finish. In any color of silk desired this bodice would be very dainty. For daytime wear any of the dark colors may be chosen; or, for a young girl, bright scarlet will be in good taste, while for evening not only white, but old-rose, pale blue, Nile green, light-gray, cream and lavender will be pretty, and they may be worn with skirts that match them in hue, or which harmonize.

A PLEA FOR THE BODICE

ONE would not think that it was necessary to make a plea for a pretty bodice; and yet there are women, and I am so sorry to say it, who seem to think that a sleeve slightly worn, a collar a little dragged, or a bodice which is marked across the back, doesn't really interfere with their appearance. It always does, but just nowadays more than ever, when the skirts are made so plainly and all decoration is expected to be on the bodice. Then, too, it must be remembered that the shape of one's sleeves, the arranging of a pretty collar, or girdle, will do much to make an old bodice look well.

THE PRETTY COAT BODICE

ALTHOUGH it could scarcely come under the heading of blouses, yet the coat bodice is an important something in the wardrobe of to-day. It is, of course, the long fitted basque with flat waistcoat, and jacket fronts that are partially loose showing the waistcoat between. An idea seems to exist that this style of coat basque is not becoming to stout women, especially to those who are large about the stomach and hips. This belief is absolutely wrong. The close, tight-fitting basque brings out every pound of flesh and makes

apparent every exaggerated curve; whereas this one, with its semi-loose fronts, breaks the line, conceals the flesh and gives the wearer a more compact-looking figure. The French dressmakers have all been wise enough to know that extreme flesh is much better when hidden by folds than when brought out by excessively tight-fitting garments. I do not advise a blouse for a stout figure, because that breaks off just at the waist-line and will intensify the shortness and dumpyness of the woman who is more than merely inclined to flesh; but the long basque has an entirely different effect, concealing the objectionable avoirdupois, and, by its close-fitting back, giving a positive figure to the woman who thinks she has lost hers. By-the-by, I would not advise girdles or elaborate belts for fleshy figures, as they simply draw attention to the size of the waist. And, speaking of waists, I am going to give a few words of advice and a few of censure:—

The girl with a naturally small waist does not, of necessity, lace; and the woman with an extremely large one, is not, of necessity, any healthier than some other woman. I have been asked if I approve of the corset, and I must answer that I do, most decidedly; but I approve of its use, and not of its abuse. I do not believe as many women lace as are credited with doing so; lacing makes the nose red, the hands cold, and will, in time, give the complexion an ugly, pasty look. American women, as a rule, understand themselves too well to submit to such results for such a cause. The well-fitting corset for you may be the long one with the high bust; where for me it may be the short one with the low bust—but that it is well-fitting and that it is a comfort, is its reason for existence. The plea that the Venus had a large waist is one put forward very often by those who object to the corset; but how many of the same people know that, when the Venus was chiseled, women wore abominations in the way of stays—that is, muslin bodices, boned, if one may use the word; with iron—and that under the flowing Greek draperies the figure was pressed in the most painful way. Artists claim that, draped, the waist of the Venus would look very much the size of that of any well-formed woman of to-day, and the well-formed woman is not the one who is shaped like an hour-glass. We are over-fond of talking about the good health of our grandmothers, and yet our grandmothers drew their corset laces in with the assistance of the bed-posts, walked in thin, satin slippers on the coldest days, and displayed their neck and arms very freely every day of their lives. The truth of it all is that we dress better, more artistically and more sensibly than our grandmothers, and that if some of us are not quite as healthy, there are other reasons than the kind of frocks we wear and the kind of stays we choose for it.

Staying in-doors and breathing bad air has made more invalids than all the corsets—the sensible ones—ever worn. Nobody seems to mind what they breathe in the house, and then they wonder why their skins and eyes are dull, and they without energy.

VERY few of us have the wealth of the Rothschilds, and to be able to make much out of little, in the way of pretty clothes, is a something that we all need to study. And don't you think, when you have accomplished this feat, that you are much happier than when you can simply give a general order, get home things that are other people's ideas, represent other people's individuality and give you no personality of your own? At least that is what I think about it, and I am sure that the general woman and I are in harmony on this as well as on a great many other subjects.



A SMOCKED BODICE (Illus. No. 1)



A VELVET AND CASHMERE BODICE (Illus. No. 2)



A WHITE SILK BODICE (Illus. No. 3)

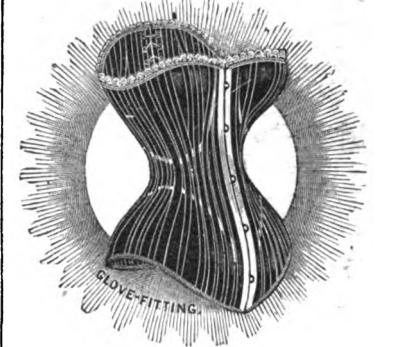
wools called suitings. If black and gold happen to be becoming to you, a black cashmere bodice carefully smocked, first with the ordinary thread, and then done over with gilt thread and having a gilt belt, collar, and cuffs, would be very becoming.

ANOTHER PRETTY CASHMERE BODICE

A CASHMERE bodice that is suggestive of general wear, and yet which has a jaunty and becoming air of its own, is here pictured. (Illustration No. 2.) It is made of mouse-green cashmere, with velvet sleeves to match. The bodice is of the cashmere, gathered in at the throat, and then the fullness is allowed to flare, after which it is drawn in again at the waist, where it is confined by a narrow ribbon girdle, prettily knotted. The sailor collar is of the velvet, and there is a ribbon knot which holds it just in position in front. The sleeves are of velvet, are raised high on the shoulders, shaped in below the elbow to coat sleeves, fitting the arms easily, and having a pointed finish.

Almost every one of us—that is, every wise one of us—keeps all the velvet that is left when something new is made, or has a part of an old gown or velvet skirt. Like most rich stuffs, velvet is amenable to polite treatment; and so even the shabbiest, if it is good velvet, can be taken through the French process of steaming, and will come out looking more than merely well. This velvet can then be used for sleeves, collars, girdles and cuffs on the bodices that are to be of so much comfort during the fall and winter months. If you have not great pieces, if your pieces are not big enough for full sleeves, and the design of your bodice permits it, have cuffs, collar and,

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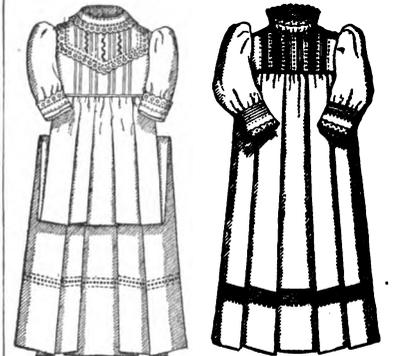
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SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR OCTOBER

By Isabel A. Mallon

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



Y October everybody is interested in the gowns for winter wear; for, after all, we are inclined to count November as belonging to the winter months. It hasn't been so many years ago since to come out in one's winter coat and new hat on Thanksgiving Day was considered quite early

enough, but now, when the seasons change, and when we are likely to have a December day in October, and a June one in January, the wise woman needs to be prepared for all sorts and conditions of weather.

Again, the milliner—that is, the artist milliner—is showing large hats and small, tiny bonnets as well as larger ones, so that every sort of face should have enfaming it the bonnet or the hat that is in harmony with it. The elaborate trimmings in the way of jewels and tinsel so much fancied during the summer, are brought out in even more elaborate designs for the winter, because every thread of gold and every glittering stone is at its best with velvet as a background. A very becoming chapeau is the "beef-eater" shape, developed in brown felt and velvet; the crown is the soft full one of the velvet, and the brim is of the felt with a binding of fine tinsel braid; just above the crown, seeming to hold it in, is a band of gold braid in which are set stones imitating topazes, and one side, where the brim is turned up slightly, is a rosette of brown ribbon velvet, from out of which springs a glittering aigrette. Such a hat would be pretty in black and jet, blue and gold, gray and steel, white and silver, this last, of course, for a bridemaid, or any of the combinations fancied.

FOR the soft felt hat that you wear on rainy days or when you are going out on what is absolutely important business—i. e., shopping—a pigeon's wing, placed jauntily on one side, is the received decoration. These felt hats are in blue, brown, mixed gray and white, brown and white, or blue and white, and the wings should harmonize in color with them, though a scarlet one can always be placed on a blue or black hat. In shape, the Tyrolean is preferred, and it is usually very becoming.

HELIOTROPE in all its shades, and that includes a color which is almost peach, will be in vogue, and is combined most effectively with black, dark-green, or white.

THE velvet rosettes that have obtained so much lately, are still fancied, and, to carry out an artistic idea, are to be preferred to bows, as a bow should not be placed where something does not seem to require joining together, whereas a rosette, being purely an ornament, can be placed where it fulfills its duty in life, and is simply decorative.

SOMEBODY wanted to know how much tulle it takes to make a bridal veil. Now, it is impossible to say just how much it will take, as the quantity required must depend on the height of the wearer and the length of her train. It is best to have an entire piece sent up from the store and then let it be cut only when the veil is fully draped. It should extend in front to the edge of the skirt, and in the back almost to the end of the train. Going up the aisle to the altar it is worn over the face; coming down it is thrown back, and it will be just as well if the maid of honor tries the throwing back of it once before she does it in the church. A tulle veil should not be hemmed.

SOMEBODY else wants to know about the gloves. They no longer have the finger cut out; instead, a somewhat loose one is worn on the left hand, one that can be taken off with great ease, or else the finger is ripped in the seam, and is turned back to permit the ring to be put on. By-the-by, the maid of honor throws the first slipper after the happy couple, and the best man the first handful of rice. The bride's bouquet is given by her to the maid of honor who divides it among the bridemaids for good luck.

LONG sleeves will continue in fashion during the winter. And the women who like delicate lace ruffles falling down over their hands and making them look small, may indulge in this fancy, and not only have the knowledge that they are in good taste, but also that it is a fashion approved of by the Queen of England.

EVERYBODY all the world over, at least every woman body, has been interested in the young and pretty Duchess of Portland, and have admired the devotion shown to her by her husband. He made fashionable her favorite flower, the Malmesbury Pink, by wearing an enormous buttonhole bouquet formed of the pinks, so that every man in London who aspired to be at all fashionable, imitated him, until the dainty flower was considered a sign as to the knowledge and position of the fashionable man. Now the dressmakers have taken up this lovely color, which is a real pink, and have made it fashionable for tea-gowns, matinees, and evening dresses. As it is the evidence of love it must be the "pink of perfection."

A SIMPLE bodice that you want to freshen up for house wear, will look quite elaborate if it is turned in a little at the neck to permit a full frill of chiffon to fall over it and to extend down each side of the closing so that the buttons and buttonholes are entirely hidden and a soft fluffy effect is produced. The prettiest chiffon is that which has a fine scallop for its edge and a fleur-de-lis crescent, or tiny dot embroidered just above it.

THE prettiest of aprons is one made of fine lawn, and which has lace about three inches wide put across the lower edge in flounce fashion, caught up here and there by a stiff rosette of white ribbon. The bib is a small pointed one made of the lace, and fastened just at the point to the bodice under another rosette; the strings are of white ribbon, and are tied a little at one side.

THE girl who wants to make her table at a fancy fair a great success, should have a "bag" table, and there should be on sale shoe bags, sponge bags, party bags, knitting bags, work bags, scent bags, and every sort of bag that can be made out of cotton or silk; as these can usually be sold at a reasonable price and as all the money is profit, it would be found not only a popular table, but one which on the second or third night of the fair, will have entirely sold out, and that, of course, is the great desire of everybody who suffers to be charitable.

PEOPLE who go—as somebody funnily enough said—on "foot back," and who have not a carriage to make train dresses possible, show greater wisdom and a finer sense of the fitness of things if they wear skirts that just escape the ground rather than those that do the cleaning of the streets and relieve whatever department is supposed to attend to that as its duty. A trained skirt, dusty and ragged, is usually taken to be an evidence of a lack of refinement, not to mention cleanliness, on the part of the wearer.

THE woman who can only get one gown for the winter, is advised to have a serge one, either in dark blue or black. Such a gown can be prettily made and with a becoming bonnet and a suitable jacket, is adapted to most all occasions. I recommend serge from personal experience, as I find it is the one material that positively declines to wear out.

FUR trimmings will be as much worn this season as they were last. All the golden brown and gray shades being specially liked. It is almost certain that much larger muffs will be carried this year than were last. The small muff is only pretty on a small woman, for it tends to make a large one look a little bit silly, as it will not really accommodate anything more than the tips of her fingers.

THE Spanish fashion of wearing a deep-red rose in the hair, just behind the ear, is being copied to-day by women who are inclined to picturesque hair-dressing. The American woman looks well with either a red or a white rose placed as described, as her complexion is sufficiently delicate to permit the use of either.

THE iron bedstead painted white, with draperies of white dotted muslin and an all-white dressing, is not only pretty and dainty to look upon, but is commended to housekeepers because it is so easy to keep in order, and because a fresh coat of paint will make it look like new, while all its decorations can visit the laundry and return to it the better for the trip to the land of soap-suds and hot water.

ARE you unselfish enough to like to hear of pretty things, whether you can get them or not? I do hope you are, and I believe the general woman is. Half the pleasure in life comes from looking at pretty things, even if they may not be one's very own. One of the prettiest I have seen lately was an enameled chatelain and watch; it was enameled not in blue but in black, and on it was set fleur-de-lis in diamonds, a large one being on the chatelain, while tiny ones were thickly scattered on the watch. Another beautiful something was a brooch formed of a small miniature showing the head of Marie Antoinette, framed in rubies and pearls; and you know it made me think of that line of Owen Meredith's where he tells of just such a framing being about the picture of his dead sweetheart, and he called every pearl a tear that he had shed and every ruby a drop of his heart's blood. It seemed a suitable framing for the poor queen who had suffered so much. Then another beautiful something was a fan made of pink ostrich feathers, having sticks of mother-of-pearl, with diamonds set here and there upon them, and on the outer stick a monogram wrought out in diamonds.

Of course we haven't got these things—perhaps we can't get them—and it is more than probable they would be no use to us if we had them; but there is a lot of pleasure in seeing and knowing of the lovely belongings, and it is worth while being glad that somebody else has them, and we can all dream about the places they were carried to, the pleasure they gave. And, do you know that it is more than probable we get the greatest delight out of them, we who never possess them, except in dreams?

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SOME INEXPENSIVE EVENING TOILETTES

By Isabel A. Mallon



THE charm of an evening gown is not only its becomingness, but its absolute freshness. It need not be expensive, but it must be dainty. You and I have each had the experience of receiving an invitation, and then, at the last minute, discovering that, like that much-quoted Flora McFimsey, "you have nothing to wear."

THE FAVORITE MATERIALS

YOU and I are talking about inexpensive gowns; so we will not discuss those made of gorgeous brocades, of heavy silks, or of rich velvets, but, instead, the equally fashionable and less expensive ones of cloth, chiffon, veiling, cashmere or tulle. Somebody says: "But tulle crushes so easily!" So it does; but then I'm going to tell you of the advantage of having a black tulle gown, with one or two bodices: one of velvet, trimmed with gold and jeweled passementerie, and one of draped tulle, with a black ribbon velvet bow, ribbon that is a quarter of a yard wide, arranged in large loops and ends at the point of the basque. "But the black tulle will

like the armor front, and fitting down into the point is the finish. The high collar corresponds, the gold and the blue seeming almost like a necklace of great value. The hair is raised high on the head, and arranged in a soft knot. The gloves are white undressed kid, and the slippers are of white satin, each having a little ornament made of a piece of the trimming that is on the bodice. The stockings are white silk. If one wished a black gown like this, the armor front could be entirely of black jets; and if a light color was chosen, and the bead effect not cared for, one of the laces in vogue could be fitted over the bodice, exactly as the trimming is.

RIBBONS IN A GOWN

THE use of ribbon on evening gowns is very general. Sometimes simply huge bows or rosettes put here, there and every where; quite as often there are seen broad sashes, girdles and corselets made of wide ribbon, while collars and cuffs are prettily developed of it. The heaviest and the lightest stuffs permit the use of ribbons upon them; but it must be said that the lighter-weight materials look daintier with the narrow ribbon decorations than those that are very heavy. The toilette pictured (Illustration No. 2) is suited to some "rose in the garden of girls," as it is a veritable rose-pink, developed in the prettiest manner possible. The skirt is made plain and somewhat short, while from the waist down falls, as is illustrated, long ends of pink gros-grain ribbon, each being vandyked just before it reaches the edge. To keep the ribbons down, without making them look stiff, they are simply caught with a stitch here, there and everywhere, and so carefully that the confining silk does not show. The bodice is a draped one, closed in front among the folds by hooks and eyes, so that the mode of closing is not visible. A sharply-pointed girdle, made of broad white gros-grain, boned and fitted to the figure, is laced with white silk cord down the front, at each side and in the back. Of course, three of these lacings are not undone, though they could be; the one in the back being drawn together when the girdle is assumed. At the throat the material is modestly cut in a V-shape, and a full frill of chiffon is the finish. The sleeves are raised on the shoulder quite full, and are drawn into a deep cuff of white gros-grain ribbon that has for its decoration chiffon frills. The hair is plaited rather high, and drawn up to the top of the head. A ribbon is tied at the end of the braid drawn up on one side, and tied again on the top, just as Mrs. Kendal wears one in that pretty play called "The Queen's Shilling." In cashmere, veiling or any light-weight wool material, this gown is



A PICTURESQUE CLOTH COSTUME (Illus. No. 1)



A PEARL-TRIMMED BODICE (Illus. No. 3)

crush." Yes; but it can be pressed and made to look exactly like new; and for you who can only have one gown, I advise the carefully made tulle skirts, mounted over a light-weight and inexpensive silk to give sufficient foundation. A lady always looks well and refined in a gown like this; and if you happen to be the proud possessor of a good complexion, the black tulle will make you look as white as the lily, while it will bring out every tint of rose in your skin.

CLOTHS AND STUFFS

FINE broadcloths are shown in all the fashionable shades, and make not only very becoming gowns, but ones that are very useful. An effort is usually made to develop them in one of the historical designs; and as long sleeves are now worn with the most elaborate of frocks, the cloth lends itself very easily to the Valois, or any other of the many unique designs. In cream-white, old-rose, violet, black and Nile-green, the cloth is particularly pretty, and though at first it sounds expensive, it must be remembered that it is fifty-four inches wide; and so she who knows how to cut to good advantage can make her broadcloth dress cost her very much less than it appears to.

A SIMPLE WHITE CLOTH COSTUME

CREAM-WHITE broadcloth is used for this gown (Illustration No. 1) which has a skirt made with perfect simplicity clinging to the figure, and with just sufficient fullness in the back to allow the short train to fall gracefully, and not look, as short trains too often do, as if only a half yard more of material were needed to make them successes. The bodice is most decorated; it is closely fitted to the figure, pointed back and front, arches over the hips, and is laced down the back. Across the front, reaching quite high up on the corsage, is a breast-plate made of gold thread, with imitation turquoise set thickly upon it. The sleeves are raised on the shoulders, shaped in at the elbows and pointed in Valois fashion, so that they come far over the hand. A cuff

to an evening one, and is well adapted to the plump as to the slender woman. It is slightly full at the arm hole, and gathered in, but not raised as high as many of the sleeves in vogue are; it shapes in softly at the elbow, then fits in easily to the arm, and comes far down over the hand in a sharp point. For evening wear such a sleeve may have for its finish an elaborate arrangement of bead, silk or tinsel passementerie; or a lace carefully appliqué to position; but this lace must not be full; instead, it must fit right in to the point, and for that reason it is wisest to buy a lace that is pointed, and so made suitable for it. Women who have devoted their leisure moments to the learning how to make a point-lace can utilize their knowledge by having hand-wrought lace cuffs for their Valois sleeves.

IN SILKEN ATTIRE

THERE is a charm about a shimmering silk gown that is so attractive to a young girl, and to her is dedicated the soft surah silk that is not expensive, and which falls in such artistic folds. The pale colors, blues, pinks, greens, yellows, violets, as well as the clear whites, have special favor given to them. "Baby-blue" is the choice of nine girls out of ten, and when one is only eighteen or nineteen, and one's skin is good, one's eyes are clear and wrinkles are as yet unknown, the "baby-blue" may be worn. The quaint and artistic bodice, which is shown (Illustration No. 3), is of pale blue surah. The skirts being, as most of them are, quite plain. The bodice is draped in the back, as well as in the front, but the kerchief effect is obtained in front, so that a plastron of pearl passementerie shows high upon the corsage.



A GOWN OF A ROSY HUE (Illus. No 2)

The neck is cut in what is known as the English style, that is, round and plain, and permitting the throat to show. Here some pretty rows of pearl beads form the decoration. The sleeves are very full, and come into deep cuffs reaching almost to the elbows, and entirely covered with the pearl passementerie. A girdle starts from each side, and is arranged in loops and knots, with long ends just in the centre. Gold or silver netting, lace or braid may be substituted, if desired, for the pearl passementerie; but this is very effective; and as it is really the only trimming on the gown it seems worth while to get what will look best on it, even if it does cost a little more.

TALKING ABOUT SLEEVES

TALKING about sleeves it is just as well for the young woman who is getting herself an evening costume to know a little about the picturesqueness possible in them, how they may be made to add to her good looks, and how they may be made to detract from them. An extremely tight sleeve was never becoming to anybody, for it makes the hands red, and it does not permit the arms to move easily. A long sleeve partly concealing the hand, makes it look smaller, and for that reason our great-grandmothers cared much for the deep frills of lace that fell over their hands, and washed and mended and took care of the rare old bits themselves.

The most becoming sleeve that can be worn is undoubtedly the Valois. Women like Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Langtry, women who thoroughly understand the art of dressing, have shown their approval by their general adoption of it. For some inexplicable reason it does not seem to have received the appreciation due it here. It is a sleeve that is well suited to an ordinary house gown as it is

well adapted to the plump as to the slender woman. It is slightly full at the arm hole, and gathered in, but not raised as high as many of the sleeves in vogue are; it shapes in softly at the elbow, then fits in easily to the arm, and comes far down over the hand in a sharp point. For evening wear such a sleeve may have for its finish an elaborate arrangement of bead, silk or tinsel passementerie; or a lace carefully appliqué to position; but this lace must not be full; instead, it must fit right in to the point, and for that reason it is wisest to buy a lace that is pointed, and so made suitable for it. Women who have devoted their leisure moments to the learning how to make a point-lace can utilize their knowledge by having hand-wrought lace cuffs for their Valois sleeves.

For evening wear the golden girdle is very much fancied by girls who have tall, slender figures, and who look well in the semi-classical costume gained by white wool plain skirts and draped bodices. For such a belt it is not necessary to buy what is sold in the stores as a golden girdle, and for which one pays rather more than one likes, either in good gold, or its equivalent.

SOME CLOSING WORDS

THE words are these: If you carry a fan, be sure that the ribbon or cord on it is fresh.

If you wear a ribbon on your hair, let it be an absolutely new one.

If your slippers need a little freshening up, make them look new by a rosette of plaited gauze, a fresh bow, or some little ornament that will add to their appearance, while it hides their defects.

If you—but then there is no use telling you that your gloves must always be of the freshest, because you know that; and you also know that the cleaners, nowadays, can make them look as if they had never had any acquaintance whatever with dust or soil.

If you do not carry with you a happy heart and a pleasant smile, you may wear the most beautiful gown imaginable, and it will not be of the slightest use. Even youth and beauty amount to nothing if they are not crowned by sweetness of word and manner, and bedecked with kindness and respect.



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HOW TO MAKE CANDY AT HOME

By H. B. Winton

EDITOR OF "THE CONFECTIONER'S GAZETTE," NEW YORK



I KNEW a girl of thirteen years who used to lay out most of her weekly pittance in sugar and butter, and make taffy that would melt in one's mouth. She did this rather than spend her money at the confectioner's, for two reasons: first, because she could make it just as she pleased; and second, because she had more of it when she put in all the labor herself. She not only had as much candy as her money would buy, but an additional amount equivalent to the value of the labor she put into the making of the taffy.

For these very identical reasons many other people, young and old, indulge in candymaking at home. But it were a mistake to suppose that this is all that can be said in behalf of candymaking at home. Those who have not tried it know not how much fun can be got out of it. There is also the anticipation. And we confess, that in many cases, the anticipation is more enjoyable than the realization. For this reason, therefore, this article may be found full of useful hints as to the constituents to employ, the amount of boiling, etc.

Who has not taken part in a "taffy-pull?" How the jokes go round, and merry laughter resounds as hands, smothered in flour or butter, seize the shining brown mass and pull it with infinite patience until the taffy takes on cream-white color. Our parents derived much pleasure from the "taffy-pull." It is one of the recognized institutions of the country.

FOR A GOOD TAFFY-PULL

SOME excellent taffy may be made by taking one quart of molasses, and half a pound of butter, and boiling the two until the mass thickens. This will take about half an hour. Then stir with a spoon until, on taking out a little taffy, it becomes hard on immersion in cold water. Take half a teacup of vinegar, pour into the mass, and stir for half a minute. Then pour the taffy into buttered tins, or dishes, and set aside to cool.

TO MAKE BUTTER-SCOTCH

TAKE three pounds of sugar, a quarter pound of butter, half a teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar, and add sufficient water only to dissolve the sugar. Boil without stirring until it will easily break when dropped in cold water. Then pour into a well-buttered dripping-pan, and, when almost cold, cut into small squares. If desired, a dash of lemon may be added into the mixture before putting on to boil. Eight drops will be sufficient.

THE ENGLISH EVERTON TAFFY

EVERTON taffy is so called because made primarily in Everton, England. This is one of the most toothsome of all candies, and, when well made, is delicious. Take one pound of butter to one pound of sugar. Put the butter in the pan first and let it melt a little, then add the sugar, and boil until the mixture will harden when brought into contact with cold water.

By taking some chipped cocoanut, peanuts, almonds, or walnuts, and flinging them into either of the above mixtures just before taking off the fire, one can make some very fine nut candy. Another idea is to cut open figs, then pour over them the boiling mixture.

SOME TOOTHsome GINGER CANDY

TAKE one cup of water to one and a-half cups of sugar, and boil until, on applying your finger to the sirup, taking a little on the tip and quickly dipping it into water, it will roll up into a small ball. Flavor with essence of ginger or powdered ginger. Rub some of the sugar against the sides of the pan with a wooden spoon until it turns white, then pour into buttered tins and put away in a cool place. Lemon, peppermint, or almond candy is made in the same way.

TO HAVE GOOD BURNT ALMONDS

TAKE two pounds of fine sugar, and boil until, on gently dipping the tip of your forefinger into the sirup and applying it to your thumb, the sugar forms a fine thread on being pulled apart. Take one pound of Jordan or Valencia almonds, blanched and dried, and put into the pan with the sugar. Stir, take from the fire, and make the almonds imbibe as much sugar as possible. The sweeter you desire the nuts, the longer continue the process. Flavor with orange flower water.

THE MAKING OF MAPLE CREAMS

TAKE one half as much water as maple sugar, cook without stirring, and when almost done put in a small piece of butter. When it begins to harden take it off the fire, and stir rapidly until it becomes a waxen substance. Then divide it into balls and inclose each ball between two halves of English walnuts, and put on a greased plate to cool.

SOME GOOD CHOCOLATE CARAMELS

ONE and a-half cups of grated chocolate, four cups of brown sugar, one and a-half cups of cold water, an egg-sized piece of butter, and two tablespoonfuls of acid vinegar. Boil this mixture on a stove over a brisk fire until it becomes brittle on immersion in water. Do not stir, but shake the vessel while boiling. When finished pour into a butter and floured dish, and divide off into even squares while soft. A dash of lemon or vanilla, say two tablespoonfuls, gives the caramels a dainty flavor.

COCOANUT DROPS

TAKE one pound of desiccated cocoanut, half a pound of powdered sugar, and the white of an egg. Work all together, roll into little balls in the hand, bake on buttered tins,

CHOCOLATE VANILLA CREAMS

TAKE two cups of pulverized sugar and a half cup of cream. Boil for five minutes, and divide off into balls while hot. Take as much grated chocolate as is necessary and steam over a tea-kettle. When soft, cover the balls and set them away to harden. If you wish to have a vanilla flavor, add the extract before putting on stove.

COCOANUT CREAM CANDY

TAKE one and one-half pounds of granulated sugar, and the milk from a cocoanut. Mix together, and heat slowly until sugar is melted; then boil for five minutes. When boiled, add one cocoanut, finely grated, and boil for ten minutes longer, stirring constantly to keep it from burning. When done, pour on buttered plates and cut into squares. This will take about two days to harden.

HOARHOUND CANDY

BOIL two ounces of dried hoarhound in a pint and a-half of water for about half an hour. Strain, and add three and a-half pounds of brown sugar. Boil over a hot fire until sufficiently hard; then pour out into flat, well-greased tins, and divide off into sticks or small squares with a knife as soon as cool enough to retain its shape. Follow the same directions for wintergreen candy.

NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES CANDY

TAKE one cup of New Orleans molasses, one cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg (sweet, not salt), and a tablespoonful of vinegar. Boil these together, but do not stir until the mass hardens when dropped into cold water. When done, stir in a teaspoonful of soda, and beat well. Pour into buttered pans, and when cool cut into sticks. If flavoring is desired, it should be added just before pouring out to cool.

HONEY CANDY

TAKE one pint of white sugar, with water enough to dissolve it, and four tablespoonfuls of honey. Boil until it becomes brittle on being dropped into cold water. Pour off into buttered pans to cool.

CREAM CANDY

TAKE one pound of white sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of lemon extract, and one teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar. Add a little water to moisten the sugar, then boil until brittle. The extract should be added just before turning the mass quickly out on buttered plates. When cool, cut in squares.

HICKORYNUT CANDY

TAKE one cup of hickorynut meats, two cups of sugar, half a cup of water. Boil the sugar and water together without stirring, until thick enough to spin to a thread. Flavor, if desired; then set in cold water. Stir quickly until white, then throw in the nuts. Pour into flat tins, and cut into squares.

HICKORYNUT MACAROONS

TO hickorynuts grounded fine add mixed ground allspice and nutmeg. Make a frosting as for cakes. Stir in the meats and spices, putting in enough only to make it convenient to handle. Flour the hands, and make the mixture into balls about the size of a nutmeg. Lay them on tins greased with well-washed butter, and give them room to spread. Bake in a quick oven.

CREAM WALNUTS

TAKE two pounds of white sugar, a teacup of water, and boil until it threads. Flavor liberally with vanilla extract, and then take from the fire and stir until white and creamy. Have walnuts prepared; make the candy into small, round cakes, press walnuts into the sides, drop in granulated sugar, and put aside to cool.

MARSHMALLOWS

DISSOLVE half a pound of white gum-arabic in one pint of water. Strain, and add half a pound of fine sugar, and place over the fire, stirring constantly until the sirup is dissolved and all is of the consistency of honey. Add gradually the whites of four eggs well beaten. Stir the mixture until it becomes somewhat thin and does not adhere to the finger. Then pour into a tin slightly dusted with powdered starch, or cornflower, and when cool divide off into small squares.

APPLE COMPOTE

CUT some fine apples in halves, peel them, clean out the cores, and drop them into cold water. Having taken them out, prepare some sirup by taking two pounds of fine sugar and boiling until the sirup spins into a thread. Boil your apples in this sirup until they are soft. Place them in china or glass dishes, and after straining the sirup through a fine sieve, pour into the holes of the apples whence the cores have been cut out.

CHESTNUT COMPOTE

THE chestnuts should be roasted before peeling. Press them a little on the edge of the table. See that they are clean, then put them into sirup prepared as for apple compote, and warm them gently on the fire. By so doing the sirup will permeate or soak into the chestnuts. Add the juice of a lemon and a few lemon chips. Put the chestnuts into glass dishes, sprinkle some powdered sugar over them, get your salamander and glaze them.

ORANGE COMPOTE

THE oranges must not be boiled, as their juicy nature will not permit of it. Peel them, cut in slices, and take out the seeds and core. When this is done add sirup prepared as in the two last preceding receipts. The juice of an orange may be added with advantage.

A DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE CANDY

A VERY delicious chocolate candy can be made that shows bewitchingly through the cut glass of a French bonbon dish, and is far superior in taste to many makes of chocolate, and much less expensive. Take one cup of grated chocolate, three cups of granulated sugar, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a cup of hot water, a pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Boil down to the consistency of candy. Stir constantly, and allow it to boil for ten minutes only. Try it in a cup of cold water, and so soon as it is of the consistency of thickened molasses pour into buttered tins. Take a silver knife and stir back and forth until it sugars. When this takes place, mark off into little squares and put away to cool.

WHY HOME-MADE CANDY IS BEST

THE chief constituents of candy, as will have been observed, are butter and sugar. The rest are merely incidents. This being so, no home should ever be without its candy. And what is there that children love better than to see their mother engaged in making candy? How they hover around her and watch her every movement! How their little mouths water in blissful anticipation! I do not know whether the idea that home-made bread is better than baker's bread can be applied to candy. There is this to be said

about it, however, that one knows just what the candy is when made at home. It is more than can be said of sweets made by many of the small-fry confectioners, better and safer to make your own candy to buy cheap mixtures. It is the confectionery as with clothes. There are different grades, and the good grades cost a certain amount of money laid out in manufacture.

Home-made candy is cheaper, in cost of labor is saved. But after all, no candy is made in the home for the sake of economy, or of avoiding poor kind of confectionery. When made at all, it is for pleasure and amusement. On cold evenings a festive "taffy-pull" infuses gladness into the little ones. Even older people derive much amusement from it. In that connection might mention that butter is better than flour. The latter makes no end of bother for the housewife after the fun is all over.

There are other receipts that might be given, but they involve more or less expenditure of money. They are the candies sometimes made for luncheon and reception. The receipts given here may be worked out at small expense and in little time; and there is enough of them to prove a variety in any home, no matter how often the candy is made.



WHEN THE "WASH" CAME UP.

"Just see, father, how this stocking is ruined, and I've only worn it once. I thought it was because Jane had rubbed it too hard, but Mother says it's all the fault of the soap that Jane used. And she wants you to be sure and order a box of Ivory Soap to-day."

A WORD OF WARNING.

There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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ENGLISH DECORATED

Dinner Set, No. 45, 112 Pieces. Premium with an order of \$20.00. Or, packed and delivered at depot for \$9.00 cash.



ENGLISH DECORATED

Gold Band Dinner Set, No. 105, 112 Pieces. Decorated in Five Historical Colors. Premium with an order of \$35.00. Cash Price, packed and delivered at depot \$12.50. An Elegant Set.

WE ARE IMPORTERS of Tea and Coffee, China and Crockery, and do the largest Tea and Coffee business in Boston (direct with consumers). We also carry a large stock and sell at the lowest possible prices. Cash prices Dinner and Tea Sets, Silver-plated Ware, Lamps, also Lace Curtains and Table Linen (our own importation). To those who take the time and trouble to get up China for Tea, Coffee, Spices and Extracts, we offer premiums. In buying Tea and Coffee from us, you get the value for the money invested and get a premium, and you get goods that are direct from the IMPORTERS. If you buy Tea and Coffee from your grocer you pay three or four profits and pay for a premium, but do not get it. In an article published in one of the largest dailies in this country it was claimed the tea bought from the retail grocer showed a profit of 100 per cent. The moral is plain, buy from first hands. We have been doing business in Boston for 17 years, and the publishers of this paper will testify to our undoubted reliability. We do a business of over \$300,000 yearly, and our Cash sales of Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Lamps, etc., amounted to \$59,000 in 1890, aside from our Tea and Coffee sales. Our Illustrated Price and Premium List tells the whole story. We like to mail it to all who write for it; it costs you nothing and will interest you. 120 pages.

THE LONDON TEA CO., 811 Washington Street, Boston.

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS. Are in our judgment the best goods that are now or have been on the market. Dec. 1, 1890. C. JEVNE & CO., Chicago.

MOST USEFUL INVENTION IS ONE FLOUR BIN & SIEVE. To Put Flour in when it comes from the Sack. Attached to the Wall, over the kitchen sink. Flour free from vermin or dirt, and without the trouble of sifting. Made of pure and dry. Made of pure and dry. Where we have no agents will ship by express on receipt of price, to hold 100 lbs. 100 lbs. AGENTS WANTED. CLIPPER MFG. CO., 601 N. 3rd St., St. Louis, Mo.



EVERYTHING ABOUT THE HOUSE EDITED BY MARIA PARLOA



WOMAN who is at the head of a household has vast power and responsibility placed in her hands. It rests with her to make the home a place where there shall be gained rest and strength for the battle of life; a place inexpressibly dear to each member of the family, where all shall feel that there is perfect freedom, yet where there is also perfect order.

THE MISSION OF THIS DEPARTMENT

THE occupation of a housekeeper is most exacting. In nothing else does there seem to be the necessity for such varied knowledge. Even under the most favorable circumstances the position is at times exceedingly trying.

CARE OF BEDS AND BEDDING

THE beds and bedding should have special care now. The blankets that have been put away all summer must be hung on the clothes-line some bright day. Give them a good shaking or beating and let them air for several hours.

While the bedding is airing, take down the bed and dust it thoroughly. Lay the head, foot and side pieces on the floor, grooved sides up, and pour naphtha into all the grooves and creases.

FALL, WINTER AND SUMMER CLOTHING

ALL the woolen garments that have been packed away through the spring and summer should be pinned firmly on the clothes-line and then shaken and beaten. Let them air for several hours and then place them in the closets or drawers where they belong.

A GOOD PREVENTIVE OF MOTHS

AFTER placing a two-ounce bottle of chloroform on top of the clothing, but under the sheet, draw the cork quickly, and instantly close the cover of the trunk.

HOW TO HAVE LAMPS BURN BRIGHTLY

IN these days when lamps are used so much the care of them is quite an important matter. If the lamps be good and have proper attention, one cannot wish for a more satisfactory light; but if badly cared for they will be a source of much discomfort.

WORK TO BE DONE IN THE CELLAR

THESE bright fall days are busy ones. Fall cleaning and sewing, preserving and canning, claim the housekeeper's attention. Even if the house had a thorough cleaning in the spring there will still be a certain amount of cleaning required in the fall.

CARE OF WINDOWS AND SCREENS

ABOUT the last of October in our northern and western climate, the screens can be taken from the windows and doors. Have a little book in which they can be catalogued, each window being given a number.

CLEANING PAINT OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

WHERE there is a piazza the doors, sides of the house and the ceiling of the piazza seem to get twice as much soiled as any other part of the exterior.

ABOUT PRESERVES AND JELLIES

JELLIES and preserves should be kept in a dark, cool and dry closet. If you have no dark closet, wrap newspapers about the preserve jars when they are put away.

DOUGHERTY'S NEW ENGLAND CONDENSED



MINCE MEAT THE ORIGINAL

and only Complete and Satisfactory Condensed Mince Meat in the Market. Cheap Substitutes and Crude Imitations are offered with the aim to profit by the popularity of the New England.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

Used by ALL GOOD COOKS The Year Round.

Send to ARMOUR & CO., Chicago, for Cook Book showing use of ARMOUR'S EXTRACT in Soups and Sauces. Mailed free.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO'S Breakfast Cocoa



from which the excess of oil has been removed, Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals are used in its preparation.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Hecker's

SELF-RAISING

Buckwheat

Suits all Tastes.

THE PERFECTION FLOUR BIN Is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY.

No home complete without it. Simple to use. Never wears out. Made of tin. Most useful, convenient, and only perfect article of kind ever invented.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES. Greatest offer. Now your time to get orders for our celebrated Peas, Coffee and Baking Powder, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, Dinner Set, Gold Band Watch, Brass Lamp, Caster, or Webster's Dictionary. For particular address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

TAKE AN AGENCY FOR DAGGETT'S SELF-ROASTING PAN. Needful in every family. SAVES 20 Per Cent. in Roasting, and Bakes the Best Bread in the world.

PERFECTION CAKE TINS, loose bottoms. Cakes removed without breaking. Steady paying business for good agents. Sample Set 30c. RICHMOND MFG. CO., Bath, N.Y. Agents for Brilliant Silver Polish. Large Pay. Sells at every house. Box by mail, 15 cents. GEO. DALE, West Chester, Pa.

ALL ABOUT FLOWERS

This department is under the editorship of EBEN E. REXFORD, who will take pleasure in answering any question regarding flowers and floriculture which may be sent to him by the JOURNAL readers. MR. REXFORD asks that, as far as possible, correspondents will allow him to answer their questions through his JOURNAL department. Where specially desired, however, he will answer them by mail if stamp is enclosed. Address all letters direct to EBEN E. REXFORD, Shiocton, Wisconsin.

A TALK ABOUT FUCHSIAS

If you want your Fuchsias to do their best—and every plant-grower always wants his or her plants to do that—you must see that they never lack for water at the roots or overhead. Though showering is not so absolutely necessary as the application of water to the roots, it is very important. Indeed, I know of no plant which receives greater benefit from the application of water to its foliage than the Fuchsia. In giving it, give it liberally. A mere sprinkling, such as a plant gets from a whisk-broom or a flirt of the hand, amounts to but little. Use a syringe large enough to throw a stream quite forcibly, well up and among the leaves. It should have a fine rose-nozzle, and the water should be free from chill. Do this every evening. After you have begun it, keep it up regularly, as the plants soon get to expecting it, and suffer if neglected. It not only helps the plant to grow well, but is sure death on the red spider, which is the worst pest the Fuchsia has to contend with. If thorough showering is indulged in, the spider will never obtain a foothold. If he does take up his quarters on the plants, and meets with no opposition for a short time, you will see yellow leaves appearing here and there, and shortly the foliage will begin to fall, and the buds will follow, and very soon you will have a plant with almost bare stalks. Examination will show you tiny webs on the underside of the foliage, and little specks that seem too small to be endowed with life, but if you watch them you will notice that they move. Small as these insects are, they are able to do a great amount of injury in a very short time. The aphid is harmless, comparatively speaking, when the spider has opportunities to do his best—or worst—and can be controlled much more easily. Water, applied often and thoroughly, is the only thing that will drive the spider away.



I HAVE been asked which Fuchsia I considered the best bloomer. I have no hesitation in saying that the most floriferous variety is Black Prince. It is literally covered with blossoms during the greater part of the summer. On a plant four feet high and with a corresponding width of branches, I have counted over three hundred open flowers at one time, and the buds were numberless. I do not admire the variety as much as I do many others, but I have to admit that it excels all others in profusion of bloom. The sepals are a bright red, and the corolla, which is single, is a bright magenta. The corolla is widely expanded. The habit of growth is fine. It is a strong, upright grower, sturdy and compact in form, and requires but little pinching or training.

THE most graceful Fuchsia I consider to be Convent Garden White. Its sepals are white, its corolla a rosy carmine, fading to pure flowering variety. It is a very free clusters at the ends of the branches. Its habit of growth is fine. It should never be tied to a and its long, gracefully drooping branches from this central support, and droop to suit themselves. Never tie them to anything, or want to regulate the droop of them if you sary support to the main stem or stalk, and from within a foot or two of the pot to its top, and strong wire is run in and out through these holes in such a manner as to project six or eight inches on all sides, thus giving something to tie the branches to where they separate from the main stalk, you have an ideal support for this plant. Paint it a brown-green and the support will not be noticeable among the branches and foliage of the plant.

THE difference in habit of growth should be taken into consideration when training Fuchsias. Some kinds, notably Rose of Castle, Black Prince and Lustre, are sturdy, upright growers, seldom drooping, while Convent Garden White, Elm City, Aurora Superba, Arabella and Speciosa are of slender habit, and require a support which those first named get along very well without. But, as has been suggested, a trellis or rack is not required for these. A stout stake, or, better, an iron rod, is what is wanted. If the rod is punctured with holes about six or eight inches apart, from within a foot or two of the pot to its top, and strong wire is run in and out through these holes in such a manner as to project six or eight inches on all sides, thus giving something to tie the branches to where they separate from the main stalk, you have an ideal support for this plant. Paint it a brown-green and the support will not be noticeable among the branches and foliage of the plant.



SOME FACTS ABOUT BULBS

ALWAYS procure bulbs as soon as possible in fall. If you come across a catalogue in which the dealer tells you that bulbs planted in spring will "do very well, though fall planting is preferable," set him down as a humbug; for it is a fact that bulbs planted in spring are worthless. They have been kept too long out of the ground.

Order your bulbs as soon as the dealers announce that they are prepared to fill orders. As soon as you send for them, begin work on your beds, so that there need be no delay about planting them on their arrival. Get them under the soil as soon as possible.

Choose a place for them that is naturally well drained, if possible; but if you have no such place in your garden, prepare a bed for them. Dig out the old soil to a depth of a foot and a half, and put broken crockery, brick, stone, anything that will help to prevent the soil from packing down after you have returned it to the bed into the bottom of the excavation. Fill in to a depth of six inches at least. Then throw back the soil, mixing in thoroughly with it a good deal of well-rotted cow manure if you happen to have it, or are able to procure it. If the soil is stiff with clay, or of a heavy loam, add a quantity of sharp sand. This will make it more open and friable. Bulbs do not do well in a soil of too heavy a character. A sandy loam, well enriched, suits them best. Good drainage in spring is very important. If water collects and stands about the bulbs they will soon begin to decay, and by the end of the second or third season they will be worthless. Therefore take pains to see that the bed is prepared in such a manner that the water that percolates down through the soil from melting snows and spring rains, does not stop at the level in which the bulbs are planted, but falls so much below it that it cannot affect the roots of them.

In preparing your beds, take pains to make the soil as fine and mellow as possible. Never use fresh manure. It is harmful to any bulb. About November, cover the beds with straw, leaves or evergreen branches, to the depth of eight or ten inches. Leave this covering on in spring until you are sure that the plants are about ready to make their appearance. Then remove, but be sure to cover the beds with something very cold night. If the covering is left too long, the plants will start; and in their efforts to get through it will grow up tall and weak. If not covered at night the tender growth will be injured by frost.

If those who have never grown bulbs could fully understand the amount of pleasure to be derived from them, I am quite sure that ten would be planted where one is planted now. By making a judicious selection it is easy to have flowers from the melting of the snow, all through April and May, to the coming of the summer flowers. The delicate snow-drop will begin the procession of "spring beauties"; and the crocus, the hyacinth and the tulip will follow in order, and there need be no interval between the going of winter and the coming of summer, in which the garden is flowerless, as it too often is. The cost of a good collection of bulbs is not large. A few dollars will buy enough to stock your garden well, and after the first outlay there will be next to no expense, unless you are so delighted with the experiment that you can't help "branching out"—the usual result, I notice, where the first planting of bulbs does well. Do not confine your purchase to spring flowering bulbs. Get some of our fall-blooming lilies.

THE PRIMULA OBCONICA

I HAVE had a great friendship for this plant ever since it first came to my notice. Its delicate flowers have a suggestion of "spring beauties" in them, and they are so freely and constantly produced that a good specimen is a constant source of delight. I have plants in bloom at this writing which have not been without flowers for over a year. These plants were taken from my greenhouse in December, when it was destroyed by fire, and they did not seem to mind the change from greenhouse temperature to that of the living-room in the least. All through the winter they were literally covered with clusters of flowers, some pure white, others delicately shaded with lilac. They possess a peculiar fragrance, which is also suggestive of spring, and, in fact, no other flower suited to cultivation in the house has so many "suggestions" of spring flowers in it. I do not see how any one can help liking it. I have heard a good deal about its "poisonous" qualities, but I have seen nothing of them. I have handled the plants almost daily, for nearly two years, and have received not the slightest injury from them. I am inclined to think the plant perfectly harmless.

In order to succeed well with this plant you must be sure to give it all the water it wants. It has a great quantity of very fine roots, and these suck up the moisture from the soil very rapidly. If water is not given liberally plants soon suffer from lack of moisture.

I would not advise keeping plants longer than two years. I get young plants each spring and keep them growing during the summer specially for winter use, not allowing them to bloom, and shifting them to larger pots, as the old ones are filled with roots. Shade partially, and be sure to keep the mealy-bug from them. This is the only pest that has ever annoyed my plants.

For small bouquets we have no better flower. It combines well with all others. It is extremely useful for corsage and button-hole bouquets. In brief, it is a flower that ought to be in every collection, and one that will take the place of the old Chinese Primrose to a great extent.



The True Bermuda Easter Lily

Bears in winter enormous trumpet-shaped flowers of snowy whiteness, great beauty and unsurpassed fragrance. It is the Queen of Winter Flowers, the most lovely and popular, and sure to grow and bloom freely in any window, surpassing all with its superb loveliness. For only \$0.00 we will send by mail postpaid all the following:
1 Bulb of the True Bermuda Easter Lily, good size.
1 Bulb Freesia, most magnificent and fragrant.
1 Bulb Roman Hyacinth, lovely spikes, very sweet.
1 Bulb Tulip, Double Blue Van Thol, magnificent.
1 Bulb Tulip, Double Yellow, and fragrant.
1 Bulb Allium Neapolitanum, beautiful white flowers.
1 Bulb Helianthus, lovely spikes of blue flowers.
1 Bulb Glory of the Snow, superb blue and white.
1 Bulb Star of Bethlehem, (Ornithogalum) grand.
1 Bulb Winter Aconite, large golden yellow and orange.
SUPERB FALL CATALOGUE of Bulbs and Plants for Fall Planting and Winter Blooming, together with a sample copy of the Mayflower, and large colored plate of premium flowers. If you have already received catalogue and Mayflower, say so and we will send something else instead. The above 10 fine bulbs (which is our "Gem Collection" worth \$1) may all be planted in pots for winter blooming, or in the ground. Every one will bloom splendidly and for winter flowers there is nothing finer. We send them for only 50 cents to introduce our superb bulbs to our neighbors to order with you. We will mail 4 of these Gem Collections for \$1. Order at once, as this offer may not appear again. Also by mail, postpaid, Fine Mixed Tulips for 50c, 6 Fine Mixed Hyacinths for 50c, 15 Mixed Narcissus, 50c, 25 Fine Mixed Crocus for 50c. We offer the finest stock of Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, Lilies, Freesia, etc., and scores of rare new Bulbs and Plants for fall planting and winter blooming, also choice Shrubs, Trees, etc. It is the most beautiful and complete Catalogue of the kind ever issued. We want agents in every town to take subscribers for our beautiful Monthly Horticultural Paper (16 pages), THE MAYFLOWER, 50c per year Liberal premiums. Sample copy free. Address JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

Success with Flowers

THE OCTOBER NUMBER of THE DINGEE & CONARD COMPANY'S NEW FLORAL MONTHLY makes a special feature of seasonable Bulbs for Fall Planting. Describes with directions, and an illustrated diagram showing how to plant the different classes in open ground, distance apart, depth, etc. Describes the best varieties of Bulbs for growing in the house during Winter, and the way to successfully pot them and start off to get best results. Some of the classes of Bulbs plainly written about: NOVELTIES AND SPECIALTIES, HYACINTHS, TULIPS, DAFFODILS, NARCISSUS, THE TRUE EASTER LILY, CHINESE SACRED LILIES, FREESIAS, IXIAS, SPARAXIAS, OXALIS, POPPY ANEMONES, THE BLACK CALLA—SOLOMON'S LILY, etc., etc. The Successful Flower Grower, does the right thing at the right time. Success With Flowers will be found the greatest help. Every member of the family reads it. For only 25 cents we will send Success With Flowers, postpaid each month, beginning with October, for Fifteen months. We make this remarkable offer feeling sure that every new subscriber will always remain a subscriber. Address THE DINGEE & CONARD COMPANY, WEST GROVE, PA.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS for Winter and Early Spring

I will SEND FOR ONLY 75cts. free by mail 15 Single and Double Hyacinths 15 Single and Double Tulips 36 Single and Double Tulips, all colors, mixed. Any one ordering the above two collections at one time, and remitting \$1.50 will receive gratis a bulb of the new WHITE EASTER LILY. FOR 75 CENTS I will SEND 15 Ever-Blooming ROSES, 25 cents best adapted for winter flowering, each labeled, or 15 Assorted Winter Flowering Plants, a choice assortment. Any one ordering these two collections at one time, remitting \$1.50 for the same, will receive gratis a plant each of the new Striped Rose RAINBOW, and the new pink Ostrich Flowered Chrysanthemum, both suitable for indoor plants. Catalogue of Plants and Bulbs free. Address CHARLES A. REESER, Insullia Greenhouses, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

Make your Plants Bloom
Healthy, luxuriant growth and abundant blossoms produced by Bowler's Flower Food, a clean, colorless, chemical dressing, dissolved in water used on house plants. An attractive trial package enough for 30 plants 3 months, mailed, postpaid, for 25c. Also Prof. Hayward's treatise on "Window Gardening." Sent free with each package. Bowler Fertilizer Co., 43 Chatham St., Boston, Mass. Circular free.

B. & B.

AN ADVERTISEMENT

is written and printed to be read. We want you to read this one on the subject of DRY GOODS. Primarily, that we may gain your confidence, sell you the goods, and make a moderate profit in the sale of them.

Secondarily, that you may profit by these large and elegant stocks of choicest fabrics, and by our uniformly lowest prices. This profit to you is not ephemeral: it is a substantial, positive fact. To demonstrate it, send for samples.

We are now showing choicest Silks, Dress Fabrics and Suitings for Autumn trade, in very extensive assortments and variety.

You can buy anything—everything known to the Dry Goods trade—from these stores to your advantage.

It matters not where you are located. OUR MAIL-ORDER SYSTEM removes all difficulties in this line.

Send us your name and address for copy of our ILLUSTRATED FASHION JOURNAL and CATALOGUE FREE. It'll pay you to peruse, and we'll get your order.

BOGGS & BUHL, 115, 117, 119, 121 Federal St., ALLEGHENY, PA.

DRESS PATTERNS BY THE TAILOR METHOD Cut from Your Own Measure. Send for blanks and instructions for self-measurement. Will fit without change of seam. NATIONAL PATTERN CO., Bloomington, Ill.

LADIES' BOOTS ONLY \$2.00. Retail Everywhere for \$3.00. Sizes, 2 1/2 to 8, B, C, D, E and EE widths. Sent, postpaid, in Kid or Goat, on receipt of \$2.00. CONSUMERS BOOT & SHOE CO., Box 3393, Boston, Mass.

IT WINS! NILE LILY TOOTH PASTE. Use it and have sound, white teeth, a sweet breath and rosy gums. By mail, 25c a box, silver or postal note. FREE with each box, a sample bottle of exquisite NILE LILY perfume. Agents wanted. Send for catalogue. W. HILL, 30 Dearborn Ave., Chicago.

MUSIC SALE To reduce our stock of music we will send by mail, postpaid, 70 pieces—full sheet music size, including songs, marches, waltzes, quadrilles (with calls), etc., by Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, etc., for 20c. Little Annie Rooney and 800 songs, words and music, 30c. Satisfaction given or money refunded. 500 pieces of violin music, 50c. Q. L. HATHAWAY, 339 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

50c. will buy 15 Rare Winter Blooming Bulb Novelties. 65c. 10 Choice House Plants. \$1.00 20 Fine Plants for Winter Decoration. 35 packages Earliest Vegetables \$1. JOHN A. SALZER, La Crosse, Wis.

RARE FLORIDA BULBS. Do you want some handsome plants that will bloom in winter and early spring; that can be grown in the house, and that, when not in flower, are an ornament in themselves with their thick, glossy, evergreen foliage? If so, we take pleasure in offering the following: Amaryllis equestris, 20 cts. each; Crinum Americanum, 20 cts. each; Crinum fimbriatum, 80 cts. each; Crinum noble (immense bulbs), 80 cts. each; Pancratium caribbaeum, 20 cts. each.

THE AMERICAN EXOTIC NURSERIES, R. D. HOYT, Manager, Seven Oaks, Florida. FLOWERS ALL WINTER and SPRING. Two catalogues: Bulbs and Catt. Free. A. BLANC & CO. - Philadelphia.

AUTUMN NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY

BY ALICE MARCH

SMALL silver fish have taken the place of coins for bangle bracelets.

An exact copy of an old-fashioned spinning-wheel forms a very pretty queen chain pendant. Sometimes the wheel is studded with diamonds, and, at a touch, revolves, thus causing the gems to throw out all their natural scintillating fire and brilliancy.

Silver cologne receptacles, modeled after the New York obelisk, are popular.

Ruby marquis rings with one large diamond in the centre are seen.

Like canines, every precious stone has its day, and just at present the alexandrite appears to be in the ascendancy. This jewel comes from Siberia, and is of a beautiful dark-green transparent color, which under any artificial light changes to that of a pigeon-blood ruby. The alexandrite is cut like a diamond and is being used by the leading jewelers for lace pins, bracelets and other ornaments.

For lady cyclists a bonbon box of rich gold, having a bicycle wheel of enamel, with a fine diamond in the hub inserted in the cover, is very appropriate.

Some enterprising jeweler has invented a lace pin that, owing to its uniqueness and ingenuity, will fill the hearts of the novelty-seeking class with ecstasy. It represents an enamel rose bud at the end of a twig on which a single green leaf is suspended. When this leaf is compressed the petals of the rose fall open and disclose a photograph circled with rubies, diamonds and sapphires.

A bewitching little moonstone cherub flying with outstretched wings through a garland of gold leaves, intermingled with diamonds and sapphires, forms an exceedingly pretty brooch design that has been imported from Paris.

A wriggling gold serpent having overlapping scales of various hues, forms one of the latest queen chains. The tail terminates in the swivel for the watch, while the head holds suspended in its wicked-looking jaws a struggling bird of pearls and rubies.

Gold rope circling an anchor formed of the same material makes a pretty pendant for a glove buttoner.

A carved moonstone in the midst of diamonds set to simulate stars, for the ornamentation of plain gold concave cuff-links, is in vogue.

Designs for the ornamentation of silver glove-boxes are usually of the standard repoussé flower work, and one that is etched with decorations taken from the interior of Furnishes' tomb, shows originality and artistic effect.

It is proverbial among jewelers that a repulsive and unique-appearing ornament often finds more favor among our sex than an article possessing real beauty. For instance, a pin-cushion inserted in the back of a silver carb of most ugly proportions, is appearing on many dressing tables, and will undoubtedly prove a success to its producer.

An oddity, that cannot fail to inspire comment, is a lace pin representing a vulture about to seize a fluttering bird from its nest. The vulture is of rich gold with an oblong opal inserted in its back, while its victim is of diamonds and emeralds.

A jeweler recently exhibited a lady's gold watch with an ancient English angel set in the back. The coin set in the case which contained the archangel Michael piercing the dragon, was enhanced by having small diamonds mounted around its rim.

Very few men will fail to appreciate a present consisting of a beautifully-etched ash-tray and cigar lighter representing an ancient lamp. The receptacle is modeled after an Egyptian lamp in the pottery collection in the British Museum, and is intended to burn alcohol. The surface of the ornament is slightly indented to receive cigar ashes.

Two variegated love birds circled by a laurel wreath in which small diamonds nestle, constitute a lace pin that will be seen this autumn.

Very unique and, consequently, attractive is a gold ring simulating a handcuff, having a blue-white diamond in the lock.

For a chatelain holder, a silver albatross with outstretched wings, from the feathers of which many fancy chains depend, will undoubtedly meet with approval among those of artistic taste.

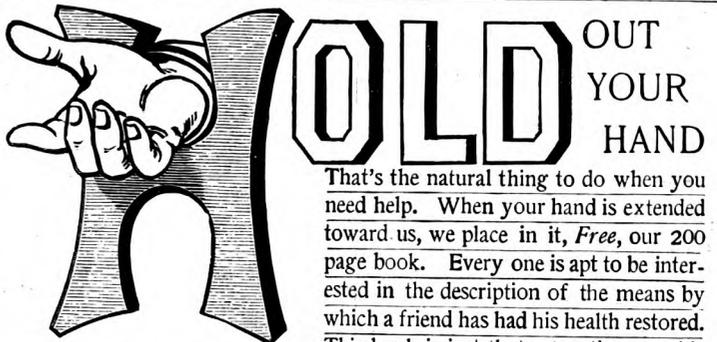
TO HAVE A GOOD COMPLEXION

A GREAT deal can be done towards having a fine and smooth complexion, by a systematic treatment of rubbing. A fine towel or a bit of red flannel are best for rubbing, twice a day, or four times, if rapid results are to accrue. By degrees—as the skin gains tone and elasticity from having thrown off the waste matter in its ducts that kept it clogged, sickly and flabby—the friction can increase in energy. The skin becomes, not tougher, but more resistant. If the rubbing is too hard at first, however, it is liable to produce redness and pimples. Even slight friction will do this at times on an unaccustomed skin. But the treatment should be persevered in, nevertheless, and the skin soon becomes extraordinarily fine and smooth.



Fill out this Blank and mail it to us with 20 cent postal order, and we will forward you our very interesting Fall and Winter Fashion Catalogue, fully illustrated in the correct colors and containing over 1000 descriptions of the latest Paris styles, enabling you to procure a superior garment at a lower price than you can find elsewhere. Write plainly with ink.

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That's the natural thing to do when you need help. When your hand is extended toward us, we place in it, Free, our 200 page book. Every one is apt to be interested in the description of the means by which a friend has had his health restored. This book is just that—500 times multiplied; all told in the very words of real and reliable folks; people with "a local habitation and a name."

One other thing; this book is not of interest to those only who feel that their case is serious; it contains the witness of many over-taxed and run-down people to the fact that Drs. Starkey & Palen's COMPOUND OXYGEN has been to them the one thing needful to put them on the right side of the line of health and happiness.

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THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING are produced from Bulbs which must be procured and planted in the Fall. VAUGHAN'S SEED STORE, 146 & 148 W. Washington St., CHICAGO.

CHOICE BULBS, ROSES AND Plants For Winter Blooming. 15 Choice Assorted Single Hyacinths, all colors... \$1.00 15 Choice Assorted Double Hyacinths, all colors... 1.00 15 Choice Assorted Tulips... .50 35 Choice Assorted Crocuses... .50 20 Choice Named Roses, all different... 1.00 8 Single, 8 Double and 4 Scented Geraniums... 1.00 20 Choice Chrysanthemums, 20 sorts... 1.00

LADIES MONEY. We want a lady in each locality to open a Toilet Parlor at her home for our elegant, dainty, and quick selling goods. SYLVAN TOILET CO., Port Huron, Mich.

Get a DELICIOUS RELISH for Breakfast, Lunch or Dinner.

THE "FERRIS" Famous Hams and Bacon



Any Grocers will give you brands which cost them a little less, if you allow it. We invite every housekeeper to insist upon having ours. Our constant aim is to make them the Finest in the World.

ITALIAN RECEIPTS FOR MACARONI

By Miss Annie Del Gaizo

MACARONI WITH SAUCE—Put in a pot three ounces of lard, one onion cut very fine, and one can of tomatoes; season with salt and pepper; cook on a hot fire for half an hour, stirring constantly. When done, pour half a tumbler of water in the tomato sauce. In another pot, put three quarts of water; when boiling, take one pound of macaroni and let boil for fifteen or twenty minutes. Drain off the water, and put it in a large dish; scatter over the macaroni one tablespoonful of grated Swiss cheese, and pour over the tomato sauce. Serve hot.

FRIED MACARONI—Boil one pound of macaroni, salted to taste, for fifteen minutes; drain off the water and put the macaroni in a deep dish; put in three eggs, a little salt, pepper and parsley, cut fine; mix thoroughly together. In a frying-pan put two tablespoonfuls of lard; put the macaroni in and let fry on a light fire; when the bottom is brown, turn, and let brown on the other side; when brown on both sides, put in a plate and serve.

MACARONI WITH BUTTER—As much macaroni as you wish should be boiled as above; then put on a hot plate. Take one tablespoonful of butter and heat in a cup on the stove; pour it over the macaroni, with a little grated Swiss cheese, salt and pepper, and serve hot.

MACARONI WITH EGGS—Boil one pound of macaroni, as referred to above, and put in a pan; take one egg, beat well, one cupful of milk, and mix together; pour it over the macaroni, season it with salt and pepper; turn all together and put it in a hot oven; when brown put it on a hot plate and serve.

MACARONI A LA GRATE—Boil one pound of macaroni, as above; then put in a large hot bowl; take two tablespoonfuls of butter and put it in a small pan on the stove; take two slices of toast, mash very fine; put the crumbs of toast in the pan with the butter; turn for a few minutes; put the macaroni in. Stir all together for a few minutes more; season it with salt and pepper, and serve hot.

FOUR CHAFING-DISH RECEIPTS

By Maria Parloa

FRIZZLED BEEF AND EGGS

SOAK a quarter of a pound of shaved, dried beef in a pint of boiling water for ten minutes, then drain well. Beat four eggs with a fork. Put a generous tablespoonful of butter in the granite-ware dish and place over the lighted lamp. When the butter becomes hot, add the beef, and stir with a fork until the slices curl. Now place the dish over another of boiling water, and set all over the lamp. Add the eggs, and stir until they become thick and creamy. Serve at once. If one likes a very salty flavor the beef need not be soaked in water.

HASHED POULTRY

CUT fine one pint of any kind of cooked poultry, and cook it for fifteen minutes in a sauce made the same as for creamed potatoes; but place the dish over boiling water when the meat is added.

CREAMED POTATOES

USE a generous pint of cold, boiled potatoes, either in cubes, or thin slices; one tablespoonful of butter, one heaping teaspoonful of flour, three gills of milk, one teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of white pepper.

Put the butter in the granite-ware dish and over the lighted lamp. When it melts, add the flour and stir until smooth and frothy; then gradually add the milk, stirring all the time. Season with one-third of the pepper and salt. When the sauce boils up season the potatoes with the remainder of the salt and pepper and add them to the sauce. Cook for five minutes, stirring once or twice with a fork. Have the lamp wicks low.

PEAS A LA FRANCAISE

RINSE and drain a can of French peas. Put into the chafing-dish a generous tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of flour, one teaspoonful of sugar and a level teaspoonful of salt. Place the dish over the lighted lamp and stir until the butter begins to bubble; then add the peas, and cook for five minutes, stirring with a fork. At the end of that time add half a pint of cream or rich milk and cook for ten minutes longer, stirring frequently. Keep the lamp wicks low.

TWO RICH DESSERTS

A RICH COCOANUT CREAM

TEN cups grated cocoanut, ten cups of milk, ten cups white sugar and ten eggs. Boil the milk and the sugar with a piece of cinnamon for a few minutes, pour it over the grated cocoanut and let cool. Strain it through a cloth, pressing well with the hand, so that the full flavor of the cocoanut is extracted; beat the eggs well, and add. Set over a slow fire, and stir continually until it thickens. Serve in glass dishes, over slices of plain sponge cake.

DELICATE MACAROONS

BLANCH and grate half a pound of shelled almonds; beat the whites of six eggs to a very stiff froth, stir in gradually three-quarters of a pound of pulverized sugar, then add the almonds and a teaspoonful of essence of bitter almonds. Take about half a heaping teaspoonful of the mixture, and try in a buttered pan. If the mixture has been properly beaten it will not run; if it does, add a little more sugar. Drop about two inches apart, in a buttered pan, bake a delicate brown, and when done, lift carefully with a pancake turner.

Garland Stoves and Ranges advertisement. Features a large illustration of a stove and the text 'The World's Best'. Includes contact information for James & Kirtland.

Blue Label Ketchup advertisement. Features an illustration of a ketchup bottle and text describing its quality and manufacturer, Curtice Brothers Co.

Vinolia Soap advertisement. Large stylized text for 'Vinolia Soap' and text describing its benefits for skin and hair.

Our System the Best advertisement. Text describing a system of selling goods and services, including a list of items like tea, spices, and knives.

Van Houten's Cocoa advertisement. Features an illustration of a man with a cocoa tin and text describing the product's purity and health benefits.

Delicious Mince Pies advertisement. Features an illustration of a woman holding a pie and text advertising 'None Such Condensed Mince Meat'.

TO-MORROW advertisement. Text advertising silverware, specifically 'Sterling Silver Inlaid Spoons and Forks'.

Pillsbury's Best Flour advertisement. Features an illustration of a flour barrel and text advertising 'Pillsbury's Best Flour'.

The Western Washer advertisement. Features an illustration of a washing machine and text describing its features and availability.

The Stevens Dish-Washer advertisement. Features an illustration of a dish-washer and text advertising it as 'The Kitchen Queen'.

Hartman Flexible advertisement. Features an illustration of a mat and text advertising 'Hartman Flexible' mats.

Banner Lamp advertisement. Features an illustration of a lamp and text advertising 'Banner Lamp'.

Hang up the Broom advertisement. Text advertising brooms and bicycles, including 'Bargains in Bicycles'.

WALL PAPER

BOUGHT BY MAIL AT LOWEST FACTORY PRICES. A FACT! We sell you just as low as any SMALL DEALER...

Pinless Clothes Line

The only line ever invented that holds the clothes without pins; a perfect success; patent recently issued...

"THE MORGAN" ODORLESS BROILER

Sent to any part of United States on conditions below. Reversible and Self-basting. SAVES ALL THE GRAVY.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. In order to further introduce this wonderful Broiler we will send one, all complete, CHARGES PAID BY US...

SWISS LOZENGES FOR RELIEFING Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc. PRICE, 25 CENTS.

PRESERVE COMPLEXION. DON'T WAIT TO REPAIR IT. SUNBURN. TAN. FRECKLES. ECZEMA. BLACKHEADS. WRINKLES.

BIRD MANNA MAKES CANARIES WARBLE. The secret of the Canary Breeders of the Harris Mountains. It restores the song of Cage Birds...

DON'T buy a picture enlarged or decorated your home in any way until you secure our new catalogue. It's free.

DO YOU HAVE TROUBLE In trying to keep your Bangs and Curls in position? If so, order to A. B. AUSTIN...

MILLER BROS STEEL PENS. THE BEST. MILLER BROS. CUTLERY CO., M.F.P.S. OF STEEL PENS.

Free You will get hundreds of Samples, Catalogues, Papers, Magazines, etc., by sending 10c silver to have your name and address inserted in the Old Reliable Agents' Directory...

Silk Satin & Plush Remnants for Crazy Patch, a large pkg. pretty pieces, assorted color. 10c, 5 pks. 50c. LADIES' ART CO. Box 564, ST. LOUIS.

AGENTS WANTED at once for a quick selling book; also Bibles. Big pay. Credit given. Distance no hindrance as freights are paid. Address R. H. WOODWARD & CO., Baltimore, Md.

30 days on trial. Rood's Magic Scale, the popular Ladies' Tailoring System. Illustrated circular free. Rood Magic Scale Co., Chicago, Ill.

FLEMING & PAUL, Bankers, 504 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. Information about Investments given. Members Philadelphia Stock Exchange. Interest allowed on deposits.

CARDS LATEST STYLES. Beveled Edges. Floral, Silk Prints, Enamel and Gilding Cards. First Sample Book sent free. NATIONAL CARD CO., ROCO, D.

GOODS DELIVERED FREE within an hour at 100 per cent. profit by our Agents. H. B. KOENIG, Drawer K., Hazleton, Pa.

A LOVELY COMPLEXION. FACE makes faces fair and rosy. Removes wrinkles, pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, sallow, oily skin cured. Send stamp for only book on subject. S. T. CO., Bz. T., Ft. Huron, Mich.

CARDS Send 2c. Stamp for Sample Book of all the FINEST and Latest Style Cards for 1922. We sell GENUINE CARDS, NOT TRASH. EMON CARD CO., COLUMBUS, O.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago.

25 A WEEK TO LADY AGENTS "Victoria Protection" and other goods for ladies. Mrs. L. E. Higgins, Box 95, Chicago, Ill.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS: Any question from our readers of help or interest to women, will be cheerfully answered in this Department. But please bear in mind: Write your questions plainly and briefly. Don't use unnecessary words; editors are busy persons.

TOTTIE—Dark hair is considered most beautiful when it is very glossy and smooth.

D. B.—Almond meal for whitening the skin, may be used without injury once a day.

A. R. J. AND OTHERS—I cannot give any advice whatever in regard to going on the stage.

INER—If you wear corsets, select those that have a broad bone in front, and this will tend to make your shape better.

CLYDE C.—Simply tell the young man who puts his arm around you, that you don't wish him to do it, and walk away from where he is.

A READER—In driving out with a man friend it is your privilege to suggest returning home, unless indeed you have some special destination.

ANXIOUS—Massage will, it is possible, make your face thinner. It will certainly make the flesh more firm, and then you cannot object to it as fat.

M.—If your hair needs washing every week, then give it the treatment it requires. Brushing it every night tends to keep it in good order and free from dandruff.

M. T.—If a correspondence has been suggested between a man friend and yourself it would be wise to give him your address and let the first letter come from him.

K. W.—As the pores on your face are so open, it would seem as if you needed some astringent wash for it, and I would advise your asking your family physician for this.

ANNIE R.—A girl of thirteen does not have visiting cards. With a full, round face, the hair will look best drawn off the forehead softly, braided and tied with a ribbon at the back.

M. J. R.—Almond meal is used exactly as if it were soap, and then is washed off the face. I cannot advise the preparation to which you refer for removing freckles, as I know nothing whatever about it.

C. L. T.—A married lady's visiting cards should have engraved upon them "Mrs. William Randolph Robinson." It is in much better taste to have the name written out in full than merely to use the initials.

LITTLE GIRL—If you find your hands growing cold and clammy, clasp them together and rub them as much as possible. Bathe them well, first in hot and then in cold water, using a Turkish towel to produce friction.

SYLVIA—I should advise your consulting a physician without delay. For such a condition as you describe is one that may lead to greater evils and which may result, if not attended to, in your being an invalid for life.

A READER OF THE JOURNAL—The only way to keep your bangs in good order is to curl it often, either on kid rollers, or with an iron. Vasoline, rubbed well into the roots of the hair, will tend to make it grow and thicken.

A PENNSYLVANIA GIRL—It is not necessary to express thanks to a waiter at a hotel when he is passing round the tables. The man who insists in putting his arm around you against your will, simply deserves to be cut.

ADMIRER—Write a letter wishing all happiness to the friend of whose betrothal you have just received an announcement, and in it tell her you wish her to express to the happy man your congratulations on his good fortune.

A SUBSCRIBER—When the scalp is dry and covered with dandruff, it is best to rub vasoline well into the roots of the hair, and let it remain there all night, then the next morning have it thoroughly brushed and washed.

GEORGIA AND OTHERS—Instead of complaining of blushing as you do, try and forget about it. It usually arises from extreme self-consciousness, and the only absolute cure for it is forgetting yourself and thinking of other people.

MRS. T. A.—I should suggest your consulting a physician, for you seem to be in a terribly nervous condition. All the symptoms described show that you really need the advice of some one who has made a specialty of the study of nerves.

M. A. H.—The only way to perfect yourself in dress-making is to take a position in the work-room of some large establishment, and to gradually learn thoroughly every part of the work. This is the only way to become a competent and valuable dressmaker.

LILY BUD—Most girls put up their hair when they are about eighteen, some before, some after. It must depend entirely on the appearance of the girl. A pink China silk would make a very pretty evening dress. For some suggestions about them refer to the article in this number of the JOURNAL.

B. A. J.—R. S. V. P. means "Respondes ad vos platis," and is the French for "answer, if you please." It is considered in better taste to put this request in English, and I need not the courtesy of an early answer is requested. I need paper is not considered good style, and a preference is given to that which is clear white.

A LATE SUBSCRIBER—It is rather dangerous to use any preparation on the eyelashes, as it will too often injure the eyes. Being an advocate of the flannel wash-cloth for the face, I must recommend it above all others, and really do not think it possible to use any use in absolutely washing the face, though it may be pleasant to bathe it.

M. W.—The method of curling the hair referred to, is to roll it over a lead-pencil, wrap a soft tissue paper about it and then use an ordinary pinching iron, which may be gotten at any place where pinching and curling tongs are sold. It is nothing new, being simply the old-fashioned iron, such as our great grandmothers used, and their great grandmothers before them.

MARIE—Submit your brown silk gown to a professional cleaner. Try curling your bangs with an iron, but being careful not to let it be too hot, and to apply it so that the ends are turned rather than frizzed. To increase the growth of your hair rub vasoline well into the roots of it, three nights in the week; this does not mean that the hair needs to be greasy, but it does mean that the oily substance must get well into the scalp.

V. W.—It is quite proper to greet a man visitor in your own house by shaking hands with him. It is very rude when a stranger among you has been so carefully introduced, for him to be allowed to feel himself alone and neglected. Now the proper thing and the kindest to be done would be for the oldest one of the party to walk over to him, begin to talk to him about any interesting subject and then in a few minutes suggest taking to make the time pleasant for him, and who are not so selfish and rude as their other friends.

A NEW TOILET ART. Face Massage is used by some of the world's most famous beauties to preserve beauty, remove and prevent those dread marks of age: wrinkles and other blemishes. The only book on the subject (copyrighted) is published by the Sylvan Toilet Co., Port Huron, Michigan, to advertise their perfumes and toilet articles. It gives history, method and complete self-instructions. They will send this remarkably interesting brochure of 32 pages free to any address on receipt of stamp for postage.

ALMA, THE LEADING CANADIAN COLLEGE FOR YOUNG WOMEN. Over 200 Students. Address PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, B. D.

STAR—I think the style of spectacle worn is not a matter of fashion, but of necessity, and the one that is the most comfortable is the one you should choose.

L. F.—In acknowledging a wedding present that comes from several gentlemen who are business friends of your husband, it would be most courteous to write a separate note of thanks to each.

J. N.—A young man who is calling in the evening usually departs about ten o'clock, unless there should be quite a party of friends present, and then, of course, he may remain until they all say good-night together.

F. C. M.—I think it would be in better taste if you permitted the young man to tend to his own clothes and did not volunteer to mend them. I can give no advice as to the wisdom of marrying a man younger than yourself.

PUZZLED—Try and talk to your friends about the events of the day, the books you are reading, the ones you would like to read, and get them to tell you what they have read and seen; certainly then you ought not to find yourself at a loss for subjects.

V. G. S.—If your mother does not approve of the young man, and you have only been introduced to him, I should advise your ignoring the introduction; do not cut him, because that is always rude, but if you happen to meet him look in the other direction.

L. C.—At a lawn party teas, sandwiches, lemonade, iced tea, cakes and fruit form sufficient collation. A dark gown for school wear, another very simply made for evening, and then a gown specially kept for church and out-door wear should form sufficient wardrobe for a school girl.

BKA—Because in your business capacity your customers are pleasant to you, you must not conclude that they wish to be counted among your friends. If any of them bow to you politely when you meet them, however, it is quite proper for you to return the bow; but do not seem to invite it.

M. R. D.—Sets of furniture are not in vogue, and so—as you are furnishing your parlor gradually—it will be quite proper to get your chairs so that they differ, your little tables and lounges so that they seem to fit special occasions and special corners. I do not advise the use of tidies or chair scarfs.

A SUBSCRIBER—Violent perspiration is usually the result of the weakness. A simple remedy is to use a good infant powder, applying it by means of a powder-puff all over your body. This will not cause the perspiration to cease, but it does make one more comfortable, and gives the sensation of greater daintiness.

GIRLS' CLUB—One's own heart must decide whether the man one is engaged to is the one she wishes to marry or not. It is not a question that a stranger can decide. If, with your light-brown hair, you have a clear skin and eyes, almost any color should be becoming to you, especially all the rose, cream or blue tones.

IRIS K.—It is in better taste for a young girl to wait until a man friend asks her permission to call before giving it. It is not improper to say to a man friend as he is leaving, that you hope to have the pleasure of seeing him again, but it is by no means necessary to give him a very effusive invitation, which is too often a mistake on the part of young girls.

CARRIE AND OTHERS—I cannot arrange correspondence between people who are unknown to each other. Even if, as in your case, the object desired is merely one of information, will you let me say to you that acquaintances sought in such a haphazard way are seldom desirable, and as I wish to help my own daughter to do such a thing, therefore I cannot advise you.

ANNIE B.—If you are foolish enough to listen to the idle talk of a gossip, and let influence you against one for whom you really care, you deserve to suffer; now that you know how untrue the stories were, you should apologize to your friend, and be happy if the apology is accepted. There is nothing wrong in having your photograph taken with the young man to whom you are about to be married.

DECLAIK—A blonde can wear a combination of dark and light greens with a good result, at the same time very violent contrasts are usually more startling than fashionable. The very fact that you ask the question, letting him put his arms around you, etc., prove that you know it is wrong. We seldom question that which we are certain is absolutely right.

M. R. R.—You do not tell me the color of your material, but from the description of your suit, I should advise your combining velvet with the wool. If a sailor hat is becoming to you, then the "beefeater" hat—that is that one having a full crown like a Tam O' Shanter, and a velvet brim—would be equally becoming. I do not think a girl of fifteen should be troubling herself much about young men. Instead, she should be trying to make him a bright and interesting woman, and make of herself by studying and by cultivating the acquaintance of friends who will aid her.

JENNIE R.—In writing a note to a young man begin it "My Dear Mr. Brown". If your acquaintance with him is very slight then write "Dear Mr. Brown." Unless he is a relation of yours, there is no reason why you should be called upon to kiss the young man good-bye, even if you do not expect to ever see him again. When a man has been rude enough to answer your written invitation by a verbal message, it would certainly seem in bad taste for you to ever give him another invitation, or do anything more than bow to him in the coolest way possible.

EMMA R. S.—By ripping your black henrietta cloth carefully and sending it to a professional cleaner, it will come home looking so well that the new material, which you wish to use for the bodice, will not show a positive contrast with it. Make, to wear with this, a small bonnet of black velvet, and as a low bonnet is becoming to you, have a row of five small roses just across the front for the decoration. The prettiest kind for you to get are those imitating wild roses, and made of light-pink velvet. The dotted veil, being becoming, will doubtless be worn through the entire winter.

E. L. B.—At an afternoon tea it is not absolutely necessary for you to drink tea, although it seems a little more cordial for you to have one of the cups that cheer, but do not inebriate. The hostess pours out the tea and adds the sugar and lemon, or sugar and milk as may be desired. A pretty present for a friend, who has a home of her own, is a set of white satin damask doilies, embroidered in gold thread, an outline pattern being chosen for this work. Busy women usually bring their arrangements for Christmas some time during the summer, and then they are not hurried at the last moment and have plenty of time to consider the taste of each friend.



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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

FOR OCTOBER, 1891



CHAPTER X UP AND DOWN THE RAIL



GRAY-HAIRED, black-coated, severely respectable servant opened the door. He was the town butler; he did not know Miss Bonable, who asked to see Miss Haven; "The ladies are all out," he told her.

"Then, if you please, I must come in and wait," Miss Bonable said, with from Wewachet. "I have an important errand to Miss Haven."

The butler civilly threw back the door, and stood aside. The servants in this house were always civil. "Will you walk into the little reception parlor, Miss Bonable, and sit down?" the man asked her; and then he went and called the lady's maid. He might be civil; but he was duly cautious, also.

Agnes was always with her mistress, here or there. She knew Wewachet. Agnes came. The poor lady by this time was faint with worry, effort, disappointment; she sat bolt upright against the back of a tall chair, looking as if otherwise she would sway and fall. Agnes hastened to her. "Miss Bonable," she said, "you are not well. You must have something. Melcombe, bring a glass of wine."

"I came in without my breakfast," said Miss Bonable, moving her lips nervously; she meant to smile. "I was in a hurry." "Bring a biscuit, and some cold chicken, Melcombe," added Agnes to her order. The girl was kind, by nature and by training. She was also a little fond of representing her mistress with authority, strong in the certainty of what her mistress would approve. And then you must come upstairs, Miss Bonable," she said. She was truly fine in her assumption of responsibility, and her calm endorsement of Miss Bonable's correctness. Melcombe obeyed her directions, and stood meekly aside.

So when Mrs. Rextell and her guest returned from their morning drive and charity meeting, they found Miss Bonable on the sofa in the dressing-room between their sleeping-chambers; outwardly quiet, but holding herself there by main force. She sprang up as they entered.

"Oh, have we waked you?" asked Mrs. Rextell, regretfully, and quite as if she had come home expecting to find her country neighbor there asleep.

"I haven't been asleep. I have been in a stupor these three hours," answered Miss Bonable. "A terrible thing has happened, Miss Haven: Rill has gone away." After she had spoken these words, in a kind of mechanical dullness, Miss Bonable dropped herself back upon the sofa, and put her hands over her face. "I ain't angry; and I can't cry," she said.

"I will leave you with her: if I can do any good, call me, whispered Mrs. Rextell gently, and went into her own room, closing the door. "I don't understand. Rill gone away? When? where?" asked Miss Haven. But first she sat down by Miss Bonable, and put her hand upon her friend's shoulder, leaning her own face tenderly close to hers. Miss Bonable drew round, freeing herself, not ungraciously, but as one who must hold herself up alone.

"She's gone—to Canada. And Dr. Harriman's gone. Now you know it all." "My dear friend, I don't know anything, except that that cannot be true—unless as two separate facts. Do explain." "It isn't separate. That explains." And she pushed a paper, folded and rolled, and pinched, and clenched small, into Miss Haven's hand. Miss Haven opened it from its many creases, and read this:

"I am going away. I am sorry, but it cannot be helped. You will guess what I have gone for. If you had trusted me, if you had let me understand my own life, if you had tried to believe any good of my—the person I am going to, it might have been different. There might never have been any going away at all. I could not tell you; I could not ask

you, now; it is my own concern, my own decision; it had to be. I will send you some word from Montreal."

Miss Bonable gazed straight into Miss Haven's face while she read, as if through her face, into her thought, she would reach to read something that she had not been able of herself to find in the lines.

Miss Haven lifted her eyes when she had finished, and met the look. "What she says is true; you have not trusted her." "Oh, I meant to! When I had got her where I could! I was trying to bring her up to be trusted!" broke in quick exclamations from Miss Bonable's lips.

"You have been too long bringing her up," Miss Haven said quietly, using the very word Rill had used so long ago. "Begin by trusting her now."

"Now! When it is all over? When she has gone away with that—oh!" Miss Bonable could not put the final word; she could not, after all, accuse Rill in that outright speech.

"Nothing is over. And she has not done what you think."

"What else can she have done?"

She never would have written you this had it been—Dr. Harriman. Dr. Harriman may have gone to Canada; it is an unfortunate coincidence; but I am sure that it has nothing to do with Rill; She did not remember that, when this came on her suddenly. Miss Bonable, it is a quite different thing. Rill has heard from her mother."

"Through you?" Miss Bonable demanded quickly at that statement.

"No, my friend. I wish she had. I had not told her. Mrs. Raye—"

"Hush!" There is no Mrs. Raye!"

"Rill's mother must be in Montreal. She must have written."

For a minute, Miss Bonable held her breath.

"Do you think that?" she said at last.

"I do. I think it is like Rill—impetuous, hasty, noble—to have gone right off to her."

Again Miss Bonable sat silent, breathless. Mrs. Rextell knocked upon her side of the dressing-room door. "May I come in?" she asked. "I have a note for you. It has just been brought to me. It may explain," she added, as she entered.

It was Rill's note to Miss Haven. "I am going away," it said. "I must. Something I never knew before—a duty—has come to me. I will write and tell you more when I understand more myself. I know you will believe in me, and that you will do for me what I have to ask you. I shall want money—whatever really belongs to me. I hardly know what that may be. I shall have to leave it to you to ask; I am sure it will be all right. I send a check for what I had of my very own; it is to your order; will you get it, and send it to me in a draft, or whatever way is right and regular, as soon as you have received my address? Good-bye, dear Miss Haven. I am sorry, sorry, for everybody. But my whole life is changed, and I cannot help it." Those last sentences were very full, as Miss Haven read them, between the syllables. There was a message in them for Miss Bonable, though Rill had not been able to write her name. There was something in them also that reached beyond Miss Bonable, to what that excellent

person, with all her watchfulness, had never discerned—for the very reason that it was not a thing to be afraid of, but a thing of good.

"It is just as I expected. Rill has certainly heard from her mother."

Miss Bonable's eyes grew wide in amazement, turning from Miss Haven to Mrs. Rextell, as these words were uttered.

"Mrs. Rextell knows. She will help us," said Miss Haven, to the look. "I did tell her, long ago, out of honor and love to you, Miss Bonable. I ought to have told Rill; but I waited. I have never been sorry the telling too little

for telling too much; it is that always does harm."

"But, Miss Haven, it is a terrible thing anyway. It isn't explainable. She's gone; and he's gone; and folks will never believe. And what will become of her—of there—with that woman?"

"Folks will always have to believe the truth. And the truth will be that Rill has gone on a journey, and is in the care of friends, as she ought to be. I will go to Montreal myself."

"They will think they see through that; even if you bring her home again." Poor Miss Bonable, who "would have made a pretty good burglar herself," was so swift in devising malevolent possibilities.

Mrs. Rextell had been reading Rill's note, which Miss Haven had put into her hand. Now she spoke. "Let me go to Montreal," she said. "Everybody knows I am like a bird on a perch, always ready for a fitting. And why should I not invite Miss Raye to go with Margaret and me? I do invite her. We will be there with her to-morrow night. Miss Bonable, you will stay here on a little visit with Miss Haven, please, and just get rested and quiet until you hear from us. Then, if it seems best, you can go home and report facts. I hope Miss Haven will not leave until after we return. That may be very soon, you know."

Miss Haven's eyes glistened. This is so exactly like you, that I might have expected it," she said. "But we shall have to wait for the address; you can hardly set off to-morrow morning."

"O, well, we will just wait a day and see. Agnes shall have us ready. And now all you have to do is to cheer each other up. Don't you want to send some word to Wewachet, Miss Bonable? Let your woman know you will be away a day or two—you and Miss Rill—then she will have something proper to say. O, it will all work beautifully; things always do, when you mean right, and can get just a little ahead of them!" Mrs. Rextell laughed; she had a gleeful way of undertaking things; a sufficient reason for undertaking a great deal, unexpectedly—a chance to help somebody—always made her merry. "It was so good and wise of you to tell me all about it," she said to Miss Haven. "I have understood you and Cyrilla for a long time, Miss Bonable; better than you have understood each other; but perhaps I couldn't have taken the whole right in now, in a hurry."

"What would Clementy have said already?" asked Miss Haven. Mrs. Rextell laughed. "O, I know what you are thinking of," Miss Haven replied to that, serenely. "But I am not inconsistent. There's a time to keep silence, and a time to speak."

"She won't have said anything, except that we have both gone to Boston. Clementy Pond is still. She isn't a chattering brook," said Miss Bonable. Certainly the dear lady was beginning to be more comfortable in her mind. Before, then, anything else occurred to her as disastrously possible, we will leave her with these good friends in Mount Vernon street, and go back to Rill on board the northward-speeding train.

It had not occurred to one of these friends, somehow, that Dr. Harriman and Cyrilla could possibly have happened upon this very same train together. That was spared them. They only thought of the two as having gone away within the same twenty-four hours, bound, by distinct routes, to two different points in Canada. The elements for another little calculation were happily wanting to them also. They did not reckon upon the sharp eyes of Mrs. Forbeagle early at her window; or upon the trained acuteness of Sam Forbeagle, floor-walker at one of the big stores, who had gone in by the train which Rill had taken; nor upon the curiosity and comment of half a dozen village folk, about the station; nor the knowledge of several fellow-passengers by the 7.30, that Dr. Harriman had set off at that time; nor upon the note of Miss Bonable's own pale face and anxious look as she followed by the forenoon shopping train. Beyond all, they did not remember that it was the afternoon for the Benevolent Circle at the Church Parlors, where they would make patchwork quilts, and quilt together patchwork items such as these, that might be picked up of the absent, and brought in. In both pieces of work, the skill and value being in the smallness of the bits that could nevertheless be cleverly joined into a brilliant pattern.

Dr. Harriman, meeting Rill in this surprising manner, remembered at once a dozen such possibilities. He was alive instantly to the position of things, and to the aspect it might take at Old Village. It was to his honor that his first anxiety was for Rill. Had she come from home this morning? Had she come alone? What could possibly be her errand and destination, upon this long express? The first two questions he put to her. Yes; she had come alone; from home; she was going a journey.

"Might he ask? Was it far? Miss Bonable—"

Miss Bonable did not know, Dr. Harriman. Rill met this straightforward, amazing answer, with her eyes looking clearly and unafraid into his. It was an assertion of absolute right and sufficient reason; with a brevity and reticence which said that her purpose and her secret were her own.

"But—if you will forgive me—and he took the vacant chair beside her, turning it to a conversational angle with her own. There in the smallness of the bits that could nevertheless be cleverly joined into a brilliant pattern."

"It is a strange coincidence, our being here; and—are you sure you can quite manage? Might I not do something for you?"

"It is strange," Rill said, still in that contained and certain way. "I do not wonder you should think so. No—I thank you, Dr. Harriman—I need nothing done for me."

"But why? Forgive me, he said again. "I wish you would tell me more. I think your errand must be a very serious one; and—Are you sure—?" he finished this time what he had been on the point of saying before, and had turned aside from—"Are you sure it will be rightly understood?"

It never had been rightly understood; and I, oh, I have understood nothing. Her measured manner broke; she uttered the words impulsively. Then she collected herself with a visible withdrawal. "It is a family matter; nothing I can tell, or explain; it is something quite my own, that I never knew of before. I am going to a relative, Dr. Harriman. I shall not be alone when I get to Montreal."

She was going all the way, then! They were both going all the way, together. What should he do with her? How could he leave her to herself, and what could her mysterious errand be? Above all, what would be imagined or believed at home? He thought of all the strange conjunctions and denouements of fiction; of possible reality that might be stranger than fiction, more hazardous to this young girl than she could guess. These family matters, that have been kept secret while a girl was growing up; these relatives who turn up and make claim suddenly—what were they likely to be, or to bring with them? No—he could not leave her to herself; but how could he take care of her? His heart beat as he thought of a way; of that for which the opportunity, the excuse, was thrust before him. He waited a little while before he spoke again. Then he said, quite differently, "You did not answer my letter, Miss Raye."

"Oh, do not speak of that, Dr. Harriman! I had forgotten!" It was perfectly true that, for the moment, after the first startle and shock, in the intensity of that which now occupied her, and concerning which he questioned from her mind. It was such a trivial thing, comparatively; it was so far back, already, in the past with which she had no more to do.

"My dear Miss Raye! I would not for the world take any rude or ungenerous advantage; but, this wholly unpremeditated circumstance, this unknown errand which I find you undertaking, upon what you say yourself is a sudden, brief knowledge, don't you see how it places me?" How could I let you proceed alone, in what may be a difficulty, an impudence, for you? And yet, what am I to do, that might not, in another way, make it worse? You are so clear and true and single-hearted, you do not see, you do not guess, what deception, or danger, may be waiting for you. Or



MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY
(From her latest portrait)

if you know more than you will tell me—it may be some trouble, some dread—something or somebody whom it will be self-sacrifice for you to meet and acknowledge; there are such things; you see I don't know your family matters, as you have said. If I could meet it with you, whatever it is, Rill, I am ready; I am glad! If you will give me the right to face life with you and for you—won't you answer me now, Rill, and say that I may?"

He leaned toward her, and spoke rapidly and low; all his best impulses were in the words and shaped them; he looked at her earnestly, with eyes that might easily win a woman; when he had spoken he waited gravely for her answer. She made a slight movement from him as she sat; he laid his hand upon the arm of her chair, and stopped it from turning. "Do not do that," he said, "people will see; tell me quietly what you can tell me; do not speak hastily; I can be patient." He leaned back in his own chair, but did not take his look away from her.

Rill lifted her eyes. "You mean to be very generous, and I thank you," she said. "But it is utterly impossible. I think, if it is all you kind, you will let me be by myself. It is all you can do, and people will see, as you said."

"But you do not see, yourself. Must I say? It is not the argument I wish to urge; but it is force; and we must think of it. You say Miss Bonable does not know."

"I said she did not know. She does, by this time."

"Everything?"

"She can guess everything. I did not need to tell her."

Dr. Harriman paused for an instant, without reply, from sheer surprise. The absolute singleness of purpose, failing to see that any supposition aside from itself was possible, dismayed him. Then he said—forced to make suggestion to such inapprehensive sincerity—

"May she not stop short in her guessing? May she not be full now of a trouble which only thinks of you immediately, and of what she fancies may have concerned you? Will she guess what you have kept back? May not all Wewachet be guessing, by this time—or soon—and guessing wrong?"

Rill remembered the words she had written, and how she had stunted them. What should Miss Bonable suppose? She might know nothing about Montreal, except—what flashed upon her own mind now. Indignant color swept up into her face. She was indignant with herself, that she could guess. "I cannot help it," she said, coldly, while her cheeks and temples burned.

"I would not urge it," Dr. Harriman repeated; "but I think of it for you. It urges me. Because the one thing I can do—best—to serve and protect you, is the one thing of all the world that I desire—must that go against me? I want you to belong to me, Rill; in all circumstances, forever; for the better or the worse. I will make everything better, if I can. Let it begin now; give me the power, and let your errand be mine. Let me help you through it, whatever it is; then I will take you, my wife, to my sister, my mother. They will be your mother and sister; it will be for you as it should be. They will love you; they are good women, and you will love them."

The color still burned, and even deeper; the eyes glowed; the eyelids trembled; but she lifted them, and forced herself to look steadily at him. "You mean that I should make true the thing they may think of me, for fear of the thinking?" she asked, with a pure scorn, not of him, but of the thing, and the fear.

"No, Dr. Harriman; do not say any more about it. Please, will you go away now?" She kept her careful manner, for the outside, her bravery for the truth-speaking; but she was trembling, he could see, beneath the composure; under the unswerving lids the tears were shining. He remembered what was due, and needful; he bowed, as at a casual conversation ended, and withdrew to his own seat. Not by any means as giving all up, and leaving her to her own mistake and its complications; but thinking what he could possibly do for her in the meanwhile that she would not let him do all he might. He took no refusal, yet, for himself; he understood the fair pride with which she repudiated the expedient.

By and by he came and stood quietly at the back of her chair. She had faced full toward the window, and was sitting motionless, looking forth upon the white banks and the ice-margins, and the still, strong current of the river.

"Miss Raye," he said; and she half turned toward him. "Can you think of anything that I can do for your comfort, or your certainty in any way?"

"I can think of one thing," she answered him with the most direct simplicity: "You can go back to Wewachet; then they will see that there is nothing to think about." She ordered him as she had ordered him about the drawing of her tooth; from the necessity of the case. "You know it ought to be done," was what she had told him; and this unhesitant plain speaking put the same conclusiveness to him to-day.

"I did it, that was all," had been his own word to Miss Haven. It was all he could afterward have said of this. But there were other things to think of first. "Where do you go in Montreal?" he asked her. "It will be late, you know."

"To some hotel, at first," she supposed. The conductor would tell her. She would ask him to see her safe.

"You had better send a telegram. I will do it for you, from Concord. I will leave the train there, and go back to Boston." He knew better than to add in words, "I will do whatever you choose and command; I purely desire to serve you." But he meant that otherwise than in mere words she should discern it.

"What hotel is there?" she asked him, with ingenuous ignorance. There was the St. James, he told her. Then she wrote a couple of lines upon a slip of paper, and handed to him, with it a dollar bankbill from her portemonnaie. "Will that do?" she said.

"It will more than do." And he gave her carefully back two silver quarters.

"I am very grateful to you, Dr. Harriman." And she held out her hand to him. "Good-bye."

"I shall not say good-bye to you. I shall never bid you good-bye, Miss Raye." But he left her; and when the train slowed into the Concord station, he picked up his valise, threw his coat over his arm, and walked away among the crowd that swarmed back and forth along the platforms.

The telegram he sent, however, was not Rill's at all. It ran this way:

"Have warm rooms ready, and carriage at station, to meet Miss Raye, of Boston, who will arrive by evening train. Show every care and attention till friends join her." To this despatch he appended with cool audacity the name and address, "Elizabeth Putnam Haven, of Boston."

"They know all the old names, those hotel fellows," he said to himself.

He had three hours waiting in Concord; then he took an afternoon train back to Boston, where he caught the 5.30 to Wewachet. At seven o'clock he called on Connie Norris. She made to him the same interrogative announcement that half the people he had seen on his way home had done. "Why! you went off this morning, I thought," to which he made the same sort of answer. "I went to town; I met with a detention; I am back again. I may not go till next week. Are you sorry? Am I the bad penny?" etc., etc.

Of course, Connie was delighted. "Now we shall keep you till after the first sociable," she said. "And it's the benevolent, to-night, with charades. Won't you come over with me?"

"I shall be happy to go over with you, certainly; but I can scarcely stay for the charades. I have something to do—a person to see on business."

"I wish there weren't any business in the world!" quoth Connie. "Only buzziness."

"Business may have somewhat to do with the buzziness," was the doctor's answer.

She paraded him in, making air and flutter about the door of the hall as they entered. Some heads were turned, and some talk was stopped. Mrs. Porbeagle's voice went on, in a sort of soprano lead, as the chorus softened.

"Old Village was pretty lively, I should think, this morning," she had been saying to her inevitable group. "First, Rill Raye off with a trunk, at seven o'clock, for nobody knows where; then, Dr. Harriman off with a valise, at 7.30, for Canada; then Aunt Bonable as num as a toad and as fidgety inside as a grasshopper, on the 10.25, sitting with her back to everybody, on the front edge of the front seat of the front car, with her nose run out at the engine to poke it along faster, and scowling at every stop. And she hasn't come back yet. Well! I don't know anything, and I don't mean to say anything; but it looks kind o' queer and newsy, and to-be-continued, don't it? I never believed much in that other business. The other aunt tried for that, but she didn't make it out, it seems; he hasn't been seen in Wewachet this two-months; and Miss Aniable was always dead set against the tooth-puller. Well, he's gone, now, anyway; and she's gone; and she couldn't have caught up with her to see her off—that is, if she needed to start when she did." Perhaps the tangle of her own unmanageable personal pronouns brought her up; or perhaps it was that in the midst of their eager and irrelevant prancing the partial hush fell suddenly upon the room.

"There he is, this minute!" said young Mrs. Sphyrna Hammerhead, touching Mrs. Porbeagle on the elbow.

"Who? Why!—Dr. Harriman?—It isn't!"—she ejaculated, brokenly, with gasps of astonishment, as the gentleman walked up the room and approached her. "Really, Dr. Harriman, you're like a ghost! We all thought you were in Canada! Couldn't get away from the benevolent," could you?" she asked, gleaming upon him with her white, large teeth.

"I suppose not, even if I were in Canada," Dr. Harriman responded. "We have the poor always with us; so, I fancy, we shall always have the benevolent! No; I did not go to-day. I was prevented."

Even that did not quite checkmate her. "I wonder what it actually all does mean!" she exclaimed, sotto voce, to Sphyrna Hammerhead, as he passed on.

He stayed for fifteen minutes in the rooms; drank a cup of coffee; then when the charades were going to begin, he disappeared; took the 7.50 train for town, and rendered himself at Mrs. Rextell's house in Mount Vernon street, where he asked to see Miss Haven, and told her all the story.

"I used your name," he said; "the whole of it, to be impressive. Now somebody must go to her. If nothing else can be done, I will write to my mother and sister in Ottawa. They will go down. It is only a three hours' run."

"Mrs. Rextell and her daughter will go tomorrow. We only needed the address, and the certainty of her stopping in Montreal." His errand was accomplished; he got up to go; Miss Haven accompanied him to the door. "You have done most wisely, most generously, Dr. Harriman. Your sleep should be sweet to-night," she said, upon the threshold, giving him her hand with warmth. He only bowed leave-taking, and went away.

It may not be invariably after our most generous deeds, however, that sleep comes most easily, or is most sweet.

As the day wore on, and the steady rush of the train bore Rill further from home toward the strange, cold north, she had time to realize the irrevocableness of what she had done. She would not change it, if she could; but she perceived its gravity more clearly; and it needed all her brave determination to keep up against a growing sense of loneliness, and a vague stir of apprehension. Up through the wintry stillness of the hills, across the ice-bound rivers, springing or skirting valley-depths where farming villages lay quiet as

little cemeteries with their white-roofed barns and dwellings, and idle mill wheels dripped with great stalactites—into the edges of large busy towns, through dreary stations where, in short pause, the scattered wayfarers alighted and embarked—she watched the shifting scenes, and measured both outward distances and the quick, strange experience of the hours. Space and time confused her. Where was yesterday?

As far as St. Albans she had the undisturbed monotony of travel. The early dusk had long fallen, and with the shadows loomed misgiving of the night arrival—anxiety about being met and cared for. She could but be thankful for the friendliness that had made probable provision for all this; and she congratulated herself that there would be no trouble of any intermediate move. She sat back in her chair, determined to take such comfort as she could, and one thing at a time; to turn from all disquieting thought of that which was done with, or might be to come. Suddenly, the porter, who had been very civil all the way, came and laid hand upon her bag and wrap. "We stop here; this car goes no farther," he told her; "I will see you to your place on the other train." Without time for question she had to follow him, half blindly, through a dimly-lighted space from crowded track to track, into a very ordinary and ill-contrasting car indeed. It was half full, and filling up, with men; whatever might be the reason or occasion, they seemed all of one stamp—a common and disorderly set; a great jabbering of Canadian patois was growing clamorous around her; and as she took the seat offered her, she shrank with sudden dismay at perceiving that there was actually no other feminine occupant of the whole carriage. "Oh, what shall I do?" she exclaimed, involuntarily, to her escort. "You will be quite safe," was the answer. "It is all right. I expect I may run down on this train myself. I'll look out for you at the door of the car when we arrive." With that, he left her. Whether this was a sudden determination, induced by a promise to Dr. Harriman which that gentleman had made well worth while, or to what peculiar railway arrangements all these strange circumstances were due, I will not undertake to say, and Cyrilla did not conjecture.

It seemed a great while before the train started; something was evidently out of the usual course; when they did move, the boisterous passengers settled into their seats, and she breathed for a time more quietly. She was just reassuring herself in a comparative confidence, when all at once a crash just behind her startled her half way to her feet. Splintered glass and drops of coal oil fell around her; over there, two seats off, the conductor and a passenger were in an angry tussle; every man in the car was up, and hurrying to the point of excitement; all but one old, gray-haired Frenchman, far down toward the front. "Oh, let me pass!" cried Cyrilla, to those immediately obstructing her; and made her way forward to a place behind the one quiet person. The hours wore on in keen endurance; it was very late. The train was overdue, and they had lost some time earlier, beside the long delay at St. Albans; bells were clanging for eleven o'clock when they steamed into the murky station-house at Montreal. Happily, and unexpectedly, the porter kept his word; she drew a great breath of thankfulness as his hand reached up to help her at the car-steps. He went with her through the trainhouse; found the badged driver from the St. James; stayed by her through the scramble of the formal, hurried passing of inspection. Then, a moment more, and she was out in the brave, moonlighted air, in an open sledge heaped well with furry robes.

A large, square, corner room, with three great windows and a blazing fire awaited her; ready service was offered her; a tray, with supper, was brought. She ate and drank as in some queer phase of a dream, and went to bed.

Early after breakfast the next morning, she asked for a carriage to be called.

"Maison de la Sainte Espérance—Larmes des Anges street," she said to the driver, who looked down from his box with an odd expression of not surely understanding. "Larmes des Anges street!" repeated with authority the hall servant who had obsequiously attended Cyrilla to the carriage door. He had quenched the hackman, but he turned himself to cast a curious glance after the departing equipage, as he went up the broad steps; and walked straight into the hotel office.

Narrow, steeply sloping, roughly-paved streets; crooked turns; the fair, open squares left far behind; mere rims of sidewalk; old, old houses of all irregular heights and shapes; crowded sheds, and bits of squalid yard-room; dirty children, swarming and staring; women's heads, with flapping, broad-frilled caps, thrust forward from doorways, where show was made, with stumps of brooms, to sweep off entrances; pails of darksome water thrown out here and there for final service in rinsing down the brick-walks to the gutters; everything gave evidence to Cyrilla that she was coming down among the dregs of life over which bright cities build themselves and are gay. A quieter turn, at last, into a kind of court, where a stunted plot, fenced in, held a few scant trees in the midst; a high-recessed doorway, to which a narrow flight of steps led up; muslin half-blinds at the windows; a tin plate, neatly painted, "Maison de la Sainte Espérance."

Cyrilla's heart beat as she rang the bell; a portress, in lay-sister's garb, answered it; Cyrilla asked for *Mère Marthe*. The Mother was ill. For *Sœur Veronique*; *Sœur Veronique* was in retreat.

"Oh, but I must see some one!" Cyrilla cried, persistent. "I was sent for; it is urgent. I have a friend here, ill; she is—her name is—Raye."

"O-h, it is, then, the poor penitent! she died, three weeks ago. But I will tell the Mother. Enter, mademoiselle; rest here. She showed the young girl into a bare, little

room; a wooden table, and four wooden chairs; some prints of the Virgin, and a saint or two, upon the walls; a yellow cat lying on a window-ledge, blinking great golden eyes.

Presently, a Sister appeared at the doorway. "Come," she said, and laid her fingers on her lips, as Rill approached. "One does not speak in the corridors," she said, softly; then turned and led the way. Several houses had been thrown into one establishment; there were dark passages, steps up and down; one long flight, and a long, narrow gallery, with closed doors on each side; then an end room, with a pleasant window looking over open spaces, and the sun shining in. An elderly woman, in the gray gown, with knotted girdle, the white linen cap and bands, and a large rosary at her side, sat in a plain wooden arm-chair, made more comfortable at the back with a folded gray blanket.

"Approach, my child. It is that I have rheumatism. Seat yourself, here." And she motioned to a chair placed beside her.

Cyrilla came near with a courteous movement of salutation. But she delayed nothing for any possible peculiar etiquette of the place, or any strangeness of the circumstances. She went straight to her errand.

"I am here," she said, "to make inquiry about some one—Mrs. Raye—who has been ill here."

"It was not the name she called herself when she first arrived. But that matters not. We found it, afterwards, among some things. She died; she was penitent; she received the consolation of the church; she expected some one."

"She expected me."

"If not, the little box was to be sent. I have guarded it." Mother Marthe laid her finger upon a small bell beside her, on the table. Rill reached forward her own hand.

"If you please—wait! Of what did she repent?"

"My child, it was of all her life!"

Rill grew paler and paler. "What was all her life?" she demanded. "I must know."

"Poor little one! but it is that which you cannot know. Indeed, it was the life of the blessed Saint Mary Magdalene, before she came to the Christ!"

"My mother!"

The brief sentences before had been in French. These two words broke forth in Rill's own tongue. She covered her face. The good Mother leaned toward her, and laid a kind hand on her head. She spoke to her with gentle, religious words. "It is absolved. We pray for her. Solace yourself. The Holy Magdalene takes part with her. They are together at the feet of Christ."

"I never knew it all these years! It was a wickedness."

"It was God's will. You were not meant to know; you have been kept safe."

"Safe!—And why have I been meant to know—too late!" Her words were bitter.

"That also is God's will. It is for cause of some other thing in your life, perhaps, that you do not know yet, even. Nothing is too late." The Mother touched her bell. The Sister who had led Rill hither, entered.

"The little box," said Mother Marthe.

It was a shabby, old-fashioned thing, of pasteboard and painted velvet. Inside were a few trinkets; a chain of coral, a mosaic pin, with—the pity!—a white lily for design; a wedding ring; a creased, worn paper folded into a small square, the name "Rill" written upon it in ink faded to a rusty faintness. Cyrilla opened it, as one forced. It held a round, soft, yellow lock of a child's hair. She had kept that, all through! The ring was marked inside—"M. R. to E. B." There was a date of twenty years before. Cyrilla laid all back, silently. There was no doubt, now. She stood up, with the queer little box in her hand. "I must go," she said. "There is nothing to do here. I must get—back." She could not say "home." "I must find out where home is to be," she thought, vaguely.

"I ought to thank you," she roused to say. "I owe you very much. I will write to you. I will send something for your House of Hope. Good-bye!"

The Mother looked at her wistfully; murmured some invocation of blessing, but perceived no more that she could do; and Rill, moving mechanically, followed the silent Sister who waited to lead her out. She got to the street again, as one walking with dull effort in a dream; re-entered the carriage, and was driven back to the St. James.

She found her way in, and up to her room, alone; no obsequious attention met her; but presently a clerk came to her door, and asked her when she expected the friends who were to arrive, and what rooms they would require.

"I expect no friends."

The two looked at each other in mutual surprise.

"I shall take the afternoon train for Boston."

The man bowed slightly, and went away. In a moment a maid came and asked her, with scant deference, if she would mind having her trunk taken down to another room, since she was to leave directly. "This would be wanted, if she pleased. She was put into a dim little, one-windowed place, opening upon the court. She went to the dining-room at the lunch hour, and tried to eat, for she felt faint and ill. Then she had to wait two hours and a half alone, in the dim little room.

At half-past four she was at the station. She put herself on board the train, and found her number in the sleeping-car. She begged the porter to make up her berth as soon as possible; but for some time longer the seats were needed, and it was eight o'clock before she could lie down to rest. A thick, soft snow had been falling for two hours, but she did not know of that.

Meanwhile, another Boston telegram had been received at the St. James, and the spacious, cheerful corner room, and one adjoining, *en suite*, were being prepared in reserve for Mrs. and Miss Rextell, to arrive to-night.

(Continued in next JOURNAL)

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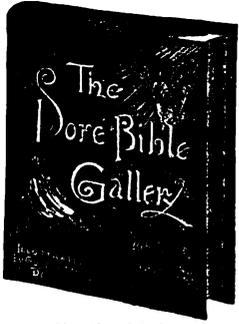
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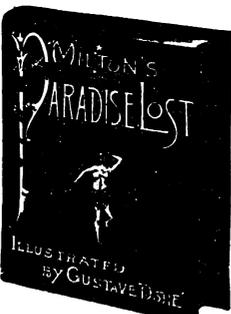
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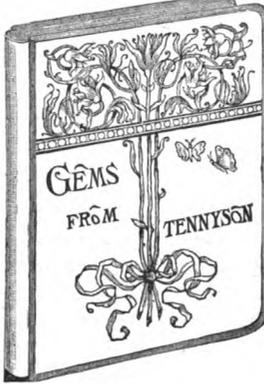
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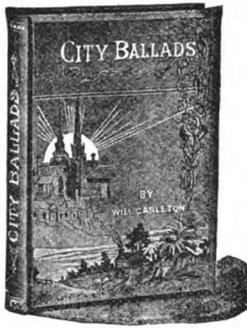
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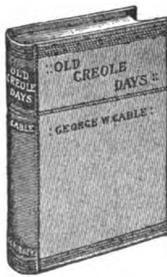
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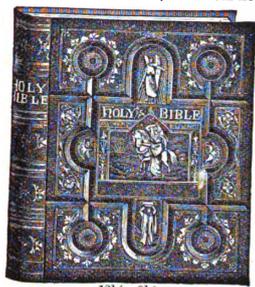


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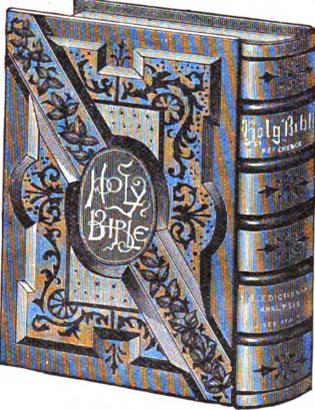
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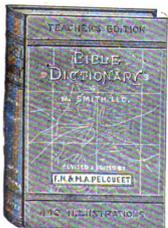
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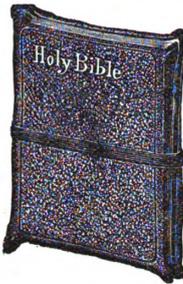
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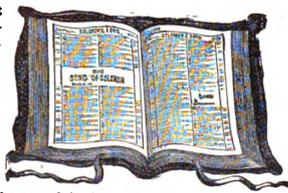
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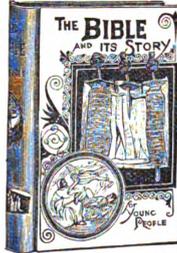
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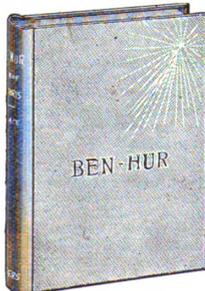


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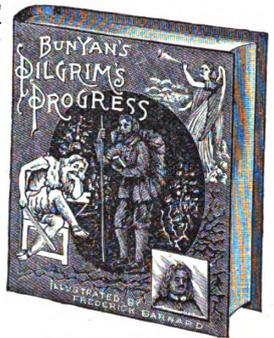
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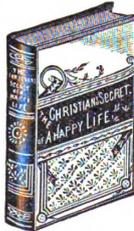
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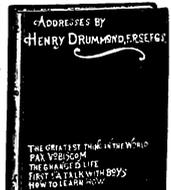


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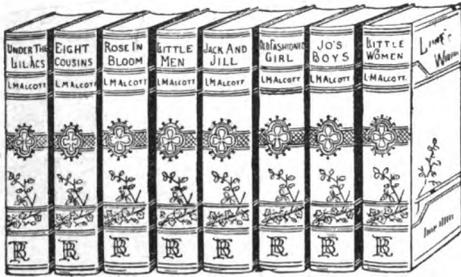
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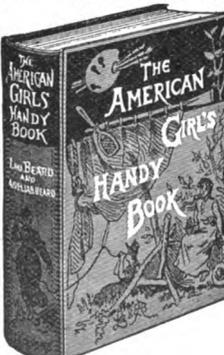
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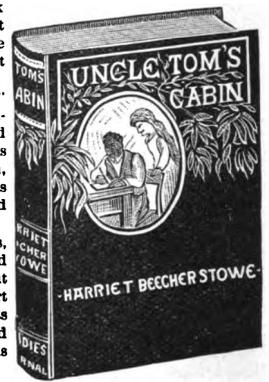
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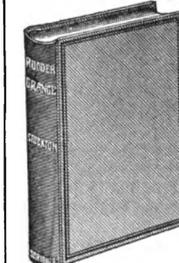
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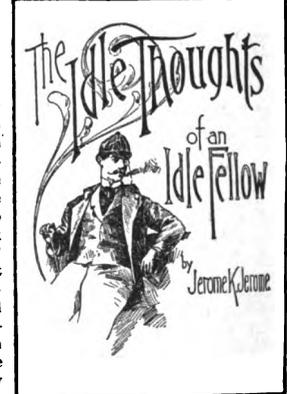
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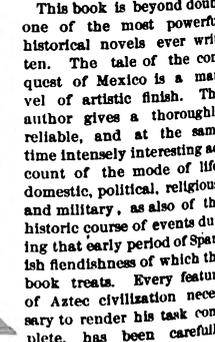


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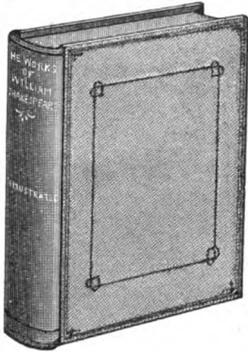
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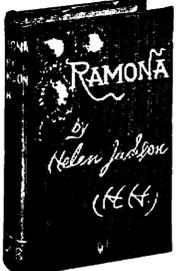
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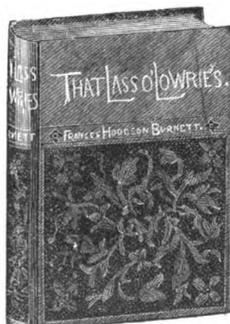
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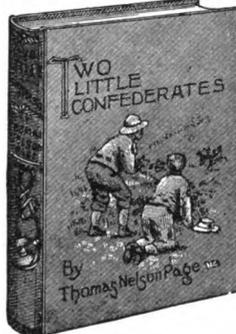
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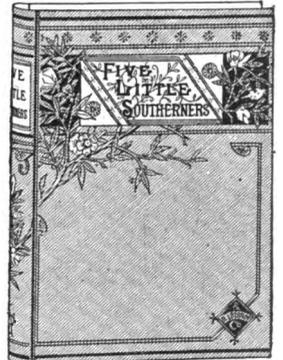
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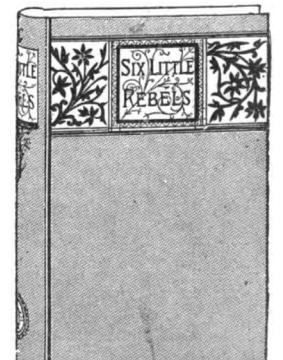
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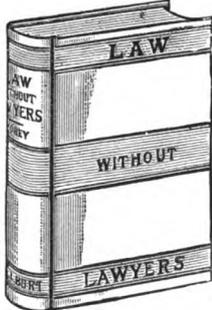
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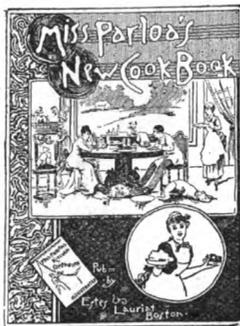


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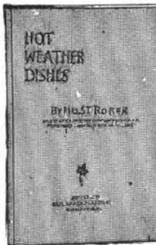
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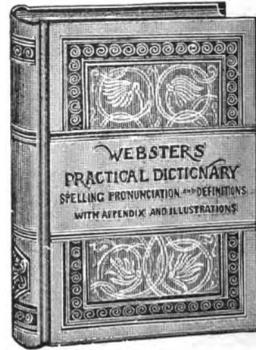
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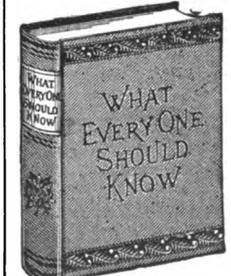
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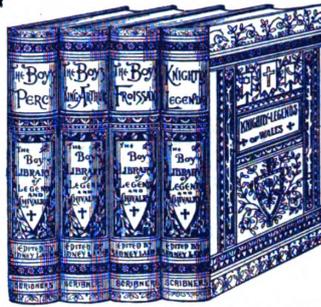
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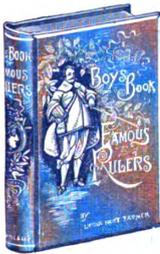


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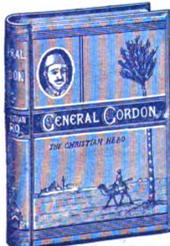
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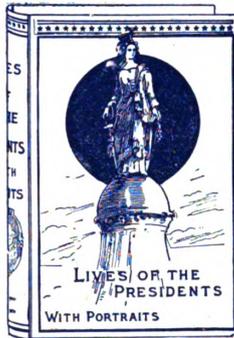
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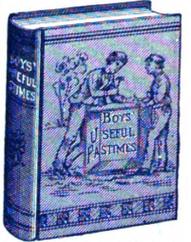
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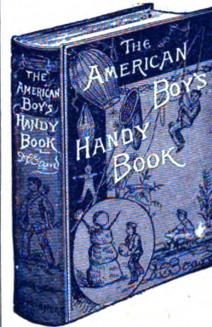


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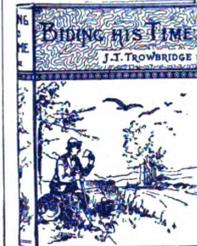
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